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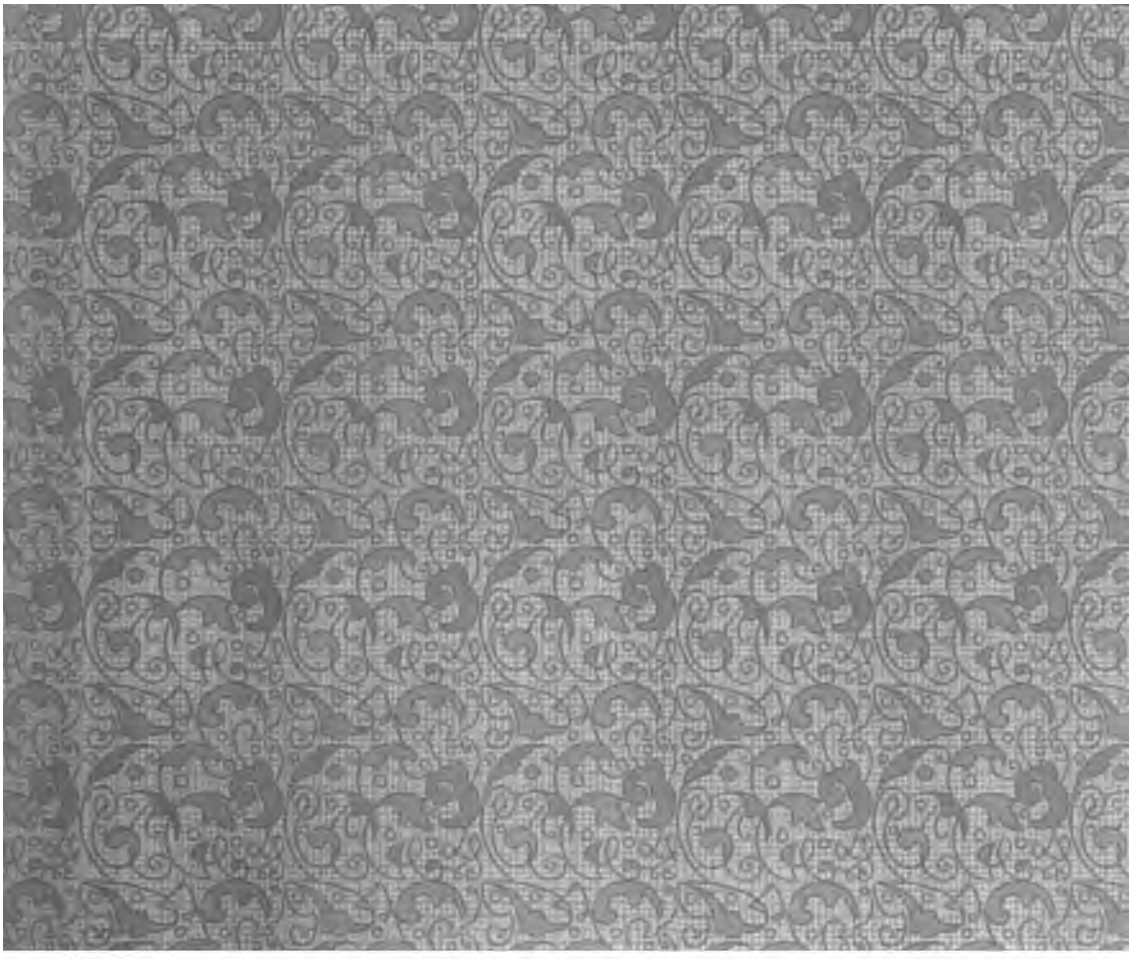

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AN AUSTRALASIAN MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

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THE

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" " November—"The Discovery of the Hawkesburry River by Captain Phillip, A.D. 17 from the picture by Arthur Collingridge.
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(From the Painting by George Walton.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2. AUGUST. No. 1.

THE MODERN GHOST.

BY W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

GREAT advances have been made in the nineteenth century. The practice of settling international disputes by arbitration has lessened the *frequency*, and an increased humanity the *sufferings*, of war. The growth of remedial legislation has removed many disadvantages from the unprivileged classes. A series of scientific discoveries, unparalleled in fertility and usefulness, have rendered the necessaries and even the decencies of civilised life far more accessible to the majority of mankind. The spread of education has done much to level the intervals between noble and peasant, millionaire and pauper, and is preparing the masses for the responsible inheritance of political power which will be theirs at no distant date. Achievements such as these cannot be overlooked, however true it is that

> Every age
> Appears to souls who live in 't (ask Carlyle)
> Most unheroic.

Nor are there wanting utterances conceived in a minor key. The promise of the *old* Locksley Hall, negatived by the *new*, witnessing the disappointment of the laureate; no light testimony either. Mr. William Morris, erewhile "the idle singer of an empty day," but now the earnest social reformer condemning with burning sarcasm the dearest achievements of political economy and science. The wild paradox of Mr. George in "Progress and Poverty." There are other comments, too, which, not expressed in words, are eloquent in condemnation. The growth of a fashionable pessimism; the pictures of Rosetti; the nocturnes of Chopin, all speak of disappointment and reveal an undercurrent of discontent.

Such manifestations have been aptly termed "backwashes" from the currents of the age. Scientific knowledge, impatience of creeds, materialism, has its "backwash;" and the age which in its pride of knowledge has outgrown all legitimate belief in the supernatural is the very age to take up with curious credulity the scientific study of what it calls "psychical phenomena."

The fact that to-day there are at least three English societies (one in London, and one at each of the two university towns) engaged in studying in a scientific spirit, these phenomena ought to remove some of that contempt which has been poured upon the subject of this article. Of these the youngest and most important, the Psychical Research Society, is in London. It is supported by some well-known names, and has some 700 members and associates, holding five or six public meetings in the year; but the real work of the society is done by small committees and individuals. It publishes voluminous records of "phenomena" in its journals and has initiated an elaborate terminology, while it supports its theories with profuse references to the laws of evidence; in a word, its methods and machinery are overwhelmingly exact and scientific, as becomes the study of so extremely shadowy and volatile a subject-matter. Yet, for all that, the P.R.S. is still in the position of Æneas when he saw his wife's ghost outside Troy.

> Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum:
> Ter frustra conprensa manus effugit imago
> Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

The spirit the P.R.S. is wooing still refuses to submit to be held in its arms, or to assume any other shape than that of airy winds and "the likeness of winged dreams;" it will not be transformed into that solid form of substantial fact which the fond imagination of the society vainly endeavors to find for it. Still this society is doing much valuable work. In the first place it has a very

large mass of material furnished, and a large number of trained observers to criticise and arrange the immense number of stories which come to it. These stories are classified and similarities noted, and, whenever possible, generalisations are formed. Secondly, it has an *experimental* basis in the region of Telepathy, by a series of investigations conducted in Thought-transference.

The two University Societies are mainly critical. Of the Cambridge Society I can say nothing, except that it is the oldest. The Oxford Society—the Phasmatological—confines itself to the discussion of "so-called" supernatural occurrences, and attempts to explain them by natural causes. It prides itself upon its severely critical attitude, and regards the P.R.S. with suspicion, being in no way prepared to admit the truth of the "rapidly attained conclusions and hasty generalisations" of the London Society.

The nature of the evidence in which these theories depend is extremely unsatisfactory. With the exception of Thought-reading, the science of Psychical Research has absolutely no experimental basis whatever. A number of stories are sent in containing accounts of various events more or less supernatural, described with varying accuracy by persons who are rarely the actual witnesses of the appearances related, and often get them second or third hand. Of course all possible precautions are taken to secure the *bona fides* of the writers, but still, it must be admitted there is a large element of uncertainty about even the best class of story, viz., that which is furnished by the person concerned (or percipient) himself. It is generally written down long after the event related took place, and few persons, when they begin to put on paper a narrative of events, can resist the temptation of embellishing—a little alteration adds so much to the point. A *dramatic* story accordingly is always regarded with suspicion by the scientific enquirer. But besides this, there is a further difficulty in the great repugnance which many people who are the fortunate possessors of ghosts have to allow their "ghosts" to be investigated. Their motive is rarely a desire to avoid a painful disclosure, but generally a fear lest the family tradition should be exploded and the family dignity decreased. Many of these favored people treat their ghosts very tenderly, and regard them with much pride—carefully warning off the would-be enquirer after truth. "Certainly not, we don't want our ghost disturbed," is a not unfrequent reply for a secretary to receive to his polite request for permission to investigate.

The growth of a ghost story is a very simple thing; it can be illustrated from ancient history or modern gossip. It is thus described by a critical observer.* "Very few stories are written down immediately after the event occurs. In many their evidential value depends upon a coincidence, and the occurrence of some event of which the narrator afterwards gains knowledge is read into the original story. The coincidence is created by the unconscious action of the narrator's mind. Dates are gradually altered, dramatic points improved, loose coincidences are made exact, and a story comes before the Society fortified with various minute details which lapse of time makes it impossible to verify, and which are supported only by the memory of the narrator." It is on a large mass of stories of this sort that the generalisations of the P.R.S. depend. At the same time here and there the enquirer comes upon the pure gold of a genuine appearance, well authenticated, supported by the evidence of several witnesses and perhaps of several distinct senses. Of these there is just a sufficient number to make the enquiry worth pursuing, and to prevent the really candid investigator from declaring with the scoffers that a belief in ghosts is "all nonsense."

But the study even of this unsatisfactory data has not been altogether fruitless. One result has been to enable the enquirer to classify the various phenomena understood by the generic term ghost, and to indicate the region where (if anywhere) a genuine "ghost" is to be discovered. Broadly speaking, the ancient and respected ancestral ghost has been abolished and a modern *parvenu* ghost has been substituted in its place. To appreciate the character of this latter a brief examination of the mechanism of the senses is necessary. When any person says that he *sees* a wall or a table, what really happens is this: a figure of the object is projected by the lens of the eye on to the retina (or screen) of the eye (exactly as an image is projected on to the ground glass of a photographer's camera), and the effect so produced is communicated by the optic nerve to the brain, whereupon a *sensation of sight* ensues. Thus the immediate source of a sensation of sight is a condition of the brain, and it is evident that such a sensation can be just as real whether it is produced in the regular manner by the agency of the optic nerve, or whether the antecedent state of brain alone is produced by some other method. In other words, the lady who has the image of a white

* Introduction to Selections of the Phasmatological Society of Oxford.

dog actually projected on to the retina of her eye, and a sensation of sight thus produced in her brain, who in fact *sees*, as we say, a white dog, has a sensation of sight in no way more real than that of the lady mentioned by Darwin, who used regularly to have a sensation of sight of a white dog produced simply by the action of her brain without any of the antecedent agencies; who, in fact, as we say, *thought* she saw a white dog. In the first case the appearance is *objective*, in the second *subjective*. Taking this difference (which applies equally, *mutatis mutandis*, to the other senses and their sensations) as a dividing line, we may separate the genus "ghost" into (1) *objective*, *i.e.*, where some material background forms an *illusory* ghost, and (2) *subjective*, *i.e.*, where there is a real sensation of sight (or hearing) in the brain not caused by any material background such as ordinarily projects an image on to the retina of the eye (or impresses the drum of the ear). Once again we may subdivide the second class into (*a*) explained by natural causes, (*b*) not so explained. This will give us three distinct species of ghosts, the first two may be dismissed with a brief account, the last will prove more interesting.

The first species—the *objective* ghost—is a common hallucination, due to some physical cause—such as the projection of light or shade on to some substance in such a manner as to present the appearance of a figure, or the imitation of human sounds by the wind passing through crevices in the wall. Under this head come all the numerous stately women in long robes, who have been seen to sweep down dark passages in country houses; and the "low moans as of a person in mental agony," which have been heard by sentimental persons of both sexes—and will be heard until the wind gives up its bad habit of moaning and sighing through cracks and crevices. A really obstinate appearance of this sort was the ghost of Trinity Church, York. The appearance was that of two women, respectively the mother and nurse of a girl who died of the plague. The figures appeared at regular intervals weeping over the tomb of the dead girl, and were so seen by successive congregations. It is only within the last few years, after several determined attempts in the way of cutting down trees, &c., that this ghost was finally dislodged.

The following narrative, taken from the archives of the Phasmatological Society* from the pen of the famous scholar, the late Dr. Paley, is an instance of such a hallucination:

"In the year 1847-8, I was residing at Alton Towers, in the family of the late (John xvi.) Earl of Shewsbury. I was then tutor to his nephew and heir, Bertram Talbot, then aged 17 or 18 years.

"One evening we, my pupil and I, were riding home somewhat late, the dusk having just set in. We were on a road about a mile from the Towers on the left side, bounded by a canal (if I rightly remember), on the right by a rather steep bank, thickly set with oak trees of a considerable size and age.

"My attention was drawn to a figure of a woman, as I thought, and somewhat like a gipsy, looking at us with her head leant forward, the body being concealed by an oak tree. I called my pupil's attention to it, and he distinctly saw it. Knowing the place was solitary, and the value of the life in my charge, I at once decided to go up to the spot and question the strange intruder. I dismounted, and, while my pupil held my horse, I climbed up the bank to the tree, perhaps 20 or 30 yards off. To my very great astonishment, no one was to be seen. I returned and asked my pupil if he felt quite sure he had seen it. 'Quite certain,' he said, and he thought the woman had something like a handkerchief over her head.

"On returning, I related to Lady Shewsbury the particulars. I at once saw that I had frightened her very much, and, though there was company in the house, she declined to appear at dinner.

"In the evening the chaplain came to me and reproached me for having, innocently, of course, caused very great alarm in the family.

"It seems there was a family tradition, which had been most carefully concealed from Bertram, that the apparition of a woman always preceded the death of the heir.

"Well, this fine young lad, on whose life the ancient title and vast estates devolved, did die, I think about a year (but it may be more—I am not sure about this) after we had seen this strange appearance.

"The certainty I felt in the matter is proved (1) by my taking the trouble to ascend the bank, and (2) by relating the circumstances immediately to the family.

"Of course, being dusk, it may have been an optical delusion of some kind.

"But the family tradition verified in this case by the event, is certainly curious. I may here say that Bertram had just succeeded to the earldom by the death of his uncle when he himself was carried off by consumption."

F. A. Paley, M.A., L.L.D.

July 17, 1883.

* Selections from the papers of the Phasmatological Society, second series, 1885. By permission.

The editor remarks on this story:—"The date of the death given is incorrect. Bertram, seventeenth Earl of Shewsbury, died August 18, 1856, eight or nine years after the apparition here recorded. . . . . It is quite impossible to connect the apparition with a death which occurred nine years afterwards, hence the corroborative evidence falls to the the ground, and the story can be explained as a simple delusion, the objective ground being the stunted oak trees seen in the dark."

The second species—the explained *subjective* ghost—is due to some disarrangement of the brain mechanism, produced by over-work, dyspepsia, or some ascertained physical cause. An example of such an illusory appearance has just been given above, on the authority of Darwin, when a lady persisted in seeing a dog, and it was found that this was due to a diseased brain. Here the sensation of sight is real enough, but the cause is physical, and generally well ascertained. There only remains the third species—the unexplained *subjective* ghost—including appearances (1) of the living, (2) of the dead, and (3) death-warnings and dreams. If these were proved to exist they would be real subjective appearances; that is to say, sensations of sight (or hearing) would be actually produced in the brain by some method other than (1) the ordinary normal methods of the senses, or (2) irregular but ascertained physical causes. Of these the first class, including those appearances known as death-wraiths—in which a dying person appears to his absent friends—afford at present by far the most interesting field to the psychical observer; and it is in investigating this class of ghost that we have a slight experimental basis in thought-transference. Here is a startling instance of such a wraith:

* "I was married to the assistant curate of X——, in the county of Kent. The vicar was aged and obliged to leave a great deal of the parish work to my husband, who, as a rule, sat up well into the small hours of the morning to read for occasional sermons. One night I, as usual, retired about half-past ten, and I cannot tell how long I slept; but I know this that when I awoke the room was very light owing to a full moon. My first action was to put my hand in my husband's place, to see whether he had come to bed; my next feeling was a consciousness that some one was in the room, although I knew my husband had not yet come upstairs. I was not at all alarmed, for as I looked and tried to distinguish the figure at the foot of my bed, I became aware that it was that of my youngest sister, who had stayed with us a few days some three weeks previously on her way to visit a friend living close to Lichfield. She was leaning her elbow on the foot-board of my bed, and her head rested on her hand. Her face was slightly turned from me, but the whole thing was so perfectly clear to me, that I realised who she was without an atom of fear, and exclaimed, "Oh, Nelly, is that you?" No answer of course, and then I began to recollect the circumstances, and immediately rapped hard on the floor with the chair at my bedside. My husband, who was sitting in the room below, came up sharply and enquired what was the matter. I told him what I had seen and asserted my conviction so emphatically, that he was induced to note the date and the fact in his pocket-book. He laughed at me, however, and said something about 'Norfolk witches,' though he was evidently impressed by my manner and the awe I felt for what I had experienced. This was on Thursday. On the following Saturday we had a letter from my brother-in-law to say that my sister Nelly was dead. She had passed away on the early morning of the Thursday on which she had appeared to me. She had died quite suddenly from the rupture of a blood vessel of the heart."

It is to stories such as this that it is attempted to apply the theory of Telepathy, or the supposed power of one person to act upon another person who is separated from the first by distance or some other material obstacle, such as prevents any communication between two persons under the ordinary conditions of terrestial existence. Thus A, distant from B a thousand miles, may thus so effect B as to produce in B's brain a sensation similar to that produced by re-action from a material object, whether visual, auditory, or merely tactile. That is the theory, and it is sought to prove it by experiments in Thought-transference of various kinds, from the ordinary drawing-room "Thought-reading" upwards. The difficulties of arriving at any definite conclusions are shewn in the following remarks from Mr. Henry Sidgwick's address.*

"Putting deliberate fraud aside, what we had to guard against in the experimental thought-transference was unconscious signalling; and it soon became clear that, where contact of hands was allowed between precipient and agent, genuine Thought-transference could be simulated to a striking extent by delicate muscular or tactile sensibility in the precipient, interpreting indications given un-

* Papers of Phas. Society, Oxford.

* President's Address, P R.S., July, 1888.

consciously by the supposed agent. It is to this process that professional performers, like Mr. Stuart Cumberland, have, for their own purposes, given the name of "Thought-reading;" and it appears from a popular novel of the present season that educated persons still exist who suppose this muscle-reading to be what we call Telepathy; whereas the special point of our investigation was the care with which this unconscious signalling was excluded."

It will be seen from the following lines that Mr. Stuart Cumberland is quite aware of the nature of his own special power.

Speaking of his experiments, he says:* "In my case 'Thought-reading' is an exalted perception of touch. Given contact with an honest, thoughtful man, I can ascertain the locality he is thinking of, the object he has decided upon, the course he wishes to pursue, or the number he desires me to decipher, almost as confidently as though I had received a verbal communication from him. . . . . There are, without doubt, thousands of people in the world who possess, in a greater or less degree, similar qualifications. . . . . Taking all in all, I have found the best 'subjects' amongst statesmen, diplomatists, mathematicians, literary men and all those engaged in active brain work."

Such experiments are undoubtedly valuable as far as they go. But (1) if Thought-transference were proved it does not necessarily follow that the theory of Telepathy is established; and (2) Telepathy alone can only touch apparitions in which the agent is alive; while there is almost as much evidence for apparitions of the dead as for those of the living. At the same time it must be admitted that by proving the possibility of Thought-transference, an important *link* is established in the chain of evidence in favor of Telepathy. We must also remember that there are *two* processes by which a sensation of sight (or hearing, &c.) may be produced (1) from the *outside* by the ordinary sense organs, (2) from the *inside* by acting directly on the brain. And it is not inconceivable that there is some way of taking this short cut to the brain, and so *consciously* producing in others the sensation without the intervention of the sense organ, as is done *unconsciously* by ourselves in sleep, where we see and feel so vividly as to actually cry out or start up in terror or surprise.

The greatest difficulty which attends the study of Psychical Research, is the unsatisfactory character of the evidence at present within reach. A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century* in discussing "Phantasms of the Living," a collection of stories edited by three members of the P.R.S., draws attention to the absence of documentary evidence in support of the alleged appearances in almost every case where such evidence (in the shape of a private letter or an entry in a diary) would at once satisfactorily establish the fact of the occurrence. This is especially true in the case of wraiths, an instance of which has been already given. If only the entry in the note book mentioned above had been preserved! But such memoranda seldom are. This may be due in a great measure to the reluctance which people have to allow their correspondence to accumulate, and to the little value attached to private letters in the present age of post-cards and sixpenny telegrams, in addition to the slight attention hitherto paid to such phenomena and the ignorance of the special evidence which makes such appearances valuable from a scientific point of view. Whatever may result from the publishing of investigations of this character, at least we may expect any further occurrences to be more carefully and usefully observed. And if this is done one of two things must result. Either the incredibility of such appearances will be established and the belief in ghosts generally will be practically destroyed, or the chief obstacle to the success of such investigations will be removed. If any advance is to be made it must be by direct telepathic experiments, combined with the more certain evidence which we may hope to be furnished henceforth by the trained observers who, thanks to the experience gained in the P.R.S. and other such societies, are capable of noting any psychical occurrences and who are now scattered all over the world. To sum up. The *immediate results* so far secured are (1) the formation of a useful system of classification with appropriate terms for various psychical phenomena. (2) The destruction of the ancient *objective* ghost and the substitution of the modern *subjective* ghost in its place (and this is so far a gain, inasmuch as it is surely more sensible to suppose that spirits, if they wished to communicate with us, would avail themselves of the direct route to the brain instead of the roundabout road of the ordinary sense organs). (3) The commencement of an experimental process, a matter of the first moment in all scientific discovery. (4) The establishment of the fact that there are a very large number of people who honestly *believe* that they have been the subjects of such appearances.

*Nineteenth Century, 1888.

And here, finally, two questions sure to occur to the reader, may be discussed. First—What is the connection of the work of the P.R.S., and other kindred societies, with religion? Second—What bearing has this evidence on the general question of the existence of supernatural occurrences? The first question is admirably answered in the following lines, also taken from Mr. Henry Sidgwick's address:

* "Now, our own position was this: we believed unreservedly in the methods of modern science, and were prepared to accept submissively her reasoned conclusions, when sustained by the agreement of experts; but we were not prepared to bow with equal docility to the mere prejudices of scientific men. And it appeared to us that there was an important body of evidence—tending *prima facie* to establish the independence of soul or spirit—which modern science had simply left on one side with ignorant contempt; and, that in so leaving it, she had been untrue to her professed method, and had arrived prematurely at her negative conclusions."

The second is more difficult. Are we to look upon the belief in such manifestations, revealed by the Psychical Research Society, and upon the phenomena of Clairvoyance and Thought-transference as mere "backwash" from the onward currrent of scientific knowledge, or should we see in all three combined the foundation of new and valuable psychical discoveries? No direct answer can be given to the question. At present we must reserve judgment. *Against* their existence is the unreliable character of all or nearly all the evidence on which most of such phenomena is based, and the well-founded and increasing belief of mankind in the uniformity of nature. *For* the existence of such occurrences we have (1) the fact that a belief in them always has existed in all ages, and that, even to-day, many people are saying, like Hamlet, of many a dead relation:

> But tell
> Why thy canonised bones hearsed in death
> Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
> Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned
> Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
> To cast thee up again?

(2) The occurrence of a large number of spiritual manifestations, such as the various kinds of spiritualistic phenomena, the psychical phenomena connected with the name of Mde. Blavatsky and Thought-transference. And (3) the fact that a large number of trained and accurate thinkers are directing their thoughts to this subject both in England and America. It is not impossible that we are on the eve of a new mental development, such as is phantastically shadowed forth in Lawrence Oliphant's *Sympneumata.* The mind is especially and increasingly active in the present age, and is especially rebellious against the limits which space and matter have imposed upon it. Our senses, as we know, have gradually grown for many thousands of years, and with the growth of our senses, our *kosmos* or sum total of external surroundings has enlarged. At some period, long gone by, the flowers were colorless, and the deep azure of the sky imperceptible to the nascent senses of our remote forefathers. Nor had their ears, by calculating the vibrations of sounds, become conscious of the charm of music. Why should not this mental environment of ours become still more spacious, and there be admitted to our perception a class of phenomena hitherto only dimly perceived by a few favored natures? May there not be more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of practical life?

* President's address, P.R.S.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. ALFRED BROAD.

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in its flight.
And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW.

HE last glorious beams of an Australian sun shine through the foliage of a forest at Illawarra, deepening the purplish blush on the blue gums, and sharply edging their sword-like leaves with Rich parasites wreathe around the noble ; of the cedar and ironbark, whose s of heavy foliage tower to the sky. flowers, bluebells, fuchsias, with the and maiden-hair fern, form a carpet for et, the fast-paling rose and gold and ire of the heavens a canopy overhead, as owly wend our way through the untrod- aths of nature. The narrow lagoon to ft is thickly fringed with tall swaying against which the delicate tissue of and purple flags and golden-hearted lillies make fine studies of color, while, he overhanging boughs of white myrtle ther trees, depend the luxuriant growth e wild vine and clematis mingling with rn-fronds and lily leaves at the water's all throwing lace-like shadows on the golden surface. Through the stems eds glide brown young ducklings and cygnets, having a last fond look for c insects, the plumage of their elders ed into emeralds and amethysts by the light. A sober coot walks lazily about e bank, searching for unwary snails, n a slight stem a brilliant little king- views the scene with an eye to the nal insects which are beginning to over the breast of the lagoon. From rys and parakeets come a few desultory as a finish to the shrill chatter of the and a solitary twit-twit from a finch or ere the pretty head is tucked beneath ng. As we stand enraptured by the g beauty of the scene, the brilliant and dense rich shadows, the golden charged with crimson fire, the heavens are irradiated far and wide with seas of glory, and, surrounded by all the splendors of royalty, King Sol gives place to the Queen of Night, only a hint of twilight in these southern climes. As though infused with the spirit of young Australia, the sun is up with a rush and down with a rush ; none of the soft fading tones of the Mother country, no slow-stealing spirits of dawn and twilight with us, only speed and brightness, the characteristics of our land.

With the shadows of the dusk the faintly-perfumed air is increasingly filled with the odors of the wattle and the myrtle blossoms, the leaves of the musk tree, and the stems of myall and sassafras. The slight breeze has died away, and the new faint light of the evening star glimmers on the dew-bespangled reeds and placid water, and slowly awakening nocturnal life. Clear and melancholy in the stillness sounds the note of the little Fern-bird (*Sphenæcus*), threading its way through the marshy ground where the reeds are thickest, calling to its companions. Far oftener heard than seen is this little recluse, and specially associated with the shades of evening, so loud and clear is its note at that time of the day. While the sun is up it frequents secluded beds of grasses, rushes, and all herbage growing in moist situations. Then it is easily run down and captured, as it seldom attempts to fly, and, indeed, seems to have very feeble powers in that way. There is nothing striking in its appearance but the tail, which is of ten graduated feathers, always carried low, and appearing to serve some purpose in its daily habits, as it is generally seen very much worn and bedraggled while all the rest of the body is in fine condition. Its coloring is quiet and harmonious, whitish breast slightly flecked with brown, white stripe over the eye, the wings and back sober brown touched with darker brown and buff, the tail-feathers pale reddish brown. Though generally shy, it is, like many small birds, easily attracted by an imitation of its note. In New Zealand the Fern-bird is also well-known, and Harcus tells us that in many dreary marshes and solitary places the only two sounds heard at dusk are the boom of the lonely Bittern, and the monotonous call of the little *Sphenæcus*. And here we find

them not far apart, for even now there falls upon our ear the extraordinary noise made by the Australian Bittern, but so peculiar is the effect of sound in the forest that it possibly sounds nearer than it really is. We find him further up, near the head of the lagoon, a solitary sentinel, standing by a tall clump of reeds. What does he look like with that strange ruff of big brown feathers standing up from his bill all around his head? A cross between the "fretful porcupine," and a North American Indian on the warpath. For we object to calling him "an animated rag-bag," as an illustrious visitor once did. One leg is tucked up, which makes him look more in proportion than when both are down, for his alarming head-dress continued round his chest and hanging down below the level of his body make the wings and tail seem quite insignificant. But for all that he is picturesque in his richly-marked tawny and brown dress, lit up by the last fading glow in the west, which gleams, too, on the still water and on the edges of the long bamboo leaves. His sharp, powerful, yellow bill rests on his chest in a kind of solemn composure. Woe to the eels and water-lizards, and all frogs, newts and mice, when it is in a state of activity. There is a very great diminution in aqueous life when the Bittern takes a meal, stalking through the water with bent head, and foot raised high at every step with a slow measuring action. Wherever found—in the whole of Australasia—it appears to lead a solitary life, being always met with singly, and remains in perfect seclusion during the day, coming forth at eventide to wake the echoes with its loud booming notes, resembling the angry roar of a distant bull. Why this "thusness?" Artemus Ward would ask. Wherefore should this unmolested powerful feathered creature stoop to the level of that wretched being, a human misanthrope? What cares and troubles can he have away in the heart of nature, in the green unspoiled

THE AUSTRALIAN BITTERN.

oases of this feverish world? Seriously, we sometimes think there is something under the surface in the fact that one bird's life is ever a jubiliant song, and another's a life long expression of misery and dislike to its kind. Is there anything beyond the common and reasonable explanation that infinite wisdom has distributed to birds and animals different temperaments, sociable, or solitary or predatory, for the harmonious working of the universe, and the instruction of man

sidering how many men there are aving ears, hear not, who having not" in the matter of nature's what a world of wisdom has n, apparently to little purpose! May be a further meaning and a much fact in it? The gentle patience oiling ox, the passionate pouring the lark's song, the almost human the eyes of a fine high-bred dog, the outward expression of a human graded into a lower form of life, heory, evolved long before the Nights" (enlarging , has been recently be- public again st powerful electrical he ground that a spark ivine intelli- given to all; cultivate it, becomes a us power in nds, the in- and lym- glect it and es to seek levelopment re (since mmortal it er perish), deliberate evil forces it im into a rm of life, retains only lty of me- ut of the s capacities irst pure state. There is much against this theory, and we would means uphold it as a conclusive on of this strange natural fact. t birds and animals manifest nd propensities which, not only o a higher order of creation, *i.e.*, sessed of a soul, but rather detract ir happiness and comfort, is a of which there is yet no solution. digressed, but from the thoughts ies of the present often spring great es of the future, and returning to ly Bittern, when we think of him g, perhaps, somewhere under the re, a dwarfed human soul ever over lost opportunities and a wasted life, there is something pitiful as well as grotesque in that solitary figure in the shadow of the reeds.

The evening wears on, and from a little eminence we see the pure glory of the full moon as she rises majestically from behind the dusky distant ranges. How close she seems, a world of pale gold! How distinct are the great mountains of Copernicus and Tycho on her pure surface!

> Her level rays, like golden bars
> Lie on the landscape green
> With shadows brown between.

THE NIGHT HERON.

The foliage is softly illuminated, and hollow trees and bare branches glint with a pale gold edge. On an old tree on the hillside perches a Night Heron—the Nankeen Night Heron, to give him his full name—one leg drawn up, his black-capped head half merged in his neck, and in the great soft puff of snowy feathers on his chest. With his cinnamon and white coloring, thus perched in the full radiance of moonlight, he reminds us of the well-loved English bird, the nightingale, though much larger. But where is the liquid flood of song that pours from the slender throat of the woodland bird of the home country? The Night Heron is rather a silent bird generally, and when it does utter a sound, it is a harsh "squork." It is a distinctive looking bird, the two white head plumes contrasting well with the black coloring of the crown and bill, and the black eye in an orbit of orange giving great brilliance. The chest and under surface are snowy white, the back and wings rich cinnamon color. It is singular how this particular color prevails on night birds, warmer or colder, darker or lighter. There are no reds, blues or greens found in nocturnal plumage. All coloring seems beautifully subservient to the period of general repose and quiet. As no colors in day birds, flowers or fruit, are discernible

FLYING FOXES.

by moonlight or starlight, so the birds who have been created for nocturnal life are clad in soft grey, fawn, cinnamon and brown, not only, we think, that they too may be in harmony with Nature, resting after the heat and burden of the day, but, also, that their sober, softly defined plumage may secure them immunity from disturbance during the day which is their night. How silent is the atmosphere! There seems a spell on the earth while the great orb rises in the sky heavenward, and the pale gold turns to molten silver! And as she floods us with the light that stood steadfast in the Valley of Ajalon, nay, that shone in newness of life on an unspoiled creation, she takes possession of our thoughts, and all the theories and fancies that ever we fancied, or read, or heard of, float in our brain, to and fro. Herschell, Moedler, Proctor, Jules Verne, fact and theory, proven truth and wild imagination, poetry and song; and still out of the confusion of human thought little gathered but a sense of impotence. We can only say with Goethe, "After all, what do we know, and how far does all our wisdom carry us?" Higher and higher she ascends in the vast expanse, a sphinx of the air, bearing the secrets of Time in her chaste breast! She has seen Egypt and Babylon, Rome and Greece in glory—and in ruins; the Advent and Ascension of her Lord! From the beginning of time until now is as an open page before her, and while this earth is rent by the raging of the elements and the madness of men she sails on calm, majestic, enthroned in shadowed sapphire! What a strange thought that is of Tupper's of a "guilty" moon?

> Our lamp of night, our witness to most sin, thefts, and lusts and murders,
> Our neighboring shore of burning cones, airless, empty, waterless,
> Goddess of the worst idolatries, witchcrafts, crimes, and cruelties,
> Hecate, Ashtaroth, Diana, our pale and guilty moon.
> May not this be thus the prison-house, where evil shall be pent,
> When, concrete in ill bodies, sin is driven out of Earth?

An idea which he alone entertains, we think, and one which seems to us ill-founded.

Is this a Curlew's cry, plaintively sounding in the distance and calling us to earth again? That or the very similar note of the Southern Stone Plover. Both are dusk and early night-birds, they are easily confused through external as well as vocal resemblance; we know the plover best. He is full of "cute" little tricks; being a devoted parent, he employs all manner of enticing actions to divert an intruder's attention from the nest. Gould speaks of him as "at one moment assuming lameness to such an extent as to appear incapable of walking, at another time hanging down its wings as if escape by flight was impossible, yet withal so wary that I never knew one captured by the hand or obtained by any other means than shooting it. "The ringing cry still echoes through the forest, and many

more undefined sounds are waking in the trees, when some smothered snarls come from a huge gum tree, culminating in a yelling and screeching which startles all the repose out of the scene, and about a dozen Flying-foxes burst into sight, and have a pitched battle. They are worse than any M.P.'s on a warm question, they worry, and fight, and howl quintettes and choruses, *ad libitum* quantity, but alas, never quality. We never met any lover of nature yet who was roused to poetical enthusiasm by the voice of a flying fox. On the contrary, if an unfortunate auditor hasn't a gun, he yearns for a brick, a Wellington boot, or a paving stone, for purposes of immediate correction. The whole Bat tribe form a distinct feature in creation, uniting as they do the body of an animal with the wing power of a bird. The pale mouse-colored bats of the Naracoort Caves, and most of the bats that live in moist rocky places, have heads more like rats than the flying-foxes, and are not noted for quarrelling and yelling like the latter. The food, however, appears to be much the same, small mice, insects and berries. The foxes revel in the honied gum-blossoms like any true honey-eater, which somehow we do not at all expect from them. We naturally associate bees, butterflies, and tiny birds with clusters of richly-stored flowers, but it seems difficult to imagine those savage-looking vampires hovering over the fairy fringes of the eucalyptus; we would as soon associate a hyæna with musk lozenges; still Leichardt affirms it as truth, so digest it we must. By day they settle in dark masses of foliage, preferring vicinity to swamp and ponds. Their resemblance to the evil spirit, or hobgoblin of fairy lore, is great, especially when their dark flying shapes are seen against a brilliant moon. They have perfect control over the ribs of their flying apparatus, and can curl one portion over, when necessary, to avoid obstacles, as in our illustration. But when hanging from the trees they present the *most* extraordinary appearance. One favorite attitude is that of hanging from a branch by one lower claw, head downwards, looking for all the world like a monstrous date, the folding of the ribbed wings forming the apparent divisions in that fruit. Another is hanging by the two upper claws, reducing the bodily shape to something like an ill-shut umbrella, the head with its hungry jaws, conspicuous upper teeth and immense ears peering forth at the top with keen vigilance. At last they have settled their dispute, and depart to another spot, one only electing to suspend himself upside-down from a branch for our special edification.

But we wander on, higher up, where some well-known feathered friends are perched on neighboring branches, quite a little party of them. The breeze has stirred again, and light vaporous clouds veil the face of the moon, while, slowly round the forest, sighs

A symphony among the leaves.

The foxes have roused the whole nocturnal world, and, added to their occasional snarls, are the hoarse, unearthly cries of the podargus, and the grunts of the owlet night-jars. From the owls, above the deep hoot of most of the family, sounds clearly the note of the "more-pork." This bird, in its cinnamon and white-streaked front, and dark-brown back, and the great lustrous dark eyes in yellow orbits, has been the cause of many a joke. One, as good as any, is at the expense of a new-chum officer in charge of a piquet at Hutt Valley, out before daybreak, anticipating a native attack. In a storm of rage he paced up and down the line of men, to find and arrest the insolent soldier who "dared to mention the unclean beast," and was astounded to find who the real culprit was. The Delicate Owl is the smallest of the family, and is considered very attractive, but, in spite of its snowy breast and face, we always feel unpleasantly reminded of a white-faced monkey when we see it, and the very dark, gloomy eyes, surrounded by a fading circle of deep brown shadow, gives it a weird, uncanny look. The breast is sparsely flecked with brown spots, and the wings and crown of the head richly marked. The Sooty Owl would contrast well with it if we could find a specimen here, but we think it does not come so far South as this, though a resident of the East coast. It is the rarest of the owls, and has a whitish face, shading into black towards the great black eyes, a grey chest, and black and white freckled wings, the back perfectly black. Nor is the Chestnut-faced Owl anywhere to be seen, of which a singular point is that the female is far the stronger and larger of the two, a fact very rare in ornithology.

Apparently on friendly terms, being side-by-side on the same branch with the Delicate Owl we see the Boo-book Owl, so called from the native name "Buck-buck." It has rather a pretty appearance, though having a heavy bill, the fine brown eye being partly surrounded by a large gray patch, contrasting well with the rich cinnamon of the crown of the head, back and wings. Its cry is very familiar, as it is found in all the colonies, but the external appearance of the bird

SOME MEMBERS OF THE OWL FAMILY.

seems not well known. Many of the settlers in New South Wales call it the cuckoo owl, as its note distantly resembles that of the English cuckoo, of course, being only heard at night. But where is the prize of our "Owl Show?" Let us scan the heavy branches to right and left and the darkest masses of foliage. There, visible for an instant in the clouded light, is a young oppossum darting along a slender stem. A huge bird, with that noiseless speed peculiar to owls, is on the spot in a second of time, from whence, to our satisfaction, he wheels in our direction and settles on a branch near us. What immense lustrous eyes, glowing with deepening intensity and slumbrous fire, the wonderful orbs of Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra" are nothing to these great silent burning spheres! This is our prize specimen—the Powerful or Great Owl—with a huge sharp beak, and a great muscular body feathered with brown and white. His head is singularly even and roundish, and that circular growth of feathers surrounding the eye on most of the family, conspicuously absent. It has a hoarse, loud, mournful note which resembles the lowing of an ox, as far as we can distinguish it. Its talons are very large and strong, and can hold a young sheep easily. Now he grips with one the body of the luckless oppossum which ventured into the light. It has been generally thought that owls digest the entire body of rats, mice, &c., but it has a very unfashionable habit of ejecting the hair and other indigestible parts after a meal, and it does so in the form of hard pellets (Leichardt). As we watch the great bird, his victim gives a last wriggle, and such savage rapacity fills the feathered face, although he does not stir, that we decide to leave him, feeling a sudden deep sympathy with J.H. at the Parsee burial-place with the eyes of those awful birds on him. But owls, in a quiescent state, seem wise—

Only that, and nothing more.

As they perch, silent, motionless, with great solemn eyes looking unutterable things, they might be credited with knowing the secrets of the Universe, and, after all, it is owing—next to the size and lustre of the eye—to the queer circular formation of feathers round it, which we do not see in any other creature, but distantly in the white-faced monkey.

There is quite a concert going on as we leave this beautiful spot, well-named the "Garden of New South Wales;" a land of the rosewood and the ash, the white pines and the beeches; a home of beautiful flowers and creepers in a state of tropical perfection. Thinking regret-

:he forest voices made beautiful by roundings, and infinitely attractive to general fate it is to live in the city, it farewell, to return to—a faint reminder, certainly—the noisy wrangling of flying-foxes in the parks, but mingled with the duets of cats on the neighboring tiles.

MODERN THOUGHT.

"Δύσετό τ' ἠέλιος σκιόωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγυιαί."

AT set of day upon a lonely shore
I saw them walk in silence. One was fair
As stainless children of the gods that were
Long since. Nor gaud nor garmenting he bore,
But rosy teinture caught from Phœbus' store,
And cloudless brow made bright with rippled hair,
And blue eyes looking Summer. He, being 'ware
Of him that was his fellow, spake once more.

"Comrade, for thou and I have wandered far
"And now, meseems, we to the end draw near.
"The roll of ocean breaks upon mine ear
"From those dim lands behind the sun-god's car
"That yonder sinks. Where gleams the leading star
"Men say thou know'st? Where doth our way appear?"

Thereat the other, dark as tempest's frown
With fevered eyes, pale lips, and forehead scarred—
An oriflamme still soaring heavenward
'Gainst all insurgent hosts—rent cowl and gown,
And standing there with shoulders drooping down
Beneath their stripes, flashed forth one wild regard
'Ere faith's fruition his fain lips unbarred—
"Behold our city and our guerdon crown!"

And as he spake, from halls of amethyst,
In peaceful regions whither all steps stray,
Loved forms that beckoned down a shining way,
Loved voices singing o'er the sea they wist.

* * * * * * * *

But 'ere the song was done night's sullen mist
Had quenched the golden music of the day.

JOHN SANDES.

THE UNSEEN FOE.

BY A. C.

CHAPTER I.

"London, May 3, 188 .

Y love,—When you get this I shall only be a few days from you. We sail on Wednesday, you *must* come down to Melbourne to meet me, and be ready to go on to Sydney in the ship. You have friends in Sydney, haven't you? If not, don't let that stop you. We can't afford to be too particular, situated as we are. But I know it is enough for me to ask you. You will do it if you are alive. You don't shilly-shally about things like most women. Shall I ever forget how you threw yourself into my arms that day, and put up your sweet mouth! It was our only kiss, but I have had it in my blood ever since, it has made me feel like a walking volcano. To think it should have been in the last hour before sailing, when we had had two whole days together! And that we should be wrenched apart directly afterwards for all these months! Well, we'll make up for it, Betty, we'll not throw away any more chances. Be down in Melbourne when we get in, and have a telegram waiting for me to say you'll go on to Sydney.

"And look here, Betty, when I get you I must keep you—I must—I *will*. I can trust you, can't I, to act up to those beautiful letters? no woman *ever* wrote such letters, I have read them into rags, and not to let a man feel himself loved like that and then turn round and disappoint him. It's the way of ordinary women, but it isn't your way. You will be ready to fall in with my plans for our common happiness. I'm not going to allow myself to doubt it. Well, then, if it is any way possible, you will not only go to Sydney with me, you will *go to England too*. You are a free woman, what is there to stop you? Tell them you want to travel, tell them anything; bring your sister or a friend with you if you like, but don't let us put the seas between us any more, if we can possibly help it. Of course if you *can't* do this, if you absolutely could not go to England straight off, then we will be married the minute we get to Sydney. That would give us three weeks of Paradise, anyhow. Good Lord! only think of it! But I couldn't bear to leave you after that, neither of us could bear it, and the company won't allow their captains to have wives aboard. That is why I want to try to wait till we get home. You can be near me as a passenger, I should at least see you every day, and we would be married the day we arrived in London. I don't look further than that. I might be able to cut the sea. We can settle all that later. I can think of nothing now but just getting hold of you. Be ready, my beloved one, and don't keep me waiting. I simply *ache* for that next kiss. So do you, unless I'm much mistaken.

"Tell me where you stay in Melbourne, so that I can get at you at once. You will have time to write to Adelaide. Don't disappoint me. But I *know* you won't.

"Till death, my Betty, your lover and yours only,—ROBERT BRACKENBURY."

This truly beautiful love-letter found its way to a Victorian bush village, whence it was carried in a locked bag by a boy on horseback to the house of a considerable landed proprietor, and there it was delivered to Mrs. Anstruther, otherwise Betty, about sunset of an afternoon in June.

She was standing on the verandah when the boy, for whose return she had been watching nearly all the time since he went forth, cantered up to the garden boundary. A woman of thirty or more, with an interesting, intellectual face and a great air of refinement and distinction; tall, dark-eyed, with impetuous movements and an earnest manner; and luxuriously dressed in a yellow silk tea-gown trimmed with rich brown fur. She was the sister-in-law of Mr. Ellis, the master of the house which had been her home, off and on, during the seven years that she had been a widow; and she was possessed of a comfortable income in her own right, and was a person of naturally independent spirit. She had been married at nineteen, in the ordinary

way, to a very ordinary husband who had been invariably kind to her; and when he died she imagined for some years that her heart was dead along with him. But what she called her heart was like an unborn child in his time, warm and growing, and with vague movements towards the light, but undiscoverable to him and unconscious of itself, It was not until Robert Brackenbury came in contact with it that it suddenly burst forth in its fulness of voracious life, with the accumulated force of a dozen years of unspent passion in it.

She caught up the tail of her gown and ran, light-footed as a girl, to the garden gate to intercept the post-boy, and ran back to the house in panting haste with the bag which contained her treasure. The hall by which she entered was a large room, with extensive Persian carpets on the parquet floor, and a lovely winter-fire on the hearth. Here sat Mrs. Ellis in a well-cushioned low chair, with a tea-table beside her, placidly knitting a hood for her last baby. Her husband, in knickerbockers and hobnailed boots, just come in from inspecting poisoned burrows to look for his letters and newspapers, stood in the housemasters' typical attitude before the fire, warming his hands under the skirt of his Norfolk jacket. He turned with a smile to Mrs. Anstruther, as she swept like a whirlwind to his side and imperatively held out her hand to him.

"What's the hurry, Betty?"

"English letters, Tom. Give me the key, quick!"

Tom knew nothing of her English correspondence. He was a very scrupulous and well-bred gentleman, and never asked questions about private affairs that she did not voluntarily confide to him; but Mrs. Ellis understood the cause of her sister's ill-suppressed excitement.

"Won't you have your tea first, Betty?" she asked, in rather a pleading tone.

Mrs. Anstruther glanced at the cold teapot and the hissing kettle. "Don't make it for a few minutes," she said; "I'll be down again directly." And, with a packet of letters in her hand, she swiftly left the hall and flew upstairs to her own sitting-room. Here her maid was putting fresh logs on the fire, and making things ready for the luxurious dark hours before dinner. Her mistress promptly turned her out and locked the door upon her. Then she flung away the letters that were of no consequence, and, kneeling down on the hearth-rug, reverently opened the one in her lover's handwriting. As she held it and read it, the paper shook and rattled in her hands, her tumultuous bosom heaved and sank, her dark eyes melted and glowed. He had been right when he said she had no shilly-shally about her; only to touch him through 14,000 miles of post-office made her feel suffocated with joy.

Over and over and over again she read that letter, kissing it each time, coaxing it with her cheek, pressing it to her breast; and it was falling dark when her maid came to the door to ask her—from Mrs. Ellis—if she would have her tea upstairs?

"No, no, Caroline. Tell her I'll be down in two minutes," she called in reply, but still remained kneeling before the fire which lit up her impassioned eyes and her amber draperies, and made a beautiful glowing picture of her against the shadows of the room; and a quarter of an hour later Mrs. Ellis, herself, was tapping at the locked door, and crying—"Betty! Betty! let me in!"

Then, at last, Mrs. Anstruther rose and thrust her treasure into the pocket of her gown. She ran to admit her sister, whom she clasped impulsively in her arms, being obliged to vent her overflowing emotions somehow. "Oh! darling, I am so sorry! I *was* coming in a minute. No, I don't want any tea. What! haven't you had yours? Caroline shall bring it here." She rang for Caroline. "Now sit down and let me tell you. Rosamond, I have had a letter from him, and he will be here in a week, and I am going to meet him. He asks me, and I must. And I am thinking of—of going on to Sydney with him, Rosamond. I *want* to go to Sydney—this is just the right time of year, and it would do me good—and it is an opportunity. He would take care of me—we should see something of each other. We have so few opportunities that we *must* take them when they do come."

She said nothing of the larger plan behind; it was too tremendous for her own grasp at present, and the audacity of the immediate enterprise was sufficiently disconcerting to Mrs. Ellis, who did not easily allow herself to be excited or surprised. She was a soft, plump, easy-going person, whose temper was so sweet and equable that the combined efforts of five children, under seven years of age, could not ruffle it, and she was in the habit of thinking that Betty could do no wrong.

"But, my darling," she protested, gently, wouldn't that be rather ——, rather ——?"

"Oh! not *rather*, Rosamond—very much so. I know that. But I can't help it. We are not situated like other people. We can't afford to be too particular"—quoting her lover with an ineffable smile.

"As she held it and read it, the paper shook and rattled in her hands, her tumultuous bosom heaved and sank, her dark eyes melted and glowed.

"Tom will never allow you to go alone," said Mrs. Ellis. "He will insist on escorting you over."

"You must stop him, Rosamond. I am not a girl—he always forgets that. Oh, it is his goodness, I know—he only thinks of my comfort—but he is *too* chivalrous for these days. One wants a little liberty sometimes. You must manage to keep him at home. I shall have Caroline, you know. What's the use of a maid if she can't take care of you when you travel?"

"Won't you let me tell Tom about it, Betty? I believe he doesn't even know that you have an acquaintance with Captain Brackenbury. I am sure he hasn't the faintest notion that you are engaged to him, and I do think he ought to know. Only just now he was speaking of your manner when you brought in the post-bag, and wondering what was in your correspondence to excite you so."

"Was I excited? What an idiot I am But I was wild to get my letter. Oh! you shall tell him soon, Rosamond; you may tell him directly I am gone—not before. Be

sure you don't give him the least hint till I am out of the house; he would be wanting all the fatherly ceremonies and conventional nonsense, and I couldn't stand it."

"But wouldn't that be right, darling? Think how little you know about Captain Brackenbury——"

"I know him," interposed Betty, in an intense voice, "from the crown of his dear head to the sole of his foot as the splendidest man that ever walked this earth."

"Not about his family circumstances, Betty—his antecedents, his means——"

But here the dialogue was interrupted by Caroline bringing in the tea. Caroline was a brisk young woman, but it took her some minutes to arrange the table and light the lamps; and her mistress was in a state of nervous tension that made it impossible for her to stand still and watch the process. She restlessly paced up and down the room, trailing her shining furred robes behind her, her spirited dark-eyed face seeming to flash like her jewelled hands as she turned in the light, every line of her lithe figure showing the consuming energy that possessed her. When tea was made and buttered cakes uncovered, she still roamed hither and thither, taking sips and bites at intervals, and paid no heed to her sister's repeated invitations to sit down and be comfortable. Mrs. Ellis, for her part, ate and drank with composed enjoyment, while still discussing the startling project that had just been confided to her.

Her mental attitude, as always, was one of tender sympathy, but she had natural misgivings as to the wisdom of Betty's choice and proposed proceedings, which she felt in duty bound to mention. She continued to dwell upon the undisputed fact that they knew nothing of Captain Brackenbury's private means and position, until she saw that no argument of that sort was listened to for a moment; and then, after lamenting the several *nice* offers that had been received and refused, she pointed out the well-known disadvantages of having a sailor for a husband—as if they had not occurred to Mrs. Anstruther before. "For, I suppose," she said, "you *will* marry him—eventually?"

"I certainly shan't marry anybody else," was the prompt reply.

"And you know that company has a rule against captains' wives being on board?"

"Yes—inhuman wretches! What are they made of, I wonder?"

"And, oh, Betty! think of being married and only having your husband for about two months in the year. Why, if Tom is away for a week I feel lost. So would you. You have no *idea* what it would be."

Her sister stretched her white arms out of her hanging sleeves and clasped her hands behind her head. The gesture and the expression of her face were eloquent, though she said nothing. She defied Fate and the company to keep her husband from her once he was her husband.

"However," Mrs. Ellis proceeded, "we shall get the benefit, for we shall be able to keep you with us, as we couldn't do if you married a landsman. Of course, you will go on living with us; you must have *somebody* to take care of you when he is at sea. You shall have more rooms, Betty. Tom will build some for you."

"Robert may be able to 'cut' the sea," said Mrs. Anstruther, loving to quote his words. "And then we can live where we like."

"But he will hardly like to live on your money, darling."

"Oh, what does it matter whose money he lives on, so long as we can be together?"

"Tom won't take that view, Betty."

"I don't care what view Tom takes; it's none of his business. I mean, dearest, that in a matter of this kind I *must* please myself. Oh, Rosamond! Rosamond!" she flung herself on her knees and put her arms round her sister's ample waist, "if you only *knew* how I loved him!"

They talked a while longer, and then Mrs. Ellis, being informed that the baby was crying for her, hurried away to her nursery. When she was gone, Mrs. Anstruther called Caroline from the adjoining bedroom, where she was laying out her mistress's things for dinner, and told her of the Sydney project, and what she wished prepared and packed for the journey. Clothes that were a wicked extravagance on board ship and quite beyond the requirements of a reasonable visit, were selected, and the maid was ordered, there and then, to submit a good many of them for examination. Beautiful fabrics and furs and laces were spread out, for Betty was a lavish woman who loved rich raiment; and to choose amongst them what suited her best, and what Robert would be most likely to approve of, was a fascinating occupation that absorbed her until nearly dinner time. It was not until Caroline said, "If you please'm, it only wants ten minutes," that she consented to make a scratch toilet for the evening (in which, however, she looked just as well as when she spent an hour over it), and she went downstairs, pinning her fichu with one hand, and tucking Robert's letter into a

place where she could feel it with the other, as the last clang of the gong rumbled through the house. Her brother-in-law, who received her with a proffered elbow at the foot of the stairs, looked at her brilliant face curiously, and remarked, with a brother-in-law's frankness, that he had never seen her so blooming.

"I don't think I ever felt so blooming," she answered, trying not to dance to his sober pace across the hall. "It's this -this exhilarating winter weather, Tom."

All through dinner she was in a bubble of talk and laughter, varied by abrupt silences, during which she received Tom's best jokes with a vacant gravity that bewildered him; and after coffee she wandered from room to room in a fashion that clearly showed she was too much awake and alive for any bed to hold her. Nevertheless she was not ashamed to plead fatigue and sleepiness as an excuse for saying good-night, early. And then she flew up to her own room, put on her furred gown, spread her bare arms over her writing-table, and began a letter to her sweetheart.

"Oh, my Robert! My darling! I am just wild with joy. I *knew* what you would ask me to do, and *you* knew I would do it. Oh! you may depend on me. I will do all—everything. You don't want me more than I want you. Yes, my love, I will be in town before you. I will be at Menzies'. I shall know when the ship arrives, and shall wait in for you. O, Robert, if we had missed that last meeting, which was such a pure accident—if we had never had that kiss—we shouldn't be having this to look forward to now. I remember when you came in, last voyage, how I longed to see you; but I could do nothing, nor you either, for it would have been too bold to send you my address. But for the chance of our being again invited to the same house, but for those two days, and that last hour, when you hunted for me to say good-bye, and I happened to be alone in the summer house, we might never have come together at all. It is awful to think what a narrow shave it was. And haven't you felt these months as if they were *years?* I have. I know what that "ache" is. I have had it all the time. I can't believe there are only a few days left. I don't know what my poor sister will say. I dare not tell her yet. She must come down to meet us when we return from Sydney. She will miss me dreadfully, but she has a dear husband and children that she is wrapped up in, and she isn't a fretting person. I feel unnatural for caring so little about anything except being with you. That seems to be all I want. Do you think I'm a brazen creature, dear, to say all this out? Rosamond thinks I make myself very cheap to you—so I do; but I know it doesn't make you cheapen me. I can't help telling you. And, after that kiss, we knew we could not keep things from each other again. Dear love, I have kept nothing from you, and I know from what you say of my letters that that is what you wish," &c., &c. &c.

She went on like this for three hours, and filled five sheets—though she expected to see him within a week.

CHAPTER II.

When informed of his sister-in-law's proposed excursion, and the date of departure, Mr. Ellis was seriously, if unnecessarily, distressed, because he would not be able to accompany her.

"I should certainly have taken charge of you, dear Betty, and put you safely into the hands of your friends," he said, "but, unfortunately, I have an important business engagement that I cannot postpone."

"Oh, thank you, Tom," she responded, smiling at him sweetly; "it's like your kindness to think of such a thing, but I couldn't have allowed you to take that trouble in any case."

"Nothing is a trouble that I can do for you," he rejoined, with his slightly old-fashioned politeness. "However, I shall see that you are provided with a proper escort."

Betty's smile fled. "Oh, Tom, pray, *pray*, don't," she pleaded in terror. "I *hate* escorts, —except you, of course. And it's so absurdly unnecessary. I'm not a girl, and I shall have Caroline."

"Well, at least, I will see you on board, and put you in charge of the captain."

At this Rosamond laughed awkwardly, and Betty's cheeks grew crimson. She felt a very mean and deceitful person, for the moment. She wanted to explain that she already knew the captain well, but she could not; the half-truth seemed worse than whole concealment, and she was not yet prepared to tell him all. "Dear Tom," she continued to protest, "do *please* not trouble about me. I shall be all right with Caroline. We have both been to sea before to-day, and as for Melbourne, we are as much at home there as we are here."

But Mr. Ellis would recede no further. "I shall take you down, and see you on board, Betty. That I can do without the smallest inconvenience, because the business I spoke of is in Melbourne, fortunately, as it happens, and I shall be going in any case."

And so he did. The three went to town by the same train, and the ship was hauling up to the pier at Williamstown at the moment when Mr. Ellis and Caroline were counting their luggage at Spencer-street. For what was the use of being early now? All that was necessary was to be sure of the hour of sailing next day. Betty had written another letter to Captain Brackenbury to tell him how things had fallen out, and to ask him not to call on her on shore. It was dreadful to have to wait, she said, but Tom would not understand, and if she were to explain he would never allow her to go to Sydney without him, or to do anything she wanted to do. And when Captain Brackenbury read that letter he anathematised Mr. Ellis, but saw at once that he must submit to Betty's will.

Mr. Ellis gave his sister-in-law an elaborate dinner, and took her to the theatre afterwards, it being a point of honor with him to make her enjoy herself while she was in his care; but Betty was not lively—she accounted for it in the usual way by saying that her head ached. The parting with Rosamond and the children had been much worse than she expected; the postponement of the meeting with her lover was nothing short of agony, and for the first and last time she contemplated the enterprise before her in a slightly foreboding spirit. The mood of reaction was an inevitable consequence of the mood of sanguine exaltation which had strained her for so long. However, it was gone next morning, though the morning brought the first dull weather they had had for a week.

"I think," said Tom, when they met at breakfast, "you would have been wiser to go by train, at this time of the year. You are very likely to have a rough passage."

"Oh! I don't mind that," she answered with a happy smile. She didn't mind anything now that the great day had come.

She was to sail at two, and at twelve Tom had that particular engagement which had so conveniently fitted in with hers. So she begged him to take her early to the ship and leave her there, protesting that she and Caroline would be glad of a little time to arrange their cabins; and he reluctantly acquiesced, since he could do no better. They reached Williamstown at 11 o'clock, and walked down the pier in a cold wind and a sprinkle of rain that again caused him to point out the advantages of the land route in winter. And there lay the long steamer, Robert's ship, whose every plank was sacred! Betty looked at it as if it were Robert himself, with eyes that expressed a longing to put her arms round it and kiss it.

"Captain on board?" inquired Tom, as they stepped on deck from the gangway.

"No, sir," answered the sailor addressed.

"Oh, we are all right now, Tom, dear; you can leave us with an easy mind. Caroline knows about the luggage, and there's nothing more to do," said Betty in tender accents. "You go now, you can catch the 11.15, which will get you back in good time for your appointment—the one after that will run you too late. Good-bye, dear—thank you so much for all your goodness to me—good-bye."

To his surprise she offered her pretty mouth. It was not her way, nor his, in spite of their strong affection for each other, and this was distinctly a public place; but it gratified him extremely. He returned her kiss with warmth, earnestly entreated her to take care of herself, and was hustled away.

Betty was watching the gentlemanly figure as it passed down the pier, when a young man, whom she knew at once to be Robert's servant, accosted her, and asked her if she was Mrs. Anstruther. On her quickly answering to her name, he said the captain had instructed him to show her two cabins that had been reserved for her, and to tell her that both were at her disposal. He escorted her downstairs in a very deferential manner, and ushered her and Caroline into the cabins, which were in the same passage and facing each other, each containing two berths. Of course Betty had not paid for four berths, but that didn't matter. Robert was the monarch of this kingdom, and not the company, when once it became an island on the high seas. She took possession of the four beds without scruple, and Caroline filled the upper ones with clothes and miscellaneous luggage, which left space and comfort on the floor. Having three hours before sailing, and being told that the captain was not expected on board before 1 o'clock, Mrs. Anstruther sat in her cabin for some time, and took the opportunity to confide the state of affairs to her maid. Caroline was not overwhelmed with astonishment, because she had been with her mistress on two occasions when Captain Brackenbury was visitng at the same house; and she readily consented to go to England, and to further Betty's interest generally, as far as a faithful maid could do so. For Betty was one of those magnetic women who draw out the affections of all who come in contact with them. Family and friends, children and servants, horses and dogs — anything that had eyes to

THE DEPARTURE.

see, and a heart to feel—adored her more or less, and thought itself privileged to have a chance of serving her. It was what she was accustomed to.

At 12 o'clock she washed and brushed, changed her boots, which were a little muddy, and smartened herself to meet her lover. The English passengers going on to Sydney, and the new ones coming on board, all turned to gaze at her when she appeared on deck in her magnificent sealskin coat with the black-sable borderings, which she wore in the manner of one born for such regal raiment; but not one of those staring persons had a glance from her. She steadily watched the pier until, amongst the crowd disgorged by the 12.30 train, she recognised Robert's tall head and square shoulders—the splendid figure that filled the world for her just then. He was a fine, big, tawny-bearded fellow, with a bold nose and quick commanding eyes; noticeable to others as well as to her. "Here comes the Captain," she heard the bystanders say, and the beating of her heart seemed to suffocate her as he drew near. When nearly under the place where she stood, he looked up and recognised her, and lifted his hat. She turned from the rail with dry throat and trembling knees to brace herself for the shock awaiting her; she had an impulse to close her eyes. She dared not look at him again, and yet she saw his every movement—his brisk but dignified ascent of the gangway, his polite greeting of the officers who were awaiting him at the top of it, his quick colloquy with someone who asked him something about frozen meat. Then all in a moment he was holding her hand in his tremendous grip, and speaking to her in the rich, strong voice that she always fancied had the sound of the sea in it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Anstruther. You are here before me. Come in."

Still holding her hand, he led her over the raised threshold of a door which had "Commander" printed above it, into the sanctuary of the ship—his own smart cabin, which was the only one on deck. His servant was adding a telegram to a row of letters on the table.

"This came for you just now, sir," said he.

"All right, William."

William went out, and Captain Brackenbury quietly closed the door behind him, and dropped a brass hook into a ring. Then he turned quickly with outstretched arms, into which the reckless Betty flung herself; and for two minutes they stood without voice or motion, in a swimming ecstasy of bliss such as is quite unknown to boy and girl lovers who have not sounded the depths of life. It was the kiss they had "ached" for so long, and it would not be hurried over. Robert sank back upon the sofa behind him, still clasping her tightly, still holding her lips to his, and she lay in his arms with her eyes closed, drawing long breaths, too happy to speak or think. And he had to remember for her where she was, and was man enough to make the effort for self-control that the exquisite moment demanded of him. The first thing he said was, "Have you had any lunch, dearest?"

"No, Robert. I saw the people sitting at the tables, but I could not eat."

"We'll have some together."

He gently put her off his knee, and rising, took the hook out of the ring and pressed the button of his electric bell. He was opening his letters when William appeared, though his sinewy hands shook in doing it, and he glanced over them without much notion of their purport.

"Bring some lunch, William. Mrs. Anstruther will join me."

"Yes, sir."

"And William—"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Anstruther is on board under my charge, and I want her to be comfortable. She'll make this her sitting-room till we get to Sydney, and you'll wait on her when she wants anything."

"Certainly, sir."

"I've got my own servant, Captain," said Betty, who had recovered herself, and was sitting at ease on the sofa, unbuttoning her long coat.

"I daresay your own servant will be seasick," he replied. "Ladies' maids always are. Then you'll be glad of William. Perhaps," he added, "you'll be seasick too."

"I *won't*," she cried vehemently, in horror of the idea. Seasick on *this* trip! Oh, surely she would be spared such an unspeakable misfortune!

William went out, and Robert hastily finished reading his letters. He stood at the end of Betty's sofa, so that he could put his hand on her somewhere; and she took it in hers, and rubbed her soft cheek up and down the back of it. Then, snatching another kiss before William should return, Captain Brackenbury intimated that he must change his clothes. For he had resumed command of his ship, and was still in the grey tweeds of a private gentleman.

"Then you will want your room, darling?" she said, rising to go.

"No; sit still. I have a place downstairs. Take off your cloak and bonnet and make

yourself at home. Do you want anything? Shall I send your maid up to you?"

Betty said she wanted nothing, least of all her maid; and, assuring her that he wouldn't be gone five minutes, her lover left her. She took advantage of his absence to touch up her hair before his looking-glass, to shake out her skirts, and so on. Also she minutely examined his room—passing her soft palm caressingly over the numerous polished drawers and lockers which held his "things," taking down his books with the reverent touch of a collector handling mediæval parchments, studying his pair of little pictures —water-color drawings of his English home, the inspiration of love informed her—with tender eyes that saw the merits of a whole Royal Academy in them. She talked to William as he was laying the table, and William began to feel the working of the charm that so many of his kind had yielded to.

"Have you been with Captain Brackenbury long, William?"

"Nearly six years, ma'am," said William.

"Six years! You must be very much attached to him?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I shouldn't like to have another master, now."

"I hope you never will," said Betty, and thought to herself that when she and Robert set up house together they would have William for their butler.

Then Robert came back in his brass-buttoned jacket and gold-laced cap, which latter he hung on a peg when he entered his lady's presence; and the dishes were brought in, and they sat down, *vis-á-vis*, on the two sofas, which also answered the purpose of chairs, and ate a very good lunch in spite of recent agitations. Both doors were fixed half-open, and every now and then an officer would come to ask some question of the captain. They could see Mrs. Anstruther sitting with him, and she expressed the fear that her being present at these interviews was a breach of official etiquette; but Robert told her she need not go away for anybody, and then she greatly enjoyed looking on while he transacted his business. It made her feel as if she were already his wife.

The pilot came, presently, to say it was two o'clock.

"Just let the people come up from the train," Captain Brackenbury replied, as he pared an apple for his guest, "and then I'm ready to start as soon as you like."

And five minutes later he bade Betty good-bye for a while. He did not commit the indiscretion (which had been unavoidable an hour ago) of latching the door again, but he still found an opportunity to kiss her before he went. He bade her amuse herself with his books, and ring for tea when she wanted it; and, time being up, went forth to give his undivided attention to his ship, like a good commander. She, of course, did not remain in the cabin after he had left it; it was necessary for her to be where she could see him, however far away. So she put on her fur coat and bonnet, and walked up and down the deck, keeping one eye on the bridge and the other on the operations below, where the great warps were being slacked out and hauled in as the vessel drew off from the pier. The wind was blowing strongly, and the bay was full of broken water, and looked bleak under the grey sky; and the passengers leaning over the ship's rail, and the little crowd that watched their laborious departure exchanged opinions with regard to the prospect that were not re-assuring to the timid ones. "It's going to blow," they said. "You'll have a dirty night." And so on.

But what did Betty care? She would have snapped her fingers at a cyclone. When, at the end of half-an hour, the churning screw began to plough a straight furrow, and the engines to throb steadily like a beating pulse, and the cheers from the shore to grow fainter and fainter, she realised with a happy heart that she had begun her life's journey with Robert, but she had no sort of prevision of the way it was going to end.

CHAPTER III.

Betty found the afternoon long, in spite of the distraction of tea, and a gossip with Caroline, for Robert did not come to her. She was proud of his devotion to his duty; it would have been horrible to imagine the possibility of his neglecting it to be with her; and yet she wondered with a vague impatience and surprise how he could bear to leave her for hours at a stretch, after they had been separated for so long. When it grew too dark to distinguish his figure from others on the distant bridge, she went downstairs to dress, so as not to have to do it later, when he might be wanting her with him.

She made a hurried toilet, but it was a elaborate as if she were going to a Government House dinner party, though she covered her neck with lace, and tried to tone herself down as much as possible. Over it she wrapped a fur-lined cloak, before going upstairs, to protect her in the tearing wind that swept the deck, and made it no easy matter to get along from the saloon companion to

what she delighted to call her home. When she got back to the little room, now brilliant in the electric light, she found it still empty. Robert had been, and gone again. She took down one of his books, and made herself comfortable on a sofa. She did not read, but she pretended to read, and wondered whether her dear love would think she looked nice when he came in. As she lay, the ship began to heave up and down in a pronounced and sudden manner. She knew what that meant; they were in the Rip, and she thought of Robert's horrible suggestion that she might be seasick. So she kept very still and watched her sensations, and at the end of half-an-hour was overjoyed to assure herself, that she felt as well as ever. "Oh, how *thankful* I am! That is the *only* thing that *could* have spoiled our trip," she said, first to herself, and then to him.

He came in as she was congratulating herself. He looked wind-blown and ruddy, like a Norse rover, with the sea rime on his yellow beard and that keen sparkle in his blue eyes like stars in a frosty sky. "It's a cold night, Betty," he said, hanging up his cap; and on the strength of that statement he shut the doors. He did not latch them, but he shut them close. "I musn't let you take cold," he went on, drawing her to him. "Come here, and let me warm you, Betty." She slipped out of her fur cloak and went to him, as he stood in the middle of the room, propping himself against the edge of the table; and she laid her head on his breast and put her arm round his neck. He lifted her face with his hand under her chin, and laid his bearded mouth on her responsive lips; and so they stood for a long time, not speaking, but listening acutely to the sounds outside. The ship swung up and down, and from side to side; she could not have stood alone, but his great arms held her up—and held her safe.

A step passed close, and she drew away from him. Before taking her back he looked her all over—her glowing; high-bred face, her dainty French dress, that clothed her graceful figure as if it had grown on it. "Well?" she said, challengingly.

"Oh! you're lovely," he replied. "But haven't you got any of those pretty gowns you used to wear?—tea-gowns, don't you call 'em? They go down your back with such a long straight sweep, don't you know? I like them better than dressmakers' dresses."

"Do you, dear? Well, I like to know what you like. Have you come down to stay, Robert?"

"No, Betty."

"Are you not coming to dinner?"

"William must bring me some dinner on the bridge. But I'll come presently."

He went off again; and as soon as he was gone, she groped her way back to the inhabited regions, and, descending to her cabin, tore off the "dressmakers' dress," and put on one of her splendid tea-gowns—a long-tailed robe of Indian cashmere, thick with silk embroidery and lined with quilted satin—which had the essential merit of going down her back in a straight sweep from neck to hem. Caroline was not there to help her, and mysterious sounds from the opposite cabin suddenly suggested that Robert's theory about ladies' maids at sea was being verified.

"Oh! Caroline, you are not ill, are you?" cried Mrs. Anstruther, in the passage between them; and she was aghast to find, as she spoke, that she was begininng to feel far from well herself.

"Yes'm, I am," wailed Caroline, faintly.

"Oh! I'm so sorry for you, poor girl! I'll send somebody to you," said Mrs. Anstruther; and she rushed away in haste. She was a most unselfish woman in the ordinary way, but at this moment she could think only of Robert and herself, and for their sakes it was absolutely necessary she should get on deck at once. She found the stewardess, and thrust half-a-sovereign into her hand. "Do what you can for my poor maid," she gasped. "Send the doctor to her—give her some brandy—whatever you think best. I am feeling rather queer myself—I must get into the air." And she staggered to the stairs, scrambled up on deck, and swung into the seat behind the companion doorway, just in time to save herself.

Certainly, it was a very wild night. There was an invisible moon behind the driving clouds that reminded her of Douzette's pictures, and the faint light showed such a turmoil of waves as would justify the most hardened passenger in feeling seasick. The wind howled and shrieked above the noise of the throbbing engines; it tore at her flowing skirts, and slapped her face with the ends of the scarf she had tied over her head to keep her hair from disorder. The huge vessel rolled so deeply that she could only maintain her seat by clinging to the bar behind her with all her strength. It was heavier weather now than when she went downstairs ten minutes ago, but its beautiful freshness took away her qualms, and uplifted her with a strange exhilaration. In a few minutes she spied William poking along, and she called him to help her to get back to the Captain's cabin.

"That's just what I was coming for, ma'am," said William. "The captain ordered me not to let you go on deck alone while it's blowing like this."

"Did he? How he thinks of everything! Then give me your arm, William. It *does* blow, doesn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am. It'll be a whole gale before midnight."

"I'm glad of it," said she. "One needn't mind gales in a ship like this, with a captain like Captain Brackenbury in command of it."

"No, ma'am, that's true. They say he's the best commander in the service."

"I'm sure of it, William."

She got home safely, a little dishevelled, and with her cheeks glowing; and William asked her whether she would have her dinner there or in the saloon. She told him she did not dare to return to the saloon, because she felt ill as soon as she went below, whereas she was quite well on deck. So he, with equal difficulty and devotion, served her with a little meal in his master's cabin, and she made a careful choice of pacifying dishes —an English sole, a bit of boiled chicken, a spoonful of jelly—to which William added a small bottle of champagne. "The captain ordered it for you, ma'am; he thought it might do you good as the weather is rough," said William. Whereupon, of course, she drank it with pleasure, if not with actual avidity.

And the food and wine both did her good. When Robert came down in the evening he found her bright and gay, without the least sensation of illness. "I never was better," she joyfully assured him. "It was only while I was below, Robert, that I felt a little queer."

"Then you shall not go below again," he said promptly. "William shall make my bed on the bridge, and you shall sleep here. Caroline can come up to wait on you."

"Caroline can't. She's dreadfully sick, poor girl."

"Then the stewardess shall—or William."

"I'll have William," said Betty, who had travelled enough to be accustomed to male chambermaids, and who found it delicious to be waited upon by the same hands that served her lover. "I shall not undress, Robert. I will lie on the sofa with some pillows. My gown is a loose one, and I shall be quite comfortable. I could not sleep in all this noise."

"You are not nervous, are you?"

'Nervous? With *you!* What a preposterous idea!"

"I thought not. All right, Betty, don' undress to-night, then you can come up presently and watch on the bridge with me."

"She breathed a long "O-h-h!" of rapture at this enchanting prospect.

"Only you'll spoil that beautiful gown. Did you put it on for me, Betty? You darling woman! But the decks are drenched with spray, and you'll have it ruined." She smiled complacently as he passed his great brown hand over her sleeve. "What color do you call it, Betty? Lavender?"

"No, my dear; it is a most exquisite shade of blue, or green, I don't know which. Something the color of a duck's egg, or like the sky sometimes at night before it gets quite dark."

"Or like the sea," he suggested.

"Yes, yes, that's it! I wonder I never thought of that. It's the color of the sea, that must be why I chose it. And the embroidery, you see, is darker, like fine seaweed. And the lining," turning it up to show the quilted satin, "is the very tint of the lining of a seashell. In fact, they call it shell-pink at the shops; that's its technical name."

"And you are going up on the bridge in *that?*"

"I am," said Betty, firmly.

These sweet interviews had but the one drawback, that they were necessarily brief. The ship claimed the same attention from her commander as when no Betty was on board, and, to do him justice, received it. The only difference he made (and no one but himself knew his reason for making it) was to set the course rather further out from land than was his habit in these waters. Twice he went to his post and came back. After his return the second time one of his officers came to the cabin to make his report, and after him the doctor. When they entered they pretended not to see the brilliant person whose presence there at that hour must have greatly suprised them, though neither of them, they say now, will ever lose the impression of her bright and delicate face as it appeared to them on that occasion. She did not speak to the first comer; he looked rigidly official, and she was in awe of quarter-deck conventions. But the ship's doctor is always a person one may take liberties with, and she ventured to speak to him of the rough weather, and to make some enquiries about Caroline. It seemed to please him very much, and Robert did not look as if any great breach of etiquette had been committed.

And now came the most delicious hour of all, when she was privileged to be with her lover

at his post of duty. It was late by this time. The wet decks were deserted; all the passengers below were gone to bed; the electric lights were out. She pinned the skirt of her gown round her waist, and Robert wrapped her in the fur cloak, and pulled the hood over her head, and tied her scarf over the hood; and they went forth into the howling night, which, though there was a moon somewhere, looked pitch dark by contrast with the brightness behind them. It was full of flying spray and intermittent gushes of rain.

"Oh, Robert, what a wind!" she gasped, as she clung to him. It took her breath away.

"Never mind, it's with us," he answered cheerily.

She did not "mind" it. On the contrary, she revelled in it. Wind and rain and storm, and Robert's strong arm round her! The conditions were absolutely perfect. She could not see where she was going, nor did she try to; he guided and upheld her along the slanting deck, and up the slippery stairs to that olympian throne in mid-air on which he had seemed so far withdrawn from her till now; and there she stood beside him at the rail, and looked out upon the most beautiful and terrible of all the scenes that she remembered. The sea was mountainous, unlike any sea she had ever seen—never having been on a steamer's bridge at mid night in a full gale before; the wind, Robert told her, was blowing at something like 80 miles an hour. It was fair for their own ship, which flew before it; but they passed two others coming from Sydney, and they were so smothered in the wild froth that they looked as if they were burrowing under water. Betty took them for foundering wrecks until Robert reassured her. There was the faint moon and a few stars in the stormy sky. There was a sense, to Betty's soul, of being out of the world that had held her for 30 years, and free in the Infinite with her true love.

She watched with him for two hours, and they were the most deeply happy hours of all her happy life. She walked with him to and fro in the Rembrandt light that revealed her face to their silent companions at intervals like a vision of a dreaming brain. She stood by him when he gave his orders, and leaned with him over the table in the chart-room when he consulted his charts and explained to her how he knew that the ship was making 15 knots an hour. They were never quite alone as they had sometimes been downstairs, but that was no drawback to her, if it was to him. She felt herself sharing his whole life now, and not only one part of it.

Between one and two o'clock he brought her back to the deck, and they had a few last minutes together.

"I have got so *used* to it," she said, when he took her in his arms to bid her good-night.

"Ay," he answered, "so have I."

"But we can't do this sort of thing on the long voyage, Robert. All the other ladies would revolt. It would be a public scandal. But, oh, how can I ever bear to come down to being a mere common passenger again!"

"It strikes me, Betty, that we shall have to get married in Sydney, after all."

"Oh, Robert!"

"And then break the regulations of the company."

She trembled all over, but she did not shrink. "You would cut the sea, as you call it, when we got home," she said. "So it wouldn't much matter if they did scold you."

"I don't know about that, Betty."

"Oh, darling, you *said* so!"

"I should have to get another post first. I'm not rich, you know."

"Never mind. I've got enough for both of us."

"How much have you?"

"A little over three thousand a year."

"What! I thought you had about five hundred, and spent it all on clothes."

"Oh, did you? Well, you were mistaken, you see. Now, don't you think that, with three thousand a year, you can afford to cut the sea?"

"Do you think a man ought to live on his wife's money?"

"Do you think a man ought to leave his wife to break her heart, out of mere false pride and vanity?"

His heart throbbed fast as he held her to it. "You sweet woman!" he said passionately, under his breath. "If I wanted ever so much to leave you, I know I couldn't do it—after this."

She put her arms round his bent neck. "We must never part, Robert—never, never, never again!"

"We never will," he answered.

Then he rang for William and bade her good-night. "Sleep well," he said, "and be fresh in the morning. We've got to-morrow to look forward to, Betty."

"Yes, love. And all the to-morrows after that." She went with him to the door and took a step into the outside darkness, holding his hand to the last moment.

William came in with an armful of white pillows, which he piled into the inner corner of the sofa on the lee side. She lay

down peacefully, with a seraphic smile on her face, and he spread an opossum rug over her and tucked up her feet, and put cushions between the sofa and the edge of the table, so that she could swing softly to the rolling of the ship like a cradled baby.

"You would make a good lady's maid, William," she said, in her gentlest accents.

"Thank you, ma'am," said William.

When he had left her she lay very still and closed her eyes, trying hard to go to sleep, as Robert had bidden her, so that she might be fresh in the morning. Though she had always been accustomed to warmth and softness, she had never felt so perfectly comfortable. Nine-tenths of the poor passengers below were agonisingly ill by reason of the motion of the vessel in the storm, but here she only felt it as if gentle arms were rocking her to rest. Both doors of the cabin were fastened half-open, and the delicious air kept all thought of sickness from her. Between the doors, flanking the covered washstand and the mirror above it, William had lit two candle lamps, and the subdued light showed her what a calm and orderly little nest she occupied in the midst of that howling turmoil. She heard all the noise, but it did not touch her peace; it made it all the more deeply peaceful. The steady strong pulse of the engines, that no storm could disturb, was the sound that harmonised with her thought of herself as in Robert's safe keeping.

However, she could not sleep. Thought was too active and feeling too intense. Conscientiously she tried all the devices she could think of to induce the condition that should refresh and recruit her for the blessed to-morrow that was to be to-day over again, but the more she tried, the further she was off. Seeing this, she presently gave up trying, and abandoned herself to the contemplation of waking visions far more beautiful than any dreams could give her. These, naturally, had no sedative effect; they made her restless, and her restlessness increased as the night wore on. She found the opossum rug on the top of her quilted gown too hot. She had a fidgetty desire from time to time to know what o'clock it was, and was vexed that she had left her watch downstairs. She craved for the morning to come that would bring her lover back to her.

By-and-bye she rose and went to the door. She wanted to see whether there was any sign of dawn, and was rejoiced to discover a pale streak—not so pale in reality as she imagined it—across the welter of big seas that were as wild as ever. The pure, cold, salt wind blew revivingly in her face; the rain had ceased; the sky looked clear, though the moon was below the horizon. It was not day yet, but day was at hand, and she was sure it was going to be lovely.

For some minutes she stood in the doorway, propping herself against the jamb, and gazing with awed but quiet eyes into the vast obscurity that surrounded her. Then she had the fatal impulse to step out on deck—it was level and steady for the moment—to see whether she could discern any outline of the bridge, any shadow of her lover's figure against the sky. Her hands were rolled in the ends of the scarf she had tied over her head; the long skirt of her gown was round her feet, as she turned for an instant, unsupported, upon the slippery planks, to look up to that point in the general darkness where Robert was supposed to be; and in that instant, before there was time even to scream—it was as if some monster of the deep had thrust out a savage claw and seized her—the ship tilted suddenly, she was flung backwards upon the rail, and tossed like a wind-blown feather over it, and there was an end to the new-born happiness that had presumed to call itself perfect.

No one saw her go. There was no gleam on the waves from her sea-colored gown; her white face was indistinguishable from the foam that smothered it; she was too paralysed by the cold of the water and her horror of despair to utter a cry for help. Robert, all unconscious of his loss, was calmly measuring the ship's pace on a chart with a pair of compasses, and congratulating himself on his 15 knots, while she, sinking alone and unhelped in the eternal deeps, saw its funnels smoking against the stars a mile away.

UTILE DULCI.—I.

SELECTIONS FROM A FRESHWATER LOG.

BY ALEXANDER OLIVER.

I HOPE that no reader of this Magazine will be deluded by the title of this little freshwater itinerary. And to prevent him from being so deluded, I declare at the outset that the itinerary here to be described was one of those humdrum, every-day, uneventful affairs which—outside the persons concerned in it, and perhaps a very few enthusiasts in the domain of pisciculture—must expect to make no captives. Besides, there should be a sort of official savor about it, which suggests blue-book, or a paper laid by command on the tables of both Houses of Parliament; for it is a fact that this excursion was designed in the interest principally of certain fishes, the successful acclimatisation of which is a care to a certain Government Department—that of the Fisheries. In a secondary degree, the Oyster disease, which has been so fatal to the species, not only in Mooney, but in almost every ostreiferous tributary of the Hawkesbury, claimed the itinerants' attention, together with certain proposals for experiments to test the conditions under which the disease manages to beat both oyster and oyster-farmer; and to deduce therefrom, if it were possible, some hopeful conclusions when the conditions shall be altered. Herein consisted the "utile" of the expedition. As to the "dulci," that will appear in the narrative, or, if it does not, the fault will be the narrator's.

Whether the upper waters of the Colo and the MacDonald are suitable as domiciles for trout had for years been a vexed question. Many persons, claiming to know "every inch of the country," declared that the gorges of the Colo would never hold trout during a flood. According to them, there were no back waters where a fish could live when the stream was running at the rate of from five to ten miles an hour. Consequently the Colo could not be expected to hold those speckled treasures of the quiet brook—*Salmo fario*, or *fontinalis*.

And, as to the MacDonald, it was in flood time said to become a torrent more raging and destructive than the Colo itself in its worst canyon; and, in drought time, its waters were brackish, if not utterly salt, as far as the township of St. Albans, beyond which, acclimatisation of fish was considered to be quite out of the question.

Now this River Colo is known to many drovers of cattle and sheep, who cross it at the Bulga crossing, bringing their stock to a southern market from northern pastures, and to some few adventurous spirits who, in quest of black ducks—which are very plentiful in the upper reaches of the river—organise shooting excursions from Windsor or Penrith; but few are they who have got further up by boat or canoe than the end of Weeny reach—where the sandbars stay the progress of any vessel drawing more than three or four inches of water, and the cold and shallow stream courses ever downward, uninfluenced by any tidal pulses of the main river, at a rate that made the stemming of it by two pairs of stalwart hands in a light canvas whaler, a rather meritorious business. I, myself, knew the river well as far as Weeny Creek, but no farther. Often had I shot duck, and redbill, and plover in the big swamp, in which this creek almost loses itself before falling into the Colo, and once I managed with some trouble to transport a light canvass duck punt into its upper reaches to the noisy surprise of the redbills, who had apparently never seen such a vehicle before. But of the main river beyond the junction at Weeny, I knew next to nothing, except from hearsay which, in this case, as in others, turned out to be no evidence.

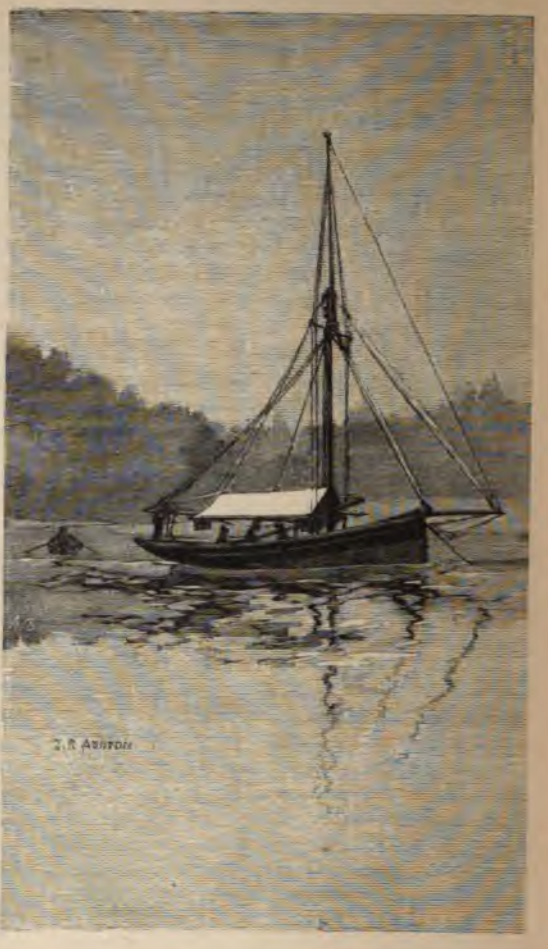
The problem to be solved, and by a boat expedition only, was whether the river beyond Weeny and the Bulga crossing was suitable for the introduction of trout; and a similar problem wanted solving in respect to the Macdonald, above St. Albans.

With all problems one has to begin at the beginning; and in these cases the beginning was at Sydney. There it was necessary to organise a strong crew of amateurs, and to provide them with a house-boat to sleep in, and two light boats, suitable for the navigation of shallows.

It needed no advertising to procure the necessary contingent of volunteers; a hint of what sort of trip was contemplated being

quite sufficient to provide me with half-a-dozen young friends, all proof against sea-sickness, all willing to ply, with equal alacrity, the ponderous 18-feet sweep or the light 10-feet scull. With this semi-horny handed crew of genial enthusiasts, all of whom rejoiced in heroic appetites, recurrent at will, and independent of the provocation of hard work, I started from Sydney on the 18th of April, of this year, in a beamy little centreboard yacht (the "Possum"), better known as a cruiser than a racer, having only 4 feet of draft, and able, with a little manœuvring, to furnish board and lodging for eight inmates. Æolus, Zephyrus and all the other winds being off duty at this time of the year on our coast, an excellent substitute for them was provided by the courtesy of the Colonial Treasurer and Marine Board authorities, who let us have the services of the Government launch "Premier," to tow our house-boat as far as Dangar or Mullet Island, where that clipping little steam-yacht, the "Ena," was to take up the towing as far as the mouth of the Colo.

The Fisheries' launch should have performed this service, but she was suffering, as is her custom, from one of those chronic attacks of break-down in the machinery which mark her out as, perhaps, the most remarkable steam-propelled vessel in Port Jackson. We were, however, far from feeling disappointed or vexed that instead of this anonymous, and (in a seaway) very dangerous little "clambangle,"* we were to be taken to our rendezvous by the "Premier."



THE HOUSEBOAT "POSSUM."

It was a lovely autumn afternoon, with not enough wind to ruffle the smooth swell of the Great Reverberator. We towed with a 3½-inch Europe warp—at the end of about fifty fathoms—and at the rate of about 6 to 7 knots an hour. Had the "seas" been longer, we should have payed out 20 or 30 fathoms more. Our plan is to pass the tow-line through a large, well-served thimble, round which a stout piece of soft Manilla rope (called a lizard) has been spliced. The lizard is securely hitched round the bowsprit, just inside the gammon iron, and the yacht is then towed on the "shear," as it is called, a plan which is far more safe and convenient than to tow with the strain dead a-head. The end of the towline, after being passed through the lizard, is then passed through the eye of a stout "snorter," made fast at the foot of the mast (and also well-served), and is then brought back, or rather forward to the "bitts," and there made fast. The bob-stay should, of course, be triced well up, and the topmast stay slacked down a little. I mention these matters, not in the interests of old yachtsmen, but as a guide to those who have had no experience in the mysteries of the towline.

At 6.30 p.m., we dropped anchor off Flat Rock (Brooklyn), where the "Ena," was already comfortably made up for the night, looking like a large floating transparency, highly illuminated. A short time afterwards, our good friend the "Premier" started for Sydney, and after a short visit to the much

* I beg to state that I have not invented this word, but am merely passing on a word that has long been current in the nautical world to describe a rickety collection of timbers and planks simulating a vessel. There is a Greek sound about the word. and for that, among other reasons, it ought to pass into the literature of the time.

"Et nova fictaque semper habebunt fidem si
Græco foute cadent parce detorta."
—*Horace De Arte Poetica.*

esteemed owner of our convoy for the morrow, and a somewhat longer discussion of such viands as our simple larder contained, we decided—there being only one smoker in the party—to test the condition of the mattrasses that were for the next ten days to be our only substitues for the sumptuous paraphernalia with which we so often woo the drowsy god, and often to so little purpose.

Flat Rock Point is not a good anchorage for yachtsmen. There is too much run of tide hereabout, and this we found out in the middle of the night, when our houseboat and the "Ena" came near fouling one-another. The best spot to pick up is at about a quarter of a mile S.E. of Flack Rock Point, about half-a-cable's length from the second bight from that point, the first little bay being very shallow. At this anchorage the tide in the river is almost imperceptible, and the beach is good for bathing. There is no fresh water in very dry seasons, but it is easily obtainable in the neighborhood. Oysters have almost entirely disappeared from this part of the river, and the only fishing that can be looked forward to with any sort of certainty is that of the worthless river jewfish, which abound during almost every season of the year. Good schnapper are sometimes got off the points, but piscator must have plenty of patience, very tempting bait, and very fine lines; for these point fish have quite outlived the time when, with a clothesline, a meathook, and a lump of any garbage, the best of them might be captivated.

Good Friday broke lovely as an Easter day, and though all of us had seen the great Hawkesbury Bridge before, and in all stages of its construction, it was impossible on this morning to resist another good long gaze at the splendid feat of those American Pontifices—the lattice work, looking from our anchorage, like gossamer tracery supported on huge buttresses. And that work is what it looks; only when you come to finger this gossamer webb, you find out how enormous is the strength of the fabric which, at a distance of half-a-mile, appears to have been thrown over the great river by the engineering genius of those most accomplished of Nature's artificers—spiders. Individually, and may be ignorantly, I have always held, and do still hold, that the footway of this great bridge ought to have been 20 feet higher than it is, so that large ketches, yachts, and other vessels might still have pursued their vocation—or their pleasure—as of old. But I suppose the engineers know best. Anyhow there is the bridge, with its roadway some 40 feet above high-water level of the swirling river beneath, and if, with topmast housed, any vessels on business or pleasure bent, are still unable to creep under the girders, well there be still three courses open to them:—1. To remain below bridge. 2. To abate the nuisance to the Queen's highway by turning themselves into floating battering rams, and, on a strong flood tide, attempting to knock out some one of the seven sections, and, having done it, proceed on their business up the river; and (3). To saw off (Procrustean-wise) sufficient of their mast or masts to allow of a passage under the roadway, and then sue a paternal Government for damages, demurrage, and so forth. Of these three courses, one may be excused for recommending the first. But this is a deviation from my theme.

The "Ena" took us in tow a few minutes before 9 a.m., when all hands had bathed and breakfasted. Very sapid was the steak, (I take the liberty of saying parenthetically), which those hungry volunteers cooked in the little bay where we ought to have anchored, but did not, as with topmast lowered to the very eyes of the rigging, we passed under No. 4 section, with at least ten feet to spare.

Having shot the bridge, we proceeded up stream at the rate of about 10 knots an hour, a strange looking procession, of which the steam yacht was the head, and a little 9 feet canvas punt the tail, the houseboat and three smaller boats taking their places in the line according to size, one of them belonging to an independent party of excursionists bound, like ourselves, for the Colo. We had a strong flood tide in our favor, and the towline—about 30 fathoms in length—was as rigid with accumulated tension as a harp string. The better the day the better for those who do their best to enjoy it. And surely this Good Friday had lavished on us all the conditions of enjoyment. There was an utter lack of wind it is true, but steam power made ample amends for that, and the sense of rapid motion was none the less delightful, because the motion was that of a vessel on a perfectly even keel. There were no struggles between the breeze's strength and the vessel's stability, no hanging on to windward, no "sends" into the trough of a big sea, and no easing of the helm to split some toppling "comber," which, impinging on the luff of your bows, would rain a few hogsheads of by no means inert brine on your deck. Passing by the old site of Peat's Ferry we soon crossed the shallows between Rabbit Island and Mud Island—why called Mud Island no human being can tell—I prefer to call it Milson Island, on the same principle that Mullet Island is called Dangar Island, *i,e.*, after the

fortunate possessor's name; for it is now the law, that no island can now pass into the ownership of any purchaser. Since 1861 all islands are reserved from sale, and rightly so. As we neared Bar Point, the first projection of the northern bank after passing Milson's Island, the glorious slopes of jutting promontory and mountain range behind, the far-reaching bays, the smooth but restless stream, where clouds and azure sky-depths and all the boscage, and the cliffs on either side of the river were depicted as in a water-mirror, could only be half enjoyed before the procession passed on, and other beauties were revealed. I have seen those reaches of the Hawkesbury between Wiseman's and Peat's Ferry perhaps scores of times, but I find some new delight in them each time. Custom does not stale them, and picnicking steamers cannot make them the exclusive enjoyment of those most provoking of myopians, the excursionists who go forth for the purpose of inspecting Nature through the bottoms of champagne glasses. Some people complain of the monotony of the hills through which the river ripples, of the sombre foliage of the stunted gums, of the little variety in the cliffs and the shadows they project; I do not blame them, but I cannot agree with them. The reaches between Bar Point and Wiseman's Ferry always tell me of something that I never knew or saw before, and so I never seem to weary of these waterways.

When we got into Sentry Box Reach some pleasant wiseacre on board our convoy started a little diversion by "hitching" apples to a fishing line, and paying them out for our boys to snap at with boat-hooks as they came flying past. They made a few prizes, and then gaining possession of the fishing line attached it to a small bag slung on the towing warp, to which another line was made fast from the yacht. By this means communication was established between tower and towee, and presents from one to the other were freely passed along the line. At last, some present from us so disturbed the mental equilibrium of the "Ena's" people, that they began bombarding us with potatoes, onions, and other raw products—most of which were returned to them by the ungrateful recipients. The only really serious people during this interchange of missiles were myself, at the helm of the house-boat, and the quarter-master of the "Ena." The last was not the man to forget that running on a sand-bank—and there is no stint of them in the Hawkesbury—at a ten or eleven knot speed, would be no joke. That ccounted for his seriousness. The other steersman knew that a very little mistake at the helm would put his vessel at such an angle with the "Ena" that the warp might part, or the bowsprit snap short off at the stem. A little after midday we passed Wiseman's Ferry, and then slowed down for a few minutes to enjoy this famous bit of river scenery. I do not suppose that, even to the skippers of the river steamers, daily familiarity with this glorious prospect ever completely succeeds in making it stale or commonplace. But for the excursionist who cares to walk up from the Ferry wharf to a point about a quarter-of-a-mile above the old hotel—Solomon Wiseman's converted mansion house, where Governor Bourke and many other old-time worthies were wont to spend their not too frequent holidays—the charm of this majestic confluence of rivers, each with its long buttress of forest-clad mountain, descending in cliffy shoulders to the waters' edge, and here and there, as at the junction of the MacDonald and Webb's Creek, melting away in rich bottoms, golden with rustling maize down to the river margin, where the twittering finch still makes a tuneful forest of the tall quivering reeds—is still what it ever was; something not to be described by words, nor even by that most conscientious study of Conrad Marten's—perfect in drawing, but, to my eye, much too pale in color. Let no tourist—though he be one of Cook's choicest Philistines—pass away from this place until he has first seen the mists rising from these confluent rivers at daybreak, from the point I have described. Afterwards he will eat his breakfast with the exhilirating glow of a man who has seen nature arrayed in her rarest robes of wonder. Or, better still—from the same vantage, let him see how a full moon can half reveal and half conceal the rugged peaks, and riding high in her sphere, irradiate with silvery beams the dark receding water glades. Then, if ever in his life, the full meaning will burst on his senses of that wonderful, and quite untranslatable description by an old master:

"Ἐξέφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι,
Καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη, ἄσπετος αἰθήρ."

And now, O Genius of the Place! drop me from these unfamiliar heights gently down into the more congenial official mood suitable to a well regulated departmental style, or we shall never reach the head waters of the Colo. No, not the head waters, for they are distant a good hundred miles away, westward, where the stream is far removed from the influence of the tide, and the current is always sea-ward; whither the flat-tailed mullet and other silver-coated fish, which love to pass through the brackish

waters near winter time, to taste the pure fresh stream and visit their fresh-water friends, make regular procession, returning in early spring to the salter waters below. Between the Bulga crossing and the head of the Capertee no boat or canoe has ever passed*—either up or down stream—and we are not, this Eastertide, particularly ambitious of doing what has never yet been done or attempted. Sufficient, for our purposes, if we succeed in reaching Trout waters.

Rounding Wiseman's—after easing-down for a few minutes, to take a good look up and down and about, as we entered the reach, called Dairymaid—we rattled off the dozen miles or so that remained of our voyage, in time to reach the mouth of the Colo by two o'clock. The river was very low, and there were several drowned cows and horses stranded on the sandbars that mephitically saluted us as we passed. Near the Colo some new buildings had been erected since our last visit, but, in all other respects, it was the same Hawkesbury River—in drought years, gentle and brakish almost up to the point of mere stagnancy; in flood time, a cruel, raging torrent, wreaking devastation where any work of man should be found within reach of its remorseless fury. The willows on the margin were as green and graceful as ever, and seemed to be without any trace of flood-wrack clinging to their branches, the same old cottages, nestled among the orange and peach orchards, the same wide stern'd Hawkesbury wherries, of a build peculiar, I think, to this river, lay pegged to the same well trodden landing places. Occasionally we passed a boy patiently watching the cork float of his perch line, and wondering whether he might hope for a nibble before tea-time. Now and then, one or two white-bellied shags pulling themselves together at the approach of our strange cortège, tried to make believe that they had not been asleep at their posts, and fled lazily up the river to perform the same operation as we came up with them at their next perch. And so after a very pleasant tow, we came to the end of our benefactor's good offices—forbidden to be exercised in our favor beyond the junction of the shallow Colo. There we parted, he to drop anchor and attend to the appetites of his guests, we to creep up the branch, with two pairs of sculls in the whaler ahead, and two long sweeps, worked in shifts, aboard the houseboat and against a strong ebb tide. The long point on the north bank which marks the commencement of Wheelbarrow ridge, is the first prominent object in the Colo, after that the river becomes narrower, and the stream chafes visibly at being pent within more stringent barriers. About four miles up we pass a projecting sand spit, where, at the opposite bight, the bank falls almost sheer into the river a height of some hundred feet. Before us is the beautifully straight expanse now known as Kemp Reach, and by that name let us hope, always to be known, for on these waters William Kemp, who lives at the lower or eastern end, has done many a strong spurt and many a quiet spin. (I hope these terms of art are not misapplied.) Kemp reach must be about two-and-a-half miles long with an average breadth of about eighty to a hundred yards. The banks, except where the orange orchards have been pushed to the extreme limit of the river frontages, are densely clad with such native trees and vines as love to bathe their roots and some of their branches or tendrils in the pure fresh river. A few dead flooded gums fling the shadows of their stark branches athwart the stream, but the vast masses of greenery yielded by the water-gums and wild grape-vines, and the more sombre tints of the big swamp oaks, compose a beautiful "riverscape" (I hope there is authority for the word) which has in it no note of despondency or harshness. I can imagine Coleridge writing "Dejection" from many a point in the lower reaches of the Hawkesbury and from almost anywhere on the MacDonald, but not from Kemp Reach in the Colo.

But why attempt to describe these sunny water glades in cold and inert prose when Julian Ashton's bright and facile pencil has recorded the first impression received from it on the artistic eye.

At 4 o'clock we had, by dint of much strenuous pushing, sweeping, poling, and tugging in the whaler, reached a most inviting little beach about half-way up the Reach (at least it was a beach at low tide) and there we proclaimed aloud and unanimously that we would straightway drop anchor and camp for the night, having first, like Homer's Heroes, "stretched forth our hands to the equal feast," viz., corned beef, potatoes in their jackets, and "billy tea," with jam, marmalade, pastry and plum duff as matter for subsequent diversions and excursions. In less time than I take to record it, the necessary cooking fires were made, the potatoes and water boiled, the houseboat tented over, the table fixed, the lamps lit, and the appetites appeased, at least all but this last, for that occupied the best part of an hour. Wouldn't it have done the

* Unless Mr. Surveyor Townsend is an exception.

heart good of a grim local optionist from the big city had he been an eye-witness of this or any other of our food-assimilation preliminaries? I almost think it would, always supposing that the heart of such a transcendental being has not been, by a process of moral exosmosis, absorbed into an austere consuming conscience, yearning to veto every human pleasure except that sacred one of vexing the weaker brethren.

But let no reader of mine suppose that there was no Bass or Lager Beer, or other "non-optionable" fluid on board the "Possum," for there was sufficient of all for a siege of three weeks, and something to spare as circulating medium among country folk too uncivilised to accept legal tender coin as consideration for the small daily courtesies of life. Yet let me nothing extenuate at this point of my story, nor say that, as a rule, the good people of the district would accept any consideration, solid or fluid, for their hospitalities in supplying us with milk or similar small commodities. The difficulty with us was to find some way of acknowledging their kindness without wounding their dignity, or at least their reputation for well-treating the stranger. We found no plan more successful than sending the older and more repulsive members of our expedition on foraging business; when we sent either of our curly-headed boys (we had two of the species on board) the old ladies at the farm-houses would straighten up their backs at the suggestion of payment, and say, "No, my dears, we don't sell a cup of milk at this farm." But as we soon discovered that these good people drew a common-sense line at poultry (they had no butter that Easter) the idea occurred to one of the curly-headed that by bespeaking boiled or roast fowls, or damper, a sort of compensation for gratuitous milk and eggs might be arrived at agreeable to both parties. This idea was realised as often as was thought expedient.

We had no hot cross buns that Good Friday, but we had a very good substitute in tortillas made of self-rising flour, which meal

WISEMAN'S FERRY FROM THE OLD PARSONAGE.

I advise every rational christian voyaging into these parts to take with him, for the people of the country have a most reprehensible custom of putting so much soda into the loaves they bake for you, that the prevailing taste in one's mouth for the rest of the day after a meal is as if one were to break one's fast on the promiscuous drugs in some chemist's shop. There is an end even to dinners, and when that consummation had been reached, the only smoker in the expedition proceeded to the exercise of that mystery in comparison with which even Freemasonry pales her ineffectual fires. There were no mosquitos, thank heaven, at this time of the year. Perhaps the insect does not flourish on

the Colo at any time of the year, but the squirrels and opossums and bears managed among them to remind us of the noises which precede certain overtures in which violinists and violincellists have the prominent position. But the squealings and gruntings of all the marsupials within a dozen mile radius are as nothing when you are thoroughly fagged by hard work, and the soothing digestive processes promoted by a few pipes of good tobacco produce that happy condition so well described by Bottom. "I pray you let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." The only difference between us was that Bottom's exposition came on him when he had "a great desire to a bottle of hay," or in other words, before dinner, whereas our expositions always came after dinner.

Something, it may have been the waning moon peering down through the skylight, or a slight touch of indigestion, made me wake up an hour or so before the hour when "morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness," and I went on deck to smoke a cigar and listen to the curious noises made by animals of some sort on the bank, distant about 20 yards. After sufficient cogitation, I felt certain that there must have been scores of wallabies there amusing themselves. The fringe of brush on the river's edge was too dense to see through, or else—on the sward beyond—one might have witnessed a great marsupial corrobberee. Prospero's invocation would have occurred to everybody :—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with fruitless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that,
By moonshine, do the greensour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms.

And, of course, that same everybody would have done exactly what I did. He would have turned in and dreamt of the demi-puppets whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms; and, as I did, would get himself up early, if possible, before the cows, for kine love mushrooms, and Easter is the time for that delectable fungus. And, in truth, I was astir before the cows that Saturday morning, and long before the rest of the crew had thought of lighting the breakfast fires I had secured a whole bucketful of excellent mushrooms. And what a divine Saturday morning it was! The air felt like mountain air, and the river mist (for there is generally a river mist hereabout in April) was melting away in wreaths as the sun peered over the eastern hills. And just think of it! There was no "morning contemporary" to bother us with news and comments thereupon; no letters,

KEMP REACH, COLO RIVER.

externally innocent, internally dangerously seductive; or, in the case of the more common Remembrancers, exasperatingly tedious. To jump overboard in water pure beyond the wildest dreams of the Water and Sewerage Board, and only five or six feet deep, but running at a good four-knot pace, seemed so much better than reading press telegrams or partaking of those other dainties which the morning paper spreads before us when at home and unable to protect ourselves. Here was a sanctuary far more perfect than a township on the river Darling, though we were, as the crow flies, certainly not more than some fifty or sixty miles separated from the General Post Office and the *strepitum Romæ.*

As we could get the house boat no further until the tide should be more favorable, I started, after an early breakfast, for the higher and shallower waters beyond Caterson's farm, leaving directions to the "starboard watch" to pole, push and sweep our craft up stream as far as Blundell's farm if it were found possible. With two pairs of sculls the little canvas whaler sped away from the anchorage in Kemp Reach by Woodbury's and Everingham's orange orchards, past Blundell's fine maize flat, and Simmonds', and Weeny Reach (where we landed for an hour to pay a short visit to Weeny Swamp, which once I thought a suitable place for trout, but not now), and there our troubles began in the shape of sandbars crossing the river in all directions, with snags every here and there and only a few inches of water in the best channels which, as a rule, skirted the drooping branches of the water gums. But for the name of the thing, we might as well have tucked up our pants and carried the boat over the last mile of Weeny Reach. However, with patience and energising, and an occasional portage, we managed, after a couple of hours' devotion to the task, to weather the west point of the Reach, and, as we thought, to get into deeper water; but the stream seemed to run swifter and shallower than ever, and to make matters worse, wire fences (a most nefarious nuisance) started up to block our passage. These rascally illegalities were obviously meant to stop the riparian farmers' cattle from encroaching on their neighbors' holdings. They are, probably, swept away by every flood, but, as there had been no fresh, much less a flood, in the river for some years, these fences challenged us with their three wires to vault, or, in any physical way, get over or under them. We elected to coax the boat under the bottom wire where the span between the posts was greatest and the rigidity of the wire least. We might have abated the whole concern (there being an axe in readiness for the purpose), as a public nuisance inflicting a special injury on private individuals, but we preferred to subtervent this and every other repetition of the nuisance, which, after all (when we had had time to tranquilise), may be very necessary nuisances to the Upper Colo farmers.

We were now in clear sparkling water, miles beyond the influence of the tides, and though shallows abounded, yet there were most convenient little islands which produced quiet backwaters with a good gravelly bed—the very place to put young trout fry, or, indeed, to hatch trout ova. The Bulga road from Richmond is a conspicuous object on the south bank, but the point where it crosses the river was still several miles further up. We landed and prospected the river for some distance, but it was found impossible to pull the whaler much further, though we might, perhaps, had time permitted, have carried her some half-a-mile. Sufficient for the day were the pools and backwaters already found, and, as the inhabitants gave us no promise of better, we called a halt and refreshed. It was past three o'clock when we started down stream. The voyage was performed in about a quarter of the time occupied by the voyage up stream. We found our house boat comfortably moored in the bight below Blundell's farm—some distance farther than we had any right to hope that the "starboard watch" could have persuaded her to go. We had done a good day's work, and the still small voice of conscience whispered "dinner." After that operation I made a rough ground plan of the spot where, in a few months, we shall hope to settle the first colony of *Salmo fario* and *Salmo Fontinalis* ever established on the Colo. *Quod bonum, faustum, felix que sit!*

SOME OF BROWNING'S THOUGHTS ABOUT PAINTING.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO VICTORIAN ARTISTS.

BY PROFESSOR LAURIE.

OF all English poets who are known to me, Browning has at once thought most deeply and expressed himself most fully on art, including poetry, the plastic arts, and music. His sympathy with arts other than that to which he has devoted his life is writ large upon his poems. In "Paracelsus," Aprile, who is taken as the type of the poet, "who would love infinitely and be loved," dreams of carving in stone, or casting in bronze, the forms of earth; of painting nature and men; of pouring forth in verse the thoughts and emotions of mankind; and of breathing in music those "mysterious motions of the soul" which other arts may fail to convey. In "One Word More," Browning gives utterance to the longing which the artist sometimes feels to transcend the boundaries of his special art. He finds illustrations in the "Century of Sonnets" which Rafael wrote, and in the angel which Dante once prepared to paint.

> You and I would rather see that angel,
> Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
> Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

So, he thinks, every poet who lives and loves must long "once, and only once, and for one only," to lay aside the art which has become to him a second nature, and to express himself through some other. His love of music, and his sympathetic knowledge of it, are shown not only in the poems of which "Abt Vogler" is the chief, poems especially concerned with music and musicians, but also in many a scattered passage. Quoting from the poem, "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," Ruskin tells us—"I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit. It is nearly all that I have said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the 'Stones of Venice,' put into so many lines." And in other poems Browning has proved his insight into the lives of individual painters, and into the history, the aims and the meaning of the art of painting. It is in these poems that I find my theme. Browning's thoughts about art would be too large a subject for a short address; but some of the poet's thoughts about painting may be put within a reasonable compass, and to an audience of artists and art-lovers ought not to be uninteresting.

It requires, I fear, a hardened admirer of Browning to enjoy thoroughly his "Old Pictures in Florence." We have here the abrupt turns of thought and expression which sometimes make the poet hard to follow; we have rhymes that are ingeniously grotesque and startling; and, while a vein of humor runs throughout, this does not prevent the poem from being profoundly serious. In its references to individual painters, it demands, too, a knowledge of the history of art which some readers think it an impertinence to expect. I must mutilate the poem to present the thought succinctly. By a gift of the poetic imagination, the poet, looking from his villa gate, sees that there are others who walk in Florence, besides her men. The spirits of the early masters cannot forsake their work so long as it is unappreciated.

VI.

> Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
> Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
> Till the latest life in the painting stops,
> Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains:
> One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
> Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
> —A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
> The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.

* * * * * *

IX.

> And here where your praise might yield returns,
> And a handsome word or two give help,
> Here, after your kind, the mastiff girns
> And the puppy pack of poodles yelp.

If it be asked what work was done by these early artists, Browning undertakes to instruct us by a contrast between their art and that of Greece. When Greek art had reached its goal,

> The Truth of Man, as by God first spoken,
> Which the actual generations garble,
> Was re-uttered, and Soul (which Limbs betoken)
> And Limbs (Soul informs) made new in marble.

XII.

So, you saw yourself as you wished you were,
  As you might have been, as you cannot be;
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there:
  And grew content in your poor degree
With your little power, by those statues' godhead,
  And your little scope, by their eyes' full sway,
And your little grace, by their grace embodied,
  And your little date, by their forms that stay.

* * * * * *

XV.

Growth came when, looking your last on them all,
  You turned your eyes inwardly one fine day
And cried with a start—What if we so small
  Are greater and grander the while than they!
Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?
  In both, of such lower types are we
Precisely because of our wider nature;
  For time, theirs—ours for eternity.

XVI.

To-day's brief passion limits their range;
  It seethes with the morrow for us and more.
They are perfect—how else? they shall never change;
  We are faulty—why not? we have time in store.

* * * * * *

XIX.

On which I conclude, that the early painters,
  To cries of "Greek Art, and what more wish you?"—
Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
  "And paint man, man, whatever the issue!
"Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
  "New fears aggrandise the rags and tatters:
"To bring the invisible full into play!
  "Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?"

This is an account, at once true and sympathetic, of the origin of early Italian art. We have an example of the way in which the human spirit, having gone as far as it can in one direction, sets forth on a new and untried path. In the enthusiasm of the first Christian days, men had turned their backs, in ignorance or disdain, on the wonders of Greek poetry and art. That path was barred to the Italian artists from Cimabue downwards; but their new aim, and the earnestness with which they followed it, at once explained and atoned for the technical crudity of their work. They deserve then the "guerdon and glory" which Browning claims for them. His humorous grievance against them is that, while he has honored them, they have not recompensed him by enabling him to rescue any of their pictures from oblivion; and, in particular, that a precious tablet by Giotto, "which Buonarotti eyed like a lover," and which had vanished mysteriously for a time, had been left for some one else to discover. Yet he is ready to predict a time when Freedom and Art shall return to Florence, and when their restoration shall be fitly celebrated by the completion of the campanile of Giotto.

XXXVI.

Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
  Is broken away, and the long-pent fire,
Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
  Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire
While, "God and the People" plain for its motto,
  Thence the new tricolor flaps at the sky?
At least to foresee that glory of Giotto
  And Florence together, the first am I!

Thus the poem ends. There are suggestive lines which time would fail me to discuss. Take, for example, the assertion that "pure Art's birth is still the Republic's." Here a question is raised of the utmost interest for students of history, and for artists who are also politicians. It is a question on which much may be said on both sides, and on which the poet and his wife were of different opinions.* I shall only suggest that, for the purposes of art, there can be little difference between a limited monarchy, such as ours, and a republic, provided the latter be as firmly established; and that, where the choice lies between these two, the excellence of art will depend far more upon the intellectual and emotional character of the people than on the form of government. I have preferred to dwell on the central thought of the contrast between the art of Greece and that of the early Italian painters, and the vindication of the latter. Since Browning wrote this poem, the precursors of modern art have received their due meed of praise, and the poet's censure of the critics needs a different application. For it is true now, as when Browning wrote, that there are critics who reserve their praise for any one who has already made a name. They extol the excellences of the men who have arrived; so far they feel themselves to be safe. But for those who are struggling, under exceptional circumstances, as in this new country, to realise their ideals, they have little encouragement to offer; and yet, to repeat Browning's words, it is precisely here that their "praise might yield returns, and a handsome word or two give help."

"Fra Lippo Lippi" belongs to a later stage in art. Lippi was born in 1412, 25 years after Fra Angelico. Already the faith and inspiration of early art were waning into superstition. A conventional standard had been adopted from artists who, while earnestly striving to raise the soul to higher hopes and aspirations, were defective in drawing and perspective. Artists who sought to be true to nature, and to improve on the technique of their predecessors, had to remove a mass of inherited prejudice. Fra Lippo, with a sen-

* Mr. Bayard Taylor mentions that, in a conversation with the Brownings, "Mrs. Browning expressed the belief that a Republican form of government was unfavorable to the fine Arts. Mr. Taylor dissented from this opinion, and a general historical discussion ensued, which was carried on for some time with the greatest spirit, husband and wife taking directly opposite views."

suous nature and a keen eye for the common things of life, left almost on the streets as a child, brought up hardly, sent to a convent as a refuge from starvation, was just the man to chafe against the conventional subjects and restrictions. Browning's sympathy with early art does not prevent him from sympathising also with the reaction of feeling against its narrowness and mannerism. In this striking dramatic monologue, he shows us Fra Lippo, caught by the watch in a midnight escapade, excusing his conduct to his captors. He had been shut up by Cosimo de Medici in his palace, that he might waste no time, and had painted "saints and saints and saints again" till he could stand it no longer. Past his window in the evening

There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whifts of song,—

and into shreds went sheets and coverlet for a ladder, by which he let himself down into the street, to join the frolic. He describes how as a half-starved boy he had watched and learned the look of things; and how, afterwards, in the convent,

I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,
Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door.

The Prior was wise enough to set him to paint, but was horrified when he found him painting arms and legs as they really were. "Give us," he commanded—

Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
That sets us praising,—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!

"Is this sense?" asks Lippo.

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them threefold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat; and you'll find the soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him thanks.

And again:

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing.

My quotations have not been chosen to do justice to the poem, but to show how Browning, in his dramatic sketch, has used Fra Lippo as a means of expressing the artistic condition of that painter's time; and further, to set forth the truth, that for the painter soul and sense should go together. We may retain the lesson of the earlier Italian art, while we may learn to know, and love, and reverence all that is sensible as the vehicle of soul. The painter must paint things as he sees them; he must be true to light and shade, to form, to texture, and to tone; but he must see more than mere matter; he must see the bodies of men as informed by soul, and around him a world which is shot through and through with ideas, and which reflects the thoughts and feelings of those who gaze upon it. Modern art has learned the lesson which Browning would teach, that there is nothing too common for it to touch, and that for ordinary men it can impart an interest to things they have passed "perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see." And while our time can boast no painters of the foremost rank, the best hope for its future lies in its effort to be true. The artists of Australia, besides the perennial task of painting men and women, are interpreting to us the beauty which has been missed by unaccustomed eyes. They have to teach us that even gum trees are not all alike, but that each has its peculiar habit in trunk, and branch, and leaf, and in the thick masses or scanty sprays of its foliage. They have to show us the beauty of the sapling and of the giant of the ranges, of the wattle bending to the breeze and shedding on the river the glory of its bloom, of the forests of native beech, of sassafras gully, and of endless glades of ferns, of plains thirsty with drought, and of the purple gleams among the hills. We look to them to learn by heart and tell us what few adequately know, the characteristic traits of our Australian seasons. Something has been done, but they know best what an infinity remains to do. Let them, in their task, seek first for truth; yet let them not neglect beauty, remembering that in beauty we get "about the best thing God invents."

"Andrea del Sarto" is another dramatic monologue in which the secrets of a heart are laid bare. Andrea was called the Faultless Painter. Vasari says of him:—"The works of Andrea are wanting in those ornaments of grandeur, richness and force which appear so conspicuously in those of many

other masters. His figures, are, nevertheless, well drawn; they are entirely free from errors, and perfect in all their proportions; the drawing is simple, the color is most exquisite, nay, it is truly divine." His life was a tragedy. For the sake of a wife who was unworthy of him, he allowed his parents to die in poverty, left the court of Francis I. where he was honored and trusted, and embezzled that monarch's money to build his house in Florence. In one of the most perfect of his poems, Browning places before us the thoughts of such a man as this, knowing how much he might have achieved in art and how far he has fallen short, recognising the failure of his life, and acquiescing in it for the sake of a woman who neither loves him nor cares to understand his art. He can do easily with his pencil what he will, what many "strive to do, and agonise to do, and fail in doing." Yet, though they do so much less,

There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

* * * * * * * *

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worst!

Had his wife but brought a mind with her beauty, had she urged him to care for fame and the future rather than for gain, he might have stood with Agnolo and Rafael; but that hope is gone, and he is peaceful with a sad content. Here we have the thought that occurs again and again in Browning, that in art, as in life, man is to be judged by his effort rather than by his achievement, by what he would do rather than by what he has succeeded in doing. To be faithful to one's ideal, this is the great thing. To be content with the position already reached, be it high or low, this is failure. No teaching can be more inimical to the conventional in art. And does not the artist feel himself most an artist when he follows the bent of his genius or talent, even though he fails to attain, for the present, the full result at which he aims? But, if this be so, the correlative also holds—that true critical insight will recognise honest effort though it be not entirely successful. Applying this to our own circumstances, let us not be quick to dwell on petty flaws, or slow to acknowledge progress in the right direction. And in a country like this, where much is to be done in art, and where there is, I believe, an honest desire to do it, would it not be well to encourage work that may be described as tentative rather than as final? It is true that our artists have much to learn, not only from their own efforts, but, also, from the art of older countries. From this point of view, artists and public alike were charmed with the loan collection of British paintings at the Centennial Exhibition. But yet it may be doubted if it is the best thing for art that we should be at special pains to import the unsold and presumably inferior pictures from the annual exhibitions of London.

In conclusion, I shall do little more than name three other poems, conversant with painters and their art. "Pictor Ignotus" unveils the thoughts of a young painter in the sixteenth century, confident of his power, and yearning for fame. Yet he shrinks from the rough contact of the world, and from the cold faces of those who have no love to give, and who count pictures only as "garniture and household stuff," to be discussed and praised and blamed. So he discards his dream, content to paint cloisters and aisles with a monotonous series of

Virgin, Babe and Saint,
With the same cold calm beautiful regard.

* * * * * * * *

So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!
O youth, men praise so, holds their praise its worth?
Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?

"The Guardian Angel"—one of the most melodious of Browning's poems—has for its motive a painting, attributed to Guercino, of an angel teaching a little child to pray. The key-note of the poem is struck in the opening lines:—

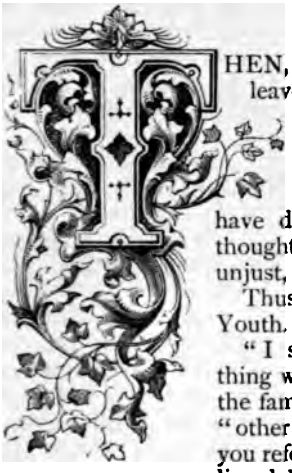
Dear and great Angel, would'st thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

We feel, as we read, how art may at once elevate and soothe. And, lastly, I would mention the poet's description, in "Balaustion's Adventure," of a great painting which we have all admired—the Herakles wrestling with Death for the body of Alkestis, by Sir Frederick Leighton. "Balaustion's Adventure" is, in part, a transcription of the Alkestis of Euripides. Thus poet and painter have drawn their inspiration from the same source; and in this fact, as well as in the noble tribute which the poet pays to the painter and his work, we have another instance of the close connection between the sister arts of poetry and painting.

NEVERMORE.

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER I.



"THEN, by Heaven! I'll leave the country. I won't stop here to be bullied for doing what scores of other fellows have done and nothing thought about it. It's unjust, it's intolerable—"

Thus spoke impetuous Youth.

"I should say something would depend upon the family tradition of the "other fellows" to whom you refer. In ours gambling debts and shady transactions with turf-robbers happen to be forbidden luxuries."

Thus spoke philosophic Age, calm, cynical, unsparing.

No power of divination was needed to decide that the speakers were father and son; no prophet to discover, on one side, sullen defiance following a course of reckless folly; on the other, wounded family pride and long-nursed consuming wrath.

As the rebellious son stood up and faced his sire, it was curious to mark the similarity of the inherited lineaments brought out more clearly in his moments of rage and defiance.

Both men were strong and sinewy, dark in complexion, and bearing the ineffaceable impress of gentle nurture, leisure and assured position. The younger man was the taller and of a frame which, when fully developed, promised unusual strength and activity. More often than the converse, does it obtain that the son, in outward appearance or mental constitution, reproduces his mother's attributes or those of her male relatives; the daughter, in complemental ratio, inheriting the paternal traits. But in this case Nature had strongly adhered to the old-established formula "like father like son," for whoso looked on Mervyn Trevanion, of Wychwood—the head of one of the oldest families in Cornwall—could not doubt for one moment that Launcelot Trevanion was his son.

If all other features had been amissing or impaired, the eyes alone, which contributed the most striking and peculiar features in both faces, would have been sufficient to establish the relationship, not only because they were, in both faces, identical in color and form, but because of the strange almost unnatural lustre which glowed in them in that moment of excitement; neither large nor especially bright, they were scarcely remarkable under ordinary circumstances—of the darkest grey in color and deeply-set under thick and overhanging eyebrows. A stranger might well overlook them, but, when turned suddenly in anger or surprise, a steady searching light commenced to glow in them which was discomposing, if not alarming. Even in a quick glance such as mere badinage might provoke, they were strange and weird of regard. Litten up by the deeper passions, those who had been in the position to witness their effect, spoke of it as unearthly and, in a sense, appalling.

In the family portraits, which, for centuries, had adorned the walls of the long gallery in Wychwood, the same feature could be distinctly traced. There was a legend, indeed, of the "wicked" squire—one of the hard-drinking, duelling, dicing, dare-devils of the second Charles' day—who had so terrified his young wife—a gentle girl whose wealth had been the fatal attraction in the alliance—that she had fallen down before him in a fit, and never afterwards recovered health or reason.

All through Cornwall and the neighboring counties they were known as the "Trevanion eyes." There was a hint of demoniacal possession in the first ancestor, who had brought them into the family from abroad, and a legendary compact with the Enemy of mankind, from whom the fiendish glare had been derived. Since the birth of the first Mervyn, "the wicked squire," the eldest son had inherited the same peculiar regard as regularly as to him had come the estate and most enviable rent-roll.

A saying had long been current among the county people, that when the lands went to a younger son, this remarkable and, as they held, unlucky feature would be removed from the family of Trevanion as suddenly as it had entered it. But up to this time, no break in

the succession, *de male an male*, had ever occurred.

Launcelot Trevanion (generally called Lance) was the eldest son of this ancient house. There were two younger boys—Arthur and Penryn—respectively fourteen and twelve years old; but a cousin, early orphaned, was the only girl in that silent and gloomy hall. Her beauty—she was the fairest flower of a race of which the women were proverbially lovely—irradiated Wychwood Hall, while her enforced gaiety charmed the saturnine Sir Mervyn out of many a fit of his habitual gloom. With the neighbors—the villagers—the friends of the house—she enjoyed a popularity as universal as unaffected, and not unfrequently had the remark been made by individuals of all these sections of provincial society, that Estelle Challoner had, in a measure, thrown herself away—as the phrase runs—by betrothing herself to her wild cousin, Lance; and that she was too bright and bonnie a creature for to become the mate of any Trevanion of Wychwood—hard, unyielding, and in some sense illfated as they had all been since the days of the first Sir Launcelot, no one knew how many centuries ago.

Certainly they had not been a fortunate or a prosperous family. Possessed originally of immense estates, and boasting an ancestry and military suzerainté—long anterior to the Conquest—undeniably brave, chivalrous, and daring to the point of desperation, they had uniformly espoused the wrong side in every important conflict. They had suffered from attainder, they had regained their lands only to lose them again. Bit by bit they had lost one fair manor after another, until, at last, Wychwood Hall and manor—a fine but heavily mortgaged estate—were all that remained out of the vast dominion which stretched, according to time-worn charters still in the muniment room of the Hall—from Tintagel to the Devonshire border.

Estelle Challoner, in whose veins ran several strains of Trevanion blood, had a character curiously compounded of the qualities of both families—outwardly resembling the Challoners, who were a fair, blue-eyed race, more conspicuous for the grace and charm of social life than for the sterner traits, she possessed, unsuspectedly, a large infusion of the ancestral Trevanion nature.

In early youth those strongest tendencies and proclivities which come by inheritance are chiefly latent. Like the seedlings of a tropical forest they remain for years almost hidden by undergrowth. But when successive summers have stirred sap and rind, the deeply-rooted scions commence to assert themselves, towering over and eventually, it may be, dwarfing the plants of earlier maturity.

Estelle and her cousin Lance had been playmates and friends since earliest infancy. There were but three years between them; like twins they had grown up with a curious similarity of thought and feeling, though of strongly contrasted temperaments. Then the divergent stage was reached when the girl begins to tread the path which leads to the goal of womanhood, and the boy essays the freedom of speech and act which mould the future man.

She was so gentle, he so haughty, yet were they alike in fearlessness, in love of dogs and horses, in passionate attachment to field-sports and the teachings of animated nature. Wanderers in the summer woods, fishing in the brook, climbing the old tower of the ruined church, what an Eden-like season of unstinted freedom was that of their early youth. It was a sorrowful day for both when Lance was sent to a public school, and Estelle was relegated to a prim, high-salaried governess who stigmatised nearly all out-door exercise as unladylike, and forbade fieldsports as being destructive to the hope of mental progress.

But though separated for the greater part of the year, there were still the precious vacation intervals when the cousins met and wandered in untrammelled freedom. Thus they rode and rambled, drove the young horses in the mail phaeton to Truro—the market town—fished and hunted, shot and ferretted—she walking with the guns, none caring to make them afraid.

It had chanced in the year preceding Lance's unlucky quarrel with his father that they told each other of the love which had grown up with their lives, and which was to make a portion of them for evermore.

And now this rupture between the stern father and the stubborn son, threatened the wreck of her young life's happiness. She had repeatedly warned Lance of the imprudence of his conduct, and laid before him the danger which he was too headstrong and reckless to forecast for himself; had long since reminded him that of all youthful follies and outbreaks—for some unexplained reason—his father was especially intolerant of those connected with the turf. The very mention of a racecourse seemed sufficient to arouse a paroxysm of rage. Why he was thus affected by the concomitants of a popular sport which country gentlemen, as a rule, regard in the light of a pardonable relaxation, was not known to any of his household. Sir Mervyn was not so strait-laced (as the phrase goes) in other matters, as to make it

"Enjoy your triumph to the uttermost—think of me homeless and a wanderer—if it pleases you. But as repentant or forgiving, never—neither in this world nor the next."

incumbent upon him to frown down horse-racing for the sake of consistency. Still the fact remained. Any hint of race-meetings by Lance was viewed with the utmost disfavor. No animal suspected of a turn of speed, was ever permitted lodgings in the Wychwood stables, spacious as they were. And now the sudden bringing to light of Lance's serious loss of money by bets, at a recent county meeting, with moreover a proved part ownership of the unsuccessful quadruped had raised to white heat his sire's slow gathering, yet slower subsiding anger. Thus it came to pass that after one other stormy interview in which the elder man had heaped reproaches without stint upon the younger. The son had declared his resolution of "quitting England, and taking his chance of a livelihood in some country where he would at least be free from the galling interference of an unreasonably severe father, who had never loved him, and who refused him the ordinary indulgence of his youth and station."

"In the extremely improbable event of your quitting a comfortable home, for a life of labor and privation," the elder man said slowly and deliberately. "I beg you distinctly to understand that I shall make you no allowance, nor even suffer your cousin to do so, should she be weak enough to wish it, and you sufficiently mean to accept it. Sink or swim by your own efforts. *I* shall never hold out a hand to save you."

Then the son gazed at the sire, looking him full and steadfastly in the face for some seconds before he answered. Had there been a painter to witness the strange and unnatural scene, he might have noted that the light which blazed in the old man's eyes shot forth at times an almost lurid gleam, as

from a hidden fire, while the youth's regard was scarcely less fierce, and fell in its intensity.

"It is possible, even probable," he said, "that we may never meet again on earth. You have been hard and cruel to me, but I am not wholly unmindful of our relationship. Careless and extravagant I may have been—neither worse nor better than hundreds of men of my age and breeding, and may well have angered you. I had resolved, partly persuaded by Estelle, to humble myself and ask your pardon. That state of mind has passed—passed for ever. I shall leave Wychwood to-morrow, and if anything happens to me in Australia, where I am going, remember this—if evil comes to me, on your head be it—with my last words, in my dying hour, I shall curse and renounce you, as I do now."

As the boy spoke the last dreadful words, the older man transported almost beyond himself, made as though he could have advanced and struck him. But with a strong effort he restrained himself.

The younger never relaxed the intensity of his gaze, but with a slow and measured movement approached the door, then halting for a moment said— "Enjoy your triumph to the uttermost—think of me homeless and a wanderer—if it pleases you. But as repentant or forgiving, never—neither in this world nor the next."

Before the last words were concluded, Sir Mervyn turned his face with studied indifference to the window, and gazed upon the park, over which the last rays of the autumnal sun cast a crimson radiance. For a few moments only the solar beams glowed above the horizon; the landscape with strange suddenness assumed a paler, even sombre tone. A faint but chill wind rustled the leaves of the great lime tree, which stood on the edge of the lawn, and caused a few of the leaves to fall. When the Squire looked around, Launcelot Trevanion was gone. He turned again to the window; mechanically his eye ranged over the lovely landscape, the far stretching champaign of the park—one of the largest in the county, the winding river, the blue hills, the distant sea.

"What a madman the boy is," he groaned out, "to leave all this for a few hot words—and I too! Who is the wiser I wonder. Will he be mad enough to keep his word? He is a stubborn colt—a true descendant of old Launcelot the wizard. If he fails to gather gold, as these fools expect, a voyage and a year's experience of what poverty and a rough life mean, will be no bad teaching.

"For what is anger but a wild beast," quotes the humorist. How many a man has, to his cost, been assured of this fact by personal experience. A wild beast truly, which tears and rends those whom nature itself fashions to be cherished.

With most men, reason resumes her sway, after a temporary dethronement, when regret, even remorse, appears on the scene. The consequences of the violence of act or speech into which the choleric man may have been hurried, stalk solemnly across the mental stage. Were but recantation, atonement, possible, forgiveness would be gladly sued for. But in how many instances is it too late? The sin is sinned. The penalty must be paid. Pride, dumb and unbending, refuses to acknowledge wrong-doing, and thus hearts are rent, friends divided, lifelong misery and ruin ensured, oftentimes by the act of those, who, in a different position, would have yielded up life itself in defence of the victim of an angry mood.

It was not long before the inhabitants of Truro, and, indeed, the country generally, were fully aware that there had been a violent quarrel between Sir Mervyn and his eldest son.

"The family temper again," said the village wiseacres, as they smoked their pipes at night at the "King Arthur," "the squire and the young master are a dashed sight too near alike to get on peaceably together. But they'll make it up again, the quality makes up everything now-a-days."

"Blamed if I know," answered Mark Hardred, the game-keeper of Wychwood, who, though not a regular attendant at the "King Arthur," thought it good policy to put in an appearance there now and then, "there's a many of 'em like our people, just as dogged and worse, I'm feared Mr. Lance won't come back in a hurry, more's the pity."

"He's a free-handed young chap as ever I see," quoth the village rough-rider, "it's a pity the old squire don't take a bit slacker on the curb rein, as to the matter of a bet now and then, all youngsters as has any spirit in 'em tries their luck on the turf. But he'll come back surely, sure-ly.

"He said straight out to the squire as he'd be off to Australia, where the goldfields has broke out so 'nation rich, along o' the papers, and it's my opinion to Australia he'll go," replied the keeper. "I never knew him go back of his word. He's main obstinate."

I can't abear folks as is obstinate," here interpolated the village wheelwright, a red-faced solemn personage of unmistakeable Saxon solidity of face and figure. "I feel most as if I could kill 'em. I'd a larruped it out of him if I'd been the vather of 'im, same as I do my Mat and Mark."

This produced a general laugh as the speaker was well-known to be the most obstinate man in the parish, and his twin boys, Matthew and Mark, inheriting the paternal characteristic in perfection, in spite of their father's corrections, which were unremitting, were a true pair of wolf cubs, taking their unmerciful punishment mutely and showing scant signs of improvement.

"I must be agoing," said the keeper, putting on his fur cap. "I feel that sorry for Mr. Lance that I'd make bold to speak to the squire myself if he was like other people. But it'd be as much as my place was worth. It'll be poor Miss 'Stelle that the grief will fall on. Good night all." And the sturdy resolute keeper, whose office had succeeded from father to son for generations at Wychwood, tramped out into the night.

CHAPTER II.

It looks at times, it must be confessed, as if the individual once embarked upon a course involving the happiness of a lifetime, an unseen influence apparently hurries on events as though the fabled Fates were weaving the web of doom. So, hardly had Lance thrown himself upon a horse and galloped over to Truro, directing in a hasty note left in his room that his personal effects should be forwarded to an address, than the first paper he took up contained an announcement which fitted exactly with his humor. It ran as follows:

"Steam to Australia.—For Melbourne and the Goldfields. The clipper ship, Red Jacket, three thousand tons register, Forbes, Commander, will have quick dispatch. Apply to Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co."

The die was cast. He saw himself speeding over the ocean on his way to the wild and wondrous land of gold, absolutely uncontrolled henceforth and free as air to follow his inclinations. There was intoxication in the very thought. For years to come he would not be subject to the trammels of civilisation. The trackless wilds, the rude, even savage society of a new, half-discovered country had no terrors for him. The wilder elements in the blood of the Trevanions seemed to have precipitated themselves in the person of this their descendant; to have rendered imperative a departure in some direction, no matter what, from the conventional region with its galling limitations and absurd edicts. Such are the problems of heredity. For despite of some natural regret that so serious a quarrel with his father, and the head of the family, should have been the proximate cause of his exile, the mere anticipation of a wholly free and unfettered life in a new land filled him with joy. Then arose visions such as course through the brain of ardent, inexperienced youth; of wondrous wealth acquired by lucky speculation or the discovery of a cavern filled with gold, after the manner of the Arabian Nights. With what feelings of triumph would he *then* return to his native land having in all respects given the lie to the predictions of his foes and calumniators, receiving with complacent pride the congratulations of his father, in that hour softened and converted by the reputation of his distinguished son. His name, once spoken with bated breath, now a bye-word for success, would be in all men's mouths.

"Then! yes! then darling Estelle!" had he said to his cousin in their last conversation, when she had vainly tried to shake his determination to leave England. "Then I shall pay off the mortgage on the old estate, not that it matters much for one generation, I suppose, but I should like to be able to give a cheque for it to old Centall, then I would buy the St. Austel lands, which will be pretty sure to be in the market by that time. Everyone knows the estate is eaten up with interest as it is, and at the rate the Tredegars are living there must be an end in a few years. After that it will be about time to look out for a wife. Now, whom would you like to recommend? Why, how grave you look!"

"Dreams and visions, Lance. Vain hopes, false and unreal," said the girl. "I see no prospect of success, much less of fairy-tale treasures. Think of all the adventurers who have left this very Duchy of Cornwall in old days or later. How few have ever returned?—fewer, still, who were not poorer than they left! It seems to me madness that you should go at all."

"You are no true Englishwoman, Estelle, if you have not a spice of adventure in you," he replied. "Lovers and kinsfolk have always been sped on the path of glory before now. How else would the Indies have been gained or the new world discovered, if all hearts had been as faint as yours?"

"It is not that," said the girl, sadly, and laying her head wearily upon his broad breast, as she threw her arms around his neck. "It is not that! I could send you away, almost

"Darling Estelle! in five years I will come back."

rejoicing, in a good cause, were it to fight the Queen's battles, for the glory of our native land. But my heart sinks within me when I think of your going away with a father's curse upon your head, with a deep quarrel about a light matter on your mind, and for object and pursuit, only to seek for gold among an ignoble crowd of rude adventurers."

"Gold!" said the young man, laughing lightly; "and what else is everyone striving for in these latter days? Gold means perfect independence. The realisation of dreams of fairy-land—the respect of the herd—the friendship of the powerful—the love of the lovely! Why decry gold, cousin mine? But, except for the adventure—the wild freedom—the strangeness and danger of a new world, few care so little for it, as Lance Trevanion. And that you well know."

"I know, my darling; I know. If it be so, why not stay at home? My uncle, I am sure, is sorry for having been so hasty. He will be glad of any chance to tell you so. A few years and your position as heir and eldest son must be acknowledged. Why leave these proved and settled privileges, and tempt dangers of sea, and storm, and an unknown land?"

"Too late! it is too late!" he said, gloomily. "I am a changed man. I can neither forget nor forgive his insults, my father though he be; and I feel as if I was irresitibly driven to take the voyage—to see this new country—to share in this great gold adventure. I could not draw back now."

"And I feel, day-by-day, more strongly and vividly," said the girl, "that it will be your doom to go forth from us and return no more.

It seems like a prophetic instinct in me. I feel it in every fibre of my being. But I will come to you, if you do not come to us, Whatever may happen, I will never rest satisfied till I have seen you in your new home.

So, if you do not return in five years, you know what you have to expect. But you will return, will you not?" And again she clasped her arms around him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Estelle Challoner was a proud girl, one of those reserved yet passionate natures which habitually conceal their deeper feelings, as if jealous of exhibiting the sacred recesses of their hearts to the careless or irreverent. Ice on the surface, they resemble those regions, which, in spring time, need but the touch of that great enchanter's wand to cause the living streams to flow, to produce the magically sudden apparition of verdure and fragrant flowerets.

"Darling Estelle! in five years I will come back," he said, "if I am alive. The time will soon pass. Think how much I shall have to talk about, and what wonders I shall have seen. You will hardly know me again."

The girl sighed deeply, then raised her head, and gazing steadfastly at her lover, as the tears streamed unheededly adown her face, continued her pleading appeal without noticing his jesting speech:

"You will promise me then, will you not, solemnly and faithfully, you will swear by King Arthur's sword—our family vow—that on next Christmas five years, whatever betide, you will return?"

"Well," he answered, slowly and heedfully, "if nothing less will do, I suppose I shall have done something in that time or failed utterly and hopelessly. So I will promise. It wants nearly three months to Christmas, and if I do not turn up in December, 1857, you may make sure that I am either dead or a captive among the Indians. I suppose there are Indians there. 'By Arthur's sword!'" and here he crossed his hands, after the old Cornish fashion.

"I don't believe there are Indians," she said. "If you would read a little more, you naughty boy, you would know. Of course, there are savages of some sort, the worst being white. But we must exchange tokens, like lovers—and we are true lovers, are we not?" Here she seemed as if her tears would flow afresh, but controlled herself with a strong effort. Then she loosened a slender gold chain from her neck, to which was attached a coin of foreign appearance, traced with strange characters, and having upon it a wondrous woman's face, beauteous, but of an antique caste.

"Here," she said, "is my precious Egyptian princess. The man who gave it to me said it was possessed of talismanic virtues, that it secured safety and success to the wearer as long as he never permitted it to be taken from him by force or fraud. If he did, the charm was broken. You are the only person in the whole world to whom I would give it."

"I thought you were too wise," he said, taking the chain in his hand gently, nevertheless, "to confess such superstition. But I will take it, if it cheers you, darling Estelle, and here I swear that it shall be my companion night and day until we meet again. Here is a companion token, you have often asked for it before."

"You are not going to give me the Challoner ring, are you, Lance? How happy it would have made me one little month ago," she cried. "I must have it altered to fit my finger, I suppose? It can be altered back when you return."

"It is yours from this moment, and for ever," said he. "May it bring you the good fortune it has failed to give me, so far. On a woman's hand the charm may be broken. It has my mother's name inside, and, see," here he touched a spring, disclosing a tiny recess under the principal stone, which was a diamond of great value, "take your scissors and cut off a lock of my hair, and here is a place to put it. I may be grey when we meet again. Isn't it a queer ring?"

It was indeed an uncommon jewel. It had been his mother's, and by her had been inherited from the uncle who had first made his own, and the family's fortunes by a long residence in India. He had received it from a Rajah in those old days when jewels and gifts passed freely between the servants of the Great East India Company and the native princes. A large ruby and an emerald of equal size flanked the centre jewel. The setting was peculiar, massive, but artfully disguised by the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship. The great beauty and value of the jewel would have made it noticeable and prized in any society in which the wearer might have moved.

"You have comforted me," she said, smiling through her tears, and again taking his head in her hands and pressing her lips again and again to his brow and face. "I feel now as if I had some guarantee that I should look on your dear face again. And mind, if you do not return in five years and three months I shall come to Australia to search for you."

Then they parted. He to face the new world of the strange and the unfamiliar—light of heart and ready of hand, as is the wont of untried youth; she to mourn his absence in secret, and to brood over her sorrow—as is ever the part of the steadfast heart of loving woman. The separation from his cousin Estelle was his sole cause of regret on leaving England. Yet that transient grief soon passed away amidst the turmoil and excitement of which he found himself a part in his capacity of six-hundredth-and-odd passenger on board the crowded ocean-going clipper. A strange enough experience to the home-bred youth, who, save on yachting cruises, had never dared the deep. Heterogeneous and strangely assorted was the crowd of the passengers — adventurers of every grade, feverishly anxious to reach the land of gold, chiefly inexperienced, but all sanguine of acquiring the facile fortunes which they had persuaded themselves the new world of the South had in store for them. Young men were there —mere boys, like himself—for whom the trials of toil, danger and privation were all to come. Hitherto unrealised abstractions.

Others, again, whose grizzled beards showed them as men who had fronted foes in the battle of life, and were ready for another campaign. Many had never left England, and, in despite of occasional boasting, were heavy-hearted at the thought of the homes which they had left and might never see more. Nor was the emigration entirely masculine—

> There was woman's fearless eye
> Led by her deep love's truth,
> There was manhood's brow serenely high—
> And the fiery heart of youth.

A half-expressed hope that the company in the second cabin would be less conventional and more amusing than in the first, joined to the necessity for economising his slender funds, had decided Lance Trevanion upon shipping as a second-class passenger. Certain to be compelled to lead a rough life upon his arrival in Australia, surely, he argued, the sooner he commenced to learn the way to do so, the better. How would his association with refined women and well-bred men in the first-cabin aid him in his search for gold—necessarily with rough, half-brigand comrades. Thus, partly as the outcome of the defiant spirit in which he was leaving home and native land, he booked himself as a second-class passenger.

Doubtless, in the curiously mingled crowd of passengers who thronged the first saloon of the "Red Jacket," in that fateful year of 1851, there were many remarkable persons, whose lives had included a far greater number of strange adventures than most modern novels. But for a wild and fanciful commingling of all the sorts and conditions of men—from every clime, of every grade, degree and shade of character the second-class passengers bore off the palm. Since the untimely collapse of the architects of the Tower of Babel there could seldom have been so diverse and bizarre a collection of humanity.

The "Red Jacket," under the stern rule of Malcolm Forbes, from whose fiat there was no appeal, the most daring and successful maker of quick passages that the records of the Company knew, had steamed off at the hour appointed. Started when far from ready, however, if the masses of deck lumber which needed storage were to be taken into account. The weather, bad from the commencement, became worse in the Bay of Biscay, where raged a perfect hurricane—a storm, or rather a succession of storms, under the fierce breath of which the "Red Jacket" lay to for forty-eight hours at a stretch, afflicted the inexperienced voyagers with the strongly impressed notion that their voyage would not be quite so long as they expected. However, the good ship held her own gallantly, and finally ploughed her way through the mountainous billows of the Bay of storms into lower latitudes. There milder airs and smoother seas cheered the depressed and pallid passengers. An increasing number walked the deck, or sat in seats provided for them day by day. Cheerful conversation, merriment, and even such games as the conditions of "board-ship" life permit were indulged in from time to time. Then Lance Trevanion had leisure to look around and examine his fellow passengers. He would have been difficult to satisfy who could not among his compulsory comrades have selected one or more congenial acquaintance. In that year the "Red Jacket" was "the great Club of the unsuccessful" authors and dramatists, University graduates, lawyers, and physicians, clergymen and artists, soldiers and sailors, tinkers and tailors, ploughboy, apothecary, thief—to quote the nursery classic. All were there.

Men of good family, like himself, chiefly younger sons, however, who had quitted Britain in order to enlarge the proverbial slenderness of a cadet's purse :—

> One was a peer of ancient blood,
> In name and fame undone—
> And one could speak in ancient Greek,
> And one was a bishop's son.

The *soigné* ex-guardsman, for whom the last Derby had been the knell of fate, *he* was there, plainly dressed and unpretentious of manner, yet bearing the unmistakeable stamp

of the class whom King Fashion delighted to honor. The middle-aged club lounger, who thought the new game of Golden Hazard, at which the stakes were reported to be so heavy and the players so inexperienced, worth a voyage and a deal or two—he was there. The farmer's son, who had hunted too much; the farm laborer, who was a bit of a poacher; the gamekeeper, who had kept an eye on him; the shopman, whose soft hands had never done a day's hard work; the groom, the coachman, the gardener, each and everyone of the members of the staff of rural and city life—were there. With some exceptions, they were chiefly young, and now as the fear and discomfort of the early part of the voyage wore off, the natural characters of the individuals commenced to exhibit themselves.

It was pathetic to see the trustful confidence with which delicately-nurtured women, following their improvident or heedless mates, clung to the idea that, once safely landed in the wondrous land of gold, all would be well. They had left in the old land all that had made the solace of their lives, their tenderest memories and inherited affection. After unutterable wretchedness and discomfort, they were now voyaging towards a land the characteristics of which were practically as unknown to them as those of the interior of Africa, and yet, "oh! woman, great is thy faith!" these victims of ironic fate were cheerful, even gay. As they looked in the eyes of their husbands or the faces of their children and saw them happy and sanguine, they dreaded no cloud in the tropic sky, neither storm, nor disaster, poverty or danger, to come in the far south land.

With many young men on board and others, who, though no longer young, were not disinclined for games of chance, it was only to be expected that a little card-playing should go on. Lance was naturally fond of all games of hazard—had, indeed, born and bred in him—derived from whatever ancestor—the true gambler's passion. He had enjoyed no great opportunity of developing it as yet. All games of chance had been strictly interdicted at Wychwood. Now that he had come into a freer atmosphere—into another world, socially considered—he felt a newly-arisen desire for play, so strong and unconquerable that it astonished himself. He had, of course, £200 or £300 with him, not intending to land in Australia quite penniless. This was more than many of his shipmates could boast of possessing, and he passed among them, in consequence, as quite a capitalist in his way. Though he played regularly, almost daily in fact, he was more than moderately successful. The evil genius of chance, who lures men to their destruction by ensuring their success in their early hazards, was not absent on this occasion. Lance won repeatedly, so much so that his good fortune began to be as much a matter of general observation as his apparent easiness as regarded money.

It may be imagined that Trevanion's circle of acquaintances became enlarged. Inexperienced youngsters like himself mingled every day, when the weather permitted, with men who had played for high stakes in good London clubs. Success, of course, varied. Most of the callow gamblers lost all they had, and had, perforce, to look forward to landing in Melbourne without a penny in the world.

Among those who were proverbially unsuccessful was a young man who, from that and other reasons, commenced to attract an unusual share of attention from the other passengers. He and Lance Trevanion were decidedly unsympathetic. They were always pitted against one another in play. They appeared to be rivals in all things. More than once they had been on the verge of a quarrel which the bystanders had prevented from being fought out. What was, perhaps, really curious, was the fact, which all were quick to remark, that the two men resembled each other in personal appearance to a most uncommon degree. Lawrence Trevenna, for such was his name, was probably a year older, but, otherwise, had much the same figure, features and complexion. The eyes, too, strange to say, were of the same shape and color; and, as the two men faced each other in the quarrel before mentioned, more than one looker-on remarked the curious peculiarity—the strange unearthly glitter, the lurid light, so to speak, which shone forth in the hour of wrath and defiance. No one had noticed it before in either face. "They were as much alike," said the second mate, who was standing by, somewhat disappointed that the fight did not come off, "as if they were brothers. There couldn't have been a closer match."

As it turned out, they had never seen one another before, in fact, came from different parts of England. The other man, when looked at closely, was decidedly coarser in feature and less refined in type. His conversation, too, disclosed the fact that his early education had been indifferent. Handsome and stalwart as he was, under no circumstances could he be considered to rank as a gentleman. That his temper was violent, was put beyond a doubt by the savage out-

break which led to the quarrel. It was not certain that he would have got the best of it in a hand-to-hand encounter, but his expression on reluctantly retiring was of unequivocal malevolence, as was indeed exhibited by his parting speech.

"I'll meet with you another day," he said. "Australia is not such a big place, after all. You may not have so many backers next time."

"It's perfectly indifferent to me," answered Trevanion, "when or how we meet. I dare say my hands will save my head there, as they can do here. People shouldn't play for money who can't keep their tempers when they lose."

The passengers of the "Red Jacket" had in a general way too much to think about to bother their heads about the accidental likeness existing between two young fellows in the second-class, still the story leaked out. It was said "that one of them was an eldest son and heir to an old historic name and a fine estate. The other was a very fine young man, but evidently a nobody, inasmuch as he dropped his aitches and so on. *But* they were so wonderfully alike that you could hardly tell them apart. It would be worth while to get up amateur theatricals and play the "Corsican Brothers." Effect tremendous, you know! Queerest thing of all, too, they'd never met before and didn't like each other now they had met."

"Strange things, doubles," said Captain Westerfield, late of H.M. 80th Regiment. "Not so very uncommon though. Most men in society have one. My fellow turned up at Baden, most extraordinary resemblance, wasn't an Englishman either. Raffish party too, spy and conspirator persuasion, that sort of thing. Did me good service once, though. Story too long to tell now."

Oh! Captain Westerfield, *do* tell it to us," said the fascinating Mrs. Grey, as they walked back to the first-class region, after inspecting the two Dromios.

"Some day, perhaps," murmured the Captain.

The "Red Jacket" held on her way with unslackened speed. Night and day, fair weather and foul, with winds ahead or astern, it was all the same to Captain Forbes. Never was an inch of canvas taken in before the "sticks" began to give token of ill-usage. "What she couldn't carry she might drag," was his usual reply to remonstrating passengers. And he had his accustomed luck. In the murkiest midnight, or when fogs made the best lights invisible a ship's length in advance, the "Red Jacket" ran into no homeward-speeding bark. Nor did any other reckless-driving vessel, with a captain vowed to make the passage of the season, encounter him. The long low coast-line of Australia and the Otway light were sighted at as nearly as possible the hour when they were expected to be visible, and through the Rip and up the vast land-locked haven of Port Phillip Bay went the Racer of the Ocean one afternoon, fully two days in advance of the shortest passage which had ever been known in those days between the old old world and that new one which so long lay unknown and unpeopled beneath the Southern Cross.

CHAPTER III.

So this was Melbourne! At least the nearest that the "Red Jacket" could get to it, on account of certain natural obstacles. But it lay only seven miles off, that is by the river, of which they could trace the windings through high walls of the thick-growing, but slender ti-tree (mileluca). Anchored now in a broad bay, a low sandy shore on the eastern side, on the west a green level promontory, with a few huts and cottages sprinkled over it, falling back to far-stretching plains, with a volcanic peak in the foreground and a mountain range in the hazy distance.

Without much delay comes a roomy lighter alongside the "Red Jacket," in which the passengers mostly elect to embark.

Their luggage, an avalanche of bags, bundles, trunks and boxes, is shot on deck. A puffing, vicious-looking tug, with the air of "a guinea a minute for my time," drags her off, through the shoals of the Yarra, and so bustles forward till that grand and wonderful structure, the Melbourne wharf, a rudely planked platform fringing an illimitable ocean of black mud into which the river flat, guiltless of macadam, has been churned. Here their goods and chattels are unceremoniously transferred to the unsheltered wharf. It had been raining. The passengers, surrounded by draymen, hotel and lodging-house keepers, look blankly at each other. A few of the women begin to cry, and thus for them, as for all the "Red Jacket's" passengers, save the favored few of the saloon, the hard schooling of colonial experience commences. If quarrels arise and animosities are generated on board-ship, so also do friendships, often true and permanent, spring up. Trevanion had made acquaintance with a young couple from the border of his own county. The man was a sturdy fellow, half miner, half farm laborer, whom the hope of bettering his

condition had tempted to the desperate step, as it appeared to all his neighbors, of emigration. His wife was a fresh-colored, innocent, country villager, their one child, an engaging little button of three years old, was one of the pets of the ship. The two men had arranged to go up to the diggings together, and Trevanion decided that in some respects he could not have a better mate. "Gwenny here can cook and wash for us, and if we get a share of the gold and Tottie doesn't fall into one of their deep holes as they tell us about, we shall do main likely, Mr. Trevanion. So it was settled, Mrs. Polwarth was a little nervous about travelling through the "bush" and living at a "digging," but where her man went, she, as an Englishwoman and wife, was bound to go too. "'For better, for worse,' pa'son he says, and I reckon lad, I'll stick to thee as long as we've bread to eat or a shed to cover us." Such was her simple creed.

"It strikes me," said Trevanion, after the first few minutes of blank astonishment, in which the country-bred couple, and even he himself gazed around at the strange crowd and unfamiliar surroundings, "that we'd better hail one of these drays and get our luggage taken up to a lodging-house, till we can look around. The weather is rather cold to my fancy for camping out, though it is Australia. We mustn't get laid up with chills, and fever and ague, as that American warned us, to start with. So Jack, you take care of the boxes and the family—I'll soon manage a conveyance."

After a short but spirited engagement with a drayman, who seemed an educated person, to Lance's astonishment, he compounded for a payment of two-guineas, for which moderate sum the owner of this expensive equipage—worth a hundred and fifty pounds at ruling prices—covenanted to land them all in safety at a decent lodging-house.

"You are in luck," said the drayman, as they were walking back to the wharf, "to find a place to put your head in to-night, I can tell you. Lots of your fellow-passengers will have to camp out under any shelter they can extemporise. But I happen to hear the people I am taking you to say they had one bedroom and a small attic to let, the occupants having started for Ballarat this morning."

"And how is it you are not there with all the rest of the world, if it's as rich as they say it is?"

"They can't exaggerate the richness of it. I know so much of my own knowledge, but I happened to buy this old nag and the dray, which brings me in about a thousand a-year at present. I'm not an avaricious man, so I'm waiting on here till I feel in the humor to tackle digging in earnest."

By this time the wharf was reached, and the dray being loaded with their boxes and bundles, Mrs. Polworth placed comfortably in the centre, the men walked beside the driver. Two long and very broad streets were traversed before they arrived at a neat weather-board cottage with dormer windows and an upper floor. The proprietor, a bronzed colonist, received them cheerfully, and immediately set to work to take in their luggage.

"Mother," he said, to a cheery, brisk little woman who now came up to the garden gate. "You take in this young lady and little gal, and make 'em comfortable. Mr. Waters says as they've just come out in the 'Red Jacket.' They'll be all the readier for their tea, I'll be bound. We'll see to all the boxes and things."

"Mr. Waters, you'll just have time to do up the old horse, afore the tea bell rings. I wouldn't let them beef steaks get cold, if I was you."

As they sat smoking over a snug fire in the kitchen, after a well cooked and sufficing meal, Lance and his "mate" came fully to the conclusion that they *had* been in luck in falling across their friend the drayman, and being guided to such good quarters. Here they were comfortably lodged at a reasonable charge, and, moreover had the advice of two experienced and well disposed men as to their future plans and prospects.

"Yes. After stopping a week in Melbourne, I should certainly make tracks for Ballarat, if I were in your place," said Mr. Waters the drayman. "You've come all this way to dig. Jack has a wife and a child to work for, and the sooner you set about it the better."

"But what is the best way to get there," asked Lance. "The road is bad, and its a long way there. We can't carry our boxes. It's too expensive to go by coach. I don't see my way."

"What Mr. Waters says is God's truth," chimed in their host. "You can't do nothing but spend money, and waste your time here, unless you was in a way of business, which aint likely. Your only dart is to buy a staunch horse with a tip-cart, and put a tent atop of your luggage. Take tea, and sugar and flour with you, a little bacon and so on. Then you camp every night. It costs you little or nothing, and you're as jolly as sand boys."

"And how about finding the road, Mister?" asked Jack, looking rather anxious. "It's many a long mile, and mostly through the

woods, as I'm warned. We might lose our way."

"A blind man could find the road night or day," said Waters with a laugh. "Its a mile wide, and there's a string of carts and drays, men, women and children, going along it, like a travelling fair. Night and day you can hear the bells on the horses and bullocks a couple of miles off."

"Won't the turn-out cost heaps of money?" asked Lance, thinking of the price of Mr. Waters horse and dray.

"Not above seventy or eighty pounds altogether, and you can sell them for the same or more money when you get to the diggings. We'll try and find you a decent turnout with a canvas tilt, to keep the rain off Mrs. Polwarth and Tottie. My friend Burnett knows half the miners that come here from Ballarat, and they often have a cheap lot, horse and cart, and a good many useful things given in, which they are in a hurry to sell before they leave for England."

"That will suit us down to the ground, eh, Jack, and then—this day week—hey for Ballarat and a golden hole."

For the next week Trevanion devoted himself to exploring Melbourne, and seeing as much as he could of the strange world to which he had voyaged on the other side of the globe. It was—to his British and comparatively untravelled idea—a state of society utterly foreign and at variance with all his pre-conceived ideas.

In the first place there were no poor people, no beggars, no evidence anywhere to be seen that anybody lacked money, food, clothes, or rational amusement. It was distinctly Utopian in the evidences of material prosperity, which everywhere abounded. The diggings both at Ballarat and Bendigo (as Sandhurst was then called) had been sufficiently long established to have furnished a class of lucky diggers who dominated the urban population, and gave a tone of universal opulence to the community.

With all this, though men were plentiful who had made their ten or twenty thousand pounds each in as many weeks, there was but little disorder, and no lawlessness observable. A good-natured extravagance, a defiant recklessness of expenditure were the leading characteristics of the mining aristocracy.

It was true that their wives sported expensive silk dresses, gold chains, and diamond ear-rings; that they entertained one-another as agreeable chance acquaintances regale at the Criterion—a hostelry built in the most expensive period of skilled labor, every brick used in which was reported to have cost half-a-crown. The theatres and concert-halls were crowded every night with a fairly appreciative and orderly audience. The theatrical and musical talent was exceptionally good at that time. For the news of the abounding gold of Ballarat travelled far and fast, and, where the auriferous lure is waved, have ever been wont to gather the mimes and the sweet singers of the world's best quality.

It was literally, and in many respects a revival of the golden age, a truly Arcadian time. A truce seemed to have been proclaimed to the world's sad-faced task-workers, to the slavery of desk and plough and loom. Save the exciting labor of the mine—when, perhaps, each stroke of the pick brought down stone heavy with the precious metal, or disloged ingots and gold dust work was there none. So, at last, a strong, light box-cart, with a staunch and active draught horse, having been purchased at a reasonable price, —their new-found friend arranged that part of the business—a start was made one fine morning for Ballarat—the El Dorado of the South. All their worldly goods were packed safely and snugly. There was a canvas tilt, under which Mrs. Polwarth and Tottie would be sheltered from sun and storm, and could sleep at night. There was a small tent in which the men could dispose themselves. The bay horse, led by Jack, stepped off cheerfully and briskly, and then, with the blessings, metaphorically speaking, of their landlord and Mr. Waters the drayman, the little expedition set forth. The latter gentleman accompanied them for a short distance, until fairly past the outskirts of the town, and on the broad highway marked by a thousand wheels which led to Ballarat. He volunteered a modicum of advice, limited in quantity, but valuable.

"There's plenty of gold there, never fear, and new finds every day. You may go home with a fortune next year, and in the "Red Jacket too, if she keeps lucky and don't get run down. You and "that" Cousin Jack are both workers, I can see it in all your ways. Stick together, you can trust each other, and don't make more friends than you can help. You'll find men by the score there that would cut your throat for a ten-pound note, and chuck Mrs. Polwarth and Tottie down a shaft for the same price. Keep a good look out at night. Don't drink or play cards with strangers. If you fall across a streak of luck, follow it up to the end, but don't keep gold in your tent. If you don't, just at first, persevere all the same. It's bound to come. And now I'll say good-bye, and good fortune to you. Look up Burnett when you come

back, if I'm not with him he'll know my address."

So their friend—a good and true one in every sense—shook hands with Jack and his wife, kissed Tottie—with whom he left a large parcel of sugar-plums, and departed. It was strange that he and the boarding-house keeper should have taken such a fancy to the party; but such was the fact, and in new countries and wild places outside the pale of ordinary society, sudden and chance-made friendships spring up and blossom into full fruition much more frequently than people in old countries would believe. They had nothing to gain from these emigrants. They only accepted the bare amount due for services rendered. They prevented them from being over-reached in the purchase of that vitally necessary equipment in gold-field days—the horse and cart. They saw, too, that unlike the hero in that exciting Anglo-Colonial romance "It's Never too late to Mend," they were put in possession of a horse that *would pull down hill* as well as up. In fact they acted with simple good faith, generosity and gratuitous courtesy, all through.

This was not the conduct to be expected from perfect strangers in a lawless "community" like Melbourne, *vide* the fiction of the day. But it happened to be true nevertheless.

CHAPTER IV.

It is unnecessary to accompany the little party along the somewhat tedious, and decidedly muddy, road which led the adventurers of the day to the spot "where the root of all evil grew wild up the country." Oh! dear old friend, who used to quote this, and make merry over Governor Tarbox, where art thou now? They saw the Royal Mail dash by, drawn by six horses in an American coach, the leather-brace springs of which, and the plank road, were a constant wonder to Jack and Mrs. Polwarth. Now trotted along a dozen well-mounted police troopers, their boots and steel scabbards shining in the sun, conveying 50,000 ounces of gold in a four-horse drag. Anon, a drove of staring, long-horned fat cattle, engineered by a dog of high educational attainments, a black boy and a couple of bearded, wild-looking stock-riders. Then, again, the bullock team of the period—fourteen bullocks drawing a laden canvas-covered waggon, with a tall Australian driver, the whip of him at times raising hair. At times volleying, like musketry, was another unequivocal surprise. A flock of 2,000 fat sheep, a drove of unbroken horses, a train of a dozen pack-mules, all these were fascinating novelties and wild surprises to the newly arrived Britishers.

A few days, however, sufficed to inure the little party to the toils and difficulties of the journey, such as they were, and to teach them to make light of them. The road—as before stated—nearly a mile wide in places, and marked in black mud on the green turf, was visible to the naked eye night or day. Mrs. Polwarth learned to fry chops and steaks and make cakes as if she had been to the manner born, while the men pitched their tents and made their nightly camp as if they had done nothing else all their lives. Tottie, even, used to run about and pick great bunches of yellow flowers, which were so like butter-cups, together with daisies and fringed violets, and was the merriest of the party.

"This is going gypsying with a vengeance," said Lance, one day. "I never expected to find myself driving a cart and hobbling out an old horse, like a tinker on a common; but as it's the regular thing to do, and as this Tom Tidler's ground can't be so very far off now, I suppose one mustn't grumble."

"It's main cheap travelling," Jack would reply to these occasional repinings. "It don't cost much, that's one thing, and the weather seems like taking up, so the little one can play about same as if she was at home.

. . . . . .

Ballarat—at length! The far-famed!—the wonder-town!—the capital of the kingdom of gold! A confused array of huts, tents, weather-board houses, and stores huddled together, as if rained down from the sky, on the side of a hill partly covered with the iron-stemmed, sombre Eucalyptus. A brook, with yellow waters hurrying down between green and grassy banks. Crowds of silent, pre-occupied looking men anxiously engaged in what, to the new-comers, seemed mysterious mining operations. Some were standing mid-leg deep in the creek, protected by thigh boots, rocking curious wooden cases, which looked like children's cradles, and which they afterwards found were called by that name. Policemen and mounted troopers went to and fro among them, or issued from an encampment higher on the hill—which was evidently the head-quarters of the executive department. Mud-stained, bearded, and roughly dressed were the greater part of the population; Lance thought he had never seen so many ruffianly-looking fellows before. A large marsh, filled with waving reeds, lay on a plateau a short distance to the westward of the field. The green banks looked pleasant to the eye, shaded, as they were, by wide

spreading trees—thicker of foliage than the others.

"If you think well, sir, we might just as well pitch our camp here," said Jack. "It's away from the crowd like, and I'll manage to make it snug and home like in a week or two. We can leave the Missis here while you and I look out for a claim, as they call it."

So they made their temporary home by the side of Lake Wendouree, as it came afterwards to be called, little dreaming that the day would come when the marsh would be dammed and deepened, when steamers would ply upon its surface, and boat races and regattas take place thereon, with a thousand school-children holding high festival on its banks.

However, these developments were in the future. Nothing was to be seen now but the waving reeds, the green grass, and a great black log lying on the ground, by the side of which they pitched the tent, as being a species of shelter and handy for purposes of cookery. Then the men wandered through the diggings, talking to the miners, as opportunity offered, and trying to learn something about the recognised method of making a commencement to dig gold.

Chance favored them the day after they arrived, by the occurrence of a dramatic incident, instructive in its way, as it turned out.

They were walking along the side of the creek, looking at a curiously-silent toiling crowd of 20,000 men, who, working in very small and shallow claims, 16 feet square, on the celebrated "Jewellers' Point," were turning up gold in handfuls, panfuls, and, in some instances, nearly bucketfuls.

Suddenly every man raised his head and shouted "Joe." Jack and Lance thought the whole crowd had gone mad, as they hasted to join in the chorus. They noticed, however, a dozen or more individuals leave their work and depart unobstrusively. A moment after, a man came running desparately down a gully which led to the creek, hotly pursued by two troopers. He wormed his way among the holes, where the horsemen could not well follow him, and seemed in a fair way of escaping, when he ran nearly into the arms of a constable on foot whom, coming from another direction, he had not seen. This official, a wily and active person, promptly secured him. He was then handcuffed and led off to the camp, where, to the great astonishment of the Englishmen, who followed to see the end of the affair, he was chained to a log by the leg, evidently a desperate criminal, they decided.

Lance interrogated one of the troopers, who remained by the prisoner. "I suppose he's a hardened offender. Is it for murder or robbery? or only horse-stealing?"

The trooper laughed. "Well, he ain't what you might call a desprit bad 'un, though he's broke the law. He's been diggin' without a license."

"What's that?"

"Well, you'll soon find out, young man. If you don't get one, you'll get tethered like this chap here. It's a permit to dig gold, and you have to pay thirty bob a month to the Crown. You didn't think you were going to be let dig up a fortune on Crown land for nothing, did you?"

"Oh! I understand. Well, where can we get one?"

"D'ye see that big outside tent at the camp? Well, that's the Mining Registrar's. He'll give you one apiece, if you've got the cash, and then you can dig gold by the hundredweight, if so be as you can find it."

"All right. Can I have a word with the prisoner?"

"Oh, yes; while I'm here."

Lance went up to the manacled one and accosted him. "What's your name, my man?"

"I'm not 'my man,' or your man or anyone else's. Though I'm not a free man, certainly, if it comes to that. Isn't it an infernal shame that a free-born Englishman should be chained up like a dog becouse he hasn't thirty shillings in his pocket?"

"It doesn't seem right," said Lance. "The money's not much, but, of course, a man may be out of luck and not have it. The reason I asked you your name was that I was just going to the Registrar to get a couple of licenses for my mate and myself, and I could get you one at the same time."

"Didn't I tell you I had no money?" said the man, rather savagely.

"What does it matter about such a trifle? Of course, I will pay for you, and you can give it to me when convenient."

"Thanks, very much," said the stranger, with a softened voice and an accent which spoke of different surroundings. "My name is Hastings. Edward Charles are my christian names. You must make allowance for my being out of temper. This sort of thing is enough to gall any man, and there will be trouble out of it yet."

"Now," said Lance to the trooper, "if I get a license, as you call it, for our friend here, will you let him go?"

"By rights," said the trooper, who had a good-natured face, "he ought to be brought

up to-morrow before the Commissioner for not producing his license when called upon so to do by any authorised person. But they're all away, and I can square it—say he had got one that day, or something."

"That will do," said Lance, with a smile, as he handed the man a half-sovereign. "I'll soon have his paper and my own. I can't leave a man—a gentleman, too—like this. That's the tent, isn't it?"

"He's a gentleman, that chap," said the trooper to himself. "Anyone can see that; just out from home, too. But he's too soft. His money won't last long if he goes and pays up for every chap here that hasn't got a license."

As it turned out, it was money very well invested.

Trevanion went to the tent, where he found a busy gentleman sitting before a table covered with notes and gold and silver, official papers and books, etc., all in rather a state of confusion. He cut short his explanation by asking "what names?" in a gruff voice.

These being supplied, he filled up three forms printed on parchment, which he cut out of a long narrow book like a cheque book, and, holding them in his hand, said, "Four pounds ten you have to pay."

Lance handed over five sovereigns and received ten shillings change. He then glanced at the licenses, consecutively numbered and dated, which gave permission to John Polwarth, Launcelot Trevanion, and Edward Charles Hastings "to dig and search for gold upon Her Majesty's Crown lands in the colony of Victoria for the space of *one month* from date. These documents had been signed in blank—EVELYN P. S. STURT, Commissioner.

CHAPTER V.

The trooper came back to the log with the two "new chums," as he, a native-born Australian, would have called them, and turned his back while Trevanion handed Hastings his digging license. He then faced round. "You've been arrested according to law for digging in Growler's Gully without a license. Do you now produce one?" Hastings handed him the parchment slip before referred to. "You hand me this license all correct and regular. I now discharge you from custody, and," continued the trooper, evidently thinking he ought to say something magisterial and impressive, "I hope it will be a warning to you." He then unlocked the padlock, which was passed through a chain which held the handcuff which was round the man's ankle, and released him.

Hastings laughed as he stood up and stretched himself. "I expected a few strange experiences when I started to dig gold in this extraordinary country, but I never thought to be chained up to a log by the leg. However, it's all in the day's work. You've only done your duty, Doolan, and indeed you've stretched it a bit in letting me off. I'll perhaps be able to do you a good turn some day. Good-bye."

"Now Mr. ——, I really don't know your name. Trevanion, thanks, I see you and your friend are just off the ship and therefore not up to the wicked ways of digging life. I may say now that I hold myself deeply indebted to you. In requital, if you'll come to Growler's Gully, where I'm hanging out, I can lay you on to a show, as we miners call it, that may turn out something good."

"We know nothing as yet," said Lance. "We're quite raw and inexperienced, therefore shall be very glad to go to Growler's Gully or any other place, if there's a chance of setting to work in good earnest."

"The best thing you can do then," said his new friend, "is to walk out there and stay in our tent to-night. To-morrow you can get back and show your party the way. It's no good staying where you are."

"Done with you," said Lance. "Jack, you can go back and tell your wife," and away they went. After walking three or four miles, a kind of open ravine, which in Australia is called a gully, presented itself. The tents were thinner and the miners not quite so busy. "That's our tent" said Hastings, and there's my mate sitting on a log outside, smoking and wondering what's become of me. Hulloa! Bob, did you think I was lost or in chokee? This is Mr. Trevanion, he's stood my friend or else I should have spent the night on the chain, so we must lay him on to a show, if there's one in the gully.

"It's a nice way to treat a christian, chaining of him up like a dorg, ain't it, sir?" said the miner, slowly. "It'll raise trouble some day, I'll go bail. Proud to see you, sir. There's plenty of tea in the billy, it'll soon warm up. Luckily I baked last night and there's a goodish lump of corned silver-side of beef. You'll be ready for dinner both on ye, I reckon."

"This child is," said Hastings, and "Mr. Trevanion has had a goodish walk, which ought to sharpen his appetite. That's right, Bob."

As he spoke, his companion, who, if slow of speech, was evidently a man of action,

placed some tin plates on a small table in the tent, knives and forks, with a large loaf, half a round of cold corned beef, and a bottle of pickles. This done, he poured out two pint pannikins of tea, and sitting a little way off outside, filled his pipe and lit it afresh.

"Mind them Irishmen that took up number six claim above Jackson's?" enquired he.

"Think I do," mumbled Hastings, whose mouth, like some people's hearts, was too full for utterance. "Think I do," what about them?

"What about 'em?" returned Bob. "Why they've jacked up and cut it. Said they wanted summut more certain. A dashed good show, I call it."

"There's a chance for you, Trevanion," said Hastings. "Go and peg it out the moment you've finished this humble meal. You've got twenty-four hours to be at work in it. But the sooner you make a start the better, I shouldn't like to see you lose it. Bob will go with you."

Lance made very good time over the corned beef, which he couldn't be induced to leave for a while. But he and Bob made a formal pegging out half-an-hour afterwards, thus taking legal possession of two men's ground.

(To be continued.)

A LOVE SONG.

WHAT do the wavelets sing,
Merrily glancing?
What do the blue-flowers ring,
All their bells dancing?
Love's in the balmy air,
Kissing the sea.
Come thou, O Love, and find
Love waiting thee.

What says the southern breeze
Bringing the swallow?
What say the whispering trees
Down in the hollow?
Heart of the blushing rose
Welcomes the bee,
Love in my heart o'erflows
Richly for thee.

What breathes the thirsty flower
To cloudlets o'ersailing?
When the cool raindrops shower
Freshness unfailing?
So when the shades of night
Creep o'er the sea,
Come thou my heart's delight,
Come thou to me.

K. M'COSH CLARK.

JADOO-GARI.

BY JAMES INGLIS, M.P.

Author of "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," "Tent Life in Tiger Land," "Our Australian Cousins," etc.

LITERALLY, this means in India the art or practice of magic. *Jadoo* is magic, *Jadoogar* is a magician, *Jadoogari* is the art of the magician.

In its secondary meaning it becomes in the case of the vulgar and ignorant, an apt phrase to express anything which is incomprehensible—out of the common, strange, inexplicable, anything foreign to usual experience, or which they cannot explain. For instance, I have known cases of ordinary English surgery, where cures have been effected, quite inexplicable to the ordinary intelligence of a Hindoo village, put down at once to *Jadoo*. The effect of quinine on fever cases was put down at first to *Jadoo*. The ordinary phenomena illustrated by a magic lantern, a kaleidoscope,

a galvanic battery, or many of our modern scientific toys, are put down in an out-of-the way Indian village to *Jadoo.*

It is a comprehensive term. It includes in its higher application, exorcism, raising of spirits, dabbling in all the mysteries of the "Black Art," fortune telling, necromancy, divination, astrology, &c., and in its lower sense, it includes besides jugglery,—sleight-of-hand tricks, snake-charming, and even acrobatic feats, and such like modes of making a livelihood as are practised by the countless Bohemians of the East. Magic is thus firmly believed in by millions in Hindostan, and indeed, many of the manifestations are very strange. I have seen things done by wandering *Fuqeers*, by half-naked jugglers, that to this day perplex and puzzle me. The basket trick, for instance. I have seen this done more than a dozen of times, and could never understand *how* it was done. I saw it once in Bombay, in a paved courtyard of an hotel. At Sonepore, under the canopy of the Commissioner's tent. In Tirhoot, in the compound of the Planters' Club; and more than once in my own Bungalow verandah. It looks so simple. You are certain it is only a piece of jugglery, and yet, how is it done? You can examine the basket, and the cloth, and the boy, and the *Jadoogar* himself. All the paraphernalia are very simple. You make up your mind to be very observant; you determine not to be tricked into even a momentary inattention, and so the manifestation begins.

The juggler, generally a Mussulman, performs the usual fantastic pacings and posturings; the ordinary stereotyped tricks are performed by way of introduction; the attendant ear-splitting minstrelsy brattles out its barbaric clangor, and the basket is ostentatiously shaken and rapped before you, and is then placed on the selected spot of ground. And—observe the operator, unlike his English prototype, has no reserved stage to himself, with a clear background. On the contrary, he is almost surrounded by your gaping, yet observant servants, and by the shrewd and watchful retainers of the factory. So, the boy—a gentle-looking, intelligent lad, scantily clad—is brought forward. Some one in the crowd is asked to bind his limbs. He is then tied up in a coarse net, and thus bound, netted, and helpless; he is lifted into the basket, and the lid is put on. A cloth is now thrown over the whole. The juggler, getting more and more excited and voluble, peers down under the cloth. The lid seems to rise and sway about under the cloth; then, with a wild cry and a clash of dissonant sounds from the

musicians, the lid is thrown away, the cloth falls, the basket is stabbed through and through with a sword, or—as I have seen, once or twice—the performer runs backward, then, with a yell and sudden leap into the air, comes down with both feet crashing into the basket, and the crowd gasp and sigh audibly, as they almost fancy they hear the rupture of the poor caged child's anatomy under that frenzied leap. Now that's the critical moment! Was the child thrown away *with the lid*, hanging to its under surface? I refuse to believe it. The lid was too small, in my opinion, and besides, if the boy was there, he *must* have been seen by some of the many watchful eyes. I have purposely watched this point of the performance, and I cannot bring myself to believe that the child is thrown away with the lid. Yet, he is not *now* in the basket. He has mysteriously, but completely, disappeared.

Can it be, as some advance, that *we*, the spectators, are all mesmerised, or under some magic spell? Impossible! I have sipped my *peg* in the middle of it all, and filled my pipe, and a mesmerised subject could not surely do that? Is it possible that there is a real black art after all? That, as the devotees of esoteric Buddhism maintain, there are gifted brothers of the inner circles who can cause spirits to assume bodily shape, and that the boy we saw and touched but now, was, after all, only a spirit form—a visible shape—but yet only a simulacrum. Can't believe it. And yet, how is it done?

The mango trick seems equally inexplicable. I have seen—more than once—under the most stringent test conditions I could in common fairness impose—this trick done, and I cannot explain it yet. The dry sapless-looking mango stone is put into the soil, or into a flower pot, or into a hollow gourd buried in the ground, and filled with mould, or into dry dust, on a hard trodden threshing floor, as I once saw it. The *Jadoogar* is stripped to the waist, his poke, or "medicine bag," filled with his various rude looking "properties," lies handy, no doubt, and the never-failing cloth is spread over the buried seed. The usual business patter, and

deafening din from the peripatetic orchestra succeeds. Other tricks are shewn—all of them deft, dexterous, wonderful. When the cloth is shaken, the juggler stoops and looks under, sprinkles water, mutters or chants his *Mantra* or prayer—charm or incantation, whatever it is—and so—the cloth now lies no longer flat. It is perceptibly heightened by some body forcing its way from below. You hear the rustle of leaves as the magician's deft fingers move to and fro under the cloth. You catch a glimpse of greenery. Again the magical operation is repeated, and the cloth now rises higher and higher from the ground. The *Jadoogar* (let us use the word) has no apparent material about him. He is naked to the waist. Yet *there* is the living plant, and presently, with a triumphant sweep, he whisks the cloth away, while the orchestra performs a demoniac medley of superlative frenzied din, and there, right there, almost under your nose, is a neat, compact, glossy little shrub, every leaf healthy and green, every twig perfect, and pliant; and marvel of marvels, a golden, firm-fleshed, luscious, ripe fruit, hanging naturally on one branch, which, if you will, you may pluck and eat. How's that done? I'll be hanged if I know Ah, now, my self-sufficient critics, you are laughing! You pooh-pooh the whole thing. You think yourself so *very* clever, do you not? and the poor *gobe mouches* of Hindoostan—planter included—are such a simple lot of folk, so easily gulled and all the rest of it? Well now, after all, there's not so *very* much difference between an Indian assemblage and an Australian one in the matter of being deceived by the practiced juggler as perhaps you may think; Oh, nonsense! you exclaim. There's no nonsense about it, as I will quickly show you.

Did you never hear of the famous basket trick performed by Dr. Knaggs, Mr. M. Dawson and your humble servant, in Newcastle some years ago? It illustrates my subject, and, though not strictly part of it, I will just describe shortly, and with absolute truthfulness, what we did. It was on the occasion of the annual benefit in aid of the hospital funds, so the good *genii* may possibly have lent us their powerful aid. Well, to be brief. First of all, a committee of three or four gentlemen were selected by the audience to watch the proceedings. With their help, Dr. Knaggs spread a clean white calico on the stage, and four nails were driven through it into the wood, pinning it to the floor, and each nail-head was sealed with sealing-wax. On this cloth, an oblong basket box was next, after minute examination, placed. It was made of interlaced laths, to imitate basket work, and was subjected to close scrutiny by the committee. Mr. Dawson was next brought in and manacled with a pair of handcuffs borrowed from the policeman at the door of the theatre. These were locked and sealed. Thus fettered, Mr. Dawson was next lifted into an empty sack, the committee assisting, and the mouth of the sack was firmly tied and also sealed, and all was then lifted bodily into the box on the cloth, the lid was closed, locked, and a seal set on the lock.

I now spread my magic cloth over the whole, and began my incantation, the orchestra accompanying with slow music. The lights blazed brightly. The box was right in the middle of the stage. Over 1500 pairs of watchful eyes were bent upon me. Dr. Knaggs now handed me a magic sword. Lifting the cloth, I plunged the sword through and through the basket. Sensation!! Blood (?) was seen to ooze through and stain the white cloth. The doctor and myself now professed to be alarmed. The audience were horror-stricken. Our committee on the stage looked aghast. Throwing off the cloth, I cried in tones of agonised entreaty for a word from Dawson to reassure us. No response!! Dragging the box down to the front of the stage, we hurriedly undid the fastenings, taking care to show that the seals were intact. There, sure enough, lay the sack and the manacles, the seals unbroken; but where was Dawson? Giving a shrill prolonged Indian call, the missing man, much to the relief of the audience, appeared in the front seat of the dress circle and bowed his acknowledgements amid thunders of applause. Did *they* discover how the trick was done? Not one of all that large audience! But how did you do it? you ask. I must refer you to Dr. Knaggs. It was his invention.

To show how implicit is the belief the natives of Hindostan hold in regard to magical gifts, I give a short extract from a very curious and rare book, now, I fancy, almost out of print. It is entitled *Qanoon-e-Islam*, or the customs of Islam, translated by Dr. Herklots, but written in all seriousness and sobriety by a learned Mohammedan gentleman, Jaffer Shurreef, a native of Ellore. In one chapter, concerning the tribes of Fuqeers, he says:—"Some among them are also jugglers. For instance, they cut a figure of a man or an animal out of a piece of paper, and make it dance without any visible mechanical means. Again, placing an earthen chaffing dish without a bottom to it, on the head, they kindle a fire in it, and, placing an

iron *kurrahee* (or pot) on it, cook *poorrecan* (a kind of lentil porridge), and that without their hair being at all singed by the fire." I have myself seen this trick done, and, of course, most of my readers have seen the sword-swallowing and fire-eating tricks of the ordinary conjuror.

Some travellers aver that they have seen the most marvellous feats, such as cutting a man up and throwing the pieces into the air. At the call of the magician, a hand, leg, trunk, head, and so on, are seen far up like specks in the empyrean, and, rapidly descending, they knit themselves together by some wondrous magical spell, until the disjointed victim of the black art stands again connected and whole before the astounded spectators. This would be *pucca jadoo* (real magic). I'm free to confess I've never seen *this* trick. According to Jaffer Shurreef, however, it would seem to be not at all an impossibility. Describing the sixth class of *Fuqeers*, *i.e.*, the *Rufaee* or *Goorz-mar*, he makes, in perfect good faith, some astounding statements. (The *Goorz* is their distinguishing badge. It is a sort of iron club, pointed sharp at one end, and having a knob at the other covered with sharp spikes).

"They originate," he says, "from Syed Ahmud Kubeer, whose *Fuqeers* strike the point of the *Goorz* against their breasts or into their eyes, level blows at their backs with the sword, thrust a spit through their sides, or into their eyes, both of which they take out and put in again, or cut out their tongues, which, on being replaced in the mouth, reunite. Nay," says Jaffer "they even sever the head from the body, and glue them together again with saliva, and the body becomes reanimated and stands up, and what is strange, no hæmorrhage attends all this cutting and slicing; or should there be any it is very trifling, and in that case, the operator is considered inexpert." Most strange, indeed! friend Jaffer! Modern European miracle-mongers are as fools to the Eastern Magi, after all. "The wound is healed by the application of a little spittle; for at the time of becoming *Fuqeers* the *Moorshud*, *i.e.*, (the instructor or spiritual guide) takes a small quantity of his own spittle, and applying it to their tongues says: "Wield without apprehension the *goorz* upon yourself, and if cut, apply a little of your spittle to the wound and it will quickly heal by the influence of Syed Ahmud Kubeer." "They obey the injunction accordingly," says our author. "Sometimes," he continues, "they sear their tongues with a red-hot iron, put a living scorpion into their mouths, make a chain red-hot, and pouring oil over it they draw their hands along it when a sudden blaze is produced." "I have heard it said," says the ingenuous Jaffer, "that they even cut a living human being in two, and unite the parts by means of spittle. They also eat arsenic, glass, and poisons," and so on. Now, who could doubt after so clear a statement?

The illustration at the beginning of this article represents a favorite feat with these wandering *Jadoogars*: A hollow gourd in which is inserted a bamboo rod, is poised in the right hand, one end of another tube is attached to the end of the upright tube thus held, the other end of which is inserted in the right nostril of the performer. In the left nostril is inserted yet another tube. An attendant then pours in water—from a considerable height—into the gourd, and the stream apparently circulates through the head of the magician, to the no small wonderment of the gaping crowd. Meantime, an accomplice performs all sorts of tricks of legerdemain—some of which are exceedingly dexterous and wonderful. Round his left wrist is a metal ring. In his right hand is a small metal magic rod. The "patter" is continuous. There is a constant accompaniment of tomtoms. Throwing out a small piece of a broken potsherd, or glass, or china,—which he produces after fumbling in his bag—he suddenly changes it into a coin, an egg, a live snake, a scorpion, or some other equally strange or incongruous metamorphosis, accompanying each with a smart rattle of the rod on the iron ring.

At Sonepore, on one occasion, I saw one of the cleverest performers I have ever watched. One trick was especially marvellous, as *he produced what was asked for.* We were told he would produce any coin we asked for, he not knowing beforehand what we were likely to ask.

A rupee was thrown down on the floor of the tent at his request. On demand, after closing his hand over it, he produced instead of it an English penny. Some one else asked for a Strait's dollar—it was produced. An American dollar was in like manner demanded. Click! there it was, "immediate on the word." A young civilian, out of mere mischievous impulse, sipping his glass of sherry, defied the man to produce what he wanted.

"Let the Sahib give his order," was the calm reply. "Well gim'me a biscuit?" Click! As I live, there was the biscuit in a moment, only the rogue seemingly produced it in such an indescribably whimsical way that when he gravely demanded that it should be eaten, he overwhelmed his opponent in confusion, and

caused shrieks of laughter to resound through the tent.

The same man mixed up four different colored chalks in a *lotah* of water, held his head back, allowed the nauseous looking draught to fall into his mouth, and trickle down his throat. After a few other tricks, he produced his little hand-drum, and at the order of his onlookers, produced in a dry, shining, natty little heap, whatever color was asked, until the four piles of original colored chalk (to all appearance the same at any rate) lay each separate, untarnished and perfectly dry, in little heaps before us. Next he took a few pinches of cotton wool, swept up the colored chalks, and popped the indigestible mass into his mouth, chewing slowly, making grimaces and most grotesque contortions. Affecting to have a terrific colic, he now emitted the most lugubrious groanings, rubbed the region of the stomach, clutched his throat, pretended to have direful spasms, and then with a convulsive twitch and terrific groan, he spat out a tiny ball, and seizing this began to draw seemingly from some intestinal magazine, yard after yard of parti-colored twine, until he had a large heap lying before him. Biting the end off, although apparently having yet a complete stock unexhausted, he next gathered the coils together and putting them to his mouth, seemed about to swallow the lot again. A new thought, however, seemed to strike him. Patting his stomach, and again going through his grotesque pantomine, he thrust his fingers down his gullet and grasped something that rattled against his teeth as he slowly dragged it forth. It was an iron handled country razor. This was followed by a horse shoe much worn, an ankle ornament, a few nails, hinges, and bits of scrap iron, part of a knife blade, several links of a chain that he clanked with much art as he drew them slowly out. And to finish all, the crowning ejectment of this indigestible ostrich-like diet, was a square block of rough pebbly stone quite wet, and as I live, fully two inches cubic measurement. This beats the champion porridge-eater into the proverbial cocked-hat.

That intrepid African explorer, Emin Pasha, in one of his deeply interesting letters, describes a young woman in Ugánda, "one of a class of homeless wanderers, gypsies, who are constantly met with throughout Unyóro and Ugánda, and who appear to be the remainder of a distinct tribe. They resemble gypsies in the vagabond life they lead, in their practice of soothsaying, and in the manufacture of all kinds of amulets and charms, as also in their love for music." We have exactly the same kind of wandering Bohemians in India. They are found all over Central Asia, in Persia, Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, and in fact wherever the Mohammedan religion prevails.

Some fine, quiet day, you are seated in your darkened verandah, lazily watching the prospect without, which shimmers in the tropical heat. The languid air is scarce stirred by the lazily flapping *punkah*, the dogs lie lolling out their tongues and panting beneath the shade of the big figtree, when suddenly, from a short distance, you hear the barbaric clangor of tomtom and trumpet, and a shrill outcry which presently shapes itself into a rude rhythm; and as the dogs hoarsely bark, tugging at their chains, and all your sleepy household, roused from their meridian slumbers, come trooping out, winding their turbans as they emerge, and blinking like so many owls; round the corner comes a motley gang of acrobats and wandering gypsies, and you prepare yourself to enjoy an exhibition of *Jadoogari*.

Any break in the monotony is always welcome in the quiet season, when the heat precludes one going out much during the day. So after the leader of the troupe has made his salaam, and the trumpeter has nearly lifted the roof with a demoniac blast on his infernal instrument, the paraphernalia are produced and the performance begins. An unassuming bundle of plain bamboos, light but pliant and strong, well oiled and supple, is thrown down and untied. Bit is joined to bit till a tall mast is made, and some twenty-five or thirty feet from the lower end, a cross mast is firmly lashed, the centre pole projecting some ten or twelve feet farther into the air. The mast is stepped into a hole prepared for it,

and stays are run out from the ends of the mast, and guy-ropes all round, and these are attached to iron crowbars which are firmly driven into the ground. The troupe in this instance consists of three men, two boys, and two young women, besides a trumpeter, two tomtommers, and a *sitarji*, that is a player on the twanging country guitar. It is a large troupe, and probably is composed of two or three independent gangs, who have for the time coalesced. The two women now tie their clothes tightly round the body and under their legs, and while the men are putting the mast to rights they exhibit graceful posturings, and with much agility throw somersaults backwards and forwards, and go through many surprisingly agile acrobatic feats. The boys are quite as clever, and imitate the motions of animals and do all sorts of pantomimic tricks. The mast is now, however, ready, and after an invocation to some tutelary genius the men play several antics on the pole and cross bar, testing the guy-ropes and making the stout pole bend almost like a fishing rod. One of the young women now comes forward with a lowly salaam, being clad in a kilted girdle, with a tight fitting boddice, and having a rude looking piece of flat iron attached to the small of her back. Nimbly springing to the pole she rapidly climbs with a catlike agility, the pliant rod bending and quivering like a willow wand, and after executing various feats away aloft on the giddy height she faces outwards thus: and in a twinkling is balanced on the iron plate without in any way clasping the pole, her feet thrown outwards, and her body extended thus:

We feel almost a creepy sensation as we gaze aloft at this perilous and daring exploit; but now, of a sudden, the tomtoms begin slowly to beat time to a low dirge-like Hindoostanee chant, and, as if in keeping with the strain below, the lithe female, a-top, begins to slowly gyrate round the top of the pole. Quicker now, however, and quicker beat the drums, louder and louder grows the rhythmic chant, the blare of the trumpet now crashes in, the cries become yells and shrieks, the men leap up and toss their arms and long hair wildly about, and, as if inspired with a fierce emulation, the rotating figure high up in mid-air spins round and round till the eye is dizzy, and the breath is held, as, every minute, one expects to see the fragile form spun out into space, to come crashing to the ground. Talk of a sensation!! It almost sickens one to look. At a sign she stops, and, after various other contortions, descends rapidly, much fatigued and evidently very glad *that* part of the performance is over.

The next display was no less sensational. Two of the guy-ropes of the mast were brought together and intertwined, forming a strong thong-like rope, and were then fastened to double crowbars. One of the men enveloped himself in a country blanket, and two sharp swords were tied across his back, two across his neck, and one to each ankle and foot. He then ascended the pole, and after balancing himself on his back, up on the top as the female had done, he suddenly, with a startling yell, threw himself clear backwards, and, doubling in the air, came down with a sickening thud on the twisted rope, fair on his back. Round go his sinewy legs, clutching the rope, and, in less time than it takes to write it, he slides down safe and unharmed, and makes his salaam. This fearful looking leap was repeated several times without the slightest hitch. Next the magic bag was produced, and the men squatted on

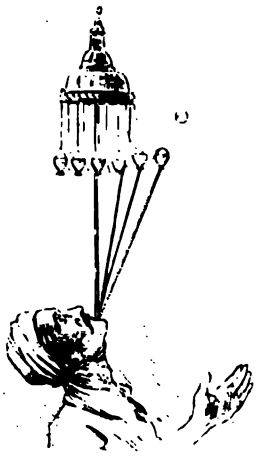
the ground. One of the women began beating the tomtom, and asked promiscuous "patter" questions, much as the ringmaster in a circus asks the clown. These questions are often of a very personal character, and you may be quizzed about your moustache, or any peculiarity observable to the sharp eyes that take in every detail of your appearance at a glance. Every answer is echoed by a deep guttural response—Ha! Ha!! Ha! Ha!! *Allah ho raheem*!! or some such pious ejaculation, if the performers be Mussulmans, or *Ram! Ram! Seeta Ram!* or the names of some of the myriad gods of the Pantheon, if the performers be Hindoos.

On this occasion we were treated to a rapid account—by the funny man — of our unbounded good nature, our valor in beating all the great Rajahs that ever came before us, and, as a consequence, how rich and liberal we were, and how bountiful would be our dispensation of *Backsheesh* at the end of their *Jadoogari*, &c., &c., &c.

One of the performers now produces from a small bag, a quantity of small round stones, and saying, loudly, that there were not enough birds to eat the grasshoppers, he must throw these stones to his comrade to see what he could do with them. Stepping apart, some few yards, he proceeded to throw the stones rapidly to the conjuror on the ground, who, catching them up with one hand, threw them back with the other, but, lo! now changed to tiny feathered flutterers—little birds that flew to the ground, and these, with ruffled feathers, were pounced on by the members of the troupe, and are handed round for our inspection after the jugglery is over. Much after the same manner as the mango trick, a pumpkin is put on the ground, or rather a dried gourd, and, being covered with a basket, incantations follow, the lid is raised, and lo! the gourd has disappeared, and in its place are two beautiful tame white pigeons, who coo lovingly to the young female that catches and caresses them.

The pigeons are finally popped into a basket beside a couple of great cobras that are made to go through a long and rather tiresome performance. The snake-charming tricks have been so often described that I need not inflict the narration on your readers.

Next came a marvellous display of juggling dexterity, but much of it such as may be exhibited by clever European jugglers. Quite a number of brass balls are kept circling through the air, the conjuror striking them with hands, elbows and feet. Rapidly as they move, knives are now mixed with them, and, as the knives increase in number, the balls decrease, till presently the performer is completely surrounded by a ceaseless, dazzling galaxy of whirling knives, till suddenly he causes them, one by one, to cease their gyrations and fall at his feet, the last rise and fall of each knife being high up into the air, and they fall the same way as they go up, without a tremor or a turn.



The pagoda balance trick is a very pretty one. A miniature structure, resembling the canopy of a pagoda, with pendent looped strings, each holding a small cup, hanging all round its circumference, is balanced on the conjuror's chin by a centre rod, as in the sketch. While keeping the pagoda balanced, he contrives to insert a small stick into the looped cords all round, and, when the circle is completed, he dexterously knocks away the centre rod, and the little canopy falls down with a sudden drop, and is suspended inside the circle of sticks, as in the next sketch. He then, with the most astonishing precision and dexterity, commences to throw little ivory balls, one into each cup, never missing once, till every cup was full. Giving an exclamation expressive of his satisfaction at his own cleverness, he next proceeded to take hold of the small sticks, one by one, gave each a sudden dexterous jerk upwards, out

went the ball, which was caught in his hand, and so, till all the cups were again empty, and thus concluded one of the prettiest feats of dexterity I had ever seen.

A performance of quite another character was now to be witnessed, very curious certainly, but rather repulsive. Two of the men brought into the circle a large stone, weighing, I should reckon, some 60 or 70 lbs. avoirdupois. It was tied round with a stout rope. The chief juggler now produced, for our inspection, a rupee, through the centre of which a hole had been bored. Through this hole a strong cord, made from some glossy vegetable fibre (probably *rheea* grass) was now passed

and knotted firmly, but neatly. He next proceeded to insert the rupee *within his eyelids*, not between the eyebrow and cheek, as an eye glass is held, but inside the eyelids, and then he fastened the string to the rope tied round the stone. In this fashion, and by the muscular force of the eyelids alone, he lifted the heavy stone from the ground and swung it about. The strain was intense, and it looked as if the eye itself was bulged quite out of its socket. It was really a disgusting sight, and I ordered him to desist. You have a representation of this horrid feat in the accompanying sketch.

Just then, before we had recovered our equanimity, up came one of the other men with a few inches of solid iron projecting from his mouth. Talk of swallowing cold steel! This was no prepared poker, but actually one of the iron crowbars, two feet long, which had been used in the erection of the mast before alluded to. Another trick was similar to what may be seen in one of our circus entertainments, only the ball was made

of heavy granite, and is about seven inches in diameter. This he rolled from one hand to the other, along the arms, over the back of the neck, across the chest in front, down the legs to the knees, till he suddenly brings it up "all standing," perfectly balanced on the back of his hand.

He next throws it high up in the air and waits for its downfall, till it seems within an ace of smashing his skull, but a keen and practised eye watches the descending sphere, and, just in the nick of time, he bends his head, eases down his body, as a cricketer learns to catch a ball, and receives the stone right in the centre of his back—between his shoulders—where it is gripped, and you feel inclined to cry, "Well caught, Blackham." Then came a series of rather obscene and witless performances, with transparent colored

parchments, supposed to represent the stories of the Gods and the peacocks. These afford unbounded delight to the natives, but to a European are vapid and vulgar.

I must conclude by describing one more trick which was as follows: Three sharp bayonets were fixed to the end of a bamboo, so as to form a sort of triangular three-pronged trident. This the juggler balances on his chin, and then suddenly jerking it upwards with a strong muscular effort, he contrives to make it turn in the air, and projecting his body, received the trident thus:—one bayonet going on each side of his loins, and the other passing harmlessly between his legs.

After a suitable reward, which elicits loud praises of the generous and magnanimous *Burra Bahadoor*, the great *Rajah jee* that destroyed all the other *Rajahs* of the miserable pice-giving parsimonious Hindoos, &c., &c., the motley troupe of Oriental Bohemians wends its way to the next factory or village, and the planter is left to his solitude and meditations once again.

THE SONG OF THE LOTOS-EATERS.

οὐδ' ἄρα Λωτοφάγοι μηδυνθ' ἑτάροισιν ὄλεθρον
ἡμετέροις, ἀλλά σφι δόσαν λωτοῖο πασασθαι.

[ODYSSEY, 9-92.]

WHY halt with fearful doubt upon your faces
Oh! fair-haired strangers? bid your terrors cease!
Here wind and wave and war have left no traces,
The sleeping air around breathes only peace.
The toilworn billows lose their surging thunder:
The woods are hushed: the brooks in murmurs speak.
The Lotos-flower brings rest from strife and plunder—
Rest for the sons of Troy, rest for the Greek.

Here there is none who might assume the master,
The flowers are free—we pluck them as we list,
And while the world is harrassed with disaster
The very gods forget that we exist.
We fear no wrong that love or hate can fashion:
Contentment waits for all who haply seek.
The Lotos-flower gives rest from every passion—
Rest for the wanton proud, rest for the meek.

Oh, stay with us, nor tempt those wild abysses!
Forget the dangers of the troubled deep,
While fond oblivion clasps your limbs and kisses
Your wearied senses into welcome sleep.
Nay, leave us not, nor seek some hostile neighbor!
The sward is velvet as a maiden's cheek:
The Lotos-flower brings rest from every labor—
Rest for the wearied strong, rest for the weak.

W. LEWERS AND F. C. COWLE.

who know these things, who remember what the colony was before that time and have taken part in causing the wonderful transformation of to-day, resent being called a backward and unprogressive people, incapable of properly administrating the affairs of this great country. We consider, on the contrary, that we have abundantly proved our capacity. Spite of isolation, poverty and neglect, almost total eclipse of mineral resources and other drawbacks too numerous to mention, we have spread civilisation from Eucla to Wyndham, have opened up a third of this continent to settlement, and have attracted to it the attention of the world. Who, then, than ourselves, have a better right to govern Western Australia and have given better hostages for a policy spirited, progressive and patriotic?

To Sir Frederick Wild is the credit due for causing that awakening of dormant energies which supplied the colony with motive power. A colonist himself, and an ex-premier of New Zealand, he was steeped in liberal ideas and aspirations. At once on arrival in Western Australia, he grasped the causes of her stagnation and determined upon the remedy. The better to apply the latter, he introduced representative institutions, and, backed up by the people, bringing them into his counsels and encouraging them to take interest and give their help in public matters, he initiated the policy of progress and development which has since been uninterruptedly carried on. The form of constitution Sir Frederick introduced and which, during the now nineteen years of its appreciation has done much good service to the colony, closely resembles that of Natal. Its character and its working appears to be little understood, not only in England but even in the self-governing colonies of East Australia. It seems generally to be supposed that we are at the beck and call of Downing Street, that we have no political existence of our own, no part, or a very slight one, in the management of our affairs. This is an altogether erroneous impression. The Secretary of State, indeed, appoints the Governor and Members of the Executive Council, most of the latter being, however, of our own colonists; the Governor appoints to the civil service, subject, as regards the higher grades, to the Secretary of State's approval. The whole machinery of administration, therefore, has its origin, theoretically, in Downing Street; but with the Legislature rests absolutely the power of the purse, which prevents any attempt at despotism and necessarily disposes the Government to act as far as possible in accord with the wishes of the people. And where the Colonial Office never attempts any active interference—except occasionally as a check, when, for instance, it considers borrowing is being carried to imprudent excess—is in matters of policy. Nearly all legislation has its origin locally; we manage our own internal business as we like—witness our land regulations, with which the Secretary of State has never, of late years, interfered, and our Chinese restriction laws, against which he has not attempted to remonstrate. Occasionally, indeed, as in native affairs, he urges a certain policy upon the Governor, but his views cannot be carried out except by consent of the Legislature freely given. It may be urged that a third of that body being nominated by the Crown, the Government must have a considerable hold upon it, but such is not the case. The Government can count only upon its four official votes; the nominated members—except as to any policy to which they may have anticipatorily pledged themselves—are absolutely independent, and vote against the Treasury Bench just as often as they do with it. Having a Legislature so powerful, having practically in their hands the entire control of the Crown lands and of the public revenues and the direction of policy, it might be contended that Western Australians would do well to remain for the time being as they are and not court the troubles of Government by party. But the very power which the people have gradually acquired is, in reality, one of the strongest grounds for constitutional change. Theoretically, the Government is responsible not only for administration, but for the general good management of public business; but, hampered as it is by a Legislature which holds the purse-strings and can capsize its most cherished plans, a situation has arisen which might at any time result in deadlock—which, indeed, has only been preserved from determining in that result by tact and conciliation on the one part, and good sense and moderation on the other.

Besides, as I have said, although left, for the most part, to our own devices and having of late years experienced little or nothing of Colonial Office interference, there are rare occasions when the Imperial authorities do meddle in our affairs, not always, as we imagine, for our good. So long as the Governor and Legislature are in accord, so long as the Governor considers himself justified in supporting the policy which the representatives of the people are anxious to carry out, we need expect no check from the home authorities. To the Secretary of State, however, the Administration is responsible, and

if he feel strongly the imprudence of some course proposed, he has but to intimate his dissent from it for Downing Street at once to put down its foot. Once only, since Sir Frederick Broome has administered the Government, has such an occurrence taken place. We had been borrowing and constructing railways, telegraphs and other works on a somewhat extensive scale. We had come to the end of our funds; public expenditure and the employment of a large amount of labor had suddenly to cease. The Midland Railway scheme had broken down, adding largely to other causes of depression. Brilliant discoveries of gold, south-eastward, had, indeed, been made; but quartz-reefs, two hundred and fifty miles inland, however rich, take a long time to develop and to bring profitable return. Meantime, a serious crisis was anticipated, a falling revenue, and, probably, much distress. At this juncture Messrs. Neil McNeil and Co., of Victoria, made an offer to construct a railway—on terms which were considered highly advantageous, and did not involve the raising of a loan—connecting the Capital, *via* the Jarradale Timber Mills, with Bunbury. A large majority of the Legislature seized upon this project with avidity, looking to it as a means of tiding-over the dark times impending, and of sailing the bark of State safely over the financial shoals ahead into the smooth waters of restored prosperity. Sir Frederick Broome, however, regarded this railway scheme as unsound, as likely to involve the Colony in obligations which it might find —if things went ill and apparent sources of progress proved barren—very difficult to meet —as a speculative policy, in fact, to which he did not feel himself justified in being a party. It is but fair to add that a considerable number of people agreed with him in this view. The result was, that the Governor—backed up, as a matter of course, by Lord Knutsford—dissenting, the Legislature was powerless, and the scheme fell through. Under a Responsible Ministry it must have been carried out, and, had it been, or even partially, there can be little doubt that the period of depression through which we have been passing would have been less severely felt. This is an instance where the present constitution fails; it is difficult under it to make any bold bids for fortune such as may become absolutely requisite in the near future. The Executive, at present, feels itself bound to act—I would not say merely with caution, because caution, should, of course, never be absent from political endeavor; perhaps I had better say that it feels itself bound to act by sight rather than by faith, upon almost certainty rather than upon the balance of probability. Hitherto, or until quite recently, it would be difficult to maintain that this state of things has proved a serious hindrance to the colony's progress, for there has been nothing to justify a speculative policy. Dependent entirely, as we were, upon agricultural and pastoral industry, with the pearl fisheries and timber trade thrown in, there seemed no source of rapid expansion available; we could but feel our way as boldly, indeed, as possible; still, leaps in the dark might have brought us to signal grief. Now, however, all that has changed. Sir Roderick Murchison's prophecy that the *matrix* of Australian gold would be found in the West seems about to be realised. Without exaggeration, the promise of the discoveries of the precious metal lately made, and still making, opens possibilities of a great future for the colony, close at hand. The almost simultaneous finds of valuable coal measures at the Irwin, and of rich tin deposits at the Blackwood enhance the brightness of the prospect. Now is the time for the exercise of faith—of faith, having good ground of justification. Now is the time for a government which can act upon its own responsibility, which is not afraid to venture to risk something for the wealth which is in view. Under existing conditions a responsible Ministry would take such risk at once, and, to do them justice, the individual members of the present Executive would do the same were they not hampered in their action. Such are the circumstances of our case, and such the causes of the necessity for the early introduction of responsible constitutional government.

It is now fifteen years since the adoption of that system for Western Australia was first suggested. The existing Constitution had been working under Sir Frederick Wild with satisfactory results, when, on the eve of that Governor's departure, the then Colonial Secretary (the late Sir Frederick Barlee) fearing that the next Administrator might return to the old-world ways of former times, and that he might, himself, from an almost Ministerial position, be relegated to that of a mere chief-clerk, which he had previously occupied, conceived the idea of forcing on the full development of constitutional liberalisation, and of becoming the colony's first Prime Minister. Sir Frederick Wild had but a twelvemonth previously declared his opinion in a despatch to the then Secretary of State that such a radical change as the establishment of Government by party would, at that time have been altogether premature, and should be brought about by gradual evolutionary means.

The general conditions of the population had, in the meanwhile, not materially changed, and how Sir Frederick Barlee contrived to bring over the Governor to his views it is difficult to understand. To persuade the Legislature to support him he had no very easy task. But, both with his Chief and the Members of the House, he eventually succeeded. Resolutions in favor of responsible government were agreed to, and a Constitution Bill was introduced, and passed its second reading. Disputes, however, arose about the Civil List and the constitution of the Second Chamber. The Governor dissolved, and almost immediately left the colony for Tasmania. The new House—fortified by the support of a majority of the constituencies—confirmed the action of its predecessor. But the Imperial authorities declined to sanction the proposed change. Sir Frederick Barlee, disappointed and discouraged, left the colony, and, with the departure of its leader and initiator, the movement almost immediately collapsed. This was in 1875. Since then the feeling amongst the colonists in favor of the adoption of responsible government has varied greatly from time to time—has now been weak, now strong, but did not take hold of all classes of the people until quite recently. The balance of educated opinion was, for long, unfavorable to the agitation, while what are commonly known as the "propertied classes" and a majority of the "settler class," were also opposed to it. We had been progressing greatly under the existing system, and it appeared doubtful whether we should be better off under a form of government which did not seem readily adaptable to the conditions of our small and very scattered population. A fear was also entertained that with the introduction of responsible government the country would fall under the domination of the two or three larger towns in its south-western corner of the province. But gradually—more especially since the introduction of much "fresh blood" from the eastern colonies—the movement took such hold upon the people that it became evidently the wiser policy for moderate men of all parties to join in directing rather than to continue obstinately opposing it. At the same time circumstances arose, as I have already shown, which clearly indicated that our present constitution was, as Sir Frederick Broome once put it, fast "overstepping the term of its usefulness." Accordingly, these various considerations weighing with it, the Legislature, in 1887, by a large majority, carried a resolution, proposed by Mr. S. H. Parker, declaring its opinion that the time had arrived when Ministerial responsibility should be established.

It would be wearisome to narrate in detail the negotiations with Lord Knutsford which have since taken place; suffice it to say that, as a result of them a Constitution Bill, approved by the Colonial Office, was finally passed by the local Legislature during an early session of the present year. It provides for an Assembly of thirty members, each representing a single constituency and elected upon a somewhat high franchise. The Second Chamber of fifteen members is to be nominated in the first place, and elected after the lapse of six years, or when the colony shall have attained a population of sixty thousand. For the purpose of Upper House election the colony is to be divided into five large districts, each returning three members. Provision is made in the Bill for the salaries of five Ministers of the Crown, and handsome retiring allowances are secured to the members of the present Executive. An annual sum of £5,000 is set apart for the aborigines, affairs connected with whom are placed in the hands of a statutory non-political board. Lord Knutsford's insistance upon this provision caused, at first, much annoyance and ill-feeling, for it was regarded as a slight upon the colonists, and as indicating that dependence was not placed by the Secretary of State in their humanity and sense of justice. Such a Board, however, already exists, and the Bill does but establish it in permanence. The Aborigines Board will, probably, relieve the Ministry of much unpleasant responsibility, and, if constituted as it is at present, will prove rather a friend than an enemy to the well-disposed settler. Besides, though theoretically independent of the Ministry of the day, it cannot be so in actual fact: it is provided with no machinery whatever for carrying out its duties, and must necessarily look to the Government for an assistance which may, of course, be granted or withheld at pleasure, according as Ministers are disposed towards the applicant body.

The Constitution Bill does not touch the land question, to that there is not a word of reference in any of its clauses. Mr. Burt, Q.C., indeed, introduced a proviso that the measure should not come into operation until the management of the Southern lands of the colony had been vested in the Legislature, but this was withdrawn upon Lord Knutsford declaring by telegram that, if it remained, he could not undertake to introduce an Enabling Act in the Commons during the current

session of the Imperial Parliament. The present position of the West Australian people with reference to the lands they occupy seems to be generally misunderstood. Of late years—as has already been stated—the local Government and Legislature have had sole management of land legislation, the Secretary of State having practically ceased to interfere with their action. Thus, in 1886, the Legislature framed a complete new set of "Regulations," under which the disposal of all the lands of the colony—from Eucla right round to Wyndham—is now determined. These "Regulations" were drafted by a Select Committee, passsed with amendments by the House, transmitted to the Governor, forwarded by his Excellency to the Secretary of State—with intimation of his approval,—and, without other than verbal alteration, returned by that functionary with directions for their proclamation in the name of the Queen. In this way we have managed our lands hitherto; the colony, not the Secretary of State, dealing with them, although approval of the Colonial Office has been requisite.

Of course, when we sought responsible government we naturally expected that, as in the eastern colonies, the management of the lands would be formally vested in the local Legislature. But, early in the negotiations, Lord Knutsford intimated that, to this, Parliament might object, and suggested that the colony should for the purposes of land legislation be divided by the twenty-sixth parallel of latitude into two portions; the lands of the southern to be under the sole control of the Legislature, and to be dealt with by Act passed in the usual way, and those of the northern to remain subject to the discretion of the Crown. The revenues of both portions, however, to be at the disposal of the Legislature, except that proceeds of Land sales in the northern (a necessarily trifling amount) should be set apart as a fund specially dedicated to local purposes. The effect of this suggestion would soon have been that we should have continued to "regulate" for the disposal of northern Crown Lands, subject to the Secretary of State's approval, and should have been empowered to "legislate" for the disposal of southern Crown Lands without requiring that approval. The colonists were fairly content with this proposed arrangement. It mattered little what conditions were imposed upon the management of northern lands, seeing that the greater part of them were already held on long pastoral leases, which could not be interfered with for nearly twenty years—except for laying out townships, for mining or for tropical cultivation. But owing, it is supposed, to Cabinet interference, Lord Knutsford was compelled to modify his original land scheme. His final proposal was to retain his powers to "regulate" for the north—powers which would virtually be exercised, be it understood, as hitherto by ourselves, and to delegate to the Legislature his powers to "regulate" for the south. That is to say, the local Legislature, after passing "Land Regulations" for the northern half of the colony, would have to submit them for approval to the Secretary of State before proclamation, but might proclaim its southern "Land Regulations" without such approval. The distinction between "regulating" and "legislating" for the management of Crown Lands was one without much difference, and, although there was a dissenting minority the Legislature agreed to take what Lord Knutsford felt himself able to offer. The understanding, therefore, when the Bill was sent home was this:—We were to be given the government of the whole colony—not of a part, merely, but of the whole—under the system known as Ministerial responsibility, with power reserved, however, for the Crown to sub-divide if hereafter it became desirable to do so. But for purposes of Land management, *and for that alone*, the colony was at once to be divided, "Regulations" affecting the northern half being reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure, while those affecting the southern half might be proclaimed by the Governor alone.

This was the situation, I repeat, as it was understood by those who understood it at all, when the Constitution Bill was forwarded to the Governor for despatch to the Secretary of State. Since then, a further modification of the Land question appears to have been brought about by Baron de Worm's latest statement in the House of Commons respecting Western Australia and responsible government, the Under Secretary having, it would seem, given assurances to objectors which amount to an undertaking that land disposal throughout the colony shall remain subject to Parliamentary revision. If that mean that we must continue in the same position as at present in regard to the management of our Crown Lands, there are many who think it will be a matter of very little consequence, for we are no more likely to be interfered with in the future than we have been in the past, and the power of Parliament over us, once we have the reins of government entirely in our hands, will be a mere phantom, very speedily destined to disappear.

As for the emigration scheme propounded by various philanthropic persons at home, having Western Australia as their proposed theatre, of this our neighbors may rest satisfied, that, neither under the existing constitution nor under that to which Western Australians aspire, will they permit this colony to be turned into a human rubbish heap upon which the paupers of England may be shot out. Such an impudent idea, however, could scarcely be seriously entertained or countenanced by the Imperial Government. If, on the other hand, large sums are subscribed for the purpose of settling our lands with a useful class of settlers, we should doubtless do our best to advance such undertakings and to secure their success. Why, however, Western Australia should be regarded as the only available field for these colonising operations it is difficult to understand. The term "Crown Colony," in our case improperly applied, conveys apparently to the English mind a most erroneous meaning, an idea that those living in it have no constitutional rights and may be dealt with at pleasure by the Imperial authorities. Again, the vast extent of our territory and the thinness of its population may be the loadstone drawing attention to it. But here, also, a serious popular error arises. The million square miles comprised within the boundaries of this colony seem, doubtless, an enormous area, but only a narrow little coast strip, a hundred miles wide and running from Champion Bay to Albany, is actually available for agricultural settlement. Within this rainfall is fairly regular, in the southern part more or less abundant in winter, though the long summers are dry. It comprises areas of very good land, particularly on some portions of the Beverley-Albany railway line, in the "Eastern Districts" also tapped by rail—at the Irwin, at Champion Bay, as also in the south-western corner. Second-class land of fairly good quality, unoccupied by the agriculturist, is still more abundant. Fortunes are scarcely to be made by farming, but this little portion of Western Australia may confidently be expected to become in time the home of a large and thriving yeomanry, engaged in mixed stock and produce raising, and more especially in wine and fruit growing on a large and prosperous scale. Outside the area described, the rainfall is too irregular to admit of agricultural operations, but the squatter's enterprise finds large scope. Splendid pastoral areas are now fast filling on the Murchison, Gascoyne, Ashburton, around the settlements of Nickol Bay and in the Kimberleys, east and west. North of the Bight, running towards the South Australian boundary, are also grand pasture lands, but hitherto almost unoccupied for want of surface water. These stock districts, however, are wholly unsuited to "become the homes of millions of English families," and when the "State Emigration" enthusiasts come to reckon up the worth of Western Australia as a "heritage of the nation," they will probably discover that their views must undergo a somewhat considerable and disappointing modification. The main hope of the colony now rests upon the golden and other mineral resources disclosing themselves in rich abundance. To these we look to attract capital and population, and to form the basis of that prosperity which we have so earnestly striven for, but which has so long eluded our grasp.

THE STATUS OF LITERATURE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY G. B. BARTON.

I.—HOW THE GOVERNMENT LOOK AT IT.

THE Minister for Public Instruction in the present administration of Sir Henry Parkes has recently issued proposals for the purpose of obtaining a satisfactory History of Australia, "newly compiled and properly written," for use in the Public Schools of New South Wales. Following the practice annually adopted by the sagacious proprietors of the *Girl's Own Magazine* and other serials of a similar class, when they want to get a good Christmas story without paying too much for it, the Minister has announced his intention to offer two prizes for competition—one of £300 and the other of £150; which sums will be paid over to the lucky persons who shall succeed in producing the best work,—"the copyright to become the property of the Department." The publication of this singular announcement was followed by a shower of derisive criticisms in the Sydney newspapers; but the resolution of the Minister has not been shaken by the critics, and the two prizes are still open for competition.

Governments are not supposed to know anything about history, but they are supposed to know the value of it; and moreover they are credited with some faculty for appreciating the value of Literature when it comes in their way, just as they are considered good judges of Art when a purchase of paintings or statuary for a public gallery is under consideration. If, for instance, the Assembly should vote a sum of money—say £5,000, for the purpose of obtaining a great historical painting, representing an important event in our history, what course would be adopted by the Government for the purpose of giving effect to the resolution? It would probably offer a commission to some artist whose reputation in that branch of Art was well established. That method of conducting the business would be accepted by the public as a guarantee that the country would get value for its money. But suppose that Sir Henry Parkes, having such a commission to offer, should take it into his head to advertise in the Australian and English newspapers that the sums of £300 and £150 would be offered for competition to the artists in this country and in England, "the successful painting to become the property of the Government"—what sort of effect would that produce? Roughly stated, it would simply provoke ridicule wherever it was heard of; and people abroad would conclude that artists in New South Wales stand in public estimation on a very much lower level than their brethren in Europe.

By the way, how are we to account for the singular diversity of opinion with respect to the valuation of Art and Literature? It is not necessary to argue here that there is quite as much art in the execution of a literary work—especially of a history, and even of a child's history—as there is in painting; in other words, the man who works with pen and ink is as much entitled to be called an artist as he who works with paints and brushes. Yet while you find a general agreement of opinion that £5,000 would be only a fair offer to make for a historical painting, here is the Government of New South Wales actually advertising an offer of two competitive prizes of £300 and £150 for a history of the country—"the copyright to become the property of the Department!" Such a proposal implies on the face of it that Literature has not yet obtained any recognition in the colony. Personally and privately, the members of the Government may possibly know that, in other countries, the valuation placed on literary work by public opinion is quite as high as it is in the case of the fine arts; but officially the Government does not pretend to know anything of the kind. It looks upon the literary man as a sort of clever mechanic, who can turn out a book according to plans and specifications with a certain amount of elbow-grease, and who may be paid at much the same rate as one who works out his ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful in mahogany or rosewood.

Let us see what kind of work is involved in writing a School History of Australia, and what sort of qualifications must be brought to bear upon it, in order to produce one that would be worth printing. Turning over the pages of the ordinary school histories of

England with which every one is familiar, we cannot but admit that all are good and some excellent. Charles Dickens devoted his genius to one of them, and his Child's History of England will probaby live as long as his Christmas Carols. A professional story-teller, who loved to describe character as well as incident, he found in the history of England, which is full of both, a fine field for his peculiar powers. A century before his time a still greater genius set himself a similar task. Oliver Goldsmith's History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, is not used in the schools, but as a popular abridgment it has never been excelled, so far as artistic merit is concerned. The charm of his style is not approached even by that of the novelist; as Johnson said, he could make a Persian tale out of any history.

Now, if any one who could write like Goldsmith or Dickens would undertake to give us a child's history of Australia, he would certainly make a very readable little book of it. The narrative would be bright, lively, and entertaining from beginning to end. But to write like either of those authors would require some touch of their genius, and after all, would that be enough? Clearly not; because something more than style is required in historical composition. Unless the statement of facts could stand the test of examination in every line, the work would be condemned as unreliable. Being intended for use in the Public Schools, and published under the authority of the Government, accuracy of statement would be a primary and indispensable condition of success. But if both those requirements were complied with, would £300 be a fair remuneration for the writer? Consider the amount of time and care necessary to arrive at such results. Historical accuracy can only be obtained by a minute and patient investigation of facts, requiring incessant hunting-up of authorities—which in this case comprise the manuscript records and the various books written about the colony here and in England. Unless the writer of Australian history has the bibliography of the country at his fingers' ends, he cannot know where to turn for information at a moment's notice; and unless he does, he can never be sure of the ground he stands on, even where he feels himself most at home.

If, on the other hand, the competitors should resolve to dispense with the authorities and simply boil down the existing histories, what sort of foundation would they have to build upon? The only complete history of Australia yet published is Rusden's, and they would consequently have to stake their chances of success on the contents of that author's volumes. But although Rusden is, generally speaking, a reliable writer, boiling him down would prove a very unsatisfactory process. Owing to his peculiar method of arrangement, which makes no distinction between one subject and another, and again to his peculiar style, always involved and sometimes obscure, it would prove an impossible task to write a clear account of our history from his pages. Any one may put the matter to the test by turning to his index and looking-up any particular subject. It would not be possible, for instance, to give a satisfactory account of the various explorations by sea and land, which constitute our geography. The journals of the explorers would have to be consulted step by step; or some condensed account of them, such as Favenc's, would have to be still further condensed. Even then the liabilty to error would be felt in every line that was written—and the competitors would soon find themselves compelled either to go to the fountain-head for every statement, or else to write with the irritating consciousness that they were merely struggling through a maze.

The mention of exploration suggests one of the great and peculiar difficulties in writing a history of this country. There is nothing of that kind to be met with in English history, but it forms an essential part of ours, and requires very careful treatment if justice is to be done to it. The journals of the explorers are full of incident and adventure, abound with interest for Australians, and contain all the materials for a delightful narrative. But no justice could be done to such a subject if it were compressed, with the general history of the country, into one small volume of some three or four hundred pages. It should form a separate book, illustrated with page and half-page maps. A large map of Australia, shewing the routes of the different explorers in colored lines, should be hung upon the walls of every school in the colony; and children should be taught to follow the explorer's tracks from end to end on the map, and to give some account of the country traversed on each occasion. That would give them clear ideas on the subject of Australian geography; very much clearer, as well as more interesting, than any they can gain from the little books on the subject which they now use, and which are practically useless. They should also learn something about the physical geography of the country, a branch of the subject which seems to be carefully ignored.

The general history of the country, exclusive of the explorations, would be quite enough to fill another volume of the same size; indeed it would require a very severe exercise of the condensing power to do it intelligibly in so small a compass—that is, if anything more than an enlarged almanac is required. This portion of our history, as it has usually been treated, is anything but attractive. It might, indeed, be described as not merely dull, but dreary and depressing. The convict œra with which it opens is repulsive, to say the least; and no one can help feeling how abominable a thing it is that children should be taken inside a gaol in order to learn the history of their native country—as if it was desired to teach them that New South Wales is the only country in the world that has been colonised by convicts. A great deal of this unpleasantness might be avoided if the real history of the transportation system were clearly explained. To do so, it would be necessary to take up the subject of colonisation generally; to shew how colonies have been founded by different nations, and how the practice of employing convicts in that way became established. That line of treatment would lead to another of not less importance and even greater interest—the colonial policy of England.

Our histories, as a rule, have thrown very little light on that subject. The drama is put upon the stage as if there were nothing going on behind the scenes; the fact being that it loses half its interest unless we are made acquainted with everything that passes there. It may not be necessary to say much about the secrets of the Colonial Office in a school book; but even in that shape the value of history depends entirely on the light in which the subject is discussed. Take up any passage you please in the earlier portion of our chronicles, and see what a difference there is between one method of treatment and the other. If we tell our children, for instance, that John Macarthur, when in England, was not allowed to return to his home at Camden for seven years, although he had done so much for the colony and the nation by introducing the cultivation of fine wool, the fact is barely worth mentioning; but if we make them understand *why* he was prevented from returning, it becomes valuable as an illustration of the principles on which the colony was governed at the time. Or, if we tell them that in 1831 the English Government resolved that land in New South Wales should no longer be given away for nothing, but should be sold at 5s. an acre, we say nothing more than might be found in an almanac; but if we show *why* land was not sold before that date, we open up a subject of very great interest to every one, and quite within the comprehension of children.

Enough has been said to show that the nature of the work involved in writing a school history places it altogether outside the circle of competitive essays. Even if the prizes now offered were ten times the amount they are, it is absurd to suppose that qualified men would give twelve or eighteen months' uncommonly hard work for a mere ticket in a lottery. Writers who have made their reputation can usually turn their time to better account; and anyone who could turn out a school history that would satisfy the necessary conditions, would have little difficulty in making a much better bargain with a publisher than that proposed by the Government. The chief inducement to undertake the task would be the prospective value of the copyright; but here it is stipulated that the author must abandon that part of his earnings, and content himself with a sum of money which, at the most, would hardly exceed a mechanic's wages for the time employed. The fact that the Government seeks to retain the copyright, implies that it is considered a valuable property, or likely to become one. Why, then, should the author be deprived of it? Is it consistent with the dignity of a Government possessing a revenue of nearly ten millions, that it should grudge a successful writer the reward of his labor—a reward of peculiar value to him because it might possibly prove to be some provision for his children? A stipulation of that kind furnishes a curious comment on the Minister's preliminary announcement that he "would be glad to give encouragement to qualified writers willing to undertake the preparation of such a work." The copyright of a successful school history, supported by the Government, would probably be worth £300 a year at least, and therefore the Minister's proposal really amounts to an offer of £300 in cash for the assignment of a property worth £300 a year. Literary men are proverbially soft in money matters, but this is the first instance on record of a wealthy Government seeking to turn their softness to account. The Copyright Act of New South Wales was passed for the special benefit of "authors, artists, designers and others whose works and rights have hitherto been without protection from piracy and infringement." Did the Legislature ever contemplate that the Government of the colony should play the part of a pirate, by stripping authors of the very protection which the Act was intended to give them?

A PRIVATE SQUARE.

MODEL SUBURBS—I.

KENSINGTON—SYDNEY.

BY ERNEST BLACKWELL.

NOBODY would accuse Sydney of being a model city. But the fact is that Sydney no more wanted to be a model city than you or I might have wanted if we had been consulted in the matter to be model locomotives. Like Topsy, Sydney "grow'd." Like any one of us it started with just so much ground to cover—nobody knew quite how much—and it began by creeping up the hills on one side and tumbling down the hills on the other, and leaving bits of its anatomy behind wherever it went. Not that Sydney was never meant to run on straight lines, for it was; but that it very soon showed a disposition to run off them. As a matter of fact we learn from Mr. Barton's History that, if Captain Phillip had had his way, the city would have been as rectangular as any city in the world. When he landed with his little band of followers and found that the stone of the quarries was good, and that the bricks they made of the clay were very good, he drew out a plan of the Sydney of his imagination, marking "the temporary buildings in black and those intended to remain in red." Stores and other buildings were to be begun in the course of a few months. Evidently he did well in preparing some regular plan upon which the town might grow. But Captain Phillip's was a very remarkable town, and it is, perhaps, just as well that it was never called into existence. The principal streets he tells us were two hundred feet wide, and "placed so as to admit a free circulation of air," and when the houses were to be built, if it met "with his Lordship's approbation," the land was to be granted under conditions that would prevent more than one house being placed upon each allotment, the allotments

being sixty feet broad, and a hundred and fifty feet deep. Such an arrangement, this magnificent architect very truly remarked, would preserve uniformity in the buildings, prevent narrow streets and forestall the many inconveniences which the increase of inhabitants would otherwise occasion. How it was that the city did not in this respect fulfil its destiny, is little to our purpose: I am writing about its suburbs. Perhaps "his Lordship" did not approve: perhaps Captain Phillip himself saw the anomaly of streets—which must then have been always thick in mud or dust—two hundred feet wide, perhaps, before the design was put into execution he had obtained a faint idea of the vagaries of a hot wind let loose in such a thoroughfare. Be that as it may, many of us, like Dr. Garran, have spent years in looking for the one straight road that it is said the first Governor actually did give orders to construct, and nobody seems to have found it. Yet Sydney with all thy faults, with all thy short-comings and long and tortuous goings, with all thy turnings to the right hand and to the left, we love thee still. The bricks of thy babel will yet speak eloquently of a nation's birth.

The suburbs of Sydney, of course, represent the draughtsmanship of a much later period. Men hardly beyond the prime of life remember when Sydney had no suburbs, when the back-slums of to day were the fashionable quarters of the city, when the tradesmen lived above their shops in George street, and Brickfield Hill was in the bush. Those were the days when men loved their work so well that they had it with them always. The draper rang his assistants up at six o'clock in the morning, and by half-past seven they were in front of the shop, with the shutters down, exchanging compliments with the butcher and the baker on the opposite side—an altogether impossible proceeding if Captain Phillip had had his way about the width of those streets. The growth of the suburbs thus illustrates a social as well as an architectural development. They represent a time when men fancied that they would have better appetites after driving three or four miles for dinner, and better dreams with the fragrance of the wattle wafted in through their bedroom windows. So the rich tradesman left his rooms above the shop, and the doctor quitted his grim old house in the back street, and their wives came into town for change of air, and their children, who had once revelled on the banks of the Tank Stream, learned to grow pumpkins and play croquet.

ALONG THE BOULEVARD.

And what happenned then? The outlying districts, where none but a few market gar-

deners had ever dreamed of settling down, and none but picnic parties ever troubled to explore—immense areas of land still clothed with forest trees and scrub, having now for the first time been viewed as "likely," though hardly yet convenient, places of residence, the immense possibilities of the next few years began to dawn on the minds of speculators. In due time the railway came along, and the gates of the city were thrown open, and streams of men and women in search of rest and change and secluded lives flowed out in all directions. The value of suburban land increased by leaps and bounds. The land syndicate for the first time figured in the history of the colony. It scattered the seeds of population—to be sure, but it cursed each germ as it fell to the ground. Indeed, between the syndicate on the one hand and the private land monopolist on the other, those who could only afford the luxury of comfortable houses and moderate gardens, but who yearned for them, as for a reward of years of toil, were squeezed out of existence. Allotments—just large enough for donkey sheds, were sold for human dwellings, and land which bountiful Nature had provided for lakes and rivers was converted into streets.

The rich men were the worst offenders, and the largest landowner of all—the Government of the country—went red-handed into the business. With opportunities such as could scarcely have presented themselves to private owners—opportunities which, if realised, would have surrounded the city with patches of suburban loveliness unsurpassed and, perhaps, unequalled anywhere in the world—it had no care beyond the needs of its Treasurer, no regrets for the gorgeous wilderness it was demolishing, no high aims for the little cities growing up around us. Such was the shortsightedness of administration in the past; such is its blindness to-day. Only a few months ago, when the cry for reform was on everybody's lips, the Department of Lands was arrested by a timely warning from a Member of Parliament in the very act of cutting up into ridiculous allotments a reserve on the fringe of an already populous suburb. And what are we to say to the men who acquired their land from the natives in exchange for bottles of rum and plugs of tobacco, and then, as though that were nothing, proceeded deliberately to deface it beyond all chance of redemption? We owe to such men nothing. They owe to the community whose inheritance they have plundered more than they can ever repay. Even now as I write the parliament of the

country, with every right-minded citizen at its back, is meting out justice to a family of landed proprietors who have spent years in obstructing a work of more value as an improvement to the city than any other within the scope of practical progress.

But to return to suburban Sydney. Who has not a thousand times deplored the utter wantonness of its scrambling existence? A bandbox terrace here, a cottage patched with tea chests and flattened meat tins there, a hovel gasping for breath across the road, and in the midst of the heterogeneous mass a villa residence—houses of all sorts and conditions strewn about in a fashion that makes it easier for one to believe that they wandered there of their own accord, than that any sane man began in cold-blood to rear them. Democracy should not elbow a weather-board shanty with a small and generally broken shop window, full of shrivelled fruit, in front of a house that cost five thousand pounds; nor encourage a noisy public-house to stare a ladies' boarding-school out of countenance; neither should it lead your guest, in his daily "constitutional," through the jasamine bowers of your garden to the precincts of your neighbor's back yard. This is all wrong. It neither pleases the rich nor satisfies the poor; but, whilst assaulting everyone's ideas of propriety, inflicts a moral, as well as a physical, injury upon an entire community.

A natural development of given conditions, you say. A necessary concomitant of rapid progress. Quite so. Such a state of affairs could not exist in a society that marches to church in kid gloves, with its hymn-book under its arm. Such things do not exist in England. Many of us remember, with intense satisfaction, the lives we once led in the pleasant suburbs of very dirty manufacturing towns. But those suburbs were not the forced products of land booms and speculating syndicates. When the manufacturer found the white cloth on his dining-table sprinkled with the soot from his factory chimney, and the barrister discovered that the breath from the neighboring chemical works was killing the laburnums in his shrubbery, it was high time to take one's bearings. Prisoners in their own castles, surrounded by the waves of a clamoring and unsympathetic multitude, they found themselves living in a state of social isolation to which nothing but flight could put an end. So, with the silent resolve that imperceptibly moves a well-ordered society, they raised the siege. The "best" families went out in one direction, the "second best" in another, and the rest migrated into territories of their own. Hence their Belgravias, their villas of smug respectability, and their battalions of exceedingly small houses—houses in rows, houses with pot plants in the windows and sewing machines displayed with as much pretention as the statue of Industry on the grand staircase of the neighboring Town Hall—worlds in which they tell the time of day by the calls of the milkman and the fishmonger—worlds in which a stranger might think that the organ-grinder was the only man who turned much music out of life. There is no prying intrusion there, no heterogeneous mixing of impossible elements. Nobody knew quite how it came about. Only the merchants seem to have said to each other, "Let us go out to the west," and the tradesmen went out to the north, and the clerks and shopmen to the south. Intuitively everyone knew his place and dropped into it. Here, in Australia, the conditions are reversed. The syndicates planned the suburban migrations, and what did it matter to them who they gave us for our neighbors? We were playing at blind-man's buff, only there were many blind men, and when the bandages were removed from their eyes they generally found themselves the captives.

Still, evils bring their own cure. In this instance the remedial properties of a twofold evil were necessary to bring about the desired reform. It was necessary, in the first place, that there must be vacant lands within the suburban area, and, in the second place, that there must be a demand on the part of the public for better opportunities of comfortable residence than they have had in the past. These were the medicinal elements. The crude poison may be found in two important conditions of settlement. Those great tracts of suburban lands, jumped by men with "influence" during the early days, were, in some instances, locked up in a legal strong-box when the heedless scramble for allotments was at its height. And in the scramble the public, as well as some of those who pillaged it, overreached themselves. The time came, and it was only recently, when suburban lands were not easily sold, and along with it came the release of one or two large private holdings. The speculator is again called into consultation. But now he has to bait his hook. Those who have money to buy, are demanding something better than paddocks which the first year's occupation may turn into a happy family of impossible dwellings. So we will assume a virtue if we have it not, and the gentle public is for once to reap the advantage in model suburbs, of which the one forming the subject of this article is an admirable example.

A STREET OF WORKINGMEN'S DWELLINGS.

Kensington, as far as it has any existence at present, and that is chiefly on paper, is the outcome of an architectural competition. Nearly a score of designs were submitted, many of them by the foremost architects of the city, in response to a general invitation on the part of the company who purchased the land from its original owners. What a work of selection for somebody! Mr. Stayton, the company's engineer, and Mr. R. P. Richardson, an expert of good standing in the colony, undertook the onerous duty. Before them lay the designs, some formal and commonplace, others the perfection of seductive impractibility, here a suggestion of wonderful extravagance, there a scheme for settling the population of a moderately large city on a thousand acres of land. Some of the architects wanted to cut all the hills down and fill up the gullies, others, at an utter loss to know what to do with people's backyards, ranged them round public tennis courts. Three designs were ultimately taken into serious consideration, and of these that prepared jointly by Mr. W. L. Vernon F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. H. Joseland, with whom was associated Mr. Mocatta, surveyor, of the firm of Oxley and Mocatta, was in the end selected. These gentlemen have given us a suburb which, when, built should be indeed a model—neither too formal on the one hand nor too mazy on the other—but a suburb whose streets will not be eternally running round corners in search of dustheaps, whose open spaces will not be moral assaults on one's sense of beauty, whose houses shall be abodes of decency and order, neither shutting themselves in with high walls for the selfish enjoyment of their own wealth, nor wantonly exposing their domestic felicities to the gaze of an astonished public. The ways of Kensington should, indeed, be ways of pleasantness and its paths should be paths of peace. As far as the architects are concerned they have certainly succeeded in producing a set of plans in which utility and economy are combined with a very considerable share of elegance.

A week or two ago I strolled out to view the site, the thousand acres that are so soon to bloom into suburban loveliness. It was a glorious winter's morning. The sun brightened the landscape on every hand. The keen west wind just whispered a welcome through the pines. For Kensington is practically united to the outskirts of the city by an avenue of fine old trees. It is a good step down that pleasant road, the Randwick Road, that to so many has proved the way to ruin, and you pass the "Zoo" on the right and the rifle range with the cricket ground and the Agricultural Society's ground on the left. The noble drive through the new Centennial Park, too, opens out before you as you trudge along, then comes the racecourse and at last the old toll gate, soon to give way to the car of progress, though it does look picturesque and restful. A few moments more and you are on the Kensington Estate—the huge white sign boards tell you

so. I made for the highest of a series of pleasant knolls, and taking my stand on the top with the architects' design before me tried to conjure up an idea of how the place would look when the work, which was beginning down on the flat, had come to an end.

The situation is sufficiently delightful. The charming racecourse, with its carpet of turf encircled by a belt of tall evergreens, spreads itself out so close to your feet that with a pair of field glasses, even in a dust storm, you could spot the winner. Behind it rise the heights of Randwick, dotted here and there with pleasant houses, most of them, as seen from here, half-smothered in verdure. And as you follow the horizon further round to the right, the houses grow smaller and fewer, and, at length, a squat white house with its back turned on the others, sweeps the uninhabited coastal wastes with a pair of watchful eyes as it mounts guard over them. They look down on the ocean from that squat house. You can see it, only in imagination, from the knoll, but if you build yourself a tower there you may some day get a glimpse of foam from the top of it. Botany Bay bounds the south of your picture, whilst to the north glisten the spires and smoke the chimneys of the city, and away to the west stretch what are known as the railway suburbs, with the Emu Plains behind them, and yet, further back, bathed in pale blue, the foot-hills of the mountains. Pleasant prospects on every side, and on all but one, an extensive panorama! Give me a house on that knoll and a fairly good digestion, and I think I could be happy—at least, I would try.

Then I turned to the chart at my feet. The estate is oblong, and I was standing not far from the centre of it, with scores of ideal dwellings growing up momentarily out of the stunted scrub on every hand, until at last I found myself in the midst of a builded city. It was a city of parks and boulevards, of high lights and deep shades, of comfortable houses and pleasant gardens—a place in which lakelets glittered amongst the trees, and paths wound gracefully about the gentle hills. There, in the great central square, a crowd had gathered, for it was a Saturday afternoon, to hear the band. Down the broad boulevard, with its double row of trees, dashed the rich man's carriage; the poor man and his wife were making purchases in the market hall; the local cricket team was playing on the oval beside the lake; tennis matches were proceeding on semi-private squares in various parts of the estate, infancy being put to bed beneath the shady trees, and old age tottering into the sunshine. The boulevard is four miles long. As the engineer, in a published report, observes, "it commences at the north end of the estate and passes in a southerly direction towards the lower end, returning northward by the western slopes to the point of commencement." Practically, whilst leaving an outer fringe of Kensington all round, it belts in the principal portions of the suburb. No more handsome roadway exists in Australia than this boulevard will be when made and planted according to the architects' design—two chains in width, with two outer roadways for light and local traffic, and a central one down which it is intended to run a tram line, and parallel with them four separate footpaths, each overhung with shade trees. The central square, with its public buildings at either end, should also be a thing of beauty, and as long as the stump-orator is kept at bay there is surely no reason why it should not be a joy for ever. The private squares, green spots of smaller dimensions, scattered about with lavish prodigality amongst the dwelling-houses, are admirable features in the general design, whilst the manner in which advantage has been taken of the undulations of the ground is highly commendable. It is intended that there should be rows of handsome shops on portions of the estate, and west of the boulevards a cluster of neat cottages for the working class.

So much for the intentions of the projectors. Admirable as they are, the success of the model suburb will depend not only upon the good faith of the company—which nobody doubts—but, also, upon the conditions under which they part with their land to individual buyers. In other words: we know that the grand boulevard will be made and planted; we know that the public square will be there when we stroll up to hear the band play; that the private squares will all be kept inviolate; and that the sanitary arrangements—as far as the company have power over them—will all be admirable. But, how about those cheerful homes, each in its own, spacious grounds? How about the workmen's cottages, and a hundred other features that must be left to private enterprise? What guarantee shall we have when we go there to bid for our allotment that the man who buys the next will not "subdivide" again, and cover it with shanties? There is a way out of the difficulty, and it is to be sincerely hoped that those who have the future of this promising suburb in their hands will lose no time in finding it. If they are wise and steadfast, if they lease the land instead of selling it outright, and lead the way by practical examples in house-building, then they will, indeed, have earned the gratitude of the reformer.

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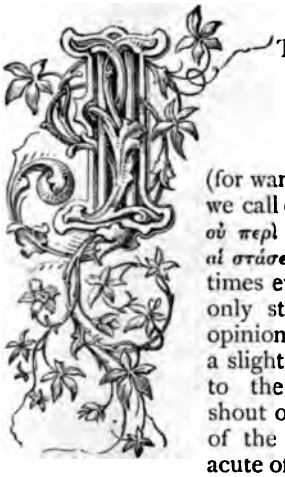
PLAIN SPEAKING ON GREAT QUESTIONS.

BY B. R. WISE.



IT is a truism of political science that all large movements spring from the deeps of what (for want of a better name) we call our "moral nature" οὐ περὶ μικρῷ ἀλλ' ἐκ μικροῦ αἱ στάσεις γίγνονται. Sometimes even a noisy quarrel only stirs the surface of opinion; while, at others, a slight agitation descends to the depths. "The shout of battle," says one of the most learned and acute of writers,* "may be raised the loudest about some harmless or insignificant quibble; but we may learn from it in which direction the danger is felt to lie. When public opinion is in a sore and irritable state, a very remote allusion will rack all its nerves." At such a time how is a sensitive man to act, who feels his individual responsibility, but who is not so blinded by prejudice that he cannot understand the sentiments of those who differ from him? There are differences of opinion against which no wise man would think of arguing, because they originate in differences of race, training or temperament, which lie beyond the reach of argument. Must a man, then, refrain from any plain expression of opinion, lest he offend the susceptibilities of those whom he cannot hope to convince? Or should he, with the best skill he has, indicate to all observers what is the precise line of demarcation between parties, and what are the real motives by which each is guided? The first course is, no doubt, the easier as it is the more enervating; but many even of its professed followers must admit in their hearts that the second, as it is the more honorable, is also the more advantageous, both to those whom it assists to a clear sight and to those whom it warns against the indulgence of false hopes. One penalty, however, the man must pay who speaks plainly upon any question that stirs the depths of opinion—namely, that he is certain to say, not indeed what is doubtful, but what is liable to be misunderstood, and still more, to be misinterpreted. For this reason, if for no other, prudence would dictate that very sparing reference should be made on public platforms or in the columns of a daily paper to those deep seated sentiments, which are the final determinants of opinion. Suppose, for instance, that anyone were to assert at an election meeting that Catholicism, being a religion which rested on the surrender of the individual, was more likely to incline towards a policy of Protection—which is the negation of individual freedom in industrial matters—than to a policy of Free-trade—which asserts the doctrine of individual rights in its widest form—any newspaper or political opponent would be justified, according to the modern ethics of political lying, in charging him with having stated that no Roman Catholic could be a Freetrader. And yet the proposition referred to is eminently suitable for philosophical discussion, and ought, indeed, to be considered in all its bearings by anyone who wishes to forecast the future or survey our politics with a broad glance.* Nor would such a discussion give offence to intelligent and educated men on either side. That the contrary should have been imagined—and daily intercourse proves that the contrary opinion is widespread—is only another evidence that we, in Australia, have the same deficiency in "judgment" with which Newman reproached the English—that is to say, that we have only slight appreciation of the philosophical spirit or "the power

* Essays by Mark Pattison, vol.ii., p. 3.

* The universality which is a characteristic of the Church tends, of course, in favor of free rather than restricted intercourse with foreigners

of judging of every object or event on its true ground and nature, and not from some casual association, accident, prejudice or the habits and conventionalities of the day."*

We may now apply these considerations to our own affairs. The politics of every age have their distinctive feature. That of our own has been the triumph of Liberalism. Against Liberalism the Catholic Church has waged a consistent and unremitting warfare; (a fact which is no reproach to the Church, because in Her eyes modern Liberalism gives no true Liberty), and Her chief weapon has always been the education of the young. The struggle for the schools has divided parties in every country where the Church is strong enough to exercise an influence upon politics. It is raging violently in France, Italy, Canada and the United States, while in Germany it is only interrupted by a temporary truce. The same struggle has taken place in our country, and for a time the Church has been defeated; but he must be a sanguine man, indeed, who believes that we can now afford to rest upon our laurels.

Never was it more true, than in a contest with the Church, that "eternal vigilance must be the price of liberty." For the Church to surrender its claim to educate the young would be, in the eyes of many pious churchmen, an act of treachery, and, in the eyes of the priesthood, an act of disobedience to their vows. The cooler leaders of the party may perceive that it is inexpedient to put forward the claims of the Church at the present time, and the wiser laymen may accept the public schools in their entirety; but there must always remain a suppressed movement of attack, so long as any political combination offers a hope of success. What else can explain the strange inconsistencies in the opinions of the Catholic party in different Colonies, to which I have elsewhere called attention,† and the solidity with which that portion of its vote which the priests can influence has been given against the Government of the day? Are we to assume that these facts have no explanation? Or are our public men and those who are responsible for the direction of public opinion never to state openly in seemly language, what every man has long been thinking and saying to his neighbor beneath his breath? There appears to be a growing dread among our politicians of plain speech on large questions. Personal attacks on individuals are plain, even to brutality; but, let a man express himself clearly on a matter of principle, he becomes, in the eyes of many, dangerous, injudicious, and intemperate. Yet greater courage in the discussion of the principles of government would create a healthier public spirit, and a keener sense of individual responsibility for the management of public affairs.*

Let us, however, confine ourselves to the one question, namely: Whether racial and religious differences enter, to a large extent, into the composition of Australian parties? This is, manifestly, a question which can only be completely answered by one who is thoroughly conversant with all the conditions of party contests. Elections in Australia are so frequently determined by local or personal feelings that generalisations on the influence and composition of political parties must always be received with hesitation. Nevertheless, when an opinion is found to have prevailed through many years in all the Colonies, that one section of the community generally acts together in political matters, the probability is that a belief, so long and generally entertained, rests on a foundation of truth. Now, it cannot be denied that such an opinion exists in every Australian colony with reference to the Irish. Rightly or wrongly, it has been believed for many years past that the Irish vote—*by which is meant the vote of the less educated portion of the Irish Catholic community*—is cast solidly as the supposed interests of the Church require, and as the leaders of the Church direct. From the very nature of the case it is difficult to obtain positive testimony in support of this assertion. Neither those who have influence, nor those who are influenced, are likely to inform against themselves.† We can only judge by actions and results.

In New South Wales, during the continuance of the Education struggle, it cannot be

* "Remains of T. Davidson," quoted by J. H. Newman, Discourses, &c., p. 276.

† In an article on "Australian Politics," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1889. In one part of that article I endeavored to define the political position of the Irish party in Australia.

* There is, for example, room for much plain speaking on the evils of government interference in private matters; but we so enjoy the being spoon-fed with Government grants and English loans, that the principles which should determine the application of State aid are seldom, if ever, discussed. There is the same indifference towards a consideration of the intellectual and moral influence which might be exercised by a properly organised State through the agency of Education, Painting, Music, and the Drama.

† No General Election passes without charges, more or less precise, being made against the Irish clergy of influencing votes for a particular candidate. In very few constituencies is there a majority of the Irish; but in many the Irish vote is sufficient to hold the balance and turn the scale. It is with reference to these "Irish constituencies" that the charge mentioned in the text is most frequently heard. The truth of the charge, in one instance at least, is established by a representative Irishman, Mr. John McElhone, who was formerly a member of Parliament in New South Wales. In a letter published in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of August 9, 1889, he asserts that at his first election "nearly every priest, if not all, were opposed to him, and one denounced him at the altar as an Orangeman in disguise."

doubted that the Irish vote was cast solidly against the public schools. Indeed it would be an insult to Catholics to suppose the contrary. The question is, whether the Irish have continued to vote solidly together upon other questions, after the necessity of uniting to resist the public schools appears to have gone by! This question every observer must decide for himself. The only fact which is open for all to see, is that within two years every Irish member of Parliament, with only one exception, has been "converted" to Protection. This, of course, may have been from study of the fiscal question, or it may have been from some cause which has not yet been revealed. The fact, nevertheless, remains, and is very curious! Opinions may differ as to whether the Irish voters in the constituencies have attained to fiscal grace with similar rapidity and unanimity; but I venture to think that the strength of the opinions that are formed will be in direct ratio to the means of knowledge. When the Protectionist movement spread from the small circle of Sydney artisans into the country in 1886, it was my fortune to be in constant communication with those who were interested in the preservation of our industrial freedom, in many parts of the Colony. As each Protectionist Association was formed a record of the fact was kept and the names of the officers noted. In almost every instance the names were those of Irishmen.* So strongly did this fact impress me at the time that, writing in November, 1886, I used these words: "The Freetrade Association has now branches in many, and correspondents in most, of the electoral districts of the Colony. By these means we are enabled pretty accurately to gauge the state of public opinion in the country, and we are led by them to the conclusion I have already expressed, viz., that there is no serious falling off in the strength of the Freetrade party. Our greatest danger lies in the attempt which is being made to fan the sectarian hatred against Sir Henry Parkes into a Protectionist flame. It is dislike of Sir Henry Parkes more than dislike of Freetrade which animates the ardor of the later Protectionist converts." Did not the last election prove the accuracy of this anticipation? Not that there were not individual Irishmen in every constituency who voted for Freetrade – and these generally the more educated men—but that the bulk of the party incontestably voted for Protection!

Let us turn now to Victoria and examine the record of the Irish party in that Colony. There the Irish have been unquestionably fortunate in their leaders. Nevertheless, even such men as Sir Gavan Duffy and Sir Bryan O'Loghlen—men who are not only capable politicians, but gentlemen—have not been able to resist the pressure of their party; and Irishmen have recorded their votes with an impartial hostility against everybody but themselves.

The Irish joined Mr. Berry and the Protectionist Radicals in 1877, to put out the Conservatives and Freetraders under Sir J. McCulloch. They joined the Conservatives and Freetraders under Mr. Service in February 1880, to put out Mr. Berry. In July of the same year they rejoined Mr. Berry to put out Mr. Service. In 1883 they supported Sir Bryan O'Loghlen to put out both Mr. Berry and Mr. Service. Since that time they have been in steady opposition, although Catholics of other nationalities have supported the coalition. Is it possible to believe that these political gyrations have been purely accidental? Irishmen can form as strong opinions as men of any other race upon those grave questions of policy which separated Victorian parties during the period under review. How came it, then, that at a time when party issues were more clearly defined than at any other period in Australian history, the Irish only should have held aloof from either side? How came it, also, that when Sir Bryan O'Loghlen formed a Government every Irishman supported it, whatever had been his previous political opinions, and with absolute indifference to party ties? Is any other explanation possible than that, for some cause or another, the Irish wished to keep apart from either party in order to hold the balance between both?

Now to hold the balance between parties is a perfectly legitimate desire, but it inevitably suggests an enquiry as to the objects which are sought to be attained by such a means. If this enquiry leads us to conclusions which many persons wish to keep concealed, and if,

* It is significant that after the general election of 1887 attention seems to have been directed to this. It is now the exception, and not the rule, to see an Irish name in the list of the officers of a Protectionist Association. If the view that the Protectionist movement in New South Wales is "more popery than fiscal" (to use an elliptical expression which is now historic) this fact furnishes an illustration of the remarks made by Mr. A. M. Topp in one of his articles upon the Irish in Australia:—"The Irish frequently prefer to have as their leader an outsider, provided he is able and willing to do their work. . . And it must be admitted that they have a remarkable faculty for selecting their non-Irish agents, assimilating them to themselves, and casting a strange and fatal glamour over their chosen victims."—*Melbourne Review*, vol. vi., p. 203.

Another illustration of the connection between the Irish and the Protectionists is the frequency with which Protectionists used to appeal to the anti-English feeling of the Irish by declaring, in total disregard of historical fact, that English Freetraders ruined Irish industries. The truth of course, is that these industries were ruined by the Protectionist Parliaments of the Second and Third Georges. This argument, too, has been dropped lately since public attention has been directed to the alliance between the Irish and the Protectionists.

in pursuing it, we touch on racial and religious differences, the blame must rest with those who rendered the enquiry necessary. There is no cheaper way by which a man, who is indifferent, may obtain a reputation for tolerance, than by deprecating all allusions to the deeper sentiments which sway the human reason. Nevertheless, indifference is not tolerance, nor is discussion of the political effects of racial and religious differences either narrow or illiberal. To point out the grave political difficulties of adjusting the rival claims of Church and State, and of bringing the Irish race into closer union with Australian sentiment, does not fairly expose a writer upon public affairs to the charge of stirring up strife. Nevertheless, a public man should rather incur such a charge than encourage false hopes in others by appearing willing to make terms with claims which he believes to be inconsistent with true liberty.

Mr. Topp, who is now an Inspector of Schools in Victoria, has put this consideration with admirable force. Replying to the criticisms of friends upon an article of his upon the Irish question in Victoria, who complained that what he had written, although it was not in the main untrue, was unwise and untimely, he says as follows :—

> Now it may be admitted that whenever the question in dispute admits of a compromise, when the differences which separate parties or individuals are but slight, nothing can be more unwise than to say or do anything that may tend to produce ill-feeling, and thus widen the breach that it is desired to heal up. . . But while admitting all this none the less must it be recognised that there are times and occasions when no compromise is possible, when the differences between states and parties are so wide and deep, when the forces arrayed against one-another are so irreconcileably hostile, that no division of power is possible, and the quarrel can only be settled by one side achieving a complete victory over the other. In such cases no good can possibly come from temporising, and trying to gloss over the differences. It then becomes an imperative duty to speak out plainly, at no matter what cost of offence and pain to individuals, sects and parties, or of loss and inconvenience to oneself. *

I commend these words to all who have to form a judgment as to what should be their course of conduct in any of the graver issues of political controversy.

The Irish race has two characteristics which give a peculiar significance to its appearance in Australian politics. One of these characteristics is a tendency towards isolation from other nationalities; the other is a tendency towards cohesion among its own members. Without going so far as Mr. Topp, who says of the Irish in Victoria that "they are always striving to get political power and influence—not in their individual capacity as we do, but in their capacity as members of a distinct race, religion, and organisation,"—we may yet observe among them a marked tendency to use power and influence for the advantage of their own compatriots. The same tendency is observable among the Scotch, but does not produce the same social or political results, because the Scotch do not separate themselves to the same degree from the rest of the community. This tendency towards isolation is so obvious, and so easily within the observation of all, that it would be idle to dwell at any length upon its numerous manifestations. It is enough to recall the fact that the Irish in Australia have their own schools at which they endeavor to force attendance by ecclesiastical threats,* that they try to prevent mixed marriages: † that wherever it is possible they have their separate hospitals and separate charitable asylums, which are, however, often built by the aid of Protestant subscriptions: that they incline to employ lawyers, doctors, and even tradesmen of their own persuasion: that they even use their nationality for commercial purposes, and that they discountenance any society which is not founded on a radical or sectarian basis. To such an extent has this spirit of isolation been evoked that one of the literary organs of the Irish party—the *Bathurst Record*—in its issue for May, 1887, demanded that separate carriages should be set apart on the railway for the conveyance of Catholic children to the Catholic schools !‡

I repeat that this policy of isolation is not countenanced by English and Scotch Catholics nor by the educated Irish laymen; and I believe that the efforts to separate that portion of the Irish Catholic community, which is supposed to be most amenable to priestly

* *Melb. Rev.*, vol. vi. p. p. 195-6. 1881.

* They were forbidden to allow their children to associate with non-Catholics and any who disobeyed this law would be denied absolution.—The Rev. Father Hennebery at Bathurst, Mar. 11, 1880.

† In these colonies he was sorry to say they had Catholic women going about attired in silks and satins through having married non-Catholics. Many girls who had come out from old Ireland where they had been Catholics, had given up their religion to make what was called a good match. For such Catholics there was no hope. Any woman who had the hardiness to go against the Church in this matter was, *ipso facto*, excommunicated. It was looked upon as such a grave sin that no one but a bishop had power to give them absolution for it." —The Rev. Father Hennebery. Sermon preached in Bathurst Cathedral on Mar. 7, 1880, and reported at length in the *Bathurst Times*. Mar. 13.

‡ 'Instead of regarding the free pass concession as a boon, we think it should be viewed with something akin to alarm. If Catholic and Protestant boys and girls do not mix in the public schools, they will in the railway vans, where they will be huddled together like cattle and sheep at the sweet will and pleasure of the station master or railway guard, without any regard whatever to classification as to sex. The "thin end of the wedge" has been inserted, and it may be too soon to drive it home by asking for a separate compartment for Catholics and Protestants. The demand would be met by a 'shut up' from Sir Henry."

influence, from the main current of our national life, are not brought to the knowledge of many members even of the Catholic Church. If any Catholic lay-reader should question this statement, let me ask him whether he was informed of the regulations adopted at the Diocesan Synod held at Sydney in April, 1888? An original of one of the circulars containing these is now before me, in the same form in which it was sent to parish priests by the Diocesan Secretary. Its contents are of such a character that I make no apology for printing it *verbatim*:—

Sydney, 7th May, 1888.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

I am instructed by the Cardinal-Archbishop to forward to you the following Diocesan Regulations, adopted at the Diocesan Synod held in the Cathedral on the 25th April last:—

I.

That as regards the Oddfellows, Foresters, Druids, Good Templars, Rechabites, and all kindred societies, they have not the approval of the Church, and all Catholics who, after this date, shall join such societies, disregarding the instructions of their clergy, shall be deprived of the benefit of the presence and services of the priest at their funeral.

Then follow four other regulations dealing with parochial matters, and an intimation that a Diocesan Commission had been appointed to inquire into certain matters connected with church property.

The circular then proceeds:—

"I am also instructed to intimate that, in accordance with the Decree of the Plenary Council of 1885, No. 173, the following insurance companies have received temporary Diocesan approval:—

The City Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Limited. *

The Sydney Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Limited.

Your faithful Servant,

THOMAS O'REILLY,

Diocesan Secretary. †

The operation of the first of these Diocesan Regulations, whatever may have been the intention of its framers, is unquestionably detrimental to the unity of our civil life, since it places under the ban of the Catholic Church every society formed for "friendly" or "benefit" purposes, except the Hibernian and the Guilds. Nor is the regulation a dead letter. *The Moss Vale Record* for August 6th, 1889, contains a report of a meeting of a Good Templar Lodge, at which a request was made by a member to be allowed to resign, upon the ground that having become a Catholic he could not conscientiously belong to the Good Templar order! Can it be seriously contended that a regulation which compels the poorer class of Irish, under the heaviest compulsion which ecclesiastics can impose, either to give up the advantages of union with others in their own walk of life or to join a society composed almost exclusively of their own countrymen and co-religionists, does not have the effect of separating the Irish from the rest of the community? Must it not also have a bad effect upon the Irish themselves by causing them to look at things from one standpoint only, and encouraging a narrow cast of mind and a uniform mode of thought? Would an Irishman really make any the worse citizen of Australia if he were allowed to be an Oddfellow or a Forester, or a Druid, or a Good Templar, or a Rechabite, or to belong to any other society in which he would not be constantly reminded of his Irish origin? These are questions which I suggest for the consideration not only of Protestants, but of those Catholics who desire, as many of them do, that the stream of national life in this new continent should be broad and united. Let educated Irishmen ask themselves what they would say or think if a similar circular were issued against their Benefit Societies by the heads of the Protestant bodies! I venture to assert that, in such a case, the cry of persecution and a demand for "Liberty" would be heard from one end of Australasia to the other! Protestants are much less ready either to repel attack or to take alarm.

Yet the circular already quoted is not the only indication which has been lately offered of the tendency, among a prominent section of Irish Catholics, to create themselves into a separate class in the community by means of their relegious and racial connections. What would be thought and said by Irish Catholics, if a newspaper, which was directly under the control of Bishop Barry or Doctor Jefferis, were to contain an article recommending Protestants to "boycott" medical men of the Catholic persuasion? They would certainly be much more demonstrative in their ex-

* The following are the names of the Directors of these Societies:—John See, M.P. John T. Toohey. Patrick Hogan, James P. Garvan, M.P., Patrick Stanley. J.P.. John Donelan, of the City Mutual. The Directors of the Sydney Mutual are:—Ald. W. Hughes Patrick Ryan Larkin. Edward Francis Flannagan. Ald. P. F. Hart. Edward Joseph Rubie.

† I need hardly say that I have thoroughly investigated the genuineness of this circular. The result of my investigations was confirmed since this article was in type by the enquiries made at St. Mary's by an English Catholic friend, who learnt of the existence of the circular for the first time when I showed i to him.

pressions of indignation than the Protestants of Sydney have been during the last three years! Few persons, I suppose, even among Catholics, know that on October 28th, 1886, the *Express* (which was a newspaper founded by the Catholic clergy as the clerical and ecclesiastical organ), contained an article with this prominent heading—"HAVE CATHOLIC DOCTORS," in which various reasons were adduced, taken from an American Catholic newspaper, why "Catholics should employ Catholic physicians." Among the "solid reasons" advanced in favor of this course, which is not at first sight obviously reasonable, are the following:—3. "Because Catholic doctors will not practice craniotomy." 4. "Because Catholic doctors will not undertake forbidden operations, nor use unlawful drugs."

Unhappily, however, this spirit of exclusiveness and isolation is not confined to the serio-comic productions of religious organs. It is matter of general comment in all the colonies, that the Irish "hang together"; and individual experience offers to each reader the best test of the truth of the considerations which have been already urged.

The power of an isolated body, whose members are taught by racial and religious ties to act together, must necessarily be much beyond its mere numerical strength. Both the virtues and the vices of the Irish race assist to make it feared. The obedience and impulsiveness of Irishmen render them a ready prey to political schemers; while long years of oppression and misgovernment have made a faculty for intrigue and combination their hereditary instinct. Nor are their methods of fighting the same as the English. An Englishman's instinct is to fight his own battles, and only to call in the help of his friends when he finds himself outmatched. But let an Irishman be injured, even though the injury be only in his own imagination, he will receive the certain sympathy and support of other members of his race. By these means a pressure can be brought to bear which it is difficult for any individual to resist.

Two solicitors, for example, residing in different colonies, have, to the writer's own knowledge, lost their Irish clients because they took an active part in the support of a candidate for Parliament, who was not supported by the Irish vote; and similar instances of boycotting are so constantly spoken of, that there must be some foundation for the idea that the Irish are more ready than any other section of the community to punish open differences of opinion by the loss of pecuniary benefits. A personal incident of a similar character is related by Mr. Topp in illustration of this characteristic in such lively terms that it deserves quotation:—

"A friend of mine," he says, "happened to call upon an Irishman who occupied rather a prominent position in one of our suburban municipalities, whereupon the latter set to work denouncing in strong language the villainy and perfidy of an article I had written, and winding up by saying that he would have no further business with the author or anyone connected with him. The visitor mildly remarked that he had nothing whatever to do with the article, and never read it until he saw it in print. The irate Hibernian, however, would hear of no excuse, and ended by passionately exclaiming, 'No matter; someone must suffer for it, someone must suffer for it.' Here" adds Mr. Topp, "we have the very essence of the feeling that leads to boycotting and other forms of intimidation. If the obnoxious individual cannot be directly injured, then he must be indirectly injured through his relatives and friends. By punishing these it is hoped that they will themselves be compelled to discountenance and, perhaps, actually cast him off. It is strictly true to say that the first thought of an Irishman who has been injured or who considers himself to have been injured by another, if he cannot retaliate directly, is who can be made 'to suffer for it?' What friend or relative has he in a less impregnable position than himself?'"

Although this statement is unquestionably exaggerated, applying as it does in sweeping terms to all Irishmen—whether educated or uneducated—things have been said and Parliamentary returns moved for by Irishmen in Sydney during the last two months, which curiously illustrate its accuracy where its application is limited to the lower classes.

Nor is it only individuals who are attacked. Following the example set by "King Kelly" in New York, attempts have even been made to use the Irish sentiment to boycott a newspaper. The *Age* was threatened with this punishment in 1880 by the Irish organ, on account of its fearless denunciation of attacks upon the Public Schools; and only this year an Irish member of the New South Wales Assembly gave his hearers the significant hint that he had ceased to subscribe to a certain newspaper because it had published an outspoken article against his party.

The tendency of the Irish towards isolation and combination is further illustrated by their attitude towards the Civil Service. It has long been an accepted tradition of Australian politics that the Irish administrations of Sir John O'Shanassy and Sir Bryan O'Loghlen filled the public offices with their own countrymen; and, certainly, if one can believe the assurances of Victorian politicians, there was, during those administrations, a regular and significant attendance of Irish priests at Parliament House and at the public offices,

which has now entirely ceased.* It is, of course, difficult at any time to estimate the proportion of any nationality among the applicants for employment; but, conversation with members of Parliament and heads of departments in both Victoria and New South Wales, justifies the belief that the very large majority of those who apply for the inferior offices at the disposal of the Government belong to the Irish race. Has not the policeman of the Australian pantomime always a brogue? And was there not a time when that melodious accent was heard at every station on the Victorian railways? We are not now offering any criticism upon this, or tendering any reproof; we are merely trying to trace an effect to its cause. Irishmen, no doubt, make excellent policemen, excellent door-keepers, and excellent porters, as they make excellent domestic servants. Undoubtedly, however, the abuse of patronage by Irish administrations has aroused a strong feeling in both New South Wales and Victoria against the employment of Irishmen, where applicants of other nationalities are equally available.† The unity of sentiment among the Irish, and readiness to take each others part, causes this to be resented; and, it is a well-founded opinion, that one reason why the clerical influence has been able to excite hostility against the coalition in Victoria or against the administration of Sir Henry Parkes in New South Wales, is a belief, which, in New South Wales, at any rate, is not correct: That Catholic Irishmen have not received their proper share of Government patronage!

We are now approaching the end of our enquiries. Up to this point we have made no charges either against individuals or parties; but have been content to note, without comment, some characteristics of our public life. It would not, however, be right to pass over in silence one serious danger to which Australia may be exposed if the Irish leaders do not show a wiser spirit than they have done. There is a tendency on the part of a section of the Irish in Australia to subordinate the interests of Australia to the interests of another country. What are we to say, for instance of an utterance such as this:

> If the Irish people failed to secure their wishes, and if the coercion measures of Lord Salisbury were carried into effect, the Irish residents in the British Colonies would not rest till they had succeeded in gaining the separation of the Colonies from the Empire.*

but that the speaker, who was Mr. F. B. Freehill, President of the New South Wales branch of the Irish Land League, shows himself by it to be an Irishman first and an Australian afterwards?

Mr. Freehill, it is true, subsequently denied the accuracy of this report of his speech; and, although the notes of the independent reporters agreed that the report given by the *Daily Telegraph* was correct, it may be conceded that Mr. Freehill never intended to make so damaging a statement. Nevertheless, the sentiment, whether expressed or not, does, unfortunately, animate many of Mr. Freehill's friends. A remarkable instance of this has been given during the last week by a meeting of Irishmen held at Warwick (Queensland) for the purpose of condemning the action of Mr. William Allan, M.P., for refusing to attend one of Mr. Dillon's meetings, and of pledging themselves never again to support that gentleman's candidature. The correspondence between Mr. Allan and these nominal citizens of Queensland has been published. It discloses the fact that Mr. Allan declined to attend any meeting either for or against Home Rule on the ground that he, being neither English nor Irish, but Australian, had not studied this question of foreign politics sufficiently to form an opinion upon either side. Many Australians will heartily congratulate Mr. Allan on the position he has taken up, even although, like the present writer, they have made up their minds in favor of Home Rule. There is no inconsistency between resisting the tendency of the Irish in Australia towards political and social isolation and supporting the claim of the Irish in Ireland to self-government. We may believe, as does the writer, that the English government of Ireland has proved itself to be a most disastrous failure, and that the last chance for the Irish character to rid itself of the faults begotten by ages of misrule—a risky chance, if you will, but still, the only chance—is a training in the responsibilities of self-government; and yet we may,

* See on this subject the Victorian *Hansard*, vol. xli., p.p. 2550-1, and under Index Heading "Mr. Bent: Appointment of Employees."

† This opinion is supported by the observations of the same Mr. John McElhone, who has previously been referred to, and who states in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of August 9, 1889: "That many years ago the great majority, or a large number of Irishmen and Catholics were in the public service; but that" [of late years this has not been so]. The character of the Irish has not, however, altered during the last few years; and the same causes which attracted them to the public service in former times are still in operation, and must create a feeling of disappointment at the changed position of affairs.

The Melbourne *Age* gave as a result of an enquiry into the appointments made by the Government of Sir B. O'Loghlen during ten months, that out of one thousand appointed eight hundred were Irish. No complete record can be obtained in any colony of the number of applications for the inferior offices, since many of these are made by personal interviews on the introduction of members of Parliament.

* *Daily Telegraph*, April 30, 1889.

with perfect consistency, refuse to transfer the agitation for Home Rule from Great Britain to Australia. It would be an evil day for us if Home Rule were to be a test question at our elections.

We know the strength of the feelings which the cry for Home Rule arouses both in supporters and antagonists, and we are right, therefore, in desiring that the peaceful relations of our citizens should not be interrupted by the political animosities of the old world. The best safeguard against such a disturbance is the growth of an Australian sentiment, which will act as a discouragement to all attempts to stir up strife between the Irish citizens of an Australian country. What man, for instance, who was possessed of a true Australian sentiment could have written these words? * "Under the present state of Irish feeling—in Ireland itself, in America, and wherever the Irish race is to be found—should a war break out between England and America, it is my opinion that a powerful army of Irish volunteers, not only from Ireland but from the British colonies also, would take their stand under the American flag."

The same feeling finds expression in the smallest matters. For instance, a book has been recently published (1887) under the title of the "Irish in Australia," by J. F. Hogan (Melbourne), the purport of which is that Australia owes everything—her material advancement, her laws, her literature, her music, her oratory, her libraries, and her intellectual life—to the efforts of Catholic Irishmen. In this book every Irishman of note, and many who are unknown to fame, receive an eulogistic mention. This however, is the only mention of the greatest Australian of Irish descent:—"Sir James Martin, Chief Justice of New South Wales, was also an Irishman, but one of a very different stamp to the noble-minded, unselfish and patriotic Edward Butler. Sir James delivered many able addresses from time to time, but there is little in any of them to suggest that their author was a native of Cork." Would it be possible to convey in more significant terms that some Irishmen regard it as an offence in a compatriot to put Australia first in his regard?

Such sentiments can only disunite Australians, and can serve no good purpose in Australian life. The truest friend to Ireland in this country is the man who points out plainly to his Irish fellow-citizens that union, and not isolation, is their better policy. There is no enmity nor ill-will against the Irish in this country, and no sound reason why they should not leave their old-world sentiments behind and mingle with English and Scotch in the broad stream of Australian nationality. At present they do not seem to be following this course. It may be that appearances are deceptive, and that the most honest observers have been mistaken in thinking that the Irish play a separate and an isolated part in our social and political life. If that be so, no harm can come to anyone but the writer from his erroneous views; but if, on the other hand, isolation be a characteristic of the Irish in Australia, and if the Catholic Church (like the Church of England in the rural districts of England or the Dissenters in the Midland towns) be trying to play a political part and to use Her religious influence in that behalf, then the most outspoken warning cannot be too plain. Those are not the enemies of the Irish in Australia who warn them of the dangers of a social separation from the rest of the community; nor the enemies of the Catholic religion who warn the Church to hold aloof from politics. The Church will never be allowed to exercise a temporal power in Australasia; let Her then use Her unrivalled organisation in another sphere. She has at Her command wealth, piety, devotion, character and tradition—let these be directed to the single aim of spiritualising life. That aim can only be obscured by efforts in a wrong direction; and he is the truest friend to the Church who warns Her against entering upon hopeless struggles. So long as She accepts the free conditions of Australian life, so long Australians will respect Her—but they are ready and even eager to resist attack upon their liberal institutions. "Unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

* Letter from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Quinn, Roman Catholic Bishop of Brisbane to the Hon. A. H. Palmer, Minister for Public Instruction, Queensland, Dec. 31, 1880.

[NOTE.—Upon questions of a controversial character, such as the subject of this paper, it is not to be inferred that the maxim *expressio unius exclusio alterius* is applicable. It would be manifestly unfair if the "other side" were denied a right of audience in the pages of a Magazine conducted on open political lines; but the right must, in every case, be exercised in temperate and considered language.—EDITOR.]

THE STATUS OF LITERATURE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

II.— HOW THE PUBLISHERS LOOK AT IT.

BY G. B. BARTON.

SOME years ago, when passing down a street in Melbourne, I noticed a parcel of small books in a bookseller's shop-window, conspicuously labelled, "Leaves from Australian Forests, by Henry Kendall; price one shilling." Not having previously seen, or even heard of, the book, although it had been published some years previously, I went in to buy a copy, and in reply to my inquiry how it was that a volume of Kendall's poetry could be sold at such a price as a shilling? the shopkeeper told me that there was no sale for the book, that he was glad to get rid of it at any price. It was the second of the author's publications, the first—"Poems and Songs"—having appeared in Sydney in 1862, seven years previously. A third volume, entitled "Songs from the Mountains," was published by him in 1880—two years before his death. A collected edition—"Poems of Henry Kendall"—was published four years after that event by his friend, Mr. R. P. Holdsworth. Three of these books were published in Sydney, where the poet was best known during his lifetime; and although the friendly editor of the last says nothing about their reception in his biographical sketch of the author, we may safely hazard the assertion that the sale of these books, which represent the life's work of a man of genius, did not realise a decent year's income for their unfortunate author.

The surprising thing in this case, and in others of the same kind, is not so much the commercial failure of the publications as the fact that books should be published in Sydney, where there is no market, while it would be so much less expensive, and therefore less risky, to publish in London—the best market in the world. If the painful experiences of the past were not enough to deter authors from launching their frail barks on so perilous a sea, covered as it is with the *disjecta membra poetæ*, a very little investigation of the facts should be enough to show them the folly of their venture. Of all the books that have been published here, I do not know one that can be said to have repaid the author for the time and labor devoted to the task of producing it. Poetry has no show, under any circumstances; but some may think that a good novel would pay as well in Sydney as anywhere else, in proportion to the population. That idea may be put to the test by an example as conclusive in its way as the fate of Kendall's poems.

Robbery under Arms is the title of a novel written by a well-known writer, known to his readers as Rolf Boldrewood. It was originally published some years ago in Sydney, in a weekly newspaper, and it was republished last year by McMillan, the London publisher, as one of the cheap reprints entitled The Colonial Library. I knew nothing of the book until a few months ago, when I saw it mentioned in a critical article in the London *Spectator* as one of the three good novels that had been written in Australia. Feeling a little ashamed that I should obtain my knowledge of an Australian masterpiece through a London journal, I bought a copy of McMillan's edition at once, and in a few minutes read enough to justify the *Spectator's* opinion. The merits of the work could not fail to be recognised immediately by anyone who had lived long enough in this country to learn something about the bush and the wild characters that figured so conspicuously in it before and after the discovery of the gold-fields. The work deserves to take rank with Marcus Clarke's celebrated novel, as a perfectly faithful picture of certain phases of life in the old days, now happily fading out of memory. But what sort of success attended the publication of this remarkable romance? In a note to the London edition, the author tells us that, "but for the prompt and liberal recognition of the proprietors of the *Sydney Mail*, it might never have seen the light." In other words, if it had been refused by that journal, it would not have been published at all. From which it may be inferred that the columns of a weekly newspaper form the only available means of publication open to a novelist; and, as everyone knows that the scale of remuneration allowed by newspaper proprietors for fiction is a very low one, it

follows that the production of a novel in that form cannot possibly give the author any adequate return for his work.

Facts of this kind are enough to show that, as there is no market here for literature even in its most popular forms, authorship as a profession, under existing circumstances, is practically closed to literary men. It may seem strange that it should be so, considering that there is now a total population in the colonies of over three millions to work upon. Some people, perhaps, may be unkind enough to say that the fault lies with the authors, whose books are not worth buying. The authors, on the other hand, are inclined to think that the responsibility should be divided between the public and the publishers, since neither will offer them the slightest encouragement in their work.

They think that the case might have been very different if the public had not always shown so much apathy as they have done in matters of this kind; and they point with some emphasis to the unmistakeable enthusiasm shown in the encouragement of *le sport* in all its varieties—the large sums of money so readily obtainable when required for that purpose—and the frantic exultations indulged in whenever a local champion carries off the stakes in a contest on the racecourse or the river. There is some force in this argument; the contrast between the two pictures is too deep and too marked to be soon forgotten. One of our poets has left us a silhouette sketch of himself, writing in a shabby lodging by the side of his dead child, "to earn the undertaker's fee." The other side of the question might be represented by an etching, in Hogarth's style, of a brawny embodiment of muscular training in his professional costume, loaded with prize money and silver cups, and carried on the shoulders of the mob to the doors of a public house—where he lives happy and dies respected.

But what have our authors to say against publishers? They have not made any formal complaint on the subject. Whatever they may have to say, they are too few and too scattered to think of forming combinations in self-defence; and consequently they have said nothing in public about their unfortunate experience. Let us see what an author has to encounter when he proposes to publish. In the first place, all the risk of the publication falls on him; the publisher will take none of it under any circumstances. Secondly, owing to the higher rates prevailing here for printing, binding and paper, an author who determines to publish in Sydney has to pay some fifty per cent. more on those items than he would have to pay if he published in London. Thirdly, publishers here insist on charging forty per cent. of the receipts from sales—a charge which they justify on the ground that they have to allow twenty-five per cent. discount to the trade, (that is, the other booksellers, who may take a certain number of copies on sale or return), leaving themselves, as they say, only fifteen per cent for their trouble in bringing the work out and putting it on the market. The author's share of the profits—supposing there are any—will therefore amount to sixty per cent. of the total receipts, probably just enough to pay his printers' bill and other expenses, leaving him nothing to show for his hard work and the time devoted to it.

But this is taking a very rosy view of the speculation, because it assumes that a sufficient number of copies will be sold to pay all the expenses of the publication. It is more than probable that in ordinary cases the sale would not be sufficient for that purpose. There are only two or three publishing firms in Sydney who are in a position to publish successfully, from the fact that they employ travellers who are always moving about from one town to another in the colonies, taking orders for books published by their firms. The publishers who do not employ travellers are not in a position to operate outside their own localities, except by means of agents—that is, other booksellers. Any publisher may employ canvassers, no doubt; but that method could not be adopted in the case of ordinary books, because the expense of canvassing would be too much for them.

As a general rule, then, all that an author can expect, when he publishes his book in Sydney, is that it will pay its expenses. If he is sanguine enough to calculate on making a substantial profit, sufficient at any rate to pay for his time and labor, the chances are that he will be disappointed. Nor will he find compensation in any other shape. "The honor and glory of the thing," to which he should look for his real recompense, will probably prove equally delusive. He cannot wake up one morning and find himself famous; the work that would make him famous in London would leave him very much where it found him in Sydney. With all its charms, the old place is not a literary centre yet; it is just like a quiet old seaport town in the mother-country, many miles away from the great metropolis, to which it looks for its literary supplies as regularly as it does for its news, its fashions, its political sensations, and everything else that makes up the excitement of city life. What English author would

think of publishing a book in Bristol or Dover? If anyone should be eccentric enough to do so, and then send it to a London publisher to be sold on commission, the great man in Paternoster Row would take no interest in it; he would do nothing to push it; and it would drop quietly into the waters of oblivion like a kitten thrown into a well.

Now an author might resign himself to the loss of his money, but it is hard that he should have to go without his reward in the shape of fame and reputation, especially if he took to his work from ambition—*lo gran desio dell' eccellenza*, as Dante calls it. Yet, in spite of all this bitter experience, we still find books occasionally issuing from the local press, and no doubt it will continue to be so until our authors learn to look a little more closely after their own interests. Supposing that their eyes were fully opened on that interesting subject, it would not be difficult to point out a course by which they might obtain some of the profit, as well as recognition, they deserve. If a society were formed on the plan of the English and French institutions, known as the Incorporated Society of Authors, and the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, the obstacles which now stand in the way of successful publication might be removed. * Why should there not be an Australian Authors' Society, or a Society of Australian Men of Letters, composed, not exclusively of literary men, but of all who take an interest in the development of Australian Literature, and who would be willing to assist in promoting it in a practical way? If one hundred—or even fifty—such persons would signify their readiness to meet and form a society of the kind, it might be established with every prospect of success; and it would not be difficult to show that, in the course of a few years, such an organisation would produce a very great change for the better in the present condition of things. Its chief object would be to enable authors to have their books printed and published in London, and published in all the Australian colonies immediately afterwards. That could be done by means of a yearly subscription of say, five guineas, entitling the subscriber to send in the manuscript of any book he might desire to publish to the council of the society for approval. The council would be composed of six or more members, elected annually at a general meeting, whose duty it would be to receive and examine manuscripts sent into them, and to arrange for the publication of such as they might think fit. Under this system, the publication of a book would not cost the author anything in the event of its not proving a success, because the loss would fall on the subscribed funds of the society; but if it did prove a success, then he might be reasonably required by the rules to reimburse the society in a certain proportion from the profits. But as no work would be recommended for publication unless the council were satisfied as to its prospects, the risk of failure would not be great, supposing, as we may fairly do, that the members of the council did their work conscientiously.

There would be some little difficulty, no doubt, in establishing a society of this kind. In the first place, there is the everlasting *vis inertice*, that apathetic indifference which has to be encountered whenever men are asked to combine for the purpose of accomplishing results not directly profitable to themselves; and in the second place, the unselfish devotion to their work which would be required on the part of the council, might possibly operate to deter members from undertaking the duties of such a position. Objections of that kind, however, would soon disappear if the society were well established, and some energy and determination shewn in its management. The examples of the French and English societies prove that literary men can combine when they like in order to protect their own interests, and that such institutions can be as effectually worked as any organisation connected with trade. The scope of such a society would not be confined to the encouragement of authors; it could be made to embrace the whole range of literary activity—that of journalism in particular—with a view to improving the position of its members. The number of literary men now engaged in journalism must be considerable in each of the colonies; taken altogether, they constitute a formidable body, especially in connection with the agency they have at their command. Supposing the movement to succeed, a branch of the proposed society might be established in each colony, and whenever occasion might require, the various branches could act together so as to bring their united weight to bear on any particular question.

It is not necessary to say much as to the advantages of such an institution. Surely the simple fact that it would be the means of opening the door to the noblest of all professions—that of authorship—is enough to justify the proposal. That door is practically

* Some information about these Societies may be found in a book published in London a few years ago, entitled—The Grievances between Authors and Publishers, being the Report of the Conferences of the Incorporated Society of Authors held at Willis's Rooms in March, 1887. London: 1887.

closed, as things stand; and there does not seem to be any prospect of its being opened by any other means. There is no need to be pathetic on the subject of struggling genius; we may be told that there is no genius amongst us; but at least it may be assumed that there are many men in the colonies, to say nothing of women, who would willingly make their appearance as authors if they had the same facilities for the purpose that writers have in England. Look, for instance, at the degree of ability shown in Australian journalism. The newspaper press in these colonies does not suffer by comparison with that of the mother-country. There is nothing more remarkable than the fact that, although literature itself is still in such an undeveloped condition among us, that particular section of it which we call journalism displays so so much conspicuous excellence. It is hardly possible to pick up a newspaper without meeting with unmistakeable evidence of talent in its columns. So much is this the case, that one can hardly help wondering why men of proved capacity should be content to confine their energies to newspaper work, which, at the best, lives but for a day. The reason why they do so is not far to seek. Journalism is at present the only field in which literary talent can find profitable occupation, and it will continue to be so until means are found for the purpose of opening up a better career for it in the shape of authorship.

It is difficult to close this subject without a passing reference to the experience of those who have long since made a name in literature. Harpur, Kendall, and Gordon, for instance, succeeded in accomplishing the great object of their ambition—that of establishing their fame as Australian poets. But with what result to themselves? The story of their sufferings is much too familiar to invite any repetition here. Harpur's unfortunate career is told in touching language by his widow, in the preface to an edition of his poems published in Sydney a few years ago. Kendall has left sketches of his domestic life which remind the reader of the most dismal period in English literature—when the attics in Grub Street were tenanted by starving men of letters, and Johnson used to eat his corned beef and carrots behind a screen in his publisher's shop. Gordon, by far the most popular of our poets, blew his brains out the day after his volume of Bush Ballads was published in Melbourne. A great deal of pitiful wonder has been expressed on that subject; it seems so strange to the uninitiated that a popular writer should take so desperate a remedy for his troubles on the very day, of all days, when Fortune might be supposed to smile upon him. But considering the usual result of a publisher's balance-sheet, there was nothing very surprising in the tragedy after all. The really surprising thing —a cynic might say—is, not that Gordon should have done as he did, but that every other Australian author should not have done the same thing; for there was no more reason for the act in one case than in any other. The question for us now is, why should not our authors in the years to come have something better to look forward to than a tragic *finis!*

THE RAINBOW.

I SEE thee still, in far-off summer days—
A child with childish confidence to find
The footprint of the rainbow, and to bind
In one fair jewel all its colored rays.

From field to field thine eager footsteps press
To gain the treasure that they tell thee lies
Beneath rainbow's foot—the priceless prize
Of him who follows without weariness.

Child, should I smile because thou art untaught
By sadder knowledge of what lies before—
The thing thou seekest losing whilst 'tis sought,
Pursuing what no future holds in store.
While even where thou strayest I behold
Around thee falling—showers of rainbow gold.

A. NUGENT ROBERTSON.

SOME CRITICISMS ON "THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH."

BY H. P. TREGARTHEN.

IN the July number of this Magazine Sir Samuel Griffith has, founded upon a sentence in a speech by the Archbishop of York, a plea for a radical change in the distribution of new wealth. In the following pages we propose to offer a few criticisms of his argument, due not to any disposition on our part to underrate the importance of the social problem, and still less prompted by any excessive sympathy with the capitalist as opposed to the laborer, but based upon a conviction that the plan proposed by him is impracticable; that the evil to be faced differs in many particulars from what he represents it to be, and that the end which he and the writer both have in view can only be attained, if at all, by changes in the moral and social state of the civilised world far more deep and far-reaching than can be effected by ordinary legislation.

Sir Samuel Griffith divides his subject into three parts, the first dealing with existing facts, that is, stating the problem to be solved, the second pointing out the causes which have led to the existence of the problem, and the third deducing from the information so gained a solution. The most distinct statement of the problem to be solved, which is to be found in the article under consideration, is contained in the following sentence:—"The problem of the modern Sphinx, which imperatively demands solution, with the old alternative of destruction to those who are called upon to solve the riddle and fail to do so, is not how to make money collectively or individually, but how to secure such a distribution of wealth as will give to every man a fair share of prosperity and happiness." Such a statement assumes the existence of sufficient wealth to satisfy the reasonable needs of all men, and, a more doubtful assumption still, the possibility of ascertaining in all cases what is the "share of prosperity and happiness" which every man may fairly claim. To be asked a riddle containing two such elements would, indeed, be enough to fill the boldest with despair. We shall have to consider later on whether there is really a call for an increase in the amount of weath apportioned to the laborer as opposed to the capitalist, and if so, whether such an apportionment can be brought about by any legislation, or by the intervention of any court of law of which human ingenuity can conceive. In the first place, however, we would give a few reasons for doubting whether the question which, in Europe especially, is forcing itself more and more prominently forward every year, is what Sir S. Griffith states it to be. The subject dealt with throughout his article is this—given that human intelligence has been so applied to property as to enhance its value, does the human intelligence obtain a fair share of the increase so produced? Allowing, for a moment, that it does not, and that a court, such as is suggested, could secure that it did, we shall still have merely improved the condition of those persons who have already the power of so applying their labor as to gain a subsistence, and shall not have touched the case of those "millions of men" to whom the Archbishop of York refers, who are not sure that their labor can be brought to the market at all. But these are precisely the persons whose case cries loud for treatment; it is from them, and not from the men in regular employment, that a sanguinary upheaval is to be dreaded, and when we have found a means by which all who will can gain as much as a bare subsistence by their labor, it will be time enough to consider the position of those who have already solved that problem for themselves. Indeed, the facts, in England at any rate, seem to point to the conclusion that the *élite* of the working classes—those, we mean, who can readily find a market for their labor—are very well able to take care of themselves, and by combination and thrift are rapidly gaining for themselves some share, at any rate, in such new wealth as they co-operate in producing. Not long ago it was stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the income tax returns showed a steady tendency to increase in the number of incomes of from £400—£1000 per annnm, and still more so in those of from £150—£400, while there was a corresponding diminution in the number of very large fortunes. There is also a considerable annual increase in the amounts deposited

in the Post Office and other savings banks, with friendly and building societies, and with the large trade societies. Further than this, for the last few years there has been a persistent disposition to turn private businesses into limited liability companies, and in every case the applicants for shares have included a very large number of small investors who are presumably dealing with their savings. All this points to two facts which are hardly consistent with Sir Samuel Griffith's statement of the conditions of industry to-day, viz., (1) that a large proportion of the working classes do earn considerably more than is sufficient to furnish a bare subsistence; (2) that the tendency in England is rather towards a wider diffusion than a closer concentration of wealth.

We shall not be accused of calling a witness prejudiced in favor of the capitalist if we quote Mr. Henry George, a man whose conviction that the present distribution of wealth is inequitable has acquired the force of a religion. In "Protection or Freetade," he says, "It is true that the average consumption has increased, and that the cheapening of commodities has brought into common use things that were once considered luxuries. It is also true that in many trades wages have been somewhat raised, and hours reduced by combinations among workmen. But although the prizes that are to be gained in the lottery of life—or if anyone prefers so to call them, the prizes that are to be gained by superior skill, energy and foresight—are constantly becoming greater and more glittering the blanks grow more numerous." And in another part of the same work it is asserted that this is "of all social facts the most obvious and important to the working classes—the fact that as soon, at least, as a certain stage of social development is reached, there are more laborers seeking employment than can find it—a surplus which at recurring periods of industrial depression becomes very large." In the book from which these quotations are made, Mr. George is largely concerned with the distribution of wealth, and fiercely attacks the existing system on grounds which do not at present concern us; we have merely referred to him to prove that the real social problem is not how to increase the earnings of the regularly employed, but how to secure to all the opportunity of regular and remunerative employment. This is, indeed, a pressing question, and one difficult enough to daunt even the most fearless reformer. It is a question involving the life and death of millions whose misery is a daily menace to the very bases of our civilisation, and whose presence in our midst is, indeed, a disgrace to our social order. They will certainly not be removed by the action of any court regulating the proportions in which new wealth is to be distributed between all who have in any way been concerned in its production, for most of them have never had either the opportunity or the capability of producing any wealth whatever; they certainly cannot be provided for by legislation which deals only with future accumulations of wealth, perhaps no government exists which is a wise enough physician to prescribe the proper remedy for this the world's deadliest disease, and the only hope of its cure lies in such a gradual change in the hearts of men as shall make us all "do unto others as we would have them do to us, and respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our own rights respected."

Leaving, however, what we consider to be the real social problem, the real Sphinx's riddle, let us return to the account of the existing facts as to the distribution of new wealth as stated by Sir Samuel Griffith. For the purposes of his argument he divides all that is involved in the production of new wealth into two classes—Property, Capital or Wealth—by which he means "all forms of property to which labor can be applied." Labor, *i.e.*, all modes of exercise of the human faculties, whether intellectual or manual, having for their object the creation of new or additional wealth, or new forms of wealth. He goes on to point out that new wealth can only be produced by the application of labor to existing wealth, and then defines new wealth as the "surplus value over and above the original value, after payment of the cost of production." His meaning seems to be this: "A has wood to the value of £5. He employs a carpenter (B) to convert this wood into a boat, paying him £7 for doing so. But the boat, when made, is worth £15, *i.e.*, 'new wealth' to the extent of £3 has been produced." His complaint is that all the new wealth, that is the £3, goes to A, the original owner of the wood, and that B, by whose labor the value of the wood was enhanced, gets no share in it. This is, of course, obvious, but it has only been arrived at by an arbitrary definition of the term "new wealth." In the illustration given above, the value of A's wood has been trebled by the application to it of B's labor, but A's wealth has not been even doubled, because the "cost of production," *i.e.* B's share in the enhanced value of the wood on which he has worked has to be deducted. Now we con-

tend that the fair way of looking at this transaction is to regard £10—the difference between the value of the wood and of the finished boat—as "new wealth," and to say that of this new wealth £7 has gone to the laborer, and £3 to the capitalist. We do not quite understand how, if the framers of Sir Samuel Griffith's judge made industrial balance-sheet, would adjust the shares of A and B in the £3, which, as he contends, is the only new wealth produced in the case which we have been considering.

The truth is that, although he has expressly disclaimed any intention of disputing the right of property-owners' to their property, Sir Samuel is really quite unable to admit that right. He starts by suggesting that persons, who deprecate attempts to open the question of the rights of property, are prompted by "an uneasy sense that the means by which they have acquired their present possessions will, somehow, not bear scrutiny;" he sneers at "well-meaning people who, as soon as they find that their share of the future earnings of the community may be diminished by any change, at once withdraw their sympathy, and show themselves to be at heart Conservatives, and, perhaps, unconsciously, worshippers of the great god Mammon." He complains that "new wealth practically all goes to the possessor of the material to which the labor was applied—that is to the person whose contribution was passive, and not to the man or men whose labors alone were the active contributions to its production." He cites, with seeming approval, the fact that "for a long time it was almost universally thought to be dishonorable for a man to acquire a profit by lending his money upon interest, while he did nothing towards earning that interest," and he seldom mentions a possessor of property without a saving clause indicating a doubt whether property ought to have any possessors at all. He is as subject to the hatred of property-owners, as such, although he disclaims it, as any Continental Anarchist or English socialist, and his bias has completely blinded him to the fact that, although it is quite true that new wealth can only be produced by means of labor, labor would be powerless to produce anything unless it had some pre-existing material to which to apply itself, and some store on which to draw for subsistence until its exertions have proved productive. The same prejudice has led him to very much exaggerate the passivity of the capitalist; there is not one instance in ten in which the only contribution which the capitalist has made with his brain to the production of new wealth has been the exercise of his volition to allow his property to be worked upon for wages.

The account of the production of wealth given in any standard work on political economy would be found to differ very materially from that given in the article we are criticising, and the handbook would probably prove, on examination, to be the more accurate of the two. Into this comparison, however, we do not propose to enter, and shall pass at once to a consideration of the natural laws, from a breach of which all our troubles are supposed to have come.

The truth that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is described as self-evident, and we are asked to accept as an equally obvious truism, the proposition that the "products of a man's own labor belong to himself." On these two complementary truths, or laws of nature, the whole indictment against the existing order is based. Their practical application, even in a society which was unfettered by any pre-existing arrangements would, we fancy, be by no means a simple matter; a mere change in the rate of wages, which is all that Sir Samuel Griffith's plan really proposes to effect, would certainly not suffice to eventually make them the guiding principles of a social order as complex as ours; but we are prepared to go further than this and to maintain that, so far from being self-evident truths, the two so-called "laws of nature," are not, in reality, true, if at all, beyond a certain very limited sphere.

Take the "law of personal equality and freedom" first. According to Sir Samuel Griffith, himself, it "gave place almost universally to the rule of the strongest." May we not fairly enquire how, if all men are created equal, it came about that some were stronger than others? But it is not necessary to ask any such questions in order to demonstrate the falsity of this proposition when applied to men, regarded as wealth producers—an appeal to every-day experience is quite sufficient. Every family contains evidence that men are not brought into the world equal in either mental or physical capacity, and a wider survey shows that these inherent inequalities are often very considerable, indeed. In every school some boys are to be found whose capacity for acquiring knowledge is nearly double that of others, and every such institution will furnish any number of examples of a similar difference in physical strength. It is no answer to these objections to say that the differences are largely due to infantine associa-

tions and hereditary tendencies. Whatever they may spring from they indisputably exist, and are of enormous importance in any question relating to the distribution of new wealth. There would be less difficulty, perhaps, in applying the second "natural law," if all men's capacity was really equal, so that we had merely to determine what proportion labor bore to capital in contributing to the the production of new wealth, but even if this could be ascertained we should still be as far from our goal as ever, inasmuch as the impossible task of settling the just claims of each several person whose labor had contributed to the result would remain. But every man is entitled to the produce of his own labor. Well and good. Supposing, however, that produce be more than sufficient for his support, and he employs the surplus in providing the raw material for fresh labor, he is to be mulcted of a portion of it.

The fact is, that it is impossible to arrive at any practical estimate of the value of man's labor except by the operation of the regular laws of supply and demand. Our moral sense, our humanity, our pity, may often revolt against the rigid enforcement of this rule, but to generally determine wages by any other means is impossible. In a small primer of political economy published in 1878, Mr. Jevons puts this point so clearly that I cannot refrain from quoting him. "It is a favorite saying that a man should have a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but this is a fallacious saying. Nothing, at first sight, can seem more reasonable and just; but when you examine its meaning you soon find that there is no real meaning at all. It amounts merely to saying that a man ought to have what he ought to have. There is no way of deciding what is a fair day's wages. If the saying means that all should receive the same fair wages, then all the different characters and powers of men would first have to be made the same and exactly equalised. Wages vary according to the laws of supply and demand, and as long as workmen differ in skill and strength, and the kind of goods they can produce, there must be differences of demand for their products."

There are other fallacies in Sir Samuel Griffith's article, but I have said quite enough to show why I put little trust in his solution of the industrial problem. My line of argument has made it necessary, in most instances, to defend existing conditions and to appeal repeatedly from the generous promptings of humanity to the hard laws of economic science. Yet I am not myself contented with things as they are. Unrestrained competition does, undoubtedly, work great hardship in numberless cases, and the complex nature of modern industry, with its minute subdivision of labor and its constant requirement of special knowledge in the laborer, indisputably renders any readjustment of the labor market a long and painful process. In the old countries the supply of unskilled labor tends every year more and more to exceed the demand, and every year the newer lands are more inclined to close their doors against the unemployed surplus. It is also, perhaps, true that the laboring classes are called upon to bear an undue share of the reverses, and are denied any part in the successes of their employers, though in many trades, such as coal mining, a sliding scale extensively prevails. To remove these evils legislation can do very little, we doubt whether, directly, it can do anything at all. Combination among workmen may do much, and a spread of co-operation more; but evil and sorrow and want have roots which strike so deep that no Act of Parliament can reach them, and we can only hope to eradicate them by trying, each in our own sphere, to do our duty to our neighbor, and by doing all that in us lies not to stir up strife between employers and workmen, but to impress both with the fact that so far from being enemies, they are allies, each in need of the other's loyal assistance and support, fellow-men bound by the tie of a common brotherhood to bear and forbear in their mutual relations. For such an end as this all can work irrespective of creed or party, and though the toil may be long and disheartening, success when attained will be well worth attaining. Only by the elimination of selfishness and idleness can their evil fruit of sorrow and want be put away, and these can be eliminated only by a general raising of the sense of public duty, and not by the operation of a court of law endeavoring to apply an abstract principle of vague meaning, hard facts of existence to which it bears little or no real relation.

AT THE LOYDA CROSSIN'.

BY DAVID G. FALK.

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CHAPTER I.

FAR away in the north of Queensland runs the Loyda river, through wild and unexplored tracks, till it empties its waters into Queen Charlotte's Bay. The mountainous track cut by hardy pioneers between Cooktown and the Maytown diggings crosses it, a venturesome prospector now and again thrusts his pick into its banks in a futile search for a likely prospect, but for the most part its course is unknown, the country it drains an unexplored region. Eighty miles of austere bush cut it off from the coast town to the east; thirty miles remove it from the boisterous activity of the Maytown diggings. So remote, so unfriended is it, that the solitary habitation that marked the crossing-place seemed to be not only incongruously out of place, but an actual desecration of the mysterious isolation and savagery of the spot.

And yet this practical token of the presence of intruders had a certain justification for its existence. The crossing-place was on the direct and only route from the coast to the newly-discovered Maytown diggings; a thousand diggers were at work there, and their numbers were being constantly augmented.

Descending a height covered thickly with messmate and dwarf-cypress, the track crossed the river, and sweeping upward again through a tangle of mimosa and river oak rendered almost impervious by clinging rope-like vines, took a sudden curve up a low grassless rise, and lost itself in the hard-beaten earth that surrounded the solitary habitation of the crossing. For a hundred yards beyond it was still lost in the hard ground; then gradually reforming, it could be seen, a brown sinuous streak, stretching away across a flat tract of lackadaisical box-trees and ironbarks, up a rocky eminence, until it was lost amid the sombre foliage and undergrowth.

Nothing could have been more dismal than the outlook from the dwelling-place. On the one hand the track, with its unending accompaniment of blazed trees, winding through a lugubrious landscape; on the other a thick belt of timber that marked the course of the Loyda and shut in the view impenetrably.

And yet, dispiriting as the outlook was, one evening towards the close of summer a girl stood outside the house, gazing intently along the track. Both hands were raised shading her face from the slanting rays of the sun, her head was thrown back, and the free and unconventional attitude lent a certain grace to the gazer's figure. Standing alone and motionless on the knoll, the only living object of the scene, her appearance had something indefinitely picturesque about it. Her rounded bust was innocent of artificial restraint; her plain and slightly dingy dress fell about her figure in natural and graceful folds. Escaping from beneath a man's slouch hat, a tangle of hair dark and abundant streamed over her shoulders, whilst a pair of black watchful eyes looked fixedly out from beneath the cover of her extended hands.

So absorbed was she in watching the track, that she did not move when the grizzled face of a man appeared in the doorway of the hut. The new comer watched her with extreme disfavor for a moment, and then addressed her in tones of grumbling remonstrance.

"Looking for your joker, eh! You're always at it. D'ye think he ain't got nothing better to do than to go fandanderin' after a pack of women? Haven't you got any work to do, that you must stand there as if you was struck all of a heap?"

The girl, disturbed at the first word of the speaker, turned on him with a swift look of anger, and said shortly, "I shall do as I like."

"Shall you? If you think you're going to leave me all alone in this hole, you've got to learn different, I won't give my consent to no desertin' of your father."

"If the place doesn't suit you, why did you come here?" she retorted.

"Why did I come here? Where else was I to go to? Do you think I'm that independent I can go and live anywhere? I came here to make a livin', that's what I came for."

As he spoke, he emerged from the open doorway, and moved a few steps towords his daughter. His appearance was anything but attractive. He was tall, bearded and gaunt, and walked with a slight limp. The girl's face still maintained its look of anger as he shuffled nearer and continued in tones of grumbling complaint—

"I don't believe in darter's desertin' their father, just because he's down on his luck. If you go away with that fellow of yours, who's to look after me, and do the bit of cooking? No! You ain't going to leave me, Meg," he continued, altering his tone. "You've not got the heart to go desertin' your old father, now have you, my gell."

"If you don't like it, you can come too," she answered unfilially.

"Escaping from beneath a man's slouch hat, a tangle of hair dark and abundant streamed over her shoulders, whilst a pair of black watchful eyes looked fixedly out from beneath the cover of her extended hands."

"Go away from the Crossin,' do you mean?" he returned with an irritability he seemed frightened to give full vent to. "What! And the Maytown diggings going ahead just the same as the Palmer did when it broke out. No, you can't mean that. As long as the boy's beyond there get plenty of gold, I must stop here. When they come by they spend it free enough; and it's mostly profit, you know, for I make most of the liquor myself."

He emphasised his meaning with a vacuous

wink, meant evidently for his own delectation; for even, as he contorted his face, he glanced with a look of furtive concern at his daughter to see what effect his words had upon her.

"I'm making a bit of money, one way and another," he continued in an irrational endeavor to strike an answering chord, "and it'll be all for you, you know. I'm getting pretty old, and it'll be yours when I'm gone. So you won't talk about going away, will you? It's onnatural to want to desert your old father—slap onnatural, that's what it is."

"It's time to be going after the cows," she said abruptly, without taking further notice of her father's question. "You'd best get inside and see to tidying up a bit. The mailman'll be here to-night, and maybe there'll be someone with him."

She turned away without another word, making her way down towards the river. The deep clang of California bells, coming from the thick timber that hid the course of the Loyda, was sufficient guide as to the whereabouts of the cows she was in search of, and the girl walked with a swinging stride in the direction of the sound. Her father stood gazing at her pliant figure and clinging skirts with growing disfavor, that found freer vent when the cause was out of earshot.

"Mayhap there'll be someone else with him," he muttered, repeating her words angrily. "Someone else. Of course she's thinking of that fancy cove of hers as thinks he's going to take her away. Rot him! I'll put a stop to it somehow, or my name ain't Baines."

With this threat on his lips he passed into the house, and commenced busying himself in a perfunctory way with some household task.

The building, though composed wholly of roughly-adzed slabs, with a bark roof, was substantial enough, and contained no less than four rooms. A small shed-like outbuilding—what is known in the bush as a skillion—projected at one end, and had a wooden counter running the length of it. Inside the house were one large and three small rooms, the former serving as general dining and sitting room, the latter as bedrooms, the cooking being done in an outhouse at the back. All the rooms were furnished—if furnished it could be called—in the most primitive fashion. The earth—beaten hard—served as floor, a long wooden table and a few forms in the one room, and rude sleeping-bunks in the others, comprised all the furniture of the place. And yet the apartment that served as general living room had a certain air of rude comfort. A spacious open hearth was at one end, and on this a log fire blazed cheerfully. An array of tin-plates, jack-shays, pannikins and quart-pots—all brightly-polished—gleamed from some primitive shelves that lined the wall; underneath these stood a gauze-wire safe. A fowling-piece and rifle, a couple of stockwhips, and a pair of spurs ornamented the slabs above the fireplace; a profusion of colored prints without frames were nailed up in conspicuous places, and a few articles of clothing—hanging from sundry nails—helped to take away from the bareness of the room.

The owner and proprietor of this choice abode, Mr. John Baines—more widely known as "Whisky" Baines—had not been ten minutes by himself, when he suddenly paused in his task of building the fire, and edged towards the open side door that led into the bar. Passing behind the wooden counter, he took from a shelf a bottle containing spirits, and pouring some into a dirty tumbler, hastily gulped it down. This done he limped quickly back to the larger room and commenced making an ostentatious clatter with the tin plates and pots ranged against the wall, glancing round suspiciously the while, as though apprehensive of his daughter's return. He continued at his task for some time, and then seeing himself undisturbed, gradually relaxed in his efforts. Ten minutes passed, and he began to edge again towards the bar. He was behind the counter with his hand on the bottle of spirits, when his daughter's step sounded outside, and her face appeared in the open doorway.

"At it again," she said, with quiet scorn.

"I was just seeing as all was safe inside," he returned, with a pitiful assumption of ease. "I like to make things straight for the night."

She did not answer him, but turned away and commenced placing the tin cups and plates on the table. Her father gazed at her for a moment furtively, and then seated himself stolidly in front of the fire. They both remained silent for some time, the girl busying herself with her preparations for tea, when suddenly a faint "coo-ee" broke the stillness.

"Hello!" said Baines, rousing himself. "There's the mailman."

Meg desisted from her task, and looked up with a startled air. A warm flush rose to her face, and without a word she put down the tin platter she held in her hand and glided towards the door.

"You think there's two on'em, don't you?" growled Baines. "I hope that there Bonn Smith'll break his cussed neck before he

comes here bossin' round; that's all the harm I wish him."

But he spoke to empty walls, for the girl was outside, gazing with all her might along the darkening track.

Two mounted figures were discernible in the distance, driving before them three spare horses. Putting her half-closed hand to her mouth, she sent forth a loud "coo-ee" that brought a quick answer from the approaching horsemen; then she stood and silently awaited their arrival.

They approached rapidly, for their horses seemed to know that the day's journey was at an end, and ascended the low rise with new-found spirit. As they came within earshot one of the two riders stood up in his saddle, waved his hand, and gave a glad shout of "Meg!" The color in the girl's face deepened and her lips slightly trembled. Half timidly, half awkwardly, she raised her arm and waved it in response. A moment later the two men had ridden up and dismounted.

"Meg."

"Bonn."

That and a thrilling hand-clasp was all that passed between them, for the new comer perhaps, with a bushman's dread of sentimentalism, turned away and busied himself with unsaddling his horse. He was a tall young fellow, bold looking and in a measure handsome. A short pointed beard gave his face an air of refinement almost out of place with the rest of his appearance, and in strong contrast to his sunburnt face and large proportions. His companion was of slighter build; tanned, bearded and broken-nosed.

"Well, Meg," said the latter, shaking hands with her in his turn. "All right, eh; and the old man too?"

"Yes," she answered, "we're just the same. Have you brought any mail for us?"

"There's a few papers, but no letters. I'll give them to you when I've got the bags off. But we'll take the horses to the yard and hobble them out first. Come and give us a hand, Bonn. Business 'afore pleasure, you know, mate; that's the rule of the road."

"I'm ready, Jimmy. Come along and let's get it over."

They walked towards the stockyard at the rear of the house, leading their tired saddle-horses, the other animals following. Meg accompanied them silent and embarrassed, and watched them as they took off saddle and pack and bridle.

"You're looking first-class, Meg," said Jimmy, the mailman, an inveterate talker. "You don't seem as if you'd been fretting much. Why, there's Bonn here don't know what to say, he's that took aback like at the sight of you."

She glanced furtively at the mailman's tall companion, but offered no reply.

"Say," continued the speaker, "how are they getting on over at Maytown? Have you heard? We didn't meet a soul along the track. That's a good sign, I take it, and I expect things is pretty lively over there. Bonn here's going to try his luck with the boys. It's me persuaded him to have a shy at it, seein' as he was doing nothing in at Cooktown but loafing."

They had finished unsaddling by this time, and the mailman was on his knees hobbling the last of the pack-horses.

"So you're going on to Maytown," said Meg, drawing near the other with a frown.

"Well; I was thinking of it," returned Bonn, with some embarrassment. "I got paid off by that party as went out looking for new country beyond the Coen. They didn't see any they liked for stocking, and so that job's up, and I haven't got anything particular to do. So I thought I'd try my luck up at the diggings for a bit."

"When are you going on?" she asked, still with a frown.

"I—I don't know. I thought of stopping a bit here maybe, if so as you and the old man was willing. Seeing as we haven't met for nigh on three months, I thought you'd be glad to see me, but it don't look like it—"

"I am glad. It's you—but here's father coming. You'd best turn the horses out and come into tea."

"Are you going to stand there yabbering all night?" exclaimed the publican by way of greeting. "If you're coming in, come, or I'll shut the lot of you out. I ain't going to be kept waiting for my tea."

"Hello, Baines!" said the mailman. "Keep your hair on. We've been unsaddling and turning out the horses. We're through now and ready for tea. Come on inside and I'll give you your mail. There ain't much of it, only papers and a passel of some sort."

"Look at them two foolin' round each other already," muttered Baines to himself, taking little heed of the other's words. "It's sickening, that's what I call it, when a gal goes on like that, chucking over her father for the first fancy cove as comes along. But I'll stop her game, Meg or no Meg. Come on now with that mail, will you. I'm not going to wait all night for it."

He limped back to the house in company with the mailman, evidently afraid of making

any more open attack on his daughter. She and her companion slowly followed. As the publican disappeared within the doorway, Meg and Bonn turned to one another by a mutual impulse. They were alone for the first time. Embarrassment in both seemed to vanish entirely. Meg put out both hands with a sudden gesture of tenderness, and the man clasped them strongly in one of his and laid the other heavily on her shoulder. For a moment they stood thus, looking into each other's eyes with beating hearts and silent lips. Then he drew her to him and threw his arm round her with a sudden passionate gesture.

"Meg."

"Bonn."

That was all in mere words that passed between them. They lingered for a moment, and then walked slowly on into the house.

CHAPTER II.

At daybreak next morning the Crossin' and its solitary habitation were hidden in a thick mantle of fog. It might have shut down during the night, or been exhaled from the steaming ground by the nearing sun, or been rolled up from the malaleuca swamp down by the river, but so silent had been its vaporous advance, so dreary and chill was its embrace, it seemed more like the death-dealing breath of some miasma or plague than a mere tropical mist of the early morning.

For some time after daybreak there was no change. The dead white sea of fog enveloped everything, blotting out all individuality, reducing all objects to one impalpable uniformity of oozy whiteness. But gradually a change supervened. A slight vibration moved the heavy folds, increasing until it allowed a ray of light to dart through. But they shut down on the venturesome beam and choked out its struggling light in their chilly depths. Yet again the folds curled slightly, and a broader beam pierced them. Gradually, too, a faint tinge of color suffused the achromatic white, whilst in one direction —towards the east—it increased rapidly to a pale luminous yellow. Minute by minute the warmth and light and color took stronger hold of the mist, piercing, rending, dilating it, robbing it of its impenetrability, until at length the sun rose, looming shapeless and red through the fog, and quickly drove away the curling masses. Under its influence huge white clouds became detached, rolled suddenly aloft, and were absorbed in the atmosphere. Trees, rocks and hills, scrub and undergrowth, house and clearing, came into view and asserted themselves in blurred outline.

The last remnants of the fog had not yet cleared away when the door of the house opened and Jimmy, the mailman, bridle in hand, emerged from it and stood for a moment on the grassless clearing in front, gazing ruefully at the misty landscape.

"My word!" he muttered. "This is budgery for fever and ague. There's tons of it rolling up there from them hollers. I don't half like the job of going after the horses. The grass is as wet as it can be, and it comes up to a man's arm-pits. I shall get wet to the bone."

He was striding off, however, resolutely enough, when Meg's voice from inside the house stopped him. Early as it was, she was busy lighting a fire in the huge open hearth.

"At work already, Meg?" said the mailman, blocking up the open doorway.

"I know you want to make an early start, so I'm getting breakfast a little earlier."

"Right you are. That'll suit me down to the ground. I want to get into Maytown as soon as I can."

"Are you going alone?" she asked, bending over the struggling fire. "Has Bonn said anything about going with you?"

"Not a word. He can come if he's a mind to, but I think he means stopping a bit."

She gave him a quick look and said, "Yes; he wants to spell here a while. He told me so. So when you're after the horses, don't bring his up to the yard. It might look as if he wasn't welcome to stop, you know. Father's so funny sometimes."

"I twig," he answered with a good-natured laugh. "He shan't turn his back on you through me, Meg; you can bet on that. But I must be off and get on them horses' tracks. They'll have strayed a good bit during the night, I expect. She's dead shook on Bonn," he continued to himself, as he made his way down the rise. "A deal more than he is on her, I reckon."

An hour later his horses were standing ready saddled and packed in front of the house.

"Now then, Baines," he said, "let's have a nip before I make a start, just to keep the fog out. Come on, Bonn; you'll join."

"What! ain't he going with you?" demanded the publican surlily. "I don't want no loafers in my house."

"I thought of spelling here a bit," said Bonn feebly. "I ain't in no very great hurry to get to Maytown."

"You ain't, ain't you? Some fellers like to stop fandanderin' round where they ain't

wanted, but there's others as won't put up with it. Some fancy coves think they can do as they like just because a gal—"

"Father," interrupted Meg sternly, "Bonn's going to stop here a few days to spell his horses."

"He is, is he?" he answered sarcastically.

"I can pay for what I get," said the young man.

"Oh! you can, can you?" answered Baines in the same way.

"Bonn's going to stop here," repeated the girl with the frown that came so readily to her face when crossed.

Her father seemed as if about to make some angry reply, but, glancing at his daughter's determined face, suddenly stopped. There was something so menacing in her attitude and look, and he stood in such habitual fear of her, that the words died away on his lips, and he contented himself with snorting sarcastically and muttering to himself under his beard.

"Well, I must be off," said the mailman, mounting. "Good-bye Meg. I expect I'll be back as usual to-morrow evening."

They watched his retreating figure till the thick timber along the Loyda hid it from view; then Baines, casting a malevolent glance at his daughter and her companion, slowly limped towards the house.

"They're a pigeon pair, they are," he muttered. "That gal'll come to harm if she don't watch it. I'd twist that there long fool's neck if I had my way. What truck has he to come foolin' after her, wanting to make a darter desert her own father? I'd like to drive a hole through his long carkiss; that's the figger I put on him."

Muttering and grumbling, he limped towards the bar, and filling a dirty tumbler with whisky twice in rapid succession, gulped it down. Then seeing himself undisturbed, he filled his glass again, and seating himself on an upturned barrel, set himself to alternate grumbling and drinking.

Left to themselves, Bonn and Meg turned to one another with a spontaneous movement.

"How long are you going to stop?" she asked.

"I don't know. As long as you'll have me."

"That would be forever," she murmured softly, her dark eyes fixed on him earnestly.

"Do you mean it, Meg?"

"Mean it! You know I do, Bonn. I shall mean it forever."

"By Cripes!" exclaimed the young man with a sudden rush of feeling. "There ain't another girl in Queensland like you, Meg. I believe you'd stick to a man through thick and thin as long as you'd a breath in you. I'll be dished if I ain't proud of you, and I swear I never felt towards man, woman, or child what I feel for you."

He had placed both hands on her shoulders and held her off from him, devouring her with his looks. She, with the tropical blood burning in her face, with all her erotic nature aglow in her eyes, clasped his outstretched arms in hers and leaned towards him.

"I love you too, Bonn. I'll be true to you till death. Nothing shall come between us. I'll leave everything to go with you if you'll take me—father, home, all. I'm yours, Bonn, now and forever."

Quite carried away, the young man drew her towards him and clasped her in his arms. She lent herself to his embrace with an almost unwomanly abandon; and so they stood for some time in impassioned silence. Then Bonn drew back with a nervous laugh.

"You make me lose my head, Meg. By Jiminy! I wouldn't like to have you turn against me. You'd be an ugly customer if you were roused. I'd sooner face a whole campful of blacks than you, if you were set against me for anything."

"I could never be that," she answered, the light dying from her eyes, the color from her cheeks.

"Well, I hope you never are, that's all. But see," he continued hastily, "there's your father watching us from the bar window. Let's go in, I want to light my pipe."

"A pigeon pair they are, rot 'em both," muttered Baines inside, gulping down a fourth glass of whisky. "That gal'll come to harm if she don't watch it, I'll take my davy."

The day passed, and not a soul came to disturb the solitude of the Crossin'. The publican kept to himself most of the time, and the lovers were left to pass the hours in one another's company. As their intercourse grew more confidential, the young man came to feel a vague uneasiness at the emotional intensity of the girl's nature. So untutored, so untrained was she, it seemed as if she was entirely unconscious of the necessity of restraint. She gave full rein to her feelings in the presence of the man she loved; no sentiment of womanly pride or diffidence seemed to animate her. The man's nature was anything but a bad one, but it was of the shallowest. He was totally unable to enter into, or even appreciate and understand, the girl's intensity. Her unconventional freedom jarred upon him after a while; her vehemence dismayed him. After a few hours of her company he found himself in a state of

positive irritation and longing for an interval of respite and quiet.

In this frame of mind he made the duty of going after his horses a pretext for leaving her, and went off alone towards the river. When he returned at dusk she was occupied with her household duties, and Bonn made his way towards the bar. Baines was there as usual with the whisky bottle on the counter in front of him. He was three-parts drunk, and as the other approached lifted his head and glared at him in no very pleasant manner.

"Hello! it's you, is it?" he said, ungraciously, "Where's Meg?"

"She's in the kitchen, getting tea ready."

"And how is it you ain't with her?" he continued sarcastically. "I thought you was that shook on one another you couldn't bear to be alone. It seems to me as things is gettin' pretty mixed one way and another when a fancy cove can come fandanderin' round a man's house without being asked, making trouble between a father and his gall."

"I'm not making trouble. I'm just stopping here to spell the horses. Come, you needn't be so snorty about nothing. Have a nip with me, won't you?"

The publican glanced suspiciously at the young man, as though in this proposal he saw an intention of avoiding the main issue. But the invitation had evidently been given in good faith, for Bonn was eyeing the bottle longingly.

"Well, I don't mind if I do jine you," said Baines at length grumblingly. "I don't hold with your being here, but I'll take a drink with you for luck."

The whisky failed in any effect of establishing more cordial relations between the two men, if such had been the result desired by Bonn, for directly he had gulped it down Baines continued in the same ungracious way:

"It's rough if a man ain't master of his own house. That Meg don't care for me no more nor if I wasn't her father. She's that uppish there's no doin' nothing with her, and she's got a blazing temper, too. I wouldn't like to be the cove as she had an edge on."

"Nor me either," said Bonn, with an uneasy laugh.

"Well; see here, then," continued Baines, with drunken cunning. "Don't you make too sure as you've got her yet, although you're so cussed thick with her. You never know how to take her sometimes, she's that high strung. I tell you what, you'd best be keerful what you do. If I was you I'd clear out and leave her alone. Women like that ain't much good except for makin' mischief."

"Father; tea's ready."

It was Meg. She had come upon them silently. How much of her father's words she had heard he did not know; but, at the sound of her voice, his habitual fear of her asserted itself, and he stopped short and answered nervously:

"All right. Coming."

As he limped into the other room, Meg laid one hand on her lover's arm and drew him to her side.

"What was he saying?" she asked, a dull fire gleaming in her great black eyes. "Was it about me?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then, himself abashed before her steadfast gaze, answered: "No."

Her hand for a moment tightened on his arm, but she turned away without further question leaving him to follow. She must have overheard part of what had passed between the two men, for, later on, in the evening, she said, almost timidly:

"You are not going away, Bonn?"

"Going away! Not just yet a while, Meg," he answered, his self-complacency fully restored. "I'll stop as long as you and your father will keep me."

"Didn't he tell you to go?"

"Well; he wasn't what you may call over perlite."

"But, don't go; don't go, Bonn. I'll be true as death to you, if you'll be true to me."

"Well; of course, I will. Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't listen to what he says," she continued, vehemently. "He wants to come between us. But nothing shall turn me from you—you know that."

"All right, my girl," he answered, a little disquieted by her half-passionate, half-repressed manner. "We'll see how things shape themselves before long."

"Hello! you two," growled Baines, from the bar. "Do you hear that?"

As he spoke a loud patter on the bark roof became audible.

"Rain! by thunder!" cried Bonn, pushing the girl from him and going towards the door.

"We're going to have it at last," said the publican, emerging unsteadily from the bar.

"It's as black as pitch outside," said Bonn, at the open door. "We shall have a night of it, and no mistake, this time. By Jiminy! it'll be a soaker."

With a sudden movement the girl glided across the room and stood by her lover's side at the open door.

"The rain'll make the track too boggy for the horses to travel," she said, laying a hot hand on his arm. "You'll have to stop now, Bonn. You can't help yourself."

CHAPTER III.

The whole of that night the rain came down with unabated violence. Not once was there any cessation of the downpour. The bark roof gave out a dull, hollow reverberation, all through the long hours of the night the splash and gurgle and drip of water sounded loud and continuous. Towards dawn the rain held off for a short time, as is frequent in the tropics, but half-an-hour later it fell in greater volume than ever.

Shortly after daybreak, Bonn was up and standing dejectedly at the open door. A grey mist obscured everything, and blotted out the landscape. A dark line was all that could be seen of the timber that fringed the river bank, a few impalpable shapes looking ghostly and unreal, marked the site of the nearest trees. An hour later the mist had risen, and the young man could see the details of the forlorn scene spread out before him. As he looked a low whistle rose to his lips. The hollow that stretched from the Loyda to the foot of the low rise on which Baines' house was erected was a sheet of water. The few bushes growing in it were half-hidden, a foolish calf standing in the very centre was lowing loudly. Down the slope of the rise on which he stood a turbulent little watercourse was hurrying, emptying itself into the hollow. From the higher ground. all around, half-a-dozen such streams were augmenting the water that covered it. At one point where there was a break in the river timber, the gleam of water caught his eye, and he turned towards it a long searching gaze.

"By Jakes," he exclaimed, after a long pause, with his eyes still on the spot. "The river must have rose nigh five or six feet during the night. This looks mighty like a flood; if the rain don't cease I'm likely to be bailed up here till all's blue."

He turned round in the opposite direction and a second low whistle of dismay rose to his lips as he did so. The Cooktown track, sweeping down the slope of the rise, was lost at the foot in another sheet of water. It was hidden from view for some couple of hundred yards, and then rising again from the water, wound up a second low rise, was lost again, and finally emerged at the foot of the rocky declivity round which it turned. There was scarce twenty yards of dry land between the two sheets of water. Another hour or two and they must meet, and the hillock with its habitation would be surrounded.

"If the river gets a banker and comes flooding down here, there'll be the devil to pay," he muttered. "And if it keeps on raining like this, she'll be over her banks before morning, as sure as death."

"Hello!" said a voice at his side. "Enjoyin' the scenery? Pretty, ain't it?"

It was Baines, without coat or waistcoat and with his hair hanging over his face. He had fallen into a drunken sleep in the bar the previous evening, and seemingly had lain there under the counter all night.

"Its that pretty we've got a good chance of getting flooded out altogether," answered Bonn, impatiently.

"What! Do you mean the water'd come up here?" said Baines with an oath.

"Yes!"

"Well I've seen floods here before now, and it never came no higher than them bushes down there. It won't hurt us, you can lay your life."

"No, I don't think myself it'll come this high. But where's Meg? I haven't seen her this morning."

"How do I know where Meg is! I ain't so thick with the gal as you are. Go and look for her if you want her. I'm going to have a nip to keep the blarmed damp out!"

Bonn found her in the skillion at the back, dripping wet.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" he asked, "your'e wet through."

"I've been after the cows," she said quietly. "They were down in the hollow, and I was frightened for them. I found your two horses, too, and brought them up with them in the yard. They'll be safe there for a bit."

"Well, you are a rum customer, Meg, tramping through the water just for the cows. They'd have been all right. Why, it's enough to give you fever and ague. Go and change your things at once."

"I'm going to. But I'm glad of the flood. You can't get away now. You've got to stop."

"You're right there," he answered impatiently, "and for a good long spell too, worse luck to it."

"Why do you say that?" she said, her dark eyes lighting up. "Is it to try me, or to make me angry, which? I thought you wanted to stop."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, don't stand there in your wet things talking any longer," he answered shortly. "Go and change."

"But I want to know what you mean."

"Never mind what I mean," he said roughly. "Go and get dry things on."

When she had left him he strolled into the bar, helped himself to whisky, lighted his pipe, and resumed his station just inside the open doorway, idly watching the rain. He stood there for some quarter-of-an-hour till the call to breakfast disturbed him, and after that meal was finished resumed his place at the door. The rain still fell steadily, and before the day had well set in, the two sheets of water on either side of the house met and surrounded it.

"I wonder if Jimmy'll be back to-night," he said during the morning to Baines. "I don't suppose he will. The track'll be orful boggy, though its pretty sandy between here and Maytown after you've crossed the river. But I expect he won't try to leave the camp."

"If he's as fond of sticking in a place as you are he won't, you can bet your boots on that," answered Baines, and retreated growling to the bar.

The time hung very heavily on the young man's hands. He was so little accustomed to inaction, that the confinement to the house became almost unbearable. The morning dragged on until dinner-time came and offered a slight break in the monotony; but that meal eaten, he fell into a state of acute restlessness. He lounged into the bar and tried to enter into conversation with his host, but that worthy, perhaps because there was only a very limited amount of spirits in the place, resented his intrusion, and shewed it so plainly in his manner that Bonn left him in disgust. After another spell of idling, he made his way into the kitchen, where Meg was.

"You ain't minding what I said a bit ago, are you?" he asked, looking somewhat foolish.

"Yes."

"Well, you've no call to, for I didn't mean it."

"Will you swear it?" she said, turning abruptly upon him with flashing eyes.

"Lord! What a terror you are, Meg," he answered with a nervous laugh. "I'll swear it ready enough, if you want me to. Come my girl, let's make it up. Give me a kiss and cry quits."

He slipped his arm persuasively round her waist and lifted her hot face to his. For a moment she resisted him, and then suddenly yielding, kissed him passionately.

"Don't ever say such words to me again," she said, flushed and panting. "I'd sooner be dead than think you should mean them."

"Pooh! What a barney you make about nothing. You know I didn't mean it. Why, I'm fonder of you than ever. Wait till I get a bit of the yeller stuff over at Maytown there, and we'll get spliced right off the reel. That don't look like crying off, does it?"

"I don't care if you haven't a penny, Bonn, I'll marry you without," she said passionately, unheeding his question. "What does it matter if we haven't got anything? I can work."

He kissed her without replying; perhaps the prospect did not seem quite so enviable to him as it did to her.

"I'd sooner die," she continued with the same intensity, "than think you were growing tired of me. I couldn't bear it. I think I should do something dreadful."

"Lor, Meg! You do talk wild sometimes. But there, what's the good of saying things like that, when you know that as soon as I can scratch together a bit of dust we'll get spliced right off! I wouldn't talk like that if I was you."

He stopped with her till late in the afternoon, and then returned to his post at the front door. The rain had ceased, but heavy clouds were driving across the sky, and it was plain that the respite was only temporary. The water that covered the hollow had crept up the slope over a foot; every hour it was growing deeper.

"By George!" muttered the young man. "This is a flood and no mistake. The river will be over her banks before long, if it goes on like this. If she does, by the Lord! we'll be swamped out, stock, lock and barrel."

At about five o'clock he was again at his post just inside the doorway, when a loud coo-ee suddenly rang out amid the splash and gurgle of water.

"There's someone down there by the river" he shouted for the edification of the two inside. "It can't be Jimmy, surely. He wouldn't be such a darned fool as to travel with the country under water like this. He knows too much for that. But by Jakes! it is him. I know his horse. I wonder what brings him back. It must be something, or he'd have camped at Maytown."

Meg had come out at the young man's call, and even Baines had limped to the door. They all stood watching as the mailman rode up, his horse splashing and floundering through the shallow water.

"By thunder! I have had a time of it," he exclaimed, as he approached. "My moke's dead beat. I don't think he could go another hundred yards."

"What on earth made you set out in a flood like this?" asked Bonn.

"Well; you bet I didn't know what it was. We didn't have over much rain at Maytown, not when I started. I'm bound to get on with the mails as quick as I can; so I thought I'd try it. I left at five this morning, and I guess it's somewhere near five now. I've been nigh on twelve hours on the road, doing thirty miles. The track's nothing but sand till you get to the river, so it wasn't so bad. But, by thunder! the Loyda's high. Lucky for me somebody had left the boat tied up on the other side the Crossin'; but it was as much as I could do to get old Yarraman to swim across. He nigh gave in, I tell you what, it'll be a banker afore night."

"What did you do with the boat?" asked Baines.

"You may be sure I looked after it. We may want it for ourselves before it's all over. I pulled it up into the water in the holler, and tied it tight enough to that big messmate there. She's safe enough."

"Well; put your horse in the yard and come in to the fire," said Meg. "I'll get tea ready at once."

"Do, my girl," he said, dismounting. "I'm nigh famished. I've had nothing since I started, barrin' a bit of cold tucker I took with me."

The three men passed the evening in front of the fire, talking, smoking, killing the time as they best knew how. In the minds of two, at least, there was growing a feeling of apprehension, if not of absolute fear. Both Bonn and the mailman were bushmen enough to know that if the rain did not soon cease their position might become critical. Inch by inch the water was rising, and the Loyda had not yet burst its banks. When that took place they knew the house would be in peril, perhaps, even swept bodily away. Baines seemed brutishly unconscious or regardless of the danger—Meg did not appear to realise it. Every now and again, during the evening, one of the two men rose and went to the door, and every time when he came back to the fire it was with the same report: "The water's rising!" or "It's still coming down heavy." Baines, too, on his part, seemed restless, but he only wandered between the fire in the public-room and the bar. Frequently, during the evening, he limped off and shut himself in the bar, and each time, on returning after a short interval, an unmistakeable smell of

"'It's comin' down heavy yet. I expect the Loyda will be over her banks before morning, and if she does, we've a good chance of getting flooded out. If she comes, she comes.'"

whisky gave token of how he had been occupied.

The evening dragged on, until shortly after eight the light was put out and they prepared for bed. Just before Meg and her father left the room, Jimmy, the mailman, said with more seriousness than usual :

"It's comin' down heavy yet. I expect the Loyda will be over her banks before morning, and if she does, we've a good chance of getting flooded out. We can't do anything but wait and see how things shape. If she comes, she comes. The boat's safe, that's one thing ; and there's that big rise on the other side of the river'll never be covered altogether. If it comes to the worst we shall have to cross over and camp there. But don't you be frightened Meg. I don't suppose it'll come to that. Only there's nothing like knowing how the land lays."

"Flooded out, be jiggered!" growled Baines. "There won't be no flooding out here; not if I know it."

A half-hour later everything was quiet in the house, the never-ending drip, drip of the rain alone breaking the stillness. But as the evening wore on, the sound of voices in the front room mingled with the splash of the rain. The two young men, left to themselves, had spread their blankets in front of the fire, and lay stretched at their ease before the cheery blaze. For some time they remained quiet ; then, all at once, Bonn turned restlessly, and addressed his companion :

"Are you asleep, Jimmy?"

"No."

"I can't get off ; so it's no use trying. The noise the rain's making is enough to wake a corpse. I'm going to have a pipe."

"Right, you are," answered the mailman, sitting up. "I feel a bit sleepy, for it was a hardish pull to get here, and it's took it out of me. But I'm blest if I can tumble off either. A pipe might kind of soothe my nerves. Give us the loan of your 'baccy, mate, after you've done with it."

They lighted their pipes, and lay there enjoying the warmth, smoking and talking. An hour passed, and they were still talking in low tones, when, all at once, Bonn raised himself in a listening attitude.

"Hello! There's someone moving in the house. It must be Baines."

"'You are telling me lies' she muttered, clutching him by the arm."

"I don't hear anything," said the mailman.

"It's nothing but the rain. Old Baines must be dead drunk by this. I think he sleeps in the bar."

"Yes, I expect it was the rain. But I thought I heard someone moving. Well, about what I was telling you, you know——."

The keen ears of the young bushman had not been at fault. A step had sounded in the passage, but so loud and continuous was the beat of the rain that the slight noise had escaped the ears of his companion.

It had been made by Meg's drunken father slinking through the house. A few stealthy steps took him to the lean-to at the rear, that did duty for kitchen. There Meg was seated in front of the smouldering fire, gazing blankly into the flames.

"Hist!" said her father, limping up stealthily. "Don't make a noise. I want to tell you something."

"What is it you want?" said the girl, listlessly, "I thought you were in bed."

"Not me. I've been listening to that there fancy cove of yours, "D—n him:"

She looked at him for a moment with growing anger before she said, bitterly :

"You've been drinking again."

"Never you mind what I've been doing," he answered in the same cautious tones. "You think that Bonn Smith cares for you, don't you? Well, he's got a wife in Cooktown. I heard him say so himself."

"*What!*"

It was hardly more than a whisper; but so terrible was the intensity expressed, that even the callous drunkard drew back for the moment, abashed.

"It's true Meg, s'help me," he whispered hoarsely. "I heard Jimmy the mailman say so, and he didn't deny it. Leastway's if she's not his wife she ought to be. He's been livin' with her, and he's going back to her. What did I tell you now? You wanted to desert your father and go with him. I told you he wasn't no good."

"You are telling me lies," she muttered, clutching him by the arm.

"S'help me, Meg, it's the solemn truth. I was sittin' in the bar, dozin', when I heard them two talkin'. Jimmy was saying as how the other one ought to give the gal up, and then that cussed Smith said as how young men wos young men, and there'd be plenty of time for thinking of givin' her up when he was married. Her name's Lizzie. I heard him say so. And she lives at Cooktown. You wouldn't go and chuck yourself away on a sneaking cur like that, now you know what he is, would you? Not just. You won't desert your father for him. I always knowed he was no good."

The girl's face was terrible to look at, so convulsed was it with passion and jealousy. As her father proceeded, her grasp on his arm tightened so, that he plucked it away with a muttered oath.

"Theyr'e lies—all lies," she cried.

"It's true; may I be shot if it ain't. If you won't believe me, go for yourself. You can hear them in the bar, if you don't let them hear you. Take off your boots and creep along the passage. You'll soon find out what kind of a cove that Bonn Smith is, if you do."

Without another word they glided from the kitchen and disappeared in the darkness outside. Her father followed her retreating form with a look of fear, and then seated himself heavily in front of the fire.

"She'll soon find out for herself," he muttered. "She won't talk about leaving me now."

Ten minutes passed, and then Meg glided back into the dark kitchen.

"Well?" said Baines, rising to his feet, and actually retreating into one corner. "Was it lies I was telling you or not?"

She did not answer him—she seemed for the moment unconscious of his presence.

"Did you hear him?" he asked again. "Say, can't you answer your father when he asks a question? You ain't struck dumb, are you?"

She might have been struck dumb and motionless, too, for all sign of recognition she gave.

"Can't you speak?" he said again, with a frightened oath. "What's come to you?"

All at once she turned upon him. When she spoke her voice was not loud, not furious, but its low tones expressed such depths of passion that the man cowered in his corner.

"Hell has come to me," she said, striking her breast. "It's here."

"Well, you needn't put on sich tantrums. I told you he was no chop; rot him! Now don't you take on, Meg," he continued, with a pitiful attempt at paternal consolation. "You've got your father, and what does a young gal want more nor that? Them fancy coves ain't for you nor me. We'll stop here together and mind the house, and have no more truck with none of them. Don't you be thinking of him. I wouldn't if I was you. See here; we'll be ever so comfortable when he's gone, you and me together. There won't be no more rowing then, and things'll be different, you see if they won't."

He might have been speaking to empty air, for all sign of acknowledgment he got. His maunderings—commenced in tones of fatherly admonition—gradually grew feebler and feebler, and at last came to a sudden stop.

"What's up with the gal?" he muttered, "I think she's gone off her head."

He gazed at her standing motionless by the fire, for a minute, and then commenced afresh.

"Some gals have pride about them, and some hasn't. When a cove kind of chucks a gal over, it's time she was thinking about herself a bit. Don't you let him see as you are takin' on about it. If I was like you I'd give him as good as he gave me. Who's Bonn Smith I should like to know? a sneakin' cur as ain't worth dog's-keep. I'll turn him out to-morrow, flood or no flood. No fancy cove like him's going to come fandanderin' round *my* gal, as is too good to wipe her feet on him. See here, Meg, you've got your father to look arter you, and so don't you take on. He'll see you get satisfaction. If you want righting, he'll right you."

She turned on him with a look so fierce that once again he came to a stop. There was something in her dark looks he seemed to understand, for half mechanically he began to limp towards the door. Her dilated eyes, following him with a steady glare, appeared to fascinate him, and his glance as he moved never once left her face. When he reached the door he seemed about to break out into another half-drunken tirade. He stopped, hesitated, muttered an angry oath under his breath, and then slowly limped out of the kitchen.

Left alone, the girl uttered a low cry of despair, and sank into the chair that stood in front of the dying fire.

CHAPTER IV.

Throughout the whole of that long miserable night Meg sat in the same attitude, hardly stirring. The lagging hours dragged themselves on. The rain spluttered down the wide chimney and fell in hissing drops into the dying fire; the wind noisily flapped a piece of loose bark in the roof to and fro, making a continual disturbance; the thud of the rain sounded incessantly, and mingled with the splash of the water pouring off the roof.

But the girl sat there in the cold and the dark, motionless and huddled-up. She was unconscious of everything but the bitter knowledge that had come to her. The man she loved had been deceiving her. That burning thought alone usurped her mind; her whole being throbbed with a humiliating consciousness of it. She was so untrained in all modes of womanly restraint, her whole mental and moral organisation was so untutored—so undisciplined, that the blow she had received rendered her for the time being absolutely helpless. She could think of nothing but one thing, even of that only incoherently. Rage, scorn, shame, jealousy, indignation, all struggled for mastery within her breast.

Poor Meg! No woman in the world could have been less fitted than she to know such a rude awakening from her dream of love. Under her colorless face and hardly-matured form, lay hidden a passionate nature that had been fostered by tropical suns, that had slowly developed amid surroundings of the roughest and wildest type. And she had grown up to be a true daughter of the bush; like it intractable, wild, and untamed.

The hours fled by unheeded; even the bitter cold failed to rouse her. It was a long time before the first outburst of passion had exhausted itself, longer before her mind gained anything like calmness. At length, towards morning, still sitting before the extinguished fire thoroughly worn out, she fell into an uneasy slumber, and forgot for a time her misery and rage.

How long she slept she did not know. It seemed to her but a few minutes, when a loud shout outside suddenly woke her. With a rush her former train of thought reasserted itself, and she rose to her feet with a wildly beating heart. Calling together all her energies, she opened the kitchen door and went outside. As she stepped out a low cry of dismay broke from her. The rain had ceased, but nothing but water met her gaze on every side. It had crept up to within a couple of feet of the house itself. Every feature of the landscape had disappeared, nothing was to be seen but the water and the bushy tops of the submerged trees.

"Hello, Meg!" shouted a voice. "Did you hear me? I gave a coo-ee to rouse you and the old man, for things are getting pretty sultry. We shall have to clear out, and smartish too. This is the biggest boomer of a flood ever I've seen."

She turned with a sudden deathly palpitation at her heart, and stood face to face with Bonn Smith. He had been busying himself with a small boat moored to a post near by, but as she emerged from the kitchen he left his task and walked towards her.

"The old man said the water wouldn't come up to the house," he continued, "but by jiggers! it has. And the Loyda ain't over her banks yet, except at the Crossin'. When she busts, this blessed house'll be carried clean away, that's my belief, and it won't be more than an hour now; she can't hold out much longer. It's lucky we've got the boat. Jimmy and me's been at it ding-dong since daybreak. We've been across the river looking for the best place to camp in. There's only one likely place—the big rise, and I'm thinking we'd best not leave it too late, but get there before the river is too much for us. Jimmy's over there now with the horses. Two of them got drowned, poor beggars. I came back to get a boat load of tucker and things, and then to wait a bit and take you and the old man across. But don't you be frightened, Meg," he continued, laying his hand on her shoulder. "There ain't no—why! what's up? What in thunder are you looking at me like that for?"

He might well ask, for with passionate scorn she flung his hand from off her, and stood with clenched hands and heaving bosom before him.

"You dare to touch me—to lay your hand on me!" she cried furiously.

"Why! what's the matter? Why shouldn't I?" he asked, falling back.

"Why shouldn't you? If you touch me I'll kill you. I know your miserable lies. I know how I've been fooled in listening to you. If I were a man I'd strike you down as you stand."

"Why, Meg; what's all this for? What have I done?" he asked in terror.

"What's it for? You ask me that. What about that woman in Cooktown? You come here straight from her and talk about marriage to me, and make me believe things that are all lies. And then you ask me what for. I know you now. I've found you out. I wish to God I had done it before."

The young man recoiled as from a sudden blow.

"It's nothing," he stammered. "Meg, I swear to you that I love you true. It was only a bit of foolishness as young men are led into. You've found it out somehow, but I swear to God I don't hold her in the same light as you."

"I wouldn't believe you if you were to go down on your bended knees," she answered with terrible passion. "You've been doing nothing but telling me your lies from the first. I wish you had been dead before you dared to come here. I wish I'd been dead before I listened to you."

"Meg! Meg! don't be so hard. I swear by all that's holy—"

As he spoke a muffled roar from the direction of the river broke upon their ears. This was followed by a curious hissing noise, that sounded loud for the space of a minute and then seemed to move away down the course of the stream. The young man stopped abruptly, and turned in the direction of the Loyda.

"The head waters are down," he exclaimed. "She's bust her banks. Look out."

Even as he spoke he rushed towards the boat moored near by, jumped into it, unloosed the rope, and pushed it out from the bank. He was none too soon, for the flood waters, let loose at last, washed up in long undulating waves that would have dashed the frail bark against the side of the house. The water rose with frightful rapidity, the by-wash from the river rolling up again and again in heavy surges. Half-stupified, Meg stood on the bank, unconscious that she was ankle-deep in water. All at once her father's voice aroused her. Baines, without hat or coat, and with his bushy hair streaming wildly about his face, reeled from the house with a volley of curses on his lips.

"Look at him," he yelled, in a delirium of drunken fear. "He's taking the boat away. Stop him, Meg! Stop him, for God's sake! He's going to leave us here to drown."

What passed through the girl's mind at that supreme moment she herself hardly knew. Her father's words aroused afresh all that was passionate and evil in her nature. She did not stop to think whether he was right or not; her mad jealousy and rage stifled every gentler feeling. In her eyes, the man who had deceived her so basely was capable of anything; nothing was too vile for him to do. In the passionate transport of the moment she thought he was actually deserting her and her father in order to secure his own safety. Maddened with passion, she rushed into the house, and stepped out again with her father's rifle in her hand.

"Give it him, Meg," yelled Baines. "Let him have it, the cussed hound."

"Come back!" she cried shrilly, with levelled piece. "Back with the boat, or I shoot."

The young man could not have understood her attitude, for her words were drowned in the noise of the rushing water. His sculls still kept working, and he shouted something in reply. But, lost in the roar, his words had no effect, and a second later the maddened girl had pulled the trigger. A loud report rang out across the water, and was answered by a shrill cry from the man in the boat.

"He's hit," yelled Baines.

He was hit, for he had fallen in a heap at the bottom of the boat, and the sculls were floating idly on the water. But at that moment a long surging wave caught up boat and sculls, and, carrying them along, cast them almost at the feet of the two on the bank. Baines, half-sobered by the report of the rifle, seized hold of the boat and dragged it ashore, and then, wading into the water, secured the sculls.

Bonn lay unconscious at the bottom of the boat. The shot Meg had fired had shattered his knee, and he had fainted from the pain. With brutal indifference Baines dragged the unconscious form out of the boat and laid it on the ground; then, getting in himself, turned to his daughter and said gruffly:

"Now then, come along. Take up them sculls and shove off. You're more used to it than me."

She stood in a kind of stupor, the rifle still in her hand. Her mad passion was all gone now; she felt nothing but despair and remorse. What was it she had done? Per-

haps she had killed him—the man she had loved—the man who, perhaps, after all, had loved her. In the revulsion of feeling that took place, his infidelity, his baseness, were forgotten. He was once more the man of her choice—the man she loved—the man she was to marry. As the waves cast the boat ashore, and she saw him lying prone at her very feet, a terrible shudder convulsed her frame and a deadly numbness took hold of her. She watched her father drag the unconscious form out of the boat and still no word passed her lips; she saw him lay it roughly on the wet ground and still she stood there. But when Baines' harsh voice at last broke the spell the rifle slid from her nerveless hand into the water, and with a despairing cry she sank on her knees beside her unconscious lover.

"Bonn! Bonn! Have I killed you?"

"Killed! no," said Baines callously. "He's only got a broken leg, and sarve him right. Come on now unless you want to be drowned by this cussed flood. There ain't much time."

She took no heed of his words, but bent down over the wounded man in an agony of remorse, and kissed him with a tearless sob.

"Come on," again shouted Baines from the boat, "what are you waiting for?"

"He can't go like this," said Meg, rising hurriedly, "you must wait."

"He ain't coming in the boat," said her father, in a perfect frenzy of fear. "It'll only hold two, you know well enough, and I ain't going to drown for him. Come on, I tell you, before it's too late."

"What! go and leave him here. Never!" cried the girl, fiercely.

"Do you want to see your father drown? I tell you this rotten blackfellows' dingy won't hold three. The whole lot of us'll be drowned if you stand there much longer. When we get across Jimmy'll come back for this cove. But he shan't come and overload the boat when I'm in it, not if I have to chuck him in the water myself."

"Then I stop with him. Go by yourself.'

"For God's sake don't be a fool, Meg," implored Baines, changing his tone to a pitiful whine. "You know I can't work the boat alone on account of my arm. It gives out after a spell of work, ever since it was broke. You don't seem to care what becomes of your father. You'd let him drown for a no-account fellow like that, as took you in from the very first."

"Take him across then, and leave me here."

"I can't, curse you, and you know it," he shrieked, breaking out again. "We'd both of us drown. I tell you the flood's too much for me."

At that moment Bonn opened his eyes and uttered a groan.

"Meg," he said, "what's up? I'm hit, ain't I?"

"I fired it, Bonn," she said with a choking sob. "I was mad."

"Yes, oh yes, I remember. What did you do it for? Was it on account of ——?"

"No, no, not that," she cried in an agony of remorse. "I thought you were taking the boat away and leaving us here."

"Did you think I was such a dog as that, Meg? Lor! I was only keeping her off a bit. But the water's rising fast. Why don't you get across?"

"This rotten dingy would sink with the three of us,' cried Baines from the boat.

"Well, leave me here," said Bonn faintly, "Jimmy'll come and fetch me."

"If you stay, I stay," said Meg, firmly.

"How am I to get across, then?" exclaimed Baines wildly. "It'll be murder if you stop talking much longer. My own darter as I've brought up wants to see her father drowned. Come on, for God's sake, Meg."

"Yes go," said Bonn, raising himself on his elbow with a groan. "It's the only way. You and Baines can carry me up to the house and lay me on the table. The hut'll hold together till Jimmy has time to come for me."

"I won't leave you," said the girl, hoarsely.

"You must. It's the only way. I swear I won't go in the boat with you. Come on, Baines, and lend a hand to carry me in."

The publican scrambled out of the boat, and took the young man by the shoulders. Meg, hardly reasoning, knowing only that her lover wished it, supported him round the waist, and so they carried him the few steps into the house and laid him on the table.

"Now then," he groaned. "Quick with the boat. There ain't too much time."

A new resolve animated the girl. She would do as he wished. She would save her father and then save him—the man to whom she had done such deadly hurt. For one moment only she lingered.

"Bonn," she said, bending over him in anguish. "Say you forgive me."

"I do, Meg, with all my heart. It was my fault for not having acted open with you."

She bent down and kissed him passionately on mouth and cheek, and then with a low cry went despairingly out through the encroaching water. Her father was already

seated in the frail boat, keeping it off the bank.

"The sculls, the sculls," cried Meg, fiercely, "give them to me."

Without another word she took her seat and pulled off. In her devouring eagerness she had the strength of ten women in her arms. She had always been the one to work the boat to and fro when the crossing was impassable, and years of use had strengthened her muscles and taught her skill with the sculls. But now she rowed as she had never rowed before. The light boat, urged on by her powerful strokes, rapidly cut through the water and slid past the intervening trees until the main water-way of the river was gained. There the current caught it, twisted it, whirled it down stream, tossed it on its eddying tide, as though madly striving to engulph it and the two living beings whose sole protection it was. More than once Baines gripped the sides convulsively aud uttered a hoarse cry of terror, but the girl, with clencded teeth and unabated strength, fought desperately inch by inch, until at last the boat was driven beyond the influence of the main current and shot out into the quieter water of the river by-wash. A steadier pull took them to the long rounded rise on which Jimmy the mailman had taken refuge with the two remaining horses.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "That was well done. I thought, at one time, the current would best you. What a time you've been! But why didn't Bonn come with you? He would have been the one. What on earth made you come like this—you two? I'll go back for him at once."

Baines still sat crouched up in the boat, seemingly half-paralysed with terror.

"Here! come out of that, you old hunks," cried the mailman, roughly. "There's not much time to be lost, by the look of things. You come out, too, Meg."

"Get father out first," said the girl, steadily, still keeping the sculls in her hand.

"Come out of this, then, you old fool," and he took him by the collar and dragged him out through the shallow water.

But, no sooner was the boat freed from Baine's weight than Meg, with a sudden, quick turn of the sculls, sent it out again into deeper water.

"What are you doing?" cried the mailman. "Come back."

There was a great light in the girl's eyes, as she rested on her oars for a moment, but her voice was quite calm.

"I'm going back for Bonn. I shot him. I thought he was taking the boat away; but I was mad. He's wounded and nobody shall save him but me."

"You *are* mad," cried the mailman, rushing waist-deep into the water. "Let me go. You've had enough of it. You'll never be able to do it again. There's plenty of tucker here for you and Baines if we can't get back. And there's the horses—you could kill them. For God's sake, let me go, Meg!"

"I shot him," she answered, steadily. "Nobody shall save him but me."

"Let him go, if he wants to," shouted Baines, suddenly rousing himself. "Don't go risking your life for that feller over there. He played you false. Come back."

But, before he had finished, she was out of hearing, pulling strongly against the current.

"God protect her!" muttered the mailman. "She'll have need of it."

Through the calmer water the boat glided into the raging current of the main water-course. The eddies caught it, spinning it round; the waves dashed furiously against it; uprooted trees and logs threatened it; but, as though animated with superhuman strength, the straining rower kept on her course. A last terrible struggle, and the danger was past.

A cry of relief broke from Meg's lips, when, between the intervening trees, she saw the house still standing, When she reached it the water was washing three or four feet deep through the open doorway, and she forced the boat right into the room where her lover lay. She was not a minute too soon, for the water had already touched him. He had risen from his recumbent position, and sat on the table supporting himself with both hands, his shattered leg hanging down helplessly.

"Meg! You!" he cried. "Oh! my dear, why did you come? Why didn't you let Jimmy fetch me?"

"Quick. Quick!" she answered, pale and trembling with excitement. "Can you manage to get in? Here. Put your arms round my neck and lean your weight on me. There's no time to lose. I can feel the house shaking. So; that's right."

"What good was it to risk your life for me, Meg!" he said, moved by her devotion. "After what I said, too. By the 'Tarnal! if we get across safe, I'll never forget this day as long as I live."

"Come," she said, "cling to me while you get down. We mustn't lose any more time."

A deep groan broke from him as, aided by her, he slipped down from the table into the boat, and for all her care the jarring of the broken bone caused him to utter a sharp cry of pain.

"I wish I could help you, Meg," he said, as he lay groaning. "It's too much for you to work her across again. You must be regularly done up."

She did not answer, for all her care was taken up in directing the boat. Catching hold of the doorway, she pulled the boat through, and then, pushing off, took up her sculls for the fight before her. They were hardly twenty yards from the house, when quite suddenly it gave a slight lurch, and then quietly subsided into the water.

"We were only just in time," cried Meg, straining at the sculls. "See; the house has gone at last."

"I owe you my life already," he said. "I should have gone with it too only for you."

Steadily the boat advanced under the girl's powerful strokes. The current carried them down even before they had gained the main channel of the Loyda, but the high ground on which her father and the mailman had taken refuge, was some distance lower down the river than the Crossin'. The boat entered the belt of timber and slid past the half-submerged trees; then, these once passed, the current took hold of it again, twisted it into the middle of the river, beat it, battered it, and bore it swiftly downstream.

"Look out, Meg," shouted Bonn, raising himself in his excitement. "Keep her head well up stream, or it's all over with us."

With straining arms and labored breath the girl bent to her task. It was a fight between her and the current—for her and Bonn a fight of life and death. Slowly, inch by inch, she forced her way, but the raging torrent beat the frail craft back, swirled it from side to side, tossed it helplessly to and fro. It was a terrible fight, and the girl fought it with savage persistence. But victory was not to be hers. They were more than half-way across, when suddenly a cry of fear rose to her lips. A tree-root, swirling along in the eddies, caught one of the light sculls and twisted it out of her hand. She made a quick effort to recover it, but too late; it was borne rapidly out of sight. With a sudden lurch the boat was jerked broadside on to the full force of the current, and in a moment was half full of water.

"It's all over with us," cried Bonn with a startled oath.

He had raised himself by means of one of the thwarts, and leant against it, half-sitting, half-standing. The roar of the water was so loud his voice was lost, but his companion seemed to understand him. There was an unfathomable light in her eyes that for the moment transfigured her whole face. She let go her hold of the remaining scull, useless now, and put both arms round him, supporting him.

"'Look out, Meg,' shouted Bonn, raising himself in his excitement. 'Keep her head well up stream, or it's all over with us.'"

"We can die together, Bonn," she said calmly in his ear, with her great, black, dilated eyes looking into his.

"Aye, aye! We won't be parted any more. Kiss me, Meg."

Something of her fervid love seemed to move him at that supreme moment. She had sunk on her knees before him, and there in that frail tossing bark, heart to heart, face to face, lip to lip, all else but their love was forgotten in an impassioned embrace.

"Meg, I swear to God that woman is nothing to me. You are the only one—the only one I love."

"Yes," she answered, with her cheek against his. "I know it—now."

And so, with death staring them in the face, came the supreme moment of reconciliation.

A moment so, and then they were thrown apart by a violent twist of the tossing boat. Meg was jerked off her knees, and fell overwhelmed under a rush of ice-cold water. In her excited state she thought death itself had come to her, and, gasping, choking, beaten against the bottom of the boat, she stretched out both arms, seeking even then the embrace of her lover. But Bonn's strong hand on her shoulder pulled her up, and his loud shout sounded in her ear.

Half-stunned, she dragged herself up and looked around. By some miraculous chance an eddy had caught the half-swamped boat and twisted it out of the current into the quieter water. The danger was past.

"Saved!" murmured Meg, and felt once again her lover's kiss on her lips.

THE END.

NIGHT-DREAMS IN NOONTIDE.

HOW heavily the sombre waves
Break from the midnight sea!
The great dusk spaces calm and broad,
Vibrating like a mighty chord,
Have subtle spells for me.

I've walked the gay glad world of day
All weary for the sight,
Of these dim briny breakers high
That in their restless music sigh
About my feet to-night.

I seemed to hear, thro' all the strife,
The city's noontide roar—
Above the burden of the street,
These plashing, starlit waters beat
Upon the rippled shore.

For while my faint sun-dazzled eyes
Grew tired of the light,
A dream of darkness came to me,
Of gloom that sleeps upon the sea
Just as it sleeps to-night.

I saw the torrid curves of sky
In night's infinity,
And listened to the liquid slip
Of waves against the golden lip
That clings unto the sea.

I looked to see the star-beams swim
Upon the dusky tide,
And watched the jewelled heavens spread
Above the city's sleeping head—
The ocean's bosom wide,

Till all that surging city-heart
Seemed stricken at the core.
My soul was out upon the strand—
A spirit poised 'mid sea and land
Upon the lonely shore.

So sweet amid the weariness
Of striving brain and hand;
Above the anguish and the heat—
To hear these midnight billows beat
Upon the darkened sand.

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

IN THE OLD CEMETERY OF MELBOURNE.

BY FRANCES TYRRELL GILL.

THE tender descriptiveness of the Saxon phrase 'God's Acre,' can hardly be said to apply to the oldest cemetery of Melbourne, for those words should of themselves call forth images of reverential tendance of the resting places of the dead, of the verdure of smooth turf, of the loveliness of gently-nurtured flowers, and of thoughts laden with an atmosphere of hallowed quietude. Quiet only in the sense of being almost wholly avoided, with the signs of decay apparent everywhere, and so cruelly accentuated by the rough treatment to which some of the graves have been subjected is this particular burial-ground, that the words "the abomination of desolation," would more appropriately characterise it than all the loving-kindness the olden poetic term implies.

Yet here Batman is buried; and when we think of all that attaches, as chief pioneer and fore-runner of this present brightly-colored, prosperous, bustling life of Melbourne, to his name, and by natural connection to his grave, the wonder is the greater that the city should show such contemptuous neglect of the place where his bones are laid. There may originally have been something peculiarly fitting in the selection of this spot as the place of sepulture. Within view of the ground where the first "forefathers of the hamlet" pitched their tents, it would not be too far off for the kindly workers, when the day's labor should be over, to tend for a few moments the graves of those who were the first to fall by the way. It is easy to imagine that it would be peaceful enough then in the sheltered seclusion of the forest trees; or that its stillness would only be broken by the ringing strokes of the bushman's axe, or by the voice of the teamster urging his oxen to their utmost endeavor. In those early days of the colony it would be filled with the fragrance of the ti-tree and the wattle, and made resonant at morn and eve with the notes of the native birds.

But, now that it has become a central spot of desolation and decay in the noisy, restless, feverish life that surrounds it, the contrast presented strikes with painful sharpness on the senses. Even the very gate—the only one of the numerous iron-barred entrances left unlocked—by which you are allowed ingress, has something in the sullenness of its appearance, in its gloomy iron spikes, and heavy iron chain to pull it backwards, suggestive of depression and despair, and seems to be the fitting doorway to all that lies within.

It irresistibly recalls the close of that inscription, which never seems through everlasting quotation to lose its aptness, that Dante read over the gate of Hades: "Let him leave hope behind who enters here." Hope of remembrance, hope of kindly thought and tendance must, indeed, it would seem, be abandoned by the majority of those who have entered here, never to return.

This sense of depression even attaches to the look of the trees. Cypress—fit emblem of mourning—and dark fir abound, with here and there a dejected looking palm, which seems to be ever asking of the breeze that passes why it has been translated from its own native abode of warmth and brightness to so uncongenial a spot. Very little of the original native growth now remains. Three or four scattered gum trees are the only

reminders of the forest of the past. No scent of ti-tree or wattle now lingers upon the air. Quite other essences, indeed, are distilled by the sun and the air from the market and the streets which surround the graveyard—essences quite as suggestive of fevers and agues as the miasma supposed to abound within the burial-ground itself. No native bird-notes now ring out from the branches of the trees, but, instead, comes the chirping of the pertinacious sparrows that hop about amongst the graves and display—even amidst the forlornness of such surroundings—the same boldness and unconcern that they are wont to exhibit in the gardens and yards and on the housetops of the city.

Nature long ago covered the whole place with grass, though now it is all coarse, tangled, and straggling. Yet such is her power of preservation and reproduction, that roses planted on one or two of the graves—who can say how many years ago—are still blooming freshly, although their branches are tangled, twisted and outgrown in every direction. In one little enclosure, where the headstone has sunken so far into the earth that the name is undecipherable, and the iron railings that surround it have grown black with time, soft clusters of multiflora roses lift their heads into the damp air of the winter's afternoon, as though they would fain assert their right to protect and grace the neglected dead beneath their roots. But, for the most part, the graves are formless and covered with matted grass and weeds, the fences broken, and the wooden headstones—and a great proportion of the whole are wooden, and this in itself is a testimony to the passage of time, since stone could not have been easily procurable in the early days of the colony—split with the heat of unnoted summers, covered with moss and lichens, and with both names and inscriptions washed away by the fierce rains of unrecorded winters. Some of these wooden tombstones even, marred as they are by the effects of time and weather, show that the hands that carved them had some of the master's gift of making a perfect presentment out of slight materials—frequent are the use of some poetic fancy, such as the harp with one string broken and hanging down, an angel opening a door with his keys, and, again, two angels facing one another, the last still bearing traces of clever workmanship, but flat and shorn of detail either by time or ill-usage.

In the Roman Catholic division of the cemetery one grey headstone, surmounted by the I.H.S. and *gloria in excelsis*, which the softening of the earth has made to slope sideways, bears inscription by M. M. to his beloved young wife, Helen Dorothy, who died in the spring time of 1847, and beseeches the passer-by "of your charity pray for her soul." Conjecture ponders what has become of that soul? Has it, by the aid of prayers, the prayers of friends and strangers, climbed that steep hill of Purgatory, up which Dante coiled by Virgil's side, and has it now entered into the radiant light of the fields of Paradise? And what of the husband? Is he, too, dead, and buried far away, that the remains he consigned with mourning to the earth are so neglected? Or has he gone on his journey through the world taken up with other hopes and cares, forgetting the earlier love and grief? Curious are the reflections and enquiries that arise, of their own accord, amongst these mouldering graves!

It would be hard to imagine a more thickly peopled city of the dead than this! You know how thickly, by the inequalities of the ground over which you walk, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," thus only do you know the graves—usually 'tis alone the *feeling* of the ground which makes

FREQUENT VISITORS.

you assured there cannot be an inch of space between any of them. More painful still are the repeated hollows which mark the site of the family vault. In many cases the slab which covered the entrance is gone, and only the depressed ground marks where it should have been. In some instances the headstones have fallen face downwards so that the inscriptions lie hidden from view upon the earth; in others they have been propped midways by an upright taken from one of the dilapidated enclosures at hand. Touching, too, is the sight of the

rusty padlock still closely clinging to the little gate, although the greater number of the palings have been wrenched, or have fallen away. This only happens in the case of the oldest graves—perchance the hand that last turned the key in one such padlock may itself be now cold in death.

Imagination follows these long-sleeping people, and conjecture asks again what has become of them—what were they like? Can it be—perhaps it may—that the majority have gone to swell that innumerable crowd who linger around the portals of Hades, ever seeking even *there* admission in vain. So poor of soul were they on earth, so purposeless of life, such mere breathing, consuming bodies, that none of the dim regions of the *Beyond* are content to receive them, and so they remain unallotted; forever on the outskirts of everything. Of some there never was anything to be said, save as the Master spoke:

> The world is sick of them and their disgrace;
> Mercy and justice alike scorn their name.
> Speak not of them, but look, and pass the place!

But not all! Surely some crumbling form, here and there, beneath this neglected earth, must once have been animated with a soul meet for some large life of thought or action? Nature, "so careless of the single life," never yet let any generation, in any place, pass away without giving evidence of the possibilities of the type to reach the highest.

"What," asks Emerson in *The Over-Soul*, "is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim?" And so here, too, amongst the hundreds who, doubtless, never would have been anything, there may have been one or two who, but for untoward circumstances and the uncertain conditions of the new country demanding constant battle with material forces, would have left their mark upon Time, but that fell Death seized them in the springtime of their career, and laid all ambitions low.

> Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands, that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

So the famed elegy has it; and it might well have been written for all time.

The conjectural mood clings closely in a place like this. Were the people, it asks, who fill these nameless graves poor settlers who came out with high hopes of soon making a fortune, and were early beaten in the race, and had to die far away from homes and kindred to whom they had so confidently promised to return, laden with the coveted gold of which they had heard such marvellous tales. And were they buried at public expense; and so consigned to the earth with scant ceremony?

> Raw Haste half sister to Delay

would seem at least to have presided at their interment, so obliterated now are the signs of their resting places. For sad as are the dilapidated graves with their lettered grief, sadder still, more suggestive of the cruelty of Time, are those, which far outnumber them unmarked by either head or foot stone.

> Each in his narrow cell forever laid

may originally have been true, but long since must the separate mound have merged into that of its neighbor, so indistinguishable now is one grave from another.

Frequently some simple inscription will afford food for regretful reflection. One curious looking table-shaped monument made of iron, now red with rust, tells the lingerer by its side, that it was sent out from England in the year 1850 by the bereaved parents of the dead to the kind friends who had tended him, their son, in his last illness, to be placed over his grave—it concludes quietly that he was just over twenty. The stone slab over the grave is split in two, and green with moss, but the iron, opposing more resistive force to the elements, still remains intact.

From the records of headstone or of simple cross, which often supplies its place, the conclusion is warranted that the early days of the colony must have been specially inimical to youth and infancy. In many cases, no doubt, the young lives could not bear transplanting; in others the oppressiveness of the climate, or the harshness of the new surroundings may have been to blame. Whatever the cause the result seems equally pitiful. Hundreds of tombstones there are, each commemorating a number of little lives, sometimes one or two, sometimes five or six, which have all come to an end before their third year. So many of the young men under twenty-five; so many girls of sixteen and seventeen. One marble headstone erected within the last few years would almost serve to show the capriciousness of Death's dealings in some instances. Of the ten children here interred only one approached maturity. More than thirty years ago Death commenced his depredations in this family, and at intervals took a child, in every case under two years old, until the last.

The Scotch portion of this burial ground, although neglected enough, seems to present fewer evidences of decay than that allotted to any other denomination, probably because so many of the tombstones and monuments

were in the first instance made of such substantial materials. In this portion, too, to judge by the tributes of affection and esteem paid by friends and fellow-citizens to so many of the occupants of these different tombs, must lie buried much of the greatness and sterling worth of the early days of the colony.

Some of the inscriptions in this cemetery read curiously. To a great extent the commonplace prevails. But as in other things widely different, the one rule obtains—the more simple the announcement, the more

THE MUTABILITY OF FAME.

touching the appeal. One headstone avers, "She was loved—it was enough," another, "He was our all." In some of the records a strain of self-sufficiency enters, as though the deceased had dictated his or her own epitaph. An imposing sarcophagus, well protected by strong iron railings, makes known to the passer-by that "She was characterised by good sense and sterling, unbounded principles, largeness of heart and deep-toned piety, &c." Notwithstanding its weightiness this tribute seems to lack a certain spontaneity, which is, perhaps, the reason why mortal remains of such worth should yet be treated with neglect; or why flowers and weeds in the spacious enclosure have been allowed to run into one thick tangling mass, as though years had gone by since any hand had taken the trouble to set the ground in order. One or two of the tombstones request the loiterer who reads the inscription to take warning by the fate of the one interred beneath the stone. But the reason why is not discoverable, and the inference remains that the occupant of the tomb seems to have regarded death less as a universal law, than as something exceptional apportioned to him on account of his sins. Repeated are the requests to the passer-by to pray for the souls of those who lie beneath the earth; many are the desires expressed for others that they may rest in peace. That this graveyard, doleful and neglected as is its appearance, is not yet abandoned as a place of sepulture, is evident from two newly-made graves, lying side by side, which have just been planted with daisies, and bestrewn by tender hands with delicate white flowers.

The long red wall of the Victoria Market bounds the cemetery on the northern side. Ventilators—which run the whole length of the building—face the graves. Presently, when we make the acquaintance of the caretaker for sufficient explanation, this incongruity becomes less striking than at first appears. This caretaker—though the reason why is scarcely definable—recalls both in a near and distant way the thought of the "Ancient Mariner." His appearance is not specially responsible for the reminder, although he has "the long grey beard"; there are other little touches about him that make the likeness not inapt. But in that, to take the nearer resemblance first, like the "Ancient Mariner" he has looked upon many grievous things, yet he himself has come out of them unscathed. More distantly because he is of an inferior mould to the prototype he recalls, and has evidently not been very deeply penetrated by the meaning of the scenes he has witnessed. Long experience of life and its vicissitudes, both here and elsewhere, has developed in him a grim, caustic, but not unkindly humor—it is continually apparent in his keen though sunken grey eyes.

Life and Death now seem to him more than anything else to stand for the two players in an interminable game, in which—as is not to be wondered at from the nature of his abode and occupation—he is inclined to regard Death as the one who always wins, and carries off the best of the spoils.

He has lived, he tells us, close on twenty years in the very midst of graves. A statement which is exactly true, since his cottage stands in the Jewish quarter—the very oldest portion, so tradition avers, of the whole

cemetery. "And yet," he goes on to say, "though he has his bad days, his health, on the whole, has not suffered." Perhaps the reason of this immunity may be the one which he himself—with all the freedom and spontaneousness of his nationality—advances, viz., that he has fortified himself against the deleterious effects of his surroundings by the aid of spirits other than those which, so superstition maintains, lurk in the hours of darkness amongst the tombs.

There is a sort of sober garrulousness about this *cicerone*, which much commends him to the enquirer in this particular walk. "There's a deal of buried hist'ry here," he remarks, indicating generally the whole of the burial ground.

The twenty years or so of his residence by no means represent the sum of his knowledge of things appertaining to the cemetery. He has garnered the recollections of others who knew all about the place long before he became its guardian. "Old men," he relates, "used to come looking for their bit of land. They always got a bit, somewhere," he adds drily, and with emphasis. From them has he learned that the tall dead gum-tree near the eastern boundary of the graveyard, which stands stretching its bare arms to the sky, as though protesting against the cruel changes that Time has brought about, and the scenes it has witnessed, looked even in the very earliest days of the colony just as it looks to-day. It is not only a relic of the past, but has efficiently furnished the purpose of landmark from the first. "People," so they told him, "guided by the sight of its gaunt form, found their way back through the bush to the site of the first settlement." Later on, as the caretaker himself affirms, they were guided by its position to the place of the grave they had come to seek.

From the same source, too, we get an inkling of the reason why so many of the monuments and tombstones, which must originally have been of fine appearance, have come to their present dilapidated, uncared-for condition. The causes that have contributed thereto are not very creditable to those concerned. Avarice and greed, blunted feelings and coarse indifference play a conspicuous part in the narrative. One of the oldest monuments of the place, of which he aptly remarks, "it were a sin and a shame to see it going to ruin year after year just for the want of a bit of money," was the cause of his paying a visit to the wife of the respected dead, at her mansion in Toorak. He had written to her to no purpose, so he resolved to seek her in person. He told us that he spoke to her from a business point of view, finding that appealing to feeling had no effect. "The public, ma'am," he said, "put up that fine monument to your husband, and surely, with all your wealth, you might keep it in order;" but this arrogant lady—strong in the vulgar pride of her many thousands a year, silenced him disdainfully. "The public put it up and the public can keep it in repair too, for I'm not going to spend a farthing on it." That was many years ago. But, by and by, Death came along and seized this churlish-spirited lady. "Then," says our guide, continuing his narrative, "came the heir to her thousands, and he just had the fence taken down, and put her in beside her husband, without more ado. And there the place is still the same," he concludes, evidently feeling that the claims of poetic justice have been fully satisfied.

A NEGLECTED WALK.

"Every bit of the ground," he avers, "has been chopped and changed." Yet one piece of original nature remains in a lovely vista of one of the sidewalks—quite charming is this in its sylvan leafiness, and a break in the general look of disorder and neglect.

And now we learn how the original extent of the cemetery has been curtailed, and that the chief portion of the Victoria Market stands on the site of some of the first graves. Here also was placed the Government portion of the burial-ground. About a dozen years or so ago, when the market was being built, many of the bodies were taken up and transferred, promiscuously it would seem, to

the Melbourne General Cemetery. Our informant must then have been, to judge from his own account, an eye-witness of sights sufficiently gruesome and strange. To find, the criminal's coffin being opened, the rope still adhering to the neck of the skeleton, cannot be a pleasing recollection to dwell upon, even though the looker-on be one who, from the nature of his vocation, must have a large experience of unpleasing matters. Here, however, the sense of humor comes to relieve the sickliness of the narration. In the right hand of one skeleton, which instantly crumbled to death at the touch of the air, were clasped two shillings, "just to help him across to the other side," remarks our narrator, with evidently some dim consciousness in his brain of a Charon to be placated before the final voyage can be achieved.

He avers that only a few of the coffins were taken up "just to satisfy public opinion," and that the ground underneath the pavement of the market is literally packed with dead bodies. A disturbing reflection this for the comfortable housewives who frequent this market-place, their minds bent on making bargains, and who have, like all comfortable and well-satisfied people, a truly respectable horror of Death and all his appurtenances.

The ghoulish appearance of the cats that frequent this cemetery constitutes one of its more repellant features. They blink adversely both at the sun and the passer-by. They bound about amongst the graves with an air of possession as though none should dispute their right, and scrape and scratch in the earth of the neglected mounds with an air of horrible knowingness. One hideous creature of attenuated form seems to be for ever prowling on the wall of the market-place, occasionally varying this performance by leaping suddenly down on to some grave or tomb beneath.

And now the noises of the market-place—the sounds of bargaining and chaffering, the cries of the vendors—come breaking shrilly upon the air of the winter's afternoon. Curious is the contrast between the stillness of death on one side of the wall, and the bustle and movement of life on the other.

But do the dead sleep so quietly through it all? Is their present noiselessness only a feint to acquire unrestricted movement? What is this old grave-yard like before the world is astir in the earliest hours of summer; or through the winter's nights, when the white fog shrouds the earth with its closely-clinging veil, and when the moon is looking down on it? The moon who, on such nights as these, always looks as though she knew all these mysteries, yet with the same look tells you that her lips are silenced for ever!

Is this city of the dead then as quiet as now? Do the occupants of these graves, then, with the superiority of spirits to all earthly obstructions, pass through that wall into the market-place, or come up through the pavement in that first glimmering light when the country people are bringing in their produce and setting their wares in array? Do they, unheard by the busy sellers, comment to each other upon the changes that have taken place, or even appraise the worth of the articles offered for sale, as they were wont to do in the days of their mortality? Or do they, when holding court among themselves in the silence of the night, act spiritwise, like the originals of picture and statue in the chamber quoted in *In a Gondola*, so far keeping up the resemblance to their past mortal habitudes, and with the like sorrowful perversity that then distinguished them, meet, confront, and still misconstrue each other's motives and intentions?

> And, deeper into her rock den,
> Bold Castalfranco's Magdalen
> You'd find retreated from the ken
> Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
> As if the Tizian thought of her,
> And is not, rather, gravely bent
> On seeing for himself what toys
> Are these his progeny invent;
> What litter now the board employs
> Whereon he signed a document
> That got him murdered!

But all alike is here Conjecture! When we begin to ask such questions, then do we become aware of the striking difference between what we know of the actualities—hard even as these are at times to determine—of life, and what we surmise of the possibilities of death.

For the irreparableness of death lies in the complete disruption it brings of all the old familiar methods of intercourse. Memory treasures the past. Faith looks to the future; but in the bitterness of the present sense of loss, who is there who does not feel the force of those lines in *In Memoriam*:—

> For this on Death my wrath I wreak,
> He set our lives so far apart
> We cannot hear each other speak!

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued).*

THE very next morning saw the party duly installed. Mrs. Polwarth and Tottie had arrived, the tent was pitched, a fire-place made, the windlass fitted with a new rope, and Lance and Jack working away as if they had been mining all their lives.

For nearly a fortnight the two men toiled and delved, one winding up and the other picking and shovelling away at the various strata which intervened between them and the precious ore they hoped to discover.

"We shan't get no gold here, I don't believe," quoth Jack, mournfully, one day. "I've heard of a grand diggings only fifty miles off. I'm warned they're a-pickin' of it up in handfuls."

"It wants ten days to the end of the month," replied Lance. "I like to stick to things when I've begun. Suppose we make up our minds to keep at it till then. It isn't fair to Hastings to run away without a good trial."

"All right Mr. Lance, we'll give it till the thirty-first. If we don't hit it then, I'm off to Forest Creek for good. Until then we'll see who can work the hardest."

As far as manual labor was concerned there had now come to be perfect equality between the man of birth and the son of toil. Stalwart and symmetrical always, the frame of Lance Trevanion had now acquired from daily labor and simple food the muscle and elasticity of an athlete in full training. Hour after hour could he swing the pick and lift the shovel weighted with clay and gravel, or wind up the heavy raw hide bucket, fully loaded, without the slightest sense of fatigue, with hardly a quickening of the breath. The healthful—yet abundant—food always procurable at a prosperous digging, amply sufficed for all their needs; the sound and dreamless sleep restored strength and tissue, and sent them forth ready—even eager for the morning's toil.

As Lance walked among the tents, or strolled up the busy lighted street on Saturday night, resplendent in clean flannels or a half-worn shooting jacket of fashionable cut—many an admirer of form, even in that "lanista" of magnificent athletes, the flower of the adventurous manhood of many a clime—stopped to make favorable comment on the handsome young Englishman who had come to the gully with "Callao" Hastings.

"Just one day before the last one of the month, when the partners were already enquiring the distance of the first stage to Forest Creek, Lance broke into a stratum of decomposed rock mingled with quartz gravel. This was from a foot to eighteen inches in depth, and extended across the shaft. They did not know—ignorant as they were of the humblest mining lore—what had happened till they consulted their guide, philosopher, and friend, Hastings.

"Why you've bottomed," he made answer, with a look of profound wisdom, "I'll go down and have a look at the "wash."

They lowered him down. Ten minutes after he sent up the bucket, half-full; then, after the rope was lowered, came up himself "Get a tin dish and carry it down to the creek till I wash the 'prospect'" quoth he.

He filled the dish with the "wash dirt," as he called it, dipped it again and again in the yellow waters of the creek, sending out the clay-stained water with a circular twist of his wrist, in a way incomprehensible to Lance and Jack. Lastly, when bit by bit all the clay and gravel had disappeared, leaving but a narrow ring of black and grey sand around the bottom of the dish, he spoke again—

"Look there," he said, meaningly.

They looked, and saw dull, red, and yellow streaks on the upper edge of close-lying grains, with an occasional pea-like pebble of the same color.

"Is that,— is that —— ?" asked Lance in a husky voice.

"Gold!" shouted Hastings, "yes, that's what it is. I call it an ounce to the dish, with eighteen inches of wash-dirt for the

* Begun in August Number, 1889.

whole width of the claim; your fortune's made. It's a golden hole, nothing less, and one of the richest on the field."

* * * * *

So it was. . . Day after day the partners cradled the precious gravel; day after day they returned to their tent with a tin pannikin or camp kettle containing enough of the precious metal to cause the most pleasurable excitement in the owners, and to occasion exaggerated reports of their wealth and the inexhaustible richness of the claim to pervade the field.

"What of that among some of the greatest scoundrels unhung? Fellows that for a ten-pound note would chop Mrs. Polwarth up for sausages and fry Tottie with bread sauce, after knocking both of you on the head? You don't know what a real bad digging crowd is, and when you do it may be too late."

* * * * *

Now the reign of Plutus had set in, as far as Lance and his companion were concerned. A few short weeks and how had their prospects changed. What was now their posi-

"'Look there,' he said, meaningly."

"You'll have to look out now," said Hastings, impressively, one day. "You've got a most dangerous and unenviable reputation. You've supposed to have gold untold in your tent. Do you know what that means here?"

"But we take our gold to the Commissioner every day," said Lance, "and we see it sealed up and labelled and put in a safe before we leave."

"That's all very well, and the most sensible thing you could do, but nothing will persuade some of those fellows, with which the gully is getting too full to please me, that you don't keep gold or cash in your tent."

"Well, what of that?"

tion?—shovelling in gold at the rate of five-hundred pounds a week per man. It seemed like a dream, a fairy tale to Lance. A year or so at most of this kind of work and he would be able to return to England in the triumphant position of a man who had seen the world, who had been, as the phrase runs, the architect of his own fortune, who had boldly accepted the alternative rather than own himself in the wrong, and who now had carried out what he had vowed to do in spite of the incredulity of disapproving friends.

And his cousin, his beloved Estelle, what would be her feelings? He wrote to her at once, telling her to abandon all doubt and

fear on his account. Where were her prophecies now? He should always bless the day on which he sailed for Australia. He might even go the length of thanking his father for his stern reproof, his unjust severities. After all it had been for the best. It had made a man of him. Instead of lounging about at home, or idling on the continent (for he would never have taken his degree if he had stayed at Oxford till he was grey) he had seen what a new country was like, met numbers of the most interesting people, learned how to carry himself among all sorts of queer characters, learned to work with his hands and to show himself a man among men. To crown all, he was making eight or ten thousand a year. With a little judicious speculation he was very likely to double or quadruple this. And in three years from the day he left she would see him back again, he had almost said dead or alive. What talks they would have over his adventures and wonderful, really wonderful, experience! loving each other as of old and rejoicing in one another's society. The life agreed with him splendidly. He was in famous condition, and except that he was sun-burned and a little browner, there was no change to speak of. She would be able to judge if he had altered for the worse in manner or lost form. Perhaps he had roughened a little by associating with all sorts and conditions of men, but it would soon come back again when once more he found himself among his own people and near his heart's darling, Estelle.

Thus far the welcome letter—how welcome those alone can tell who have longed for tidings from a far country, who have waited with the heart-sickness of hope long deferred, and have at length snatched at the precious missive that told of safety and success, even of the approaching return.

Estelle Challoner treasured this missive from a far country, read it and re-read it day after day: she watched the features change and the color fade from her uncle's face as he listened to the exulting cry with which she announced a letter from Lance, watched the stern face soften and heard the first words of regret which had passed his lips since the day of wrath and despair.

"I was hard upon the boy perhaps, it's this accursed family temper, I suppose," he said. "Where is the lad that isn't a fool in some way or other! We are a stubborn breed, and once heated slow to cool. Tell him when you write that he will be welcome again at Wychwood. Not to stay away too long, though, whatever his good fortune may be, for I am not the man I was, Estelle, and I should like to see my boy's face again, before—before I die."

Here the hard voice changed, the stern man turned his head. Could this be Sir Mervyn? thought Estelle. In all her previous knowledge of him she had never known him to express regret for any act, speech or opinion whatever, however placed in the wrong by after consequences. That he should be really regretful and repentant struck her in the light of a species of miracle. More than that, it imbued her with a vague fear, as if there was some impending ill when such an abnormal change took place in the social atmosphere.

"Do not grieve, my dearest uncle," said she, winding her arms around him, with a look of beseeching tenderness. "I know, from the way Lance has written to me, that he has long since ceased to harbor resentment. He knows that he was in the wrong, though he, and I too, must I confess it, at the time, thought that you were too hard upon him. Depend upon it we shall see him in a year, if not less, and all will be forgotten in the joy of his return, in the triumph of his success."

"God grant it," said the old man, "but I have evil dreams. I believe the devil enters into a Trevanion at times. Perhaps Lance may break the spell. If he has an angel for his wife like my darling Estelle, it will be all the more likely."

* * * * *

Trevanion and party, of Number Six, Growler's Gully, were "fair on it"—"had struck it rich, and no mistake," in miners' parlance. Fame and fortune were both theirs, assured, unchallenged; the fame, as in too many cases in this world, considerably in advance of the fortune. His partner, Polwarth, a shrewd, long-headed "Cousin Jack" (as the Cornish miners are called), stuck steadily to his work, stayed at home with his wife and child, and beyond building a comfortable weatherboard-fronted bark cottage for them, made no difference in his equilibrium.

But it was otherwise with Lance Trevanion. His striking appearance, his manner and bearing, his reputation for wealth, coupled with romantic tales of his family circumstances, commenced to make him a personage of consideration, as well as to cause his society to be sought after in the higher social strata in and around Ballarat. Even at the Gully, now that it had developed a true and defined "lead"—(the auriferous course of a dead and buried river of the past)

a couple of branch banks had been established, shops and hotels had sprung up.

All created organisms, during certain periods of their existence, are capable of development. The conditions being varied, plants and animals, including that strangely-constituted vertebrate, man, suddenly or by graduation, but not less surely, expand and change, or decrease and degenerate, as the case may be. Physical expansion does not invariably presume moral advancement, and, indeed, the removal of restrictive pecuniary conditions occasionally conduces to the reverse result. Alas! That the delightful freedom from restraints which our civilisation renders galling, which is often described by the phrase, "money being no object," should, in itself, be oftimes that broad road leading to irrevocable ruin, to destruction of body and soul.

When a man arises from sound and untroubled slumber at or about five "a.m. in the morning," *vide* Mr. Chuckster, and within an hour is commencing a long day's work, which process is continued week in, week out, with the exception of Sundays, there is not much room or opportunity for the Enemy of man, who proverbially finds work for "the unemployed."

These, and chiefly for such reasons, were the dangers of "Growler's Gully" during the early period of their existence—an eminently peaceful and virtuous community. Hard at work from morn till dewy eve, that is from daylight to dark, a matter of fourteen hours, there was scant space or opportunity for riotous living. A quiet talk over their pipes before the so-early bed-time, a glass of beer or grog at the unpretending shanty, which, before the era of hotel licenses, was compulsorily modest and unobstrusive, was the outside dissipation indulged in by the "Growlers." There was sufficient prosperity to produce hope and contentment, but not enough, except in rarely exceptional cases, to bring forth the evil craving for luxury and excitement. There was no theatre, no gaming saloon (under the rose, of course), no inrush of fiends, male and female, as upon a diggings of published richness; and therein lay safety, had they known it, such as should have made every man thankful, and every woman deeply grateful to the Higher Power that had so ordered their destiny and surroundings.

So might, perchance, have continued their Arcadian freedom from evil had not the exceptional richness of No. six been known and bruited abroad. But, somehow, principally through Lance's carelessness, it had leaked out, been spread far and wide, been wildly exaggerated, and now, every day new arrivals from the most unlikely places in other colonies, testified to the brilliant reputation which "Growlers" had acquired. Greatness, indeed, had been thrust upon them. There was no escaping the celebrity, wholly undesired by the more thoughtful and forecasting miners. But the majority of the adventurers of the day were young and inexperienced. Intoxicated with their suddenly-acquired wealth, they were splendidly reckless as to the morrow. They ever welcomed the irruption of the heterogeneous army of strangers which invaded their hitherto rather close borough. They treated their rash migration, made upon the flimsiest reports, as a humorous incident wholly appropriate to goldfield life. As for the risks to which such an admixture might fairly be held to expose the safety and solvency of the community, they were contemptuously indifferent.

CHAPTER VI.

Among the new arrivals who came in numbers to swell the gathering crowd, whose huts and tents were now scattered for miles around the original gully, which, owing to the chronic discontent of the prospectors, had given its name to the locality, were some people from a distant part of the neighboring colony of New South Wales. They constituted a large family party, comprising brothers, cousins, the mother of the young men, their sister, and a friend or two. Their tents were pitched in an open flat at no great distance from claim No. six, and without any special overture on either side, a casual acquaintance commenced which bade fair to ripen into friendship. The migrating party were all native-born Australians. Gold-lured, they had travelled in one encampment from their homesteads on the upper waters of the Eumeralla, a tributary of the Snowy river. In that mountainous region, thinly settled with scattered families, tending their herds of wild cattle and wilder horses, had these stalwart men and fearless girls been born and reared. The men were fine athletic fellows, free and cordial in their manners, apparently liberal and obliging in such small matters as came into notice. Apart from his natural curiosity too, as to the characteristics of this company of "Sydney natives" as they were generally called—people of pure British race and descent, who had never seen Britain. Lance was attracted by their riding feats as well as by the high quality of the unusually large number of horses which belonged to

the party. That they were consummate horse-men, he, a fair judge and performer in the hunting field, at once perceived. Their ways of managing the animals, catching, handling and saddling them, were all new to him. He came to walk over to their tent in the evening, to talk over the gold news of the "day," to hear their stories of adventure by flood and field, to him novel and interesting, and by no means unattractively rendered. Besides all this, there was another appendage to the Lawford family. One, which since the ancientest days, has sufficed to attract the ardent susceptible male of whatever age and character with steady resistless force. There was a woman in the case, and a fairly prepossessing damsel she was. The sister of the young men, Kate Lawford, was indeed a very handsome girl. Bush-bred and reared as she was, uneducated and wholly unacquainted with many of the habituals of civilisation, she comprised much of the perilous fascination of her sex. Tall and slight, but with a rounded symmetrical figure, there was an ease and unstudied grace in all her attitudes, which an artist would have recognised as true to the training of nature. Like her brothers, more at home in the saddle than in a chair, she compelled admiration when mounted on her favorite horse, a grey of grand action; she swept through the forest path, or amid the awkward traps and obstacles of a goldfield with such perfection of seat and hand, as can only be obtained by that practice which commences with earliest childhood. Her complexion was delicate, indeed, unusually fair, save where an envious freckle showed that the summer sun had been all too rashly defied, her soft brown hair was unusually abundant, while her bright, dark, grey eyes had a glitter at times in moments of mirth or excitement, which denoted, either for good or ill, a character of no ordinary firmness.

Lance Trevanion had been out of the way of female fascinations for a considerable period. The o'ermastering strength of his feelings after the quarrel with his father; the fierce, persistent determination with which he had followed up the fortune which he had vowed to gain in Australia, had for the time being, dispossessed the minor frailties. But, now that wealth had begun to pour in with a flowing tide, now that leisure had succeeded ceaseless toil, for he had felt justified in putting on a "wages man." Now, that flattery, spoken or implied, commenced to indicate him as Trevanion of number six, "a golden-hole man," and the half-owner of one of the richest claims on the field, the ordinary results of more than sufficing money and time commenced to exhibit themselves.

"I don't know that I like that Lawford crowd overmuch," said Hastings to him one day. "I'd be a little careful, if I were you."

"Why, what's wrong with them?" answered Lance, rather hotly. "They're fine, manly fellows, and pretty good all-round. They can ride and shoot—they're very good with their hands—and I never saw smarter men to work. Quite different from what I expected Sydney natives to be."

"And their sister's a very pretty girl—eh! Come, don't be offended, I'm only advising you for your good. But I met an old friend, who was a squatter in their district, and he says they are a bad lot—gamblers and horse-thieves—more than suspected of worse things, indeed."

"Well, of course, your friend may be a little prejudiced," answered Trevanion, trying his best to repress his rising irritability. "They may have fallen out. What's the difference between squatters and drovers? That's what they are. They told me, —."

What's the difference between country gentlemen and poachers?" replied Maxwell. "You haven't been long enough in the country to know the ins and outs of things. But, take my word for it, the sooner you drop your native friends, the better."

"Really, my dear fellow," answered Lance, putting on a lofty and superior air, which his friend had never before observed, while the strange glitter in his eyes became more intense with every word. "You must permit me to manage my own affairs and choose my own friends. I have not been so long in the country as yourself, but I am not quite devoid of common sense, and have seen a little life before I came here. The Lawfords are pleasant, manly fellows; quite as good as most of the men we meet out here, and Miss Kate is a friend of mine of whom I shall allow no one to speak disrespectfully."

Maxwell was an exceptionally cool man, or he would, doubtless, have requested his interlocutor, shortly, to go to the devil his own way, and, thereafter, have washed his hands of him. But he owed a debt of gratitude, for his first generous service which he was too sincere and genuine to forget.

"You must take your own way, I suppose," he said, good humoredly. "We won't quarrel, if I can help it. But, I hope you won't have reason to regret not taking my advice. Have you heard who the new Police Magistrate is?"

"His name is Mac, something or other; comes from Tasmania, and knows every

escaped convict in the colonies by sight, they say."

"Oh! Launceston Mac? Is that the P.M. who is to reign over us? No doubt he's a good man, but a little too fond of appearing to know everybody, and awfully severe. He's too quick in his decision, for my taste. I feel like the sergeant in Rob Roy, who considers that, 'Were it the Bailie's own case, he would be in no such dashed hurry.'"

"Oh! well, there are plenty of rascals here and to spare. He may try his hand on them' and welcome."

"There's a new Sergeant of Police, too," he continued. "Can't remember his name; something like Barrell or Farrell. They say he's a 'regular terror,' as Joe Lawford expressed it."

"Frank Dayrell! Is *he* come?" asked Hastings, with a change of tone. "I used to know him in a wild district out back, before the gold. There was great joy when he left Wanaaring."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I heard he was a very smart, active officer."

"All that," said Maxwell, "but more besides—much more. Sergeant Francis Dayrell bore the name of being one of the most unscrupulous, remorseless men that ever touched a revolver. When he has duty to do he's all right. But, above everything, he must have a conviction. If he can manage that, with his prisoner, well and good. If not—*caveat captivus*."

"Whatever he is," answered Lance, "it won't matter much to us. We can afford to pay for 'Miner's Rights' now," he added, laughingly, "and there's nothing else likely to bring us within the talons of the law."

"I wouldn't make too sure of *that*," his companion returned, half musingly, and with a strangely altered expression. "Dayrell is a most extraordinary man."

That there was, in the early days of the great Australian gold irruption, a large proportion of remarkable and exceptional characters, on all the goldfields, few who have the faintest recollection of that socially volcanic period will be found to deny. It could hardly have been otherwise. Adventurers of every sort and condition, of all ages and both sexes, from every clime and country, had there congregated at these wonderous auriferous centres. The first year's manual labor, which all essayed as the recognised form of ticket in the lottery, saw many of the unused toilers disgusted or discouraged. Meanwhile, a demand arose for competent persons to fill appointments the emoluments attached to which were calculated on war prices. The public and private service were both under manned. Hence, every day well-born and well-educated mining amateurs relinquished the pick and shovel to become gentlemen, so to speak, once more. The more fortunate became Gold-field Commissioners, Police Magistrates, Customs Officers, Clerks, Agents, Storekeepers, Inspectors of Police, Auctioneers, and what not. The salaries were large; the profits extraordinary—in many cases far exceeding the gains of the ordinary miner. The rank and file of the unsuccessful applicants fully equal, if not, in some cases, superior to the fortunate competitors, contented themselves with becoming police-troopers, store clerks, and assistants, coach drivers, billiard markers, or barmen. In all these conventionally humble situations they were, if sober and shrewd, enabled to save money and lay the foundation of future opulence. The police force—more particularly the mounted division—was popular with the more aristocratic waifs. It afforded a reasonable degree of leisure, a spice of danger, and the privilege of posing in *quasi* military array, besides riding a well-appointed charger and wearing a showy uniform. Among the privates, and, so to speak, non-commissioned officers of the force, were to be found; therefore, a large proportion of what, in a regular army, would have been called soldiers of fortune. They were occasionally impatient of discipline; wild and reckless in their habits, given to occasional brawling, drinking, and dicing, much as were the Royalist soldiery in the days of the first Charles. But, like them, they were brave to recklessness. Cool and daring amid fierce and lawless crowds, and, of all that strangely gathered band, the wildest and most untamed spirit, yet the coolest, the most *rusé*, deadliest sleuth hound, by general acclaim and common report, was Sergeant Francis Dayrell.

Tall and slight, with fair hair and beard, and a false air of almost effeminate softness in his blue eyes, he was wonderfully active and curiously muscular as compared with his outward appearance. That he had received the education of a gentleman all could perceive. Of his family nothing was known. Ever reticent about his own concerns, he was not a man to be interrogated. An admirable man-at-arms—promoted, indeed, in consequence of some exceptional deed of power, the taking, indeed, of a desperate malefactor single-handed; he was an unsparing martinet to those below him, merely respectful to his superiors in rank, and habitually hard and merciless to the criminals with whom he had to deal. With the exception of occasional

boon companions with whom, at intervals, he drank deeply, and, it was alleged, gambled for high stakes, he made no friends and had no intimates. Solitary, if not unsocial, he was generally feared if not disliked, and the mixed population of the goldfield, many of whom, doubtless, were conscious of "sins unwhipt of justice," united in giving the sergeant a very wide berth indeed. Such was the man who had suddenly been transferred to the police district which included Growler's Gully and its vicinity.

Among his friends, the Lawfords, Lance was not long in perceiving that the sergeant's advent was not regarded as a not wholly unimportant circumstance. He rather wondered to hear the tone of mingled dislike and bitterness with which the affair was discussed.

"Not that *they*," Ned Lawford, the eldest of the brothers and, in a sense, the leader of the party, laughingly remarked, "had any call to be afraid, but there were friends of theirs, quiet, steady-going farmers and drovers, upon whom this cove, Dayrell, had been tremendously hard—treated them dashed unfairly indeed. So that if, by chance, his horse came home some day without him, he, for one, would not be surprised, nor would he be inclined to go into mourning for him."

"If he only does his duty, though," Lance could not help answering, "*that* ought not to make Dayrell unpopular."

"There's ways and ways of doing things," returned Ned. "I quarrel with no man for doing his duty—that he's paid for. But this man's a —— dog, and I'd shoot him like a crow if he came messing round me, and think nothing of it either."

Trevanion couldn't quite understand the savage tone with which these words were uttered—he thought that something had occurred to put Ned out, as he was habitually a good-tempered fellow. When he went to Kate for an explanation, he found himself no nearer to a solution.

"I hate the sight of him," she said, "with his soft voice and sneering ways. I believe he'd hang us all if he could. He nearly 'run in' a young man we knew on the other side, and him as innocent about the duffing as the babe unborn. He'll get a rough turn yet, if he doesn't look sharp, and serve him right, too."

"But *you* have no cause to mind his coming here, Kate," he said, in a bantering tone. "You've never stolen a horse or 'stuck up' anybody—isn't that the expression—(except me, you know). I wonder you girls don't admire a handsome man like Dayrell."

"I wouldn't mind laying him out for his coffin," said the girl vengefully. "I might admire his features then. But," and here her face assumed, for a few seconds, an expression which caused her companion to gasp in amazement, "his turn may come yet, and if Frank Dayrell dies in his bed he's a luckier man than some of us think he'll be. By Jove!" she exclaimed suddenly, "if that isn't him, and almost close enough to hear me. He's the devil himself, I do believe."

By a curious coincidence the unconscious object of this discussion had emerged from a bye-track, and, suddenly reining up, rode slowly past the pair. Whatever his moral qualities he was utterly *point device* as a man-at-arms. His tall erect figure and *manège* horsemanship were well displayed on the handsome roan thoroughbred which he rode as a charger. High boots, very carefully polished, with bit, stirrup-irons and sabre-scabbard glittering in the sun, showed the military completeness of his equipment. At his sword-belt hung a serviceable navy revolver, while from toe to chin-strap no smallest detail was omitted.

As his eye fell on Lance and the girl he nodded and laughingly raised his helmet.

"Well, Miss Lawford—we mustn't say Kate now, I expect. Have you had a ride after moonlighters lately? I expect Mr. Trevanion doesn't know what the meaning of the word is. However, you and Ned will soon enlarge his limited colonial experience."

As the trooper rode slowly past them, his well-bred high-conditioned horse arching his neck and champing the bit which had stopped him so suddenly, the girl turned pale in spite of her angry look, and lowered her defiant eyes. Without speaking more or altering his careless seat and steady regard, he sauntered slowly on, with one foot dangling sideways in the stirrup. For an instant his eyes met those of Trevanion, who, irritated by the whole bearing of the man and a certain ill-concealed air of authority, said "I dare say you'll know me again. May I ask what reason you have for favoring Miss Lawford and me with your particular attention?"

The sergeant's features slightly relaxed, though his eyes maintained the same cold, penetrating, inscrutable expression which had so annoyed Lance, as he replied:

"Kate Lawford and I are old acquaintances, perhaps I can hardly say friends. As for you, we may possibly be better acquainted in future. But if you take my advice—that of a well-wisher, little as you may suppose it—

you'll stick to your claim, and be careful in your choice of associates."

Before the angry reply, which was rising to his lips, could find utterance, the sergeant struck his charger lightly across the neck with his glove and cantered off, raising his helmet in a half-mocking salute to Kate Lawford.

"Insolent scoundrel," said Lance, "if he dares to address me again I'll knock him off his horse. If I was in my own country I'd show him the difference in our positions. But in this confounded country things are turned upside down with a vengence. But what did he mean by saying you and he were old acquaintances?"

"By a curious coincidence the unconscious object of this discussion had emerged from a bye-track, and suddenly reining up, rode slowly past the pair."

"He be hanged," said the girl, whose color and courage had apparently returned. "We never were nearer friends than to pass the time of day. But he was stationed once on Monaroo, where we all lived, and, of course, he came to the place now and then. I think he was a bit sweet upon Tessie, but she couldn't stand him and so he dropped coming to Mountain Creek. He's not worth minding, any road. We'd better finish our walk and get home for tea, I'm thinking."

It was the early summer. The winter had been cold and wet. The Ballarat climate is by no means of that exceptional mildness which the Briton innocently believes to characterise the whole of Australia, making no allowance for widely diverging degrees of elevation and latitude. It had been severe beyond the usual average, wild and tempestuous. But now, all suddenly the delicious warmth of the first summer months made itself felt. Day after day witnessed the riotous growth of pasture and herbage, the blooming of flowerets before the joyous sorcery of a southern spring. Their path lay through the primeval woodland, bordered by an emerald carpet studded with flower-jewels and redolent with balsamic forest odors. As the shadows lengthened and the birds' notes sounded clear and sweet through the evening stillness, the girl's voice, as she told of wild rides and solitary experiences in their mountain home, had a strangely soft and caressing tone.

CHAPTER VII.

Following closely upon this little episode, a fresh discovery in number six demonstrated to Lance Trevanion that whatever else was raw, unfurnished, and disagreeable in Australia, the colony of Victoria generally, and Growler's Gully, in the district of Ballarat, particularly, were the easiest places to make fortunes in, out of a book of fairy tales. Each week the yield of the claim grew richer,

the balance at the bank to the credit of Trevanion and party became larger. So imposing was it that Lance seriously thought of selling his share in the claim to his mate, even if he lost a thousand or two by it. Jack Polwarth was a good fellow, and what, indeed, did a little money matter any more than an odd handful of precious stones to Sindbad in the valley of diamonds? He would be at home with his friends in, say, half a year. That is if he returned by India, took a look at the Himalayas, saw Calcutta and Madras; or why not *via* Honolulu, getting by heart the new world, including the Garden of Eden as exhibited in the isles of the southern main, before re-appearing triumphant in the old. What would his father say now? Where would be his cousin Estelle's misgivings, that unswerving friend and lady-love whose letters had been as constant as her heart? What a heavenly change would it be once more to the ineffable beauty and refinement of English society after the rude environment of a goldfield, the primitive civilisation of an Australian colony, but so few years emerged from the primeval wilderness.

It was with a sort of sob or gasp that he realised the dream-picture on which he allowed his thoughts, a rare indulgence, to dwell. And after all why should he not carry out his purpose? Why indeed? Strong and unbending in matters of need and pressure, a certain indolence, an occasional tendency to irresolution, formed a portion of his character which often delayed prompt action and permitted opportunity to pass by. The loitering life he lived at present, a central figure, so to speak, amid admiring associates and envious adventurers was pleasant enough in its way. Then the old, old temptation! It would give him, yes, undoubtedly it would, a certain amount of pain and uneasiness to break off finally with Kate Lawford.

Tameless in spirit as she was, reckless of speech and fierce of mood when her ungovernable temper was aroused, Kate Lawford could be wonderfully soft and alluring, like all such women, when the tender fit took her. There was then a child-like simplicity and abandon which caused her to seem, and, indeed, temporarily *to be*, a different woman. She resembled one of those rare psychological studies — which are indeed scientifically authenticated—who lead a dual existence. For no two individuals could be more unlike than Kate Lawford in one of her "tantrums" (as her brothers familiarly expressed it) and the same woman when the paroxysm was over, imploring forgiveness and lavishing caresses on the object of her causeless resentment. That there are such feminine enigmas no student of humanity will deny. But with all her powers of fascination, she was so uncertain in her mood that she caused Lance Trevanion the most serious doubts whether she reciprocated the affection which he had been repeatedly on the point of avowing for her. Sometimes she was especially friendly, full of fun and vivacity, taking long rides through the wild forest tracks with him, on which occasions she would astonish him by the way in which she would ride at stiff timber or gallop adown the rock-strewn ranges, breast high with fern, daring him to follow her, and shouting to imaginary cattle. At these times her whole aim and endeavor appeared to be to attract and subjugate him. At other times she was cold and repellant to such a degree that he felt inclined to break with her forever, and to congratulate himself on being quit of so strange and unsatisfactory a friendship.

He had not told himself, indeed, that he was prepared to marry her. Democratic as he had become in many of his opinions, and conscious, self-convicted, of falsehood and treachery to his cousin Estelle, he yet in his cooler moments shrunk from the idea of marrying an uneducated girl of humble extraction reared in a wilderness and bearing traces of a savage life, beautiful exceedingly, and despite of her wilful and untamed nature, wildly fascinating, as he confessed her to be. Thus swayed by opposing currents, his heart and brain drifted aimlessly to and fro for a space, while still a strange and unreal tinge of romance was given to his life by the ever onward and favoring current of the golden tide.

Although matters had not progressed sufficiently far on the pathway to civilisation at Growler's to establish a claim to society in any conventional acceptation, yet was there a rudimentary germ or nucleus. One or two of the Government officials were married. There was a clergyman who had a couple of daughters, energetic, intelligent damsels, who had adapted themselves with much tact to their unusual surroundings. At the camp there were gatherings of the officials of various grades—police, gold commissioners, magistrates, and so forth, with a few of the more aristocratic adventurers whose names were known, and who were armed with introductions. It would be inaccurate to deny that there was a little loo now and then, also whist, of which the points were certainly not sixpenny ones. To these rational expedients of passing the time, which,

when there was no actual business on hand, occasionally lagged, Mr. Trevanion would have been a welcome addition ; good-looking, well-bred, and—more than all—exceptionally fortunate as a miner. But to all these hints and suggestions he—with a certain perverseness difficult to account for, and which was remembered in days to come—obstinately turned a deaf ear. More than one hint—well meant—was thrown out touching the expediency of being "so thick with those Lawfords." Of course one could understand a young fellow being attracted by a handsome lively girl like Kate Lawford. In those wild days every man was a law unto himself, and revelled in his freedom. Yet, was there not lacking even in that mêlée of rude adventurers and unprecedented social conditions more than one kindly adviser. There were men who knew the world—European and Australian—well and thoroughly. From them he received warnings and advice. But he repelled all friendly, and obstinate with all the perverse intractibility of the Trevanion nature, he disregarded them all.

Beside outside acquaintance, in addition to Hastings and his mate Jack Polwarth—who with his honest-hearted good little wife—never ceased to disapprove and to keep up a persistent warfare, so to speak, against the Lawfords—he had a friend within the fortress who more than once gave him a warning, had he cared to avail himself of it.

Quiet and reserved as Tessie (or Esther) Lawford had always shown herself, he had never fallen into the error of mistaking her for a commonplace girl. Without the showy qualities of her cousin Kate, she gave token from time to time of having been better educated and differently brought up from the others. She was always treated with a certain amount of respect, and, even in Kate's most irritating moods, as she rarely replied, so was she the only one of the party who escaped her scathing tongue.

She never appeared to seek opportunity to gain Lance's attention, though when she did speak there always appeared to be some underlying reason for her remarks. One of her characteristics was a steady disapproval of the sharp tricks and double dealings of which her cousin often boasted, and which Lance did not generally comprehend. He supposed them, indeed, to be among the acknowledged customs of the country, and not considered to be illegal or discreditable.

"They are nothing of the sort, " she was accustomed to say, with considerable emphasis. "They are theft and robbery—call them what you will ; they are certain to bring all concerned to the gaol at some time or other. If people don't mind, *that*, nothing I can say will have any effect.'

"Sometimes she was especially friendly, full of fun and vivacity, taking long rides through the wild forest tracks with him."

"You'll have to marry a parson," Ned Lawford would reply. "What do you think of the young chap that preached to us in the flat last Sunday? Why half the squatters began by a little 'duffing.' Nobody thinks the worse of a man for that."

"If they're caught they go to gaol" replied the uncompromising Tessie. "Then they're criminals, and can never look anyone in the face again! And serve them right too in a country like this, where the gold fairly runs out of the ground into peoples pockets."

They all laughed at this, and the conversation dropped, while all hands—the girls excepted—set to at a night of pretty deep gambling, which lasted well into the small hours.

A fortnight after this, as Lance was sauntering down in the evening to the Lawford's camp, he found to his great surprise that there appeared to be no one at home. The tents were all down, and gone, but two.

One of the younger boys—a silent apparently stupid youngster of fourteen—was in charge of the few remaining horses and the packs left behind. He could give little or no information, except that the party had moved to a new digging, of which he did not know the name, or, indeed, in which direction it was. All he knew was that he and Tessie had been left behind, to stay till they were sent for. All the horses were gone but three. Tessie had gone out for a walk along the Creek, but would be back soon. "Here she comes now."

The boy pointed to a female figure coming slowly along a track which followed the banks of a little creek, near which the Lawford's camp had been formed, and then walked over to where the hobbled horses were grazing as if glad to escape from the necessity of answering other questions.

The girl approached with her head down, and her eyes upon the ground, walking slowly, as if immersed in deep thought. Suddenly she raised her head and gazed at him with a peculiar expression in her brown eyes. They were not large, but clear and steadfast and—while she was speaking—had a singularly truthful expression. There was a kind of half-pitying look in them, Lance thought, which made him suppose that some misfortune had happened to the little community, of which he had so lately been a regular member and associate.

"What's the matter Tessie?" said he. "I can see at once that you are troubled in your mind. Why are they all gone away? Didn't Kate leave any word or message for me? All this is very sudden."

"Mr. Trevanion," said the girl, stopping short as he approached her, "I sometimes think you are the most innocent person I ever met. We natives think young men from England are not very sharp, sometimes—but that is mostly about bush work and stock, which they can't be expected to know. But, of all I ever met I think you are the most simple and—well I must say—foolish."

"You are not complimentary," replied Lance, rather sullenly, and "you don't rate my understanding very highly. May I ask if you have any letter from your cousin Kate for me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the girl, speaking with more energy than he had ever before noticed in her, "and I have been tempted to tear it to pieces and leave you to guess the meaning. If I had acted as your true friend—which I have always been—I should have done so. Take my advice and drop us all—once and forever. Why should you persist in making friends of us? We are not good company for you—a born gentleman. Why don't you behave like one, and leave people alone who are not your equals in any respect?"

"May I ask for the letter you refer to?"

"Listen to me for the last time," she said, coming closer to him and looking earnestly into his face. "Listen to me, as if I was your sister—your mother—or the dearest friend in a woman's shape you have on earth. I know what is in that letter. Kate wants you to join her and the rest of the crowd at Balooka. Don't go! Do you hear what I say—*don't go!* Or you will repent it to the last hour of your life."

"Why should I not?' asked he. "Are you not going yourself with Billy here to-morrow?"

"I am *not* going," she said. "I shall go to Melbourne to-morrow by the coach, and, perhaps, never see one of them again, or you either. They have been kind to me in their own fashion. I have eaten 'their bread,' and, therefore, I will not say more than I can help. But beware of Kate Lawford! She is not what she appears to be! She is deceiving you, and worse even than being the dupe of a heartless and unprincipled woman may happen to you. Oh! promise me," she said, "promise me before I leave that you will not go!"

"If I had any doubt, your last words have decided me," he said, and as the angry light commenced to gleam in his eyes the girl's expression changed to that of wonder and strange terror, deepening visibly.

"It is himself!" she said, almost shuddering. "Can there be two? Is the Evil One walking on the earth and working his will as in the old, old days? You will not be

turned now," she went on. "God is my witness that I have done my best. Your blood be on your own head!"

"Say good-bye, Tessie," he said. "I shall never forget your good intentions, at any rate."

"Good-bye," she said in a tone of such sadness that he felt impressed in spite of himself. "You will not forget *me*. No, whatever happens you will not do that. For your dead mother's sake, for your sister's, and if there is anyone dearer than either beyond the seas, for *her* sake, God bless and keep you."

And, waving her hand disheartedly, like a woman in a dream, she walked swiftly towards one of the tents, which she entered, and was hidden from his view.

"Here it is," she said, reappearing, "if you will have it," and, as if moved to sudden despair, she cast the letter upon the ground with every gesture of anger and contempt. "If it was a snake you wouldn't pick it up, would you? And yet," she went on, suddenly dropping her voice to a low, earnest whisper, "the worst carpet snake you ever saw—a death adder, even—would do you less harm than what's in that letter, if you follow it. Be warned, oh! Mr. Trevanion, be warned."

As she spoke her face softened, she leaned forward in a beseeching attitude, her eyes filled, and this ordinarily reserved and self-contained Tessie began to weep hysterically.

"Confound the girl!" said Lance to himself. "What a terrible to-do about nothing at all! What's the good of coming to Australia if one can't choose one's own society? I might as well be in Cornwall again. Surely this girl isn't in love with me, too?"

His unspoken thought must have manifested itself in some mysterious fashion, though no word escaped him, for Tessie Lawford left off crying, and, wiping her eyes, with a haughty gesture, appeared to return to her usual composed bearing.

That night brought but little sleep to the eyes of Lance Trevanion. It was late when he entered his hut, and, flinging himself on the bed where, for the most part, he had known nought but dreamless repose, he commenced to think over the situation.

Should he accept the warning so solemnly given by this strange girl, who, before this, had manifested but little interest in his career, and had lived a merely negative and defensive life?

"How little we know of people's natures," thought he, "women's especially" Who would have thought this quiet girl had all this fire and earnestness in her? Her warning squared curiously with all that he had gathered form other sources. Was there something mysterious and by no means fair and above-board about these Lawfords? It looked like it. And Kate! What an artful treacherous jade she had proved herself to be, if what her cousin said was true. Well, at any rate, he would go and see for himself. He knew, or thought he knew, enough of life not to entirely trust one woman's word about another. If Kate was false and deceitful, he would have the satisfaction of telling her so to her face. If she was true, well, he really did not know what was to be done in that case. At any rate, he would go and see. Yes, he would show he was not afraid to meet them all, there or anywhere else."

The fateful letter was short, badly written and worse spelled. It merely stated that her brothers had settled to move to Balooka, naming a new digging nearly a hundred miles away, and not far from the foothills of the great Alpine range. They had gone into a large purchase in horses, and were going to drive them to Melbourne in another month, when they expected to make a lot of money out of them. "If he cared to see her again he might meet them next week at Balooka. The road went by Wahgulmerang." This precious epistle was signed, "Your true friend and well-wisher, Kate Lawford. P.S. If you only seen the black mare that was gave me by a friend."

There was nothing alarming in this apparently simple and guileless missive. A ride to a new digging was not only a pleasant novelty, but distinctly in the line of his occupation as a miner, now that he was an authority as a "golden-hole man" with local fame and reputation. He had a good horse, and though stabling was expensive he had felt justified in being well mounted, as the companion of such a horsewoman as Kate Lawford. The reference to the black mare and the generous friend rather piqued him, as was probably intended. He had never encountered anyone in the guise of a rival, and felt curious to see what kind of admirer had come forward.

His preparations were not long in making. He informed Maxwell and his mate Jack that he was going to Balooka and might be absent for a week or two.

They evidently suspected the nature of the magnet which was attracting him, and by their manner showed anything but cheerful approval of his plans, wise by experience, however, they refrained from expostulation.

(To be continued.)

UTILE DULCI.—II.

SELECTIONS FROM A FRESHWATER LOG.

BY ALEXANDER OLIVER.

EASTER day broke with light misty rain, but the wind—such a light draught as there was in the deep bight where we lay at anchor—came from the right quarter, viz., west; and the weather-wise country-side experts had assured us that, with a westerly wind at that time of the year, a few morning showers meant nothing serious; and so it turned out. But the drizzling dawn, which I had perhaps too candidly announced to the volunteers beneath hatches, met with anything but the expected response. Instead of turning out of their bunks and rapidly exchanging pyjamas for pants, the entire crew merely exchanged sides by lazily rolling over from right to left, or from left to right, as the case might be. In vain I adjured them to remember that somebody must clear away the wreckage of last night's meal, wash up, and make things tidy, to say nothing of the duties connected with that early breakfast which all had unanimously agreed, the night before, must be prepared and partaken of at a very early hour on the morrow. Alas! when the morrow came, the resolve was some hours old and had had time to cool.

And then that early morning sleep! What healthy human creature to windward of thirty has ever been discovered who does not consider very early rising a cause of premature personal disfigurement, and, so considering, take it to be a duty to doze away in bed those hours which are supposed to be sacred to adolescence. But then comes the difficulty. What is adolescence? A great Roman orator wrote himself down an adolescent at forty-four. And I dare say Mr. Gladstone has only just begun, at nearly double that age, to think that he may be passing from *adolescentia* to *senectus*.

In a houseboat where six of the inmates were under twenty-five, and only one over it—and on a moist Sunday morning far away from metropolitan authorities—away up the Colo, many miles distant from the most rudimentarily primitive form of church or chapel, was it incumbent on anybody who could sleep, to get up? The crew on this Easter day seemed to answer the question so emphatically in the negative that I was obliged to have recourse to the expedient—and very effective it was—of washing down decks over their sleepy heads, and now and then, by the merest accident, allowing a few drops of water to settle on their noses, or, not accidentally, in bad cases, holding the wet mop within a few inches of their snoring apparatus. After a few, a very few, repetitions of these arguments, all hands coincided in the views of their tyrannical captain, and shaped, some for wash-upping and others for cooking. And before 8 o'clock the houseboat was in apple-pie order, the breakfast-table fixed up, the cooking battery set going ashore, blankets and bed-things rolled up and stowed away, and a general understanding arrived at that the Earth was revolving properly in her accustomed orbit.

The domestic details of housekeeping in a houseboat are not, perhaps, so monotonous as those of a fixed camp ashore. There is the novelty about them belonging to life afloat in extremely restricted spaces, and when one does move there is no striking of tents and packing of horses, but your entire camp shifts itself. Every man has his own taste, but there is much to be said in favor of the houseboat as a place of residence, and, to tell the truth, I have often wondered that no enterprising Sydney bachelors have as yet hit upon a suburban life afloat, out of the reach of municipal taxation, that next-door piano, itinerant musicians, book canvassers, bad smells, and all other nuisances incident to a fixed life on *terra firma*.

As to life on board a houseboat on the Hawkesbury and its various tributaries, that will assuredly become a common recreation, a form of the life kalizoic, so soon as the proper type of houseboat has been invented. The "Possum" was not built for a houseboat, and with a draught of four feet she is necessarily excluded from many creeks and streams of the river which should be visited by a rambling resident in search of picturesque quarters. A proper river houseboat should not draw more than two feet, and would be all the better if a small vapor

engine of the "Zephyr" type provided her with the necessary means of locomotion. Deep-keeled yachts are the worst of all possible river-houses. Let no reader of this paper in a meritorious fit of enthusiasm, but unable to wait until posterity provides suitable vessels, fit out one of more draught than four feet to explore the Upper Hawkesbury, Colo, Macdonald, Mangrove, Mooney, Berowra or other affluents of that river which Anthony Trollope pronounced to be, on the whole, better worth a visit than the Rhine. Yet even that accomplished tourist left the river without having seen some of its most beautiful sights. The "Bronzewing" steam launch so generously lent to the present writer* by the late Mr. Thomas Mort for the trip from Pitt Town to Broken Bay, drew too much water to navigate the Colo, or the Macdonald. Wherefore the great novelist died without having feasted his eyes on Kemp or Weeny Reach.

Far before the deep-bodied yacht for river-rambling is the half-decked centreboard boat, especially in moderately fine weather; but this sort has its weak points, too. The stowage space is insufficient, and the decks are rarely watertight. Consequently the sleeping gear is apt to get damp, and mattresses take up too much space to be admissible. But, for a really enjoyable month afloat on the Hawkesbury, an excellent habitation would be a combination of the punt and the ordinary deck-house, with an improvised screw hung in a rough dead-wood and a wide shallow rudder hung on the stern-post. The screw, driven by a small kerosene or (better still) vapor engine, ought to get three or four knots out of such a vessel which, if of about fifty feet overall by fifteen or twenty feet beam, would provide a dozen people with all the accommodation they could reasonably require. The living cabins and saloon should be constructed on the forward part of the hull. The after-part should be allotted to the engine, coal bunkers, cooking apparatus, pantry, store-room, etc. Over the deck-house there should be an open upper deck, as on the mail steamers, with stanchions and ridge-poles for an awning, and here the "house" ought to be steered.

If such a vessel were to be laid down expressly for houseboat service, the bow and stern could be made a little more shapely than the ends of an ordinary punt adapted on an emergency. In any case, a good solid mast to carry a square or lug sail should be added. The "house" could then manage to navigate the distance between Port Jackson Heads and Broken Bay, with a small launch in attendance in case of need, with some degree of safety and comfort, and possibly with some approach to the speed of a Brisbane Water scow.

Compared with this kind of houseboat the "Possum" can only be regarded as an extempore makeshift so far at least as accommodation goes. Nevertheless, we all managed (for I may as well say all that need be said on the subject here) to extract very fair board and lodging out of her during the ten days of our river life. In a space of less than thirty feet by nine feet (two feet of the latter dimension on each side being taken up by deck), cabins, state-rooms and other luxuries are not to be thought of. Our fore peak, some ten feet in length, made up two berths on the ballast deck. The main hatch, about thirteen feet long, made up two good fixed bunks under the deck, one on each side of the centreboard and two on the ballast deck. Abaft the centreboard box number seven made up his berth, and abaft that the hull was entirely devoted to lockers, steering hatch and steering apparatus. Over the main hatch a stout canvas tent or tilt strained on a stout ridge-pole extended between a long iron crutch and a wooden spreader, and fastened with many "nettles" to eyebolts on the deck edge of the coamings with a deep skirt, or flap, which lies on the deck, and is kept down by a heavy warp ranged round the hatch in bights, acts as an all-sufficient protection against rain or spray. And as a five-feet ten-inch statutory adult can stand up under this tent which, when properly spread, is as stiff as cardboard, we have no complaints about head room; nobody ever gets wet or cold, and the main boom when the house is under weigh, travels freely over the ridge-pole without impinging against anything. Probably this deck tent has an odd appearance when viewed from the deck of a six-thousand-ton mail steamer, but seeing that it had never to be struck during a rather tempestuous voyage made by the said house from Wreck Bay to Sydney in the Easter vacation of the Centennial year, surely that experience of the Pacific Ocean ought to be quotable in favor of its applicability to small and shallow yachts of the "Possum's" size.

In wet weather, for cooking purposes, we have an extension awning which covers the afterpart of the yacht, but, of course, as a rule, especially when on a river

* The late Chief Justice, Sir James Martin, then Attorney General, organised that trip which a few men now alive will not be likely to forget, but left all the nautical arrangements to the writer.

HOUSEBOAT (IDEAL).

cruise, cooking is best done ashore, and with the aid of an ample hot-water dish divided into compartments, a tight cover fitting over them, the epicure who dislikes cold meals need never be incensed at his food. The "Possum" always carries fresh water for a fortnight in two large tanks stowed in the wings, and generally about a month's supply of corned beef, ox tongues, and pickled pork, by way of emergency-fund, in case the neighborhood of her anchorage on any particular day should—as so often happens—have run out of fresh beef or mutton. In conclusion let me assure my readers, if any have followed me through this rather gratuitous excursion, that in a houseboat of the "Possum's" dimensions there is room neither for ennui, laziness, or gloom, for to everybody some duty attaches which, properly fulfilled, gives him an appetite and a wholesome regard for the tight fitnesses of things. In less than a week every member of the crew finds his place—or the other members find it for him, and fix him in it—and all forms of loafing are discredited from the start. Depend upon it, a well conducted yacht or houseboat is a good school for youngsters, who are, after all, the best of shipmates, just as an ill-conducted Liberty Hall afloat is about the worst school for them or, indeed, for anybody.

And now to get back to Easter Day (21st April) which has been left almost hull down some pages back. There being no church or chapel within a dozen miles, we all decided to taste such physical fatigue as a long mountain climb could afford. Two therefore, walked up the long gulley behind Blundell's, through which runs in decently moist seasons, a stream that would be a brawling trout burn in the Western Highlands of Scotland, and which seemed to deserve, if it should not reward, leisurely examination; and the remainder distributed themselves into parties of two each, one being left on board as caretaker and to come off at cooey from either bank of the river. There was but little cooking to be done, for it was a gaudy day, and our good neighbor, Mrs. Grunnow, had agreed to cook a pair of fowls for us. Two willing volunteers undertook the duty of pulling down stream a couple of miles to secure dinner and keep

it warm. With another volunteer I walked the stream just mentioned to its source. It was to be traced when we got past the swamp behind Blundell's farm only by long reaches of dry sandbeds, with big swamp oaks and ti-tree occupying the margin, and denoting the course of the stream, when it was a stream. And every few hundred yards there were small stagnant reddish pools—watering places for the settlers' cattle—and evidently fast drying up. This creek has a course of about five or six miles and that it must be a big torrent in flood the banks and trees on the sides gave evidence; but as a permament abode for trout or, indeed, any other fish, it afforded but poor encouragement. About two miles up the flat we passed an old farm house, occupied by a still older settler and a Warwickshire nephew—who had lately come out from "home" to work on the little forty-acre grant that was to be his own by-and-bye. The floods of past years had converted what was once a splendid maize flat into a huge sand flat, and sour rushes and swamp weeds were prospering where tall farinaceous vegetables carrying each their five cobs of maize should rather have been found. The little house—a somewhat ramshackle habitation—was picturesque enough among the great boulders of stone which had evidently been tumbled headlong from the great sandstone capping of the mountain behind, and the brilliant green of the old orange trees—some three fathoms high—among which the farmhouse and its outbuildings lay nestling, made a fine setting for the masses of fast ripening golden fruit, which our new friend—the nephew—invited us to make free with. Thanking him, we plucked a few to suck on our walk up the gully—the stagnant water of the creek being far from inviting. Then, accompanied by our young benefactor with his gun and dog, we continued our course, sometimes along the dry bed of the creek, sometimes along wallaby tracks under enormous grey gums in whose topmost branches small companies of King parrots were noisily signalling to one another that strangers were invading their noonday retreats. After a pleasant ramble of a couple of miles we reached a small patch of maize in a rather sandy flat embedded between the cliffy shoulders of the ranges. It had been utterly sacked by wallabies and cockatoos. Many, indeed, of these last mentioned depredators were at the moment expressing from the tops of the tallest gums on the mountainside hoarse and angry surprise at our intrusion. We disturbed several wongas, but saw only a few; a quick tap of their lusty pinions being as much as was generally vouchsafed to us. Evidently the young Britisher was only a too familiar object to them. The banks of the creek were hereabout densely wooded with peach trees, how and whence brought to this out of the way corner being an enigma, unless the gardeners were opossums and flying foxes, for we had long left behind us all signs of human habitation, and of ruined or forsaken homesteads there was not a trace. Passing through the corn-patch we came suddenly upon a streak of well-grassed meadow which was literally blossoming with big succulent mushrooms wasting their catsup on the desert air. As I cut several of the finest and peeling them proceeded to lunch on mushrooms and orange juice, the young man smiled rather pityingly, as if wondering at the odd chance which brought him face to face with a Sydney vegetarian. The mushroom episode over, we entered a thicket of fern and reeds the like of which is not often seen. Here our friend's cattle dog roused up several large brush wallabies, which instantly hopped up the rocky fern-clad hillside, and were invisible, though, to judge from the vociferous pursuer, still within smell—"though out of sight, to memory dear." Squeezing our way through tangled vines and ferns a yard-and-a-half high, we emerged on a large flat, some half-a-mile wide, perhaps, by a mile-and-a-half long, and further progress was at once arrested by uncontrollable admiration of the towering grey and blue gums which were in such force that all the line of battle-ships afloat might have been masted from that forest. Straight and smooth as arrows, the trunks must yet have been at least two or three feet in diameter at a height of one hundred feet from the ground; and, to all appearances, it was an absolutely virgin forest, for there was no sign of a saw-cut or a timber track anywhere visible. The brush, however, contained no cedar, the principal woods being grey and blue gum, flooded gum and blackbutt; the blackbutt being particularly fine. The crowns of these giants formed one vast and continuous canopy skyward, and the effect at two o'clock under this immense volume of shade was that of twilight, with the added gloom common to all dense forests. The soil was a very dark alluvial sand, and should be able, one would think, to grow anything if opened up to the sun. Alas! when next I visit that forest must it be along a well-worn timber track, leading to the inevitable steam saw-mill? *Avertat Deus!*

It was now time to turn back, my companion reminding me of the *menu* for the Sunday dinner, which our goodnatured neighbor had agreed to cook for us, and

which, we were quite sure, our mates had already brought home in the hot-water apparatus. We reached our floating camp at four o'clock to find everything in readiness for repairing the considerable waste of tissue that all of us had suffered—for all had, as it turned out, gone long distances on exploring expeditions. One couple had scaled the biggest mountain visible from the crosstrees, and another couple had been busy toughening their hands by a long pull down stream in the whaler; and the camp-keeper had had enough to keep him occupied in peeling mushrooms, making tortillas, cleaning-down and washing-up, and making things generally wear that appearance of transcendental tidiness which betokens Sunday. The dinner all had so honestly earned (except, perhaps, from a Sabbatarian point of view) was pronounced a success, though it was but one prolonged course: boiled roosters, with stewed *fungi*, potatoes in their jackets, and tortillas. One of the curly heads had thoughtfully provided a plum-pudding, and it was then dragged from its hiding place in a sail-locker, and the summing up of the judge, and the verdict of the jury were emphatically in its favor. It left the table (is it necessary to add?) without a stain on its character, and amid applause from the body of the court, which nobody attempted to suppress. As it disappeared, Mr. Blundell, the owner of the farm, at the lower end of which our house was moored under the shade of a stately swamp-oak, made his appearance, and gave us a hearty welcome, accompanied by an invitation to make ourselves free of his orange orchard, his dogs, firewood, mushrooms, pumpkins, gun, and everything that would be his on Easter Monday, on which day all his people would be away at Windsor races. What was far more interesting to one of us, at least, was his promise to behave like a loving mother to the young trout fry that would—all things being propitious—be released in the backwaters by Caterson's farm in the ensuing October. Not only did he vouch for his own services, but he bound down his neighbors to emulate his example, Simonds, Caterson, and the rest of those good people being all named in the bond. There was just a short half-hour left before nightfall, and it sufficed for the "after-dinner mile" of the nursery rhyme, which meant a walk with Mr. Blundell through his maize plantation. He had started pulling his maize cobs —as one could see by the dint of wheels in the deep-glebed avenues between the tall stalks, some of which, in the richest part of the bottom, must have been fully twelve feet high. The crop he reckoned on this year—one of the worst ever experienced on the river—was eighty bushels to the acre, and that, too, without the use of any fertiliser whatever. There were but few good patches of maize on the river this year, and this one must have been among the best of the few. It was one of the oldest farms on the Colo—this one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm of Blundell's, having been taken up more than forty years ago, when they did not measure purchased land so as to give the maximum of mountain or swamp with the minimum of arable land. This grant, consequently, enjoys a respectable proportion of frontage to the river, which means, that out of the entire area, at all events, a quarter is land such as an industrious man can manage to extract a living out of. Like most of the best farms the site of this had once been a cedar brush, but no one would think so now, for there is not the sign of an old cedar stump, and no young growth is visible anywhere. But cedar is a strange vegetable. It won't grow from the parent stump to decent proportions, and when once the shade of the brush has disappeared it never seems to reappear. In a few decades cedar will, in New South Wales, be as extinct as the thoroughbred aboriginal, unless some serious national effort be made to start plantations on a sensible plan. Hitherto, our "Forestry" department has been nothing but an expensive and ludicrous folly. The officers knew nothing of their business, or, if they did, were not allowed to make their knowledge valuable or visible.

But I must get back to the houseboat, where, on my return, I found everybody busily setting night-lines for eels, which, in the deep pool where we lay at anchor, were said to be both big and hungry. We were told that monsters of thirty lbs. weight, six feet long by twelve or fifteen inches in circumference, were occasionally caught; but our experience did not quite corroborate the statement. One ten-pounder was caught and several smaller; but the monsters were off duty that night. Yet hooks and lines were carried away by some big fish below, and, for aught we know, the culprits might have been the gigantic eels we had been told of. Personally, I am a believer in the big eel story, for once on a fresh water lake near Bateman's Bay, I happened to be witness of an encounter between a wounded black swan and an enormous black something in the water bent on devouring the bird. This took place in water only two feet deep, and, fortunately, I was able to send a charge of duck shot into the unknown creature, which saved the swan, and let me examine his foe. It was

an eel almost as thick as a man's leg, and quite seven feet long. After that experience I have always been a believer in big eels. That night's fishing in the Colo gave us no thirty-lb. monsters, but it kept all the fishermen rather provokingly on the alert long after both watches had been pipeddown and stowed away in their berths. The ends of their set lines were brought over the rail and made fast to some part of their bodies which was most sensitive to a sudden drag from the depths below. The sudden drag seemed to come about every quarter-of-an-hour, when the owner of the line would bounce out of his cot and produce a general perturbation in the camp. Hooks and lines were snapped before any parleying was possible. At last somebody succeeded in capturing a slimy reptile some four or five feet long, and securing him in a bag. And then, it being long after midnight, all hands agreed to knock off fishing and go to sleep. Considered as recreation, and viewing the subject from that night's experience, I am inclined to think eel-fishing a worse failure than almost any kind of line-fishing by night that has ever been tried in this country.

Very early on Easter Monday the volunteers were busy about their rifles and fowling-pieces, for the morning was to be devoted to Wongas and *pot-au-feu* birds generally, the evening to Rock wallabies, and Mr. Blundell was to be shikaree. The morning fog betokening a fine sunny day, was just lifting as we finished breakfast, and the shikaree making his appearance punctual to the minute, we lost no time in putting together the materials of a bush lunch, and loading ourselves with cartridges. Arrived at Walton's farm up the gulley, we dispersed in couples, some to skirt the right, some the left edge of the ranges, and the rest to take the middle track. It was not long before the bombardment began; King parrots and Lowries being the chief victims. The Wongas were more shy than ever, although one of the party had seven shots with a rook rifle at a good-natured specimen, which must have known that the artillerist was a Grammar school boy who required encouragement. At length the shikaree took a shot at the patient creature with his breech-loader, and it fled, but more in sorrow I fancy than anger. All the other birds of its species that we met with were of a different temper, for they rarely let us enjoy the privilege of seeing them. So far, therefore, as Wongas were concerned in our proceedings, the result was an empty bag. However, there was some compensation, for the shooters managed to secure a heavy bag of *pot-au-feu* birds of really decent size, and in no instance, I believe, belonging to the class tabooed by the Directors of the Sydney "Dickey Bird Society," of which benign association all the younger members of the crew were enthusiastic members.

We saw no wallabies, but a good many native bears in the same forest which we passed through the day before. As we were not pelt hunters none of these were shot, and, indeed, the shooting of this intensely meditative and unsavory creature furnishes neither "sport" nor potage. What sportsman, worthy of the name, could bring himself down to the barbarous point of making a target of an animal which looks down at him so pensively and with such grotesque immobility, especially when he knows that if he kills the poor sloth it is practically worthless, and if he wounds it the only visible result is the shedding of a few tears but rarely any change of posture. And then there is so often a little marsupiate in the mothers's pouch, for which that mother's love is something surpassing the maternal love of some ladies of the creation.

I remember many years ago, when on a visit to Bega and Monaro, staying at a roadside inn for a day for the purpose of climbing a granite-capped peak south of the Wolumla Range, the name of which was, I think, Jingera. At the very summit grew a stunted banksia near a little spring of water, and in a fork of the tree, about ten feet from the ground, a large female bear, with a young one clasping the back of her neck, sat looking at us with that expression of tranquil bewilderment so characteristic of the animal. I ascended the little tree—not a very difficult task—but the mother did not stir an inch though I approached within a few inches of her. All she did was to shed tears, but without the sobs which usually accompany the weeping process, while the youngster seemed to cling closer to its dam, but made no attempt to pouch itself. Perhaps it was past the age for so doing. An hour afterwards, as my companion and myself were finishing our sandwich at the foot of the tree, Koala *mère et fils* were in exactly the same position as before, but apparently more reconciled to their lot. What, but a very hungry native dog, could have disturbed such an innocent and helpless pair?

We all got back to our hotel on the river about half-past three, more or less loaded with birds of the parrot family and mushrooms, and after refreshing ourselves with a

cup of tea or Elberfeld, as the case might be, the tedious business was begun of preparing our *pot-au-feu*. Some of the sportsmen wanted to throw away the lowries and smaller parrots, but this was not to be thought of, for if a king parrot makes a good stew, or, to be precise, a couple of dozen of them, by "parity of reasoning," the smaller varieties should do the same, provided you increase the number in the proper ratio. Whether we were famishing, or the cook's art was exceptionally seductive, who can tell? But it is certain that the parrot and mushroom stew was the best ever compounded. While the plucking operation was going on, I overheard one student volunteer thus reproaching another: "Now then, if you can't get on faster than that, you'll never make a University professor." Pungent.

After dinner several of the crew climbed up the mountain behind the flat in quest of rock wallabies, with Mr. Blundell as guide, and returned just after nightfall with two fine specimens of the "Wirring" of those parts, which, I may remark parenthetically, is far better venison than the ordinary brush wallaby. Both were very clean killed by that straight-shooting Grammar School cadet, "Gulielmus Tomagonius." Presently the Fisheries steam launch (she has no name, but might provisionally be named "The Convalescent," for she is always getting, but never is, better) came puffing up the river to our anchorage, having on board the local inspector (Mr. Peter Smith), the Engineer, Mr. Young, and a deck hand engaged for the occasion. Dr. Cox, the president of the Fisheries Commission, had, with no little trouble and inconvenience to himself, succeeded in getting a new pump fixed, and otherwise patching up the invalid so as to ensure, wind and weather being particularly favourable, her reaching the Colo by Easter Monday, and taking the exploring party to the head waters of the Macdonald and the oyster-bearing waters of the Lower Hawkesbury. Her pilot and crew seemed grateful that they had got so far without accident of any kind to the machinery. I found the cabin filled with sacks of coal, as the bunkers can only carry a few hour's fuel, but the entire ship's company seemed to be animated by the spirit of Mark Tapley and determined to make the best of their troubles and discomforts.

Eel-fishing that night was not much of a success, the eels always carried away the line or the hook, so that even the fishermen lost patience, and to the great delight of the others, turned in, but not for long, for I had arranged with our convoy that we should be taken in tow about two hours before daylight so that we might have the advantage of the top of high water in crossing the shallows of Kemp Reach. Punctual to the minute, the pilot made his appearance on our deck, the watch was piped out of bed and in a few minutes the anchor was aboard and catted, and the towing warp passed to the launch, and then, leaving a fatigue party in the whaler to attend to certain necessary cooking operations, and overtake us as soon as possible, the rest of us commenced our voyage down stream, and made ourselves a cup of tea wherewith to conceal our emotions and give a tone to the appetite, that might otherwise come with sunrise rather too impetuously. After scraping the bottom a few times but without sticking fast, we got past the worst places, by Kemp's homestead at the lower end of the reach, and so to the point at Wheelbarrow Ridge, where we cast anchor for breakfast and waited for the whaler, which did not turn up till noon. Meanwhile we had skinned the rock wallabies and made a very savory stew of them, had collected some mushrooms (for the last time) and then, after sending another boat's crew back to hurry up the others, we dropped down to the mouth of the Colo and anchored in front of the little church or chapel on the north bank. All hands rejoined the ship at two o'clock, and then sat down to a well-earned dinner (or breakfast) as the launch passed into the main river under a full head of steam and an ebb tide, which put us through at the rate of at least six knots an hour. We towed well off the launch's quarter, *i.e.*, "on the shear," so as to escape the smoke and smuts if possible, and in two hours reached the mouth of the Macdonald opposite Wiseman's, without a single breakdown of machinery. We even carried our good fortune that afternoon some six miles up the Macdonald, and, with great luck, managed to avoid all the shallow places, arriving, finally, about nightfall at a bend opposite Butler's farm, (Butler is the river blacksmith) where we anchored in midstream with the launch about a hundred yards ahead of us. So far everything had gone marvellously well, and pilot and engineer received our congratulations with evident satisfaction. The rest was rock wallaby stew, Johnny cakes, jam, and I know not what else. After supper a wallaby and kangaroo hunt was arranged for the morrow by the hunters of the expedition, and Mr. Smith, with two hands, was to help me as far as St. Alban's in the whaler to examine the upper waters for trout country.

Very early on Wednesday morning the whaler was manned, and started on her trip to St. Albans, the dingy being left for the kangarooing party. The upward row was a very pleasant one, but the water was everywhere far too brackish for trout. Every inch of arable land on both sides of the river has long been taken up. In former days, *i.e.*, before the great flood of 1867, there was enough water for big ketches to get up to St. Albans. Now the river is almost forbidden for navigation to vessels drawing more than three or four feet, though a flat-bottomed steamer plies up and down bringing the farmer's produce and an occasional passenger to Wiseman's and points higher up the main river. Of such fish as black bream, mullet, garfish and blackfish, there seemed to be large numbers moving upward. Towards winter almost all the best food fish domiciled during the warm months in the lower and salter waters move to the heads of the streams, returning in the spring. And prawns follow their example. The scenery from the mouth all the way to St. Albans is very attractive, the long stretches of maize fields—from which the cobs were then being stripped—make the *lætas segetes* which one misses in the bigger stream, and produce a fine contrast to the brown-green of the precipitous hillsides, the masses of tawny yellow coming down to the very margin of the stream, and often commingling with the tall reeds which mark its course, and to a great extent protect its banks from the ravaging floods. The course is very sinuous, some of the bends being almost returned on themselves, so that frequently it was possible to gain in a ten minutes' walk what took the boat an hour to reach by the waterway.

Some charmingly situated homesteads were passed, and some splendid bottom lands, generally between long-projecting points. We did our best to reach St. Albans, but it was low tide, and the last two or three miles of river were spoilt for navigation by sandbars and shoals having sometimes only an inch or two of water on them. The remainder of the exploration was therefore done on foot, but it might as well have been left undone, for above St. Albans, where the fresh water is permanent, the locality is not favorable for holding trout. I do not, however say that these fish could not be successfully acclimatised there, but the chances are decidedly against it; the water would be too stagnant in drought times, and too violent in floods, and there does not seem any escape by backwaters or projecting points where fish could find security in the eddies. Returning from my reconnaissance of the river beyond St. Albans I sent the whaler on, and visited some of the farmers, making short cuts across the points that the boat had to double. In conversation with these I found my misgivings on the trout question fully corroborated, and therefore to my regret the Macdonald had to be set down as unsuitable water.

We reached the houseboat about two o'clock, and found the launch in the doctor's hands. The pump had collapsed when the engineer had got a fair pressure of steam ready for the downward trip. However, he managed to patch it up, and by three we were all again under weigh with a young ebb tide which carried us over the flats without mishap, the crew dining at their leisure during the passage. The hunters had shot one large brush wallaby, and seen several wallaroos, but had not been able to get a shot at them. We were at the mouth by half-past four, and, without any stoppage at Wiseman's, continued our voyage down stream, Mr. Smith performing the duties of river pilot very successfully, and the pitchy darkness of the night being taken into consideration, with singular skill. Only once did the launch touch bottom, and she was easily got off. Anyone in search of a new excitement can find one by making a steam-trip up or down the Hawkesbury on a dark night. The shadows of the mountains projected on the water are then so deep and almost so palpable that the dividing line separating the river from the land is absolutely invisible, while the low points can often only be guessed at, and the bights which have, at times, to be hugged rather close, are mere black space. Inspector Smith is renowned as a river-pilot for Broken Bay and the Hawkesbury, but never before had I seen his mystery exercised on a pitch-dark night. If the rule of navigation had been merely to keep in midchannel, I should have thought but little of our pilot's success in carrying out a *medio tutissimus ibis* rule of the road, but in the Hawkesbury, between Wiseman's Ferry and Peate's Ferry, there are many places where this rule would stick you inextricably in the mud. How, then, could one refuse to admire the instinctive topographical feeling of Mr. Smith, when he had brought us safely, in less than six hours, to a safe anchorage in the snug and convenient little cove that has been made by blocking up the passsage between Long Island and the mainland for the roadway of the Great Northern Railway? Time did not allow of our visiting Webb's Creek, situate about a mile above the junction of the Macdonald, or Mangrove Creek, some twenty miles below that point, or Berowra, just above

Milson's Island. We were obliged to push on for Mooney and Cowan, the former wholly under lease, the latter a Public Oyster Reserve, chiefly for spat—if the spat were only good enough to lay down, which is very rarely the case.

Thursday, 25th April.—The first entry in my log on this our seventh day out from Port Jackson is: "Jack burnt the stew!" The proper name of the culprit is "Barrenjosephus," but we agreed on this trip to call him "Jack," for convenience. By rights he should have been, at least, keel-hauled for his negligence, but, it turned out on the trial, that there were some mitigating circumstances in his favor, and he was let off with a warning, while we (the victims), were obliged to put up with cold tinned commons. After breakfast I started with Mr. Smith for Mooney—the entrance to which was exactly opposite our anchorage, and behind Spectacle Island. The day was all we could have bespoken, and the tide low enough to allow a thorough examination of the foreshores.

Mooney Mooney, or, in its common and abbreviated form, "Mooney," was for many years the finest rock-oyster fishery in the colony, and perhaps, in any Australasian colony. The extent of the best foreshore ground is about four-and-a-half or five miles, and comprises both sides of the creek, or arm, from the mouth at Snake Island to the mud flat at Perkins', the head of navigation. The area under lease is approximately seventeen thousand yards measured along both foreshores, and represented by some forty-five leases. Mooney is remarkable among all the tributaries of the Hawkesbury for the tenacious fatty mud deposited on its banks. The mud does not come from the ranges on either side, which are of clean sandstone, the soil consisting of the ordinary stiff clay and sandy loam; nor does it descend from the head of the creek, but it comes from the enormous mud deposits at the estuary between Mullet or Dangar Island and Milson's Island. The bed of the river between these points is one immense pocket filled with the sediment of ages, and it is this deposit which, acted upon by the inflowing and outflowing tides, often running at the rate of from two to three knots an hour, is carried up and down Mooney and spread by the tide, film after film, upon the foreshores, until the rocks are thickly coated with mud which never hardens, and the bights are converted into quaking bogs too soft to hold oysters however carefully laid down. It is in this water, constantly holding mud in solution, which mud must be prolific in all forms of minute diatomaceous organisms, that the oyster thrives with such extraordinary rapidity and develops such a remarkable character. The Mooney oyster is almost a typical one; it is flatter than most rock-oysters, has a very wide hinge, and the body of the mollusk itself, following the shape of its shell, is more elongated, and is provided with a more powerful muscle for closing the valve (the adductor) than is the case with the ordinary type of foreshore oyster. There must be a large quantity of carbonate and sulphate of lime, particularly of the former, in the waters of this little tributary, for its oysters develop shell in a marvellously short time; and if the surfaces of the rocks were not so slimy the spat would attach in such vast numbers and grow so rapidly that in a few years the entire fishery would, in all probability, be smothered with oysters, which, in process of time, would, I believe, exhibit marked deterioration in point both of quality and size. There is no fear, however, of any considerable alteration in the sedimentary character of the Mooney water, which must always be charged with the earthy matter abraded from the vast mud flats of the estuary over which it passes.

It was almost dead low water as we entered the creek, and the foreshores were, of course, bare, so that such oysters as were of native growth or had been laid down could easily be seen and examined. But alas! there were very few to be seen or handled. The true Mooney oyster has, I say it with the deepest regret, almost vanished, and the laid oysters have suffered so severely from the prolonged drought, the effects of which will be considered further on, that we could with difficulty find any live "stuff." Proceeding upward, we passed some pleasantly situated selections, known as Calvert's, Rose's, and Seymour's, and landed at each of these points to examine the foreshores. The most melancholy case of a blighted oyster bed was Seymour's. He had taken up a large area on lease and expended some hundreds of pounds in establishing good holding ground for the oysters to be laid down, by breaking up sandstone boulders and spreading them over the soft portions of the foreshore. There are hundreds of yards of this artificial bottom fronting his selection, but the oysters laid down had all died of "the disease," and the reward of his enterprise spells, I very much fear, ruin. He stuck manfully to his work for several years, but against the depredations of a little pink annelid worm not longer or thicker than a small pin, he found that all his devices and patience counted for nothing,

and he has abandoned his lease in despair. Others, less enterprising and hopeful, had done the same, and at the time of our visit out of the holders of the forty-five leases who had taken up foreshores on the creek, only two or three were working their leases, and these almost as a forlorn hope. I spent the whole day in examining the layings and the rocks, the site of those once renowned "Mooney Rockers," where in by-gone years I had often from a single rock knocked off more oysters than sufficed for a crew of four, and when the tide was too high for further inspection, and a light lunch had been disposed of, I spent the rest of the day in a long discussion with the Inspector "on the ground." We did not agree in all points, especially about the pathology of the "disease" and the effect of the boring operations of the worm on a shellfish which unquestionably it does not prey on; but, on many points, I was glad to find myself in accord with the most experienced oyster authority on the river. As far as I can remember we differed as to the reason and mode of infiltration of mud between the valves of the oyster, and whether it might not be produced without direct infiltration, but as a result of some morbid action on the part of the animal itself, also as to the origin of the black matter—like very fine black dust—found in the cavities made by the worm in the substance of the shell; but we both agreed thoroughly as to the regular occurrence of the worm or mud disease in times of drought, and in the fisheries where the water held comparatively large quantities of earthy matter in solution, such as the Hawkesbury, the Hunter, and the Karuah (at Port Stephens). Likewise, we agreed that the only practicable remedy against the attacks of this deadly little creature would be, probably, found in the use of large wooden screens or open trays constructed on piles or logs and removed some two feet or so from the muddy bottom of the river. These, if made of turpentine, would last for years, and might be constructed of such dimensions that a hundred sacks of oysters could be spread over the surface of each, the battens being so arranged that the deposited silt could pass through—but not the oysters. At low tide these screens would be laid bare of water, so that the oysters could then be culled, or picked, or rearranged in any way that might be desired. In such fattening water as Mooney Creek, there would be no stint of the needful supply of food organisms, or (except, perhaps, in times of severe drought) of the carbonate of lime—which is necessary for shell-growth. The sponges, and other enemies of the oyster, would attack it at the same disadvantage as in the case of the worm; and, the principal remaining enemy, the human pilferer *(Latro riparius)*, when caught, would have to be

MOONEY (LOWER HAWKESBURY), LOOKING NORTHWARD.

made a signal example of by some intelligent and resolute Chairman of Quarter Sessions—for it goes without argument that an oyster-thief comes next in degree of turpitude to the man who "steals acorns from a blind hog." A third matter on which we agreed was the inutility of the process of removing raw saltwater "spat" from Cowan to such a different water as Mooney. There can be no doubt that much of the stuff brought from Cowan is poor stuff, at the best, and when laid down in this Creek is killed within a few months, perhaps within a few weeks after removal, because the oysters cannot adapt themselves suddenly to the sediment-charged water in their new domicile. It chokes their branchiæ which have been accustomed to clear saltwater, and I dare say their mechanism of hinge and muscle are unable to carry on their appropriate functions in water whose constituents vary so considerably as Mooney does from Cowan. Possibly, also, the Cowan oysters may be literally killed with kindness when transported to Mooney. Cowan is raw, sterile water in which oysters seem to be always spatting, but never thriving. You may see the rocks plastered with rubbish for mile after mile, which will never develop into decently marketable oysters. But, unfortunately, the upper lessees have no other oyster reserve to draw from than Cowan. All the old sources about Long, Spectacle, Milson's, and Mullet Islands have long since been exhausted or taken up as leases, and no spat is now obtainable in quantity except in Cowan. The result is disastrous to the upper fisheries, for there is nothing now left to the lessees but to try experiments with foreign oysters; and these are both expensive and in most cases disappointing. A fourth point on which we agreed was the urgent necessity of stopping the system of small holdings. If Mooney were entirely in the hands of one lessee or company of lessees there would be inducements which do not now exist to invest money in various experimental undertakings. For example:—Spat gatherers in the form of small branches, and other spawn-catchers could be laid on the margins of the foreshores, by means of which millions of young oysters which now fail to attach themselves to the slimy surfaces of the rocks would be saved, and, as the twigs decayed or were eaten through by "carbro," would drop to the bottom and flourish either as free drift-oysters, or in clusters. In like manner the method, above-recommended, of lifting the layings from the bottom and fattening laid oysters by means of screens could be far more satisfactorily put into operation by a lessee who had control of an entire tributary than by the sporadic and impecunious holders of hundred-yard leases. Accordingly, and as the result of some years of vigilant and varied observation, I put forward the proposal to which Inspector Smith and many others are, I know, favorable: that leases for oyster-culture should in future be confined in rivers like the Hawkesbury to the tributaries, and that these should be let "in block"; while the shores of the main rivers and arms like Cowan Creek should be retained as public oyster reserves or nurseries for spat. It is not here suggested that all oyster-bearing waters should be treated in the manner proposed for the affluents of the Hawkesbury. All that is desired is to grant enlarged leases so as to embrace the whole or a sufficiently large portion of each affluent inlet or estuary; while reserving main channels wherever possible, and waters too raw for the fattening of oysters for public uses and spat nurseries.

Our lessees have, in my opinion, made a fatal mistake in transplanting oysters too suddenly from comparatively hungry into very rich waters having an appreciably lower salinity. and likely, therefore, for a variety of reasons to be fatal to them. Oysters taken from water of high salinity (over three per cent.) like Cowan Creek, should be gradually, not suddenly, introduced into water of lower salinity, and having higher fattening properties. But I confess to some doubt, whether, under any circumstances, it will ever pay to take Cowan spat to the rich pasture-ground of Mooney, or even Berowra. I well know that stuff taken from the immediate neighborhood of the mouth of Mooney will thrive when laid down on the points higher up the creek; for I have seen the experiment on several visits most successfully demonstrated, and have with much pleasure eaten the demonstrations. But there is none of that "stuff" left now, and one of the most serious questions to Hawkesbury lessees is how to recover the river spat which was once so plentiful between Porto Bay and Bar Point. And here, with the greatest respect for Mr. Woodward and many old oyster-wallahs who agree with him, may I be permitted to say that the oceanic theory of oyster spat lately profounded by him, will not apply to the now denuded fisheries of the Lower Hawkesbury. According to this theory, the oceanic oysters off Broken Bay or in its neighborhood, wherever they may be, should re-stock such impoverished beds, as Berowra, with drift-oysters, and bring back the Mooney rockers to their original form. But these oceanic oysters do nothing of the kind. If there are any drift-oysters off the coast hereabout (which I take

the liberty of doubting) they ought years ago to have shewn their existence and influence on the denuded beds of the adjacent rivers and inlets, as they, according to the theory in question, must originally have planted spat on the banks and deep beds of the Hawkesbury. But they should have continued the process, and deep sea oyster spattings should have enriched the river beds all along the coast, which, I regret to say, is exactly what has not taken place.

In saying so much, I do not by any means desire to be understood as denying the occurrence of oysters off our coast, but if discovered at all, I venture to think that they will turn out to be mud-oysters, like the Stewart Island oysters, and identical neither with the oyster of our river-beds, nor with that of our foreshores, both of which forms I have for years considered, and do still believe, to be merely local or accidental varieties of the same species. I am, of course, aware that this opinion runs counter to the classification generally adopted by conchologists, under which our drift-oyster and rock or foreshore oyster have received different baptismal names. But I may, perhaps, here mention that one of the special features (viz., a long hinge), considered to discriminate the drift-oyster, is found in an almost exaggerated form in the Mooney rock-oyster, not to mention others; and as to other differences in the valves, exposure to the sun and air is sufficient I think to account for them.

Diseased oysters (for to them I must now return) were very hard to find in Mooney. There was no difficulty in getting the dead shells, but we wanted the living patients. After a good deal of trouble the Inspector was able to obtain a small bag, collected from a lease which the holder cultivates with more industry than profit. With Mr. Smith, I examined many dozens of these during the afternoon on our way to Refuge Bay (Cowan) in tow of the launch. We found a good many with the black stains on the internal surface of the convex or left valve, which mark the former presence of the worm, but were unfortunate with the worm itself, only a very few being discovered. The samples of oysters operated on were taken principally from the foreshores, and these do not take the worm so readily or with such mischievous results as laid oysters. However, many of the shells examined were very instructive when closely looked into with the aid of a tolerably powerful lens. The cavities in the shell were nearly always partially filled with fine, black, dry powder, and the usual position of the stains, indicating the spots where the worm (one or more) had been most active, are shewn in the figures below, that marked *a* representing a healthy shell, and *b* a diseased or undermined one, the locality of the worm's operations being shewn by the shaded portion *x*.

a

A Healthy Shell, lower valve, from Mooney (reduced).

b

A Diseased Shell, lower valve, from Mooney (reduced).

For some time previously I had examined many oysters from infected fisheries, particularly from Port Stephens, the Hunter and Hawkesbury; and being convinced, from my own observation and the corroborating testimony of all of our most experienced inspectors, that the worm does not prey on the "delicious bivalve," like the European Dog-Whelk and other hungry enemies, but merely breaks and enters into his shell, possibly for protection from his own enemies, the perplexing problem to me was, how does he injure the life tenant, and so often bring about the premature determination of his life estate?

A great authority (Professor Huxley) had said in a lecture delivered in 1883 at the Royal Institution, after describing the operations of the Dog-whelk. "Other animals injure the oyster indirectly by mining in the shell. The boring sponge, *Cliona*, does this, and a very curious instance of mischief done in this way by a burrowing annelid (*Leucodore*) was recently brought to my notice by Sir Henry Thompson. The *Leucodore* drives burrows into the shell and lives in them, without any evil intent to the oyster. But the burrows fill with fine mud, and this, spreading into the vacuities of the shell, gives rise to inky patches which look unpleasant when the oyster is opened, and damage its commercial value, though, as I can testify, the flavor of the oyster is nowise impaired."

After such a deliverance as this, it might have been considered "settled law" that our worm, which, according to my learned friend, Dr. Haswell, is a *Leucodore*, having exactly the same boring machinery, as, if indeed, it be not identical with, the Professor's *Leucodore*, is only "indirectly" mischievous—that he has no evil intent to the oyster—and does not by his operations impair its flavor, although he may deduct somewhat from its commercial value. Upon some issues raised by Professor Huxley's remarks as above quoted, I refer the reader to a valuable note by Dr. Haswell on *Leucodore ciliata* at the end of this paper. I think our boring *Leucodore* has been let off much too easily in being described as only *indirectly* mischievous, though it may be at once admitted that he does not bore with the same intent as the Dog-whelk. The destruction of many myriads of sacks of oysters on our fisheries can be traced to this little animal, whatever his intent may have been. And he certainly does impair the flavor of the shellfish into whose wall he penetrates, because that shellfish is often by means of his excavations prevented from using his valve-closing muscle, and so, not being able to keep extraneous matter out of his house, he sickens and, at length, dies, unless he can manage to shell over the intruder and his work, which, if he is a very vigorous shellfish, and the water is sufficiently charged with lime, he is often able to do.

When examining the oysters collected by Inspector Smith, I was struck by the fact that in nearly every case the stains indicating the cavity with the black mud in it were in the deep or convex shell. In very few cases was the flat or upper shell affected. The same fact was observed in a large number of oysters lately sent to me for examination by Mr. Woodward from his Port Stephens beds, the latter being drift-oysters.* In the large majority of cases the cavity was found to be either exactly under or in the immediate neighborhood of the discolored spot which denotes the place of attachment of the valve-closing apparatus—the *adductor* muscle, which is easily distinguishable on opening an oyster, by its resemblance to a soft corn of the human foot, by its pale grey color, and by its continuation in an irregularly oval form through the soft body. From the regular recurrence of the dark blotches at the points of attachment just mentioned, I was led to infer that the animal dies—when death ensues—sometimes because the supporting shell, undermined by the worm, collapses; at other times because in its efforts to strengthen the shell over the excavation by a deposit of fresh layers the oyster displaces the muscle. In either case the animal succumbs if the muscle is no longer able to overcome the mechanical tendency of the valves to open on their hinge. Mud from without, under such circumstances, is filtered in between the edges of the shells, which the oyster is unable to pass through its respiratory organs, or to eject, and the result is necessarily fatal. It would, of course, be impossible without patient and prolonged observation to describe the various stages of this so-called "oyster disease," which is, properly, no disease at all, but rather a functional collapse caused by the undermining and consequent destruction of the supporting shell. Equally impossible is it to describe

Drift or Dredge Oyster from Port Stephens, showing the places of attachment of the *adductor muscle* to each *valve*.

* In none of these specimens was a single live worm discovered, the late floods having destroyed them, it is stated, on most of the River fisheries throughout the colony. It is a well-known fact that a good scouring flood is the greatest possible boon to oyster-beds, unless by an excessive deposit of silt it chokes the oysters, which occasionally happens. But, in addition to the beneficial effect of freshes on the beds, in destroying these boring worms, they cleanse the beds of sponges and other injurious marine growths.

the circumstances under which a vigorous oyster is able to arrest the mischief by laying fresh patches of nacre over the region of the cavity, but I venture to regard as substantially proved the direct connection between the worm's operations and the supports of the valve-closing muscle. The foregoing figure, drawn from a living specimen, will probably make clearer to the unscientific reader the process which I have attempted to describe, and the following extract from Professor Huxley's lecture, already referred to, will be found a most useful commentary on the diagram.

"A strong flat-bodied knife is introduced between the margins of the valves, and the knife being kept close to the inner face of one of them, is swept round the region of the muscular impression"—that is to say, is made to cut through the attachment of the *adductor* muscle to the flat valve. If the operation is properly performed, the shell at once gapes widely, and it will now be found that if the valve, which has sprung up, is pressed down, it immediately returns to its former position. The shell, therefore, that before could hardly be forced open, now will not keep shut.

The reason of this becomes apparent if the soft body—the edible part of the oyster—which lies within the shell is carefully cleaned out, so that the interior of the valves can be seen. On looking towards the hinge, the thick elastic cushion formed by the middle of the ligament will be found to be compressed when the valves are brought together, and when the external pressure is removed its elastic reaction suffices to thrust them apart. In fact it is, like the spring of a door, arranged in such a manner as to keep the door ajar. While the oyster is alive the great muscle already mentioned (which is called the *adductor*), the ends of which are attached to the two scars on the inner fall of the valves, is always ready to overcome the elasticity of the ligament and close the valves when need arises, and what the judicious oyster opener does is to cut this muscle close to one or other of its attachments. Thus the force by which the valves are made to gape is elasticity of a purely mechanical character, and is as active in the dead as in the living oyster, while that by which the valves are closed is the contractility which inheres only in living muscle. Hence a dead oyster is readily known by its persistent gaping."

We anchored for the night (Thursday) in Refuge Bay, close to the pretty little beach and waterfall. There is no better beach in or about Broken Bay for bathing than this, but if picnicking and yachting parties who take their diversion under the cliff are not a little more careful about the bestowal of their empty bottles and preserved-food tins, this beach will soon be made as dangerous for bathers as any of the shores of Port Jackson. Refuge, or American Bay (as it is better known to some), is the best sanctuary in fair or foul weather that is to be found anywhere about the estuary of the Hawkesbury; and there is always to be had the best of fresh water, and, until lately, plenty of handy firewood. The bottom is excellent holding ground, although the sea never sets in the cove to make this much of a consideration. One can, at almost any time of the year, get a quart of oysters off the rocks in the course of an hour or so, and up some of the fresh-water gullies (there is one at the head of each of the two principal bays which form the Cove) some deliciously cool nooks can be found, where a botanically-minded visitor could be very happy. Towards the end of last year the writer, with the assistance of a few friends, set up a four-hundred gallon iron tank under the drip from the cliff, and led the water in a small pipe from the face of the rock, where it falls in dry weather into the tank, from which, as it is fitted with a tap, water can now be procured in any quantity necessary for yachts, camping parties, or fishermen. If the subscribed funds had sufficed, it was our intention to construct a small stone or wooden pier from the rocks at the N.E. end of the beach, going out to about five or six feet of water at low tide, and one day, perhaps, that may be provided, and some other inexpensive comforts in addition, for the spot is so much frequented at holiday times by pleasure parties that a few artificial conveniences might be very properly added to its almost unique natural advantages. There is a Government Reserve here of over a thousand acres, and, therefore, the yachting, boating, and picnicking people are the beneficiaries in fee-simple of the place and all its beautiful surroundings—and that they visit their property in large and increasing numbers is made manifest by the vast number of quite modern inscriptions chiselled on the face of the cliff and the largest of the boulders at its base. There can hardly be a yacht or sailing-boat belonging to Port Jackson whose name is not registered here, sometimes with that of her owner and the date of the last visit. It ought not then to be impossible to collect a little fund for expenditure on the pious uses just mentioned. After tea the boys took the dingy and tried a new meshing net, fashioned on the principle of the English trammel, only, that instead of three nets being

hung on the cork and lead lines there were but two. The fishermen returned with a very fair catch of squires, black-bream, blackfish, and trevally, but without being much impressed by the net as an implement of fishing. The fish pocketed themselves so thoroughly that it was with great difficulty that they were extracted, and the lighter net had a bad habit of getting itself "hung" on the meshes of the larger net, a fault since remedied.

Friday was devoted to a thorough examination of the foreshores of Cowan—a business which, as that inlet is about seven miles in length with a shore line including Coal and Candle and Smith's Creeks and Jerusalem Bay, which must measure at least forty miles, consumed the entire day. Fortunately, the launch did not break down or meet with any other mishap. Cowan affords some good work for the artist, especially near Shark Rock at what may be called the mouth of the inlet. Further up, the hills may be thought rather monotonous, at least, at midday, or when the sky contributes to the monotony; but the fisherman, both with line and net, if he be at all expert and acquainted with the local habits of the fish, can nearly always make sure of sport or a meal, whichever he should happen to be in search of. Regarded as an oyster fishery—it has been for some time one entire reserve—Cowan is, and always must be, a failure. The water is too salt for oysters to thrive below low water mark. In fact, whenever they fall off the rocks into deep water, these oysters invariably die. No drift or dredge oysters, therefore, have ever been known in Cowan, and the dead shells found in the old blackfellows' camps—the "Kichin mittas" (I am doubtful about the proper spelling of the word)—are always those of the small rock-oyster or cockle. The rocks may be said to be plastered with small rock-oysters growing in layers on top of successive dead generations, from one end of Cowan to the other. They are so densely packed that it is puzzling to understand how they manage to get enough food to sustain life, or enough lime to keep shell-growth going in proportion to the growth of their bodies. That they would be much improved in size and quality if well thinned I have no doubt, and for the purpose of ascertaining the time and conditions of such improvement, the Inspector has chipped bare the faces of several rocks in order that the new growth may be observed from time to time, and progress reported. Why oysters should live in such enormous masses along the margin of these rocks, from the line of low water to about two or three feet above it, and yet refuse to live at all when permanently covered by the same sea water is not a little perplexing, though the fact is indisputable, and can be found repeated in many inlets along our coast. But I imagine the principal cause may exist in the increased salinity of the water at the bottom compared with that on or near the surface. The water being denser, *i.e.*, of greater specific gravity, must, volume for volume, be more saline the greater the distance from the surface. Besides this, the oysters lying within the high and low water zone are uncovered for a few hours every day, during which intervals they enjoy a sort of reprieve.

On this visit I saw more of the Jumping Shark and his aerial freaks than I have ever witnessed in this or any other part of the Hawkesbury. Mr. Smith called him the "Roughback Shark." He is about four feet long, and takes his header into the air very differently from a mullet, but more after the fashion of some cetacean, such as a blackfish. How he may come down seems to be of no consequence to him, provided he can shoot himself well up out of the water into a foreign element. He returns to his native element often with a crash that in these tranquil places can be heard for a good half-mile. We must have seen scores of these saltatory Selachoids on Friday afternoon as we returned to Shark Rock to anchor for the night. Having never been able to discover, after years of serious thinking, why a mullet jumps a yard or more out of river or lake water (when it is not schooling time), or a skipjack performs the same feat, it follows that the antics of these roughback sharks are, to me, as inexplicable as the others. I can only account for them on the assumption that as warm-blooded animals delight to dive into salt water, so cold-blooded animals find pleasure in projecting themselves into fresh air. It is the order of the bath, with a difference corresponding to the animal. Shark Rock, in Cowan, is the north-eastern point of Jerusalem Bay, and the site of fishermen's camps for generations, there being an old blackfellow's gunyah at the end of the point, only a few yards from some remarkable flat rocks jutting out into two or three fathoms of bold water, where sometimes you can catch a good schnapper on flood tide. There is a beautiful little beach with a never-failing runlet of fresh water northward of Shark Rock, with plenty of firewood. During strong westerly winds Shark Rock Bay is even a better camping ground than Refuge Cove, and that is saying a great deal.

The remainder of my log can be compressed

into a few lines. On Saturday we continued our examination of Cowan, and on the following day returned in the launch to Mooney, where a further inspection of the foreshores and especially of the layings on the upper leases as far as Perkins' was carried out. The weather had meanwhile taken a change for the worse, and the wind had veered strongly to the southward and south-east. As it was absolutely necessary that I should be back in Sydney on the following Monday, we were obliged to leave the houseboat in charge of Inspector Smith's son, awaiting a convenient opportunity for bringing her back to Sydney, while the crew took the 5 o'clock train from Brooklyn. We had spent ten very pleasant days, and thereby one promise conveyed by the title of this paper had been fulfilled, at least for ourselves. The utilitarian results may be shortly summed up as follows:

(1.) Excellent quarters have been discovered for trout; and in the course of a few weeks it is expected that the young colonists will there be set free.*

(2.) Something has been ascertained in connection with the "Oyster Disease," by means of special and continuous observations on the spot.

(3.) And the results of Dr. Haswell's independent scientific observations have been obtained.

(4.) The principle of extended holdings for oyster-culture ground has been again affirmed, and as a result of personal inquiry and observation.

* From all I can gather from such excellent authorities as Professor Goode ("On the Fishery Industries of the United States"), Sir James Maitland ("The Culture of Salmonidæ and the Acclimatisation of Fish"), and an article in *Nature* (1883) by Mr. Earll, the waters of the Colo will probably be found congenial not only to trout, but to the larger Salmonidæ and especially to the Californian Salmon (O. Quinnat) to the "land-locked," or Schoodic Salmon of the Eastern Lakes of the States which have no outlet to the ocean; and possibly to the Shad, a dainty fish, and much cultivated in the States. This river has a course of well nigh a hundred miles from its source to the Bulga crossing, and nearly always in a deep gorge or canyon, like the Warragamba. The result is that the stream is always of a moderate temperature even in the height of summer.

NOTE ON *LEUCODORE CILIATA.*

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THE symptoms of the "oyster disease," when far advanced, are the presence of dark spots, sometimes elevated into tubercles, on the pearly inner surface of the valves when the shell is opened. A firm pressure over one of these spots with the point of a pen-knife will usually result in a thin layer of shelly matter giving way and discovering below a shallow cavity, of an extent corresponding to the size of the disease spot, filled with black mud. A careful exploration of this little cavity will show that, though it never communicates with the interior of the shell, it opens on the exterior through small openings at the edge of the valves, and in the interior of the cavity will be found, in many cases—at least in the earlier stages of the disease—examples of the small boring worm *(Leucodore ciliata)*, by whose efforts the cavity, or the commencement of it, has been excavated. This is a little jointed worm, usually about an inch or so in length and not much thicker than a darning needle, of a pink color with some bright red dots. On the head of the worm are a pair of relatively very long feelers, which serve as organs of touch and also for carrying particles of food to the mouth. Along the sides of the body, in two rows, are a series of little bunches of minute, glassy, needle-like bristles, each bunch set in a prominence, which is all that represents a limb. Certain of those bristles, which are stouter than the others and differently shaped, seem to be the tools by means of which the process of excavating in the shells is carried on. Chemical action, by means of some acid secretion, might be supposed to help, but there is absence of all evidence to prove this, and the fact that these little creatures are found sometimes burrowing in shale, on which such a secretion would have no effect, shews that any chemical action there may be is not a necessary part of the process of excavation.

Attached to the piles of jetties and in similar positions in Port Jackson, between high and low water marks, will sometimes be found a thick encrustation of a peculiar character. At first sight it appears to consist simply of mud, but when it is broken into there will be found running through it numerous toughish threads which, when examined more attentively, are found to be delicate tubes, each enclosing a *Leucodore* of the very same kind as that found in the oyster shells. The little worms, which, from the great softness and fragility of their bodies, are almost defenceless against attack, seem to huddle together in this way for protection, the mass of their

tubes, with the sand and mud which they collect between them, helping them to repel the assaults of some of their enemies.

But the *Leucodore* is not always satisfied with this kind of protection, which, indeed, can only be resorted to in the stillest waters, and it is therefore induced to burrow in any suitable firm material which it can penetrate. In the hard sandstone girding the shores of the greater part of New South Wales it can make no impression, and it is led, therefore, to have recourse to the shells of mollusca, and more especially those of the rock oyster. In these it drills first a narrow tunnel, which, running inwards from the edge of the valves for a little distance, bends sharply back again and opens on the exterior by a second opening. Lodged in this tunnel the worm is perfectly protected from its enemies, and is able to procure food by means of its long sensitive feelers, which it emits at pleasure from either of the two entrances to its abode. By and by the tube is widened, and at length assumes the form of a comparatively spacious cavity. In this there accumulates—part *y*, perhaps, derived from the excreta of the worm, partly collected by infiltration from without—a quantity of mud. The mud, from whatever source it may be derived, is charged with organic matter, and it is, doubtless, to the decomposition of this with the liberation of carbonic acid gas into the interior of the cavity, that the disintegration of the shell which follows is to be attributed. For when the disease is far advanced a considerable part of the substance of the shell becomes disorganised; a part of the limey matter has become dissolved away, and the shell round the diseased spot may be split into layers with more or less ease.

There seems to be good evidence that at times when this "oyster disease" is prevalent, the oysters die in large numbers, and there is, therefore, a probability that the excavations in the shell are the cause of the mortality, though this has not been conclusively proved. How, should this prove to be true, the death of the oyster is brought about, can, in the absence of a sufficiently detailed and prolonged examination of the subject, only be matter of conjecture. I am inclined to think that the cause of death must be the formation of swellings on the internal surface of the shell in such a position as to interfere with the complete closure of the valves. The interior of the shell of the oyster is lined, as is well known, by a layer of nacre or mother-of-pearl, by additions to which, in thin layers, the shell increases in thickness. Any irritation by the presence of a foreign body tends to increase the formation of the mother-of-pearl over the spot where the irritation is felt. It is to this circumstance that is due the formation of pearls in the pearl-oysters and in the fresh-water mussels; concentric layers of the mother-of pearl being formed round a "centre of irritation" in the form of some intrusive sand grain until a dense little ball—the pearl—is formed. Similarly when some boring animal such as a boring sponge or a *Leucodore* approaches in its excavations very close to the inner surface of the valve, irritation is set up and layer after layer of the mother-of-pearl added to the shell over this spot—the result being the formation of irregular bosses on the internal surface. The growth of these elevations on certain parts of the interior of the shell will very readily interfere with the satisfactory closure of the valves, and this, sooner or later—more rapidly in oysters living in their natural position between tide marks and daily exposed to the wind and sun—leads to the death of the animal.

MODEL SUBURBS—II.

HARCOURT, BURWOOD.

BY JAMES GREEN.

IT is often said that Sydney does not live up to her great privileges as a metropolitan centre. The remark is made not only by globe trotters who come to us fresh laden with the supposedly intellectual spoils of travel, and who complacently remark, "Ah! you should just now see such and such a place," but by the more prosaic denizens of our city and her suburbs, who, although they may to some extent become inured to the incommodious and unsanitary domiciles out of which we have to make our "homes,"—much in the same way as, by a brilliancy of poetic inspiration that reflects undying credit on some forgotten prototype of a Francatelli or a Brillat-Savarin, eels are popularly supposed to enjoy a special prediliction for being skinned—yet, mildly murmur, at less infrequently recurring intervals, that it is about time one had some properly developed neighborhood to live in, situate within some half-score miles of the General Post Office. Those who hail from the old world, and who have lived there long enough to appreciate and understand both its potentialities and its abuses, turn sometimes, in a mental retrospect, and with a longing, akin almost to home-sickness, to the beautiful *Anlage* that surround the pristine home of the Barons Rothschild—the historic house is situated in the "Jews' Quarter"—in Frankfort on the Maine, to the lovely grove-embowered villas of Torquay and Cowes, or to the numerous continental watering-places in which town and suburb seem to be so skilfully and successfully commingled that life assumes the aspect of a perpetual holiday, the wear and tear of the human economy is attenuated to a minimum, and the "pace that kills" is scarcely felt. And those who know what is being done—and sometimes very much undone—in the sister colonies cannot but feel a prick of the sharp thorn of shame that, with all our splendid natural advantages and opportunities, we, of Sydney, persist in living among surroundings, and under circumstances, that would absolutely appall any but a native or completely acclimatised inhabitant of this city. True, we cannot surround Australian landscapes with that romance of history or legend that lends so irresistible a charm, or at least attraction, to such a multiplicity of spots in Europe. There is no tiny stretch of meadow-land upon the heights around Port Jackson which we can people—like the *Rütli* upon Lucerne's lovely lake—with the midnight gathering of the Switzers striking for their independence eight-hundred years ago; we have - the Lord be praised! we have—no *Alte Schloss* like that amidst the exquisitely wooded hills round Baden Baden, where may be seen still, in the dim torture-chamber, the rack, and thumbscrew, the "Maiden," and the "boots." Our land-locked sea derives no extra beauty from castellated forms like Chillon's, in whose dank, slimy dungeon the paving worn by prisoner's foot still tells the deathless story of man's treachery and vileness, in the very face of all the glory that Nature has lavished on Lake Leman. But we can do more—much more—than this. In a virgin country—virgin, at least, except where the polluting hand of the land-grabber has despoiled her and turned her to vile purposes of unearned profit—we can apportion land, and build our residences in somewhat such a fashion as Nature, common sense, and sanitary science would dictate; we can secure pure, bracing air, pure water, and fresh vegetables—the three most salutary nutrients and alteratives of the human frame; and we can obtain repose and stillness for the overworked and jaded brain; beauty, kind Nature's mental tonic, for the eye; and in the singing of the birds and the rustling of the gum-tree a sedative for the excited nerves more potent than all the chloral, morphine, or ammonium bromide of the doctors. This we Sydneyites can do, and it should have been done long since; still, better late than never, and at length the energy and enterprise that exist among us in their more healthy, honest forms, the thoroughness of inception and completion which, unfortunately, have not been always the most salient features of colonial undertakings, have discovered a congenial and most valuable outlet, in the establishing of model suburbs in the immediate proximity, or in the surrounding neighborhood, of the

fair metropolis of the Southern Seas. In the August number of this magazine the general question of "Model Suburbs" was commenced by a far abler pen than mine, and it is now my privilege to follow with a brief account of another model suburb, which, I venture to think, will in a very few years fly colors every whit as popular and brilliant as those of Kensington. I allude to Harcourt, which is situate almost midway between Canterbury and Burwood, from which latter township it is best approached. The estate consists of about 200 acres, divided by avenues a chain-and-a-half wide, and streets a chain in width, into four hundred building plots varying from a quarter-of-an-acre to an acre-and-a-half in superficial area. Not more than eighteen months ago these broad and verdant acres were mere bush and scrub, like that which now surrounds them; but during the greater part of that time, from a hundred to a hundred-and-fifty men have been employed in clearing and grubbing up, levelling the sections, curbing, guttering, and metalling the streets, trenching and planting the footpaths of the boulevards, bridging the creeks, ploughing, harrowing, top-dressing, and sowing with choice English grasses the soil which is to become verdant lawn and blooming garden, and generally effecting, at a very large expense, those various practical operations which are essential to the formation of a site on which to build with lasting satisfaction, but which are too often undertaken by unscrupulous proprietors or inexperienced purchasers, and are consequently never done at all. We drive from Burwood Station along a mile-and-three-quarters of straight, wide road, braced by the pure atmosphere, and charmed by the singing of the birds in the surrounding bush; till we arrive at the solid and substantial bridge that the proprietary have erected over Cook's River, which forms the northern boundary to the estate. This brings us to the Eighth Grand Avenue, (the principal one from north to south), which is crossed at right angles by the Fifth. Other avenues run parallel to both of these; the rectangular system of laying out having been judiciously adopted, in order to afford the vistas which constitute one of the main charms of a level site, as well as commodious plots for the labors of the architect and landscape gardener. The waste materials from the levelling and clearing have been utilised for the production of the red burnt clay with which the footways are all metalled, with the object of affording the charm of contrast to the eye as the trees with which they are planted achieve the vigorous and verdant growth which the virility of their childhood plainly promises. For, very wisely, no big trees have been planted in the deep trenches of rich soil, to look pretty for a year or so, and then die off, but sturdy, healthy nurselings, which will grow with the estate, and afford umbrageous shelter from the sun ere even the houses are all built. No less than one hundred-and-fifty varieties of tree—all evergreens—have been set with a keen eye to the artistic contrast of their different foliage; the stately Norfolk Island pine, the graceful camphor laurel, the more fragile pepper-tree, the fragrant and hygienic eucalyptus, the Queensland gum-tree, the Tasmanian blue gum, and any number more are planted sixteen feet apart, while large, rich tufts of

EIGHTH GRAND AVENUE.

pampas grass occupy for a time the intervening spaces, to be eventually rooted up as the trees increase in size. Urns, to receive the cactus or agava, embellish the intersections of the avenues; and everything about the property, from the massive bridges of tarred timber to the pretty villa cottage which forms both an office on the estate and an example of the kind of buildings that should be placed npon it, speak unmistakably of health, solidity and *bona fides*. And that all this may be no mushroom growth, it is intended, as I learn, to keep a competent gardener, with a staff of men, employed on the estate for the next three years, to bring to its perfection and completeness the work that has already been so excellently done.

Now, supposing we proceed along the Beamish Road, which forms the eastern boundary of Harcourt, a liesurely walk of ten minutes will bring us to the Canterbury Station, on the loop-line; while the proposed loop-line from St. Peter's to Liverpool, the construction of which is likely to be shortly sanctioned, is surveyed to pass within some twenty chains of the southern boundary of the estate. Harcourt is also within seven miles by road of Sydney, and within two of the Ashfield and Croydon, as well as the Burwood, railway stations, and is scarcely a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the Canterbury Park Racecourse. Moreover, it is a centre for pleasant drives in all directions, the scenery being pretty, and the roads generally good, no matter to what quarter we may turn our horse's head.

One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with the disposal of large properties for building purposes is that of ensuring the erection of a suitable class of residences upon it. So long as we simply lease our land, whether it be for an ordinary term of years and at an ordinary ground rental, or for, say, 999 years and at a "peppercorn rent," we can lay down whatever conditions respecting future buildings we may think proper, and so retain in our own hands the ultimate power in all such matters. But the proprietary of Harcourt sell outright, and when once we have parted with our property all control over it necessarily ceases. At the same time, it is essential to the creation of a model suburb that some inducement to the erection of desirable tenements should exist. Public spirit is not one of the most salient virtues of these colonies, and the man who buys a plot of ground to build on rarely cares twopence for the tastes or feelings of his neighbor, and not the traditional "brass farthing" for the *tout ensemble* of an estate. But, however estimable in their own spheres of life may be "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker," we do not wish, with all our boasted democracy, to have them elbowing our comfortable cottage or more ornate villa with their miserable shanties; and though, if we have no billiard-room of our own, we may gladly handle the cue with a private friend or two at some neighboring and well-conducted hostelry, we object to the city public-house, with its inherent vulgarity and vice, being thrown upon our wives' and daughters' morning promenade! The proproprietary of Harcourt seem to have hit upon a most ingenious device for reducing this very objectionable danger to a minimum. Whether they have conned the little china mugs familiar to our far-off childhood,

FIFTH GRAND AVENUE.

and tenure in everything that concerns finance—by a liberality and equity of treatment, and a provision for those temporary difficulties that occasionally fall on even the well-to-do, which I believe to be very rare in the dealings of property-holders with the public. The desire exists most clearly—and it becomes especially conspicuous on a careful examination, such as I have had the privilege of making, of the estate itself—to establish a select, respectable, and order-loving residential population on an estate which possesses unmistakably, and beyond dispute,

inscribed with the cabalistic legend in burnished gilt italics, "A Reward for a Good Boy;" or whether they have taken a leaf out of the *modus operandi* of the Australian Life Assurance Companies, who reward in a more solid fashion such of their customers as have not imposed upon the institution by dying before they have accomplished the allotted span of human life, the proprietary have introduced a principle, entirely novel to Australia, so far as I am aware, of giving Building Bonuses. The sum of £10,000 has been set aside for distribution in the shape of bonuses, and this distribution will take place in five years from the 1st of May last. Certain conditions are laid down (and may be seen in detail in the interesting and instructive little *brochure* which has been issued to give the public every sort of practical information respecting the Harcourt estate), specifying the various conditions which will govern participation in the distribution; and, without entering into details which are not called for in this article, and for which I have no space, I may observe that these regulations appear to be dictated by the soundest judgment and excellent common-sense, and are characterised—as, indeed, are all the conditions of purchase

TYPES OF RESIDENCES.

all the essentials for the creation of a comfortable home upon its bosom, and enjoys the prospect of unrivalled prosperity and charm in the course of a few years.

One more word I have to say. It has often been my disagreeable duty to write a little plainly anent the sordid spirit that too often marks our Sydney speculators. They think of self, and nothing else. Self first, self second, and self last and above all, is the be-all and end-all of their speculations; care-

less of the interests, the welfare, the progress of the general community, they prey upon the public, and yet seek from Government the aid to which they have no shadow of a claim, in a spirit which, if it be not the spirit of Protection, is wondrously akin to it. Happily, there is another kind of speculation, not quite unknown to our fair city, even if it be somewhat rarer than its opposite—the speculation which is entered on in the spirit of Freetrade, and which relies upon "self-help," and enterprise, and well-directed use of capital; which co-ordinates with handsome profits and well-earned personal advancement, the establishment of thriving industries, the employment of the working population, the provision of healthy, beautiful, and comfortable homes, or the promotion of the general prosperity and happiness in one or other of their Protean shapes. Such is the sort of speculation that seems to me to have characterised the formation of the model suburb which is the subject of these observations. It is distinguished, above all else, by thoroughness—by thoroughness of thought, thoroughness of previson, and thoroughness of act. The proprietary has done its share—always the most difficult, because the inaugural—of the undertaking with no unstinting, nay, with a lavish hand; and it will be the fault, and to the discredit, of the Sydney public if the last decade of the century do not see Harcourt a beautiful and quiet haven of repose from the ever-increasing toil and turmoil of our busy city life, the delight of sanitarians, and the abolitionist of the pill-box, and an example to our sister-capitals and to many an Old World city.

HER HAND IN MINE.

(Rondeau.)

HER hand in mine my little maid
So softly stole, as half afraid
An answering clasp would fail to bind
Her fingers close. I quick divined
The doubt and fear that with her played.

My temper, changeful as the wind,
Had made me think my love unkind—
I knew she loved me when she laid
Her hand in mine.

And yet I was so foolish, blind,
That I had almost cast behind
My lady's love—and still delayed.
But, me, my grasp full soon betrayed:
It tells my love whene'er I find
Her hand in mine.

EVERARD DIGBY.

THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

BY W. LEWERS AND F. C. COWLE.

THERE are various ways of going down to the sea. Some go down in bathing array, with the laudable intention of displaying their proficiency in the art of swimming. Some go down in the depths of despair, with the reprehensible idea of committing suicide. Others go down in ships to tempt the perils of the deep by a long ocean voyage, and it is of these that we would discourse. They are induced by diverse reasons to take this step. One is fired with an ambition to learn the teachings of travel. Many go because a trip to England is becoming as indispensable a part of a fashionable education as playing the banjo or acquiring a certain skill in the game of lawn tennis. Others venture because they are never content to let well alone and are not sufficiently unhappy at home. A few set forth by the doctor's orders, and a few are coerced by the exigencies of business. Here and there is to be seen one flying from the wiles of a too importunate lover, and occasionally one, still more unfortunate, weary of breath, who complains of the unremitting attentions of his creditors —they in turn complaining of his *unremitting intentions.* And some go off with great blowing of trumpets and announcements in the society papers, and some go off as unobstrusively as they can. Some spend years in making up their minds and preparing their friends for the rent at parting, and at last make their exit unwept, unhonored and unsung, while others journey off hurriedly and leave their landlords to lament the rent departing, their promises unkept, their cheques unhonored and themselves unhung.

When one has made up his mind to go to England he finds that he has the choice of travelling either by steamer or by sailing vessel, the railway not yet having been completed so far. If he wants to go by ship he must hurry up, for like the hairs of our head the days of the good old sailing vessel are numbered. Next century the art of navigating a windjammer will be as obsolete as the ancient Egyptian's knowledge of embalming or the present Victorian's science of making money out of a land boom. Yet a trip in a comfortable sailing vessel has its advantages, which are so self-evident that they require explanation. In the first place one is freed from the dust and turmoil of cities for a period of three months, and before the end of the voyage he can forget that there is an outside world. The roar and bellow of life upon land is exchanged for the roar and billows of life on the ocean wave. There are no aggravating changes in the passenger-list *en route*, which break in upon one's little clique and cause the most promising flirtations to end like the funnel, in smoke. The passenger deprived of his daily newspaper begins to lose his proficiency in the art of lying, but his pent-up faculties burst out with renewed vigor at the end of the voyage. The weather for the first time becomes a topic of real interest instead of a useful society platitude. The traveller with a taste for music is introduced to a new form of lyrical composition in the moribund "shanty," which, if not quite so elaborate in harmony as the works of Berlioz or Wagner is at least as tuneful and rather more expressive than the modern music-hall song. Everybody learns to distinguish topsails from royals and skysails, and becomes generally as well versed in nautical terms as a Ritualist in the intricacies of a High Church service.

The advertisements hung out to attract passengers to a sailing vessel are not always as reliable as the testimony of a witness under oath. The specious baits set forth usually assume the shape of a "milch" cow, a doctor, and a stewardess. The milch cow is not infrequently condensed into tins, possibly to prevent its disturbing the rest of the other animals on board by its gentle lowings. The stewardess is often a Mrs. Harris—the passengers find after they have been a few days out "that there ain't no such person." On indignant complaints being made to the captain he will probably explain that just before leaving port the stewardess refused to fulfil her engagement, or was too drunk and incapable to come on board, and that it was impossible to procure a substitute. As for the doctor, his patients are lucky if he has a general inkling of the pharmacopœia. On land even the advertising quack is required to possess *some* letters after his name,

however little their meaning, but at sea these trifling formalities are dispensed with. The perils of the deep sink into absolute insignificance compared with the risks they undergo who are rash enough to put their trust in the ship's doctor. He may be young and good-looking, and his suit of blue serge with brass buttons may be very becoming, but he is generally an unfortunate who has "stuck" at the second or third year of his medical course in Melbourne or Sydney, and is seeking the more congenial climate of Glasgow, Aberdeen or Brussels, where they recognise that life is short and degrees are easy, and whence he will very soon return with half the alphabet tacked on to his name—a veritable man of letters. Tired of being ploughed and plucked himself, he plucks up courage and ploughs the salt waters, just to experience how an examiner feels. We know a youth who is trying to work his way home in this manner, and as he bases his application on the fact that he has passed the Matriculation examination in elementary physiology his services will no doubt be readily claimed by shipowners.

The passenger who refuses to be the sport of every viewless wind and decides to trust to steampower will find that the steamer of to-day has increased in comfort as well as in speed and tonnage. This is the natural result of competition and would serve as an admiral illustration to hurl at the heads of those who oppose Chinese cheap labor. One has almost forgotten the days when the English mail appeared only once a month, like the new moon or THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE. The passage-money which at that time placed the trip quite beyond the range of poor but dishonest people has been reduced to a mere nominal amount, some £70. Whereas the traveller of ten years ago would consider his ship as a veritable ocean greyhound if it accomplished the trip in sixty days, his successor of to-day would be loud in his complaints if the voyage from London to Adelaide occupied one minute more than forty days. Australians now enjoy the advantage of keeping their berths right through, instead of being compelled to bundle out at Galle (appropriately so called) and occupy what little space was left for them in another steamer by uncivil Indian civilians. Ice has become as much a necessity of ship-life as the captain or the barometer, and the large quantities stored away may account for the frigidity of the passengers towards each other for the first few days. Appropriate music saloons, magnificently appointed, are provided, where the music fiend can wrestle with his particular instrument without annoying those who have not or those who have music in their soul; and comfortable smoking-rooms abound, where the misogynist can blow the cool tobacco cloud and chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy undisturbed of

womankind. N.B.—We are not subsidised by any particular company to write these eulogies, but if any enterprising firm yearns for a puff our terms are very reasonable and our lies are lies of circumstance. Price list on application.

As someone has remarked before us, life anywhere would be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures; and the sea is no exception. Since the passengers have become the sport of wind and wave they seek also the sport of amusement and enter seriously into the business of pleasure. A committee is usually formed which undertakes to provide concerts, or, if they are utterly without mercy, *private theatricals*. At rare intervals an ocean concert is really enjoyable, if it should happen to be very good or very bad, but as a general rule it is the dismal medium between the two. Should there be a gentleman of inventive abilities on board he will favor his hearers with a topical song, which apparently age cannot wither nor custom stale. One of the incidents of the voyage is the Fancy Dress Ball, at which the dresses are devised quite impromptu, some of them being secured for the purpose at great expense from fashionable costumiers amongst other necessaries for the trip. Ordinary dances are held frequently when wind and weather permit, in which the waltzers often meet with reverses not included in the poetry of motion, and which provoke the usual heart-burnings in-

separable from such entertainments. Then there is the inevitable newspaper, wherein the contributors can gratify their charity by indulging in personal reflections on their fellows. Its management is entrusted to some experienced journalist whose claim to literary fame rests on the fact that for some years past he has written regularly for the waste-paper baskets of all the magazines and has had his manuscripts rejected by all the leading newspapers in the country he has just left. The various numbers are collected and printed by subscription as soon as land is reached, and are thenceforth relegated to oblivion with the toys of our childhood and the school-books of our youth. Such are the deadly weapons invented by travellers for the purpose of boring each other and for adding to the discomforts of a journey by sea. Why cannot the wanderer be content to live the Lotos-eater's life of dreamy inactivity, taking his pleasures only in the delights of sky and sea and air, and for some short space utterly forgetting that weary world which Wordsworth sings is too much with us late and soon? Verily do we pursue our business with unslacking stride and never once possess our soul before we die.

There is one passenger now-a-days who is as indispensable as he is ornamental and irritating. Need we say it is the amateur photographer? "A fine work of Art," says Heine, "is seldom brought forth in an age in which politics are predominant. The poet in such an epoch resembles the sailor on a stormy sea who sees on the distant shore a cloister standing on a tall cliff; the white nuns are there singing, but the storm outroars their voices." So in the midst of the hurry and worry of the present our views of life are so distorted that we not only tolerate but even welcome one who reflects those views in a tangible form—a libel upon Nature. As the photographic artist steps on board, accompanied by the mysterious insignia of his craft conspicuously labelled "Wanted on the voyage," one sees at a glance that he is not as other men are; and he will before long represent other men as himself. Even a

bridegroom on his honeymoon tour could hardly be more conscious of his own importance; and the pride of the often respectable nobody who has been singled out as the recipient of a title on the Queen's Birthday sinks into comparative insignificance beside that of the lord of the camera. Clad in black velvet, mystic, wonderful, he will sally forth upon the deck to seek his prey. His manner is as artless as his work. The group of fair maidens in their fancy dress costumes will require protracted sittings in which each pose must be adjusted by the photographer himself with infinite and loving attention to detail. The homely matron, on the other hand, he will fix and send off instantaneously, upon a rapid plate, little heeding whether the salt breezes may have ruffled her hair or her temper. Thus does he take sights from the sea—through a glass darkly.

Amateur photography is not the only vice which is developed to an alarming extent by a sea-trip. The pernicious habit of smoking

is fostered and encouraged by idleness and lack of other entertainment till it assumes gigantic proportions. Suppose a young man

embarks at that period of his smoking career when one cigarette will make him grin but several in succession will make him green. Assuming that the first few days of the heaving billows and the corresponding derangements of the internal mechanism have been safely negotiated, the one-cigarette man soon finds that time hangs heavy on his hands and that the little roll of light tobacco is full of emptiness and vapor, signifying nothing, and quite inadequate to satisfy the yearnings of his soul. Enter the tempter with a mild cigar. It raises many anxious doubts and inward qualms during its consumption but comes at last to an end, to the no small pride and relief of the operator. Next day he wrestles with two or three of the creatures, and after a brief struggle issues victorious on each occasion. At the end of a week he looks down with contempt on the little-minded race of men who content themselves with cigarettes. Halfway through the voyage the stock of cigars, or the stock of means to purchase them, gives out and the hapless youth is tempted a second time, the loathsome pipe being the bait on this occasion. Its intricacies are soon mastered, and when the terminus is reached our hero puffs a blackened meerschaum with the utmost complacency, to the envy of his schoolboy brethren and the disgust of his lady friends. *Is Bacche!*

Another reprehensible occupation, to which we have already incidentally referred, is that of flirtation. Shiplife affords ample opportunities for indulgence in this unchristian pastime, which has been legally defined as *attention* without *intention*. But on this point we will not dwell, nor will we speak as one having authority, lest the fable of the

fox and the grapes should be fitted on us. Our homely faces, solemn albeit courteous demeanour, and general bearing of sound common-sense, coupled with the whitening locks upon our brows, have held us aloof from the perfidious chairs and guarded us against the insidious snares of the charmers, charm they never so wisely. No fellow-voyager of ours, gentle maiden or buxom widow, could ever truthfully accuse us of having toyed with her innocent affections. Besides, we wish to be philosophers, and we fear the example of Socrates. It has been pointed out as a remarkable fact that amid all the scolding of his wife Xantippe, Socrates was able to think. But he could not write; that was impossible. Socrates did not leave behind him a single work.

However, in spite of all these drawbacks, we are not irrevocably set against sea voyages, and if any person, male or female, of suitable age, rank, temper, and means should desire agreeable travelling companions we are quite willing to reluctantly forego our present brilliant prospects and to accept an engagement, temporary or permanent, on the moderate basis of outfit provided, all expenses paid, and a fair allowance for pocket-money. We can produce undeniable testimonials of character, written by ourselves, and what more competent judges could man or woman require? To persons writing to us and opening negotiations of this nature we can guarantee at all events a reply copied out in clerkly manuscript and so worded that not even a state-school teacher could pick holes in the grammar and spelling.

A MEMORY.

I SEE, in light of dreams, again,
When storm-winds rise and house-eaves drip,
That mighty swirl of waves and rain
'Twixt foaming sound and seething rip;
I feel the swaying of the ship
In every gust that rocks the trees,
And taste the brine upon my lip,
And smell the freshness of the breeze
That bore us that wild night across those racing seas.

I hear the onrush of the squall
That—Gabo's star-like beacon past—
Turned each wave-hill to mountain-wall,
And whistling breeze to shrieking blast.
The air-borne spume flies far and fast,
The star is blotted from the shore,
The cloudy moonlight overcast;
And thou and I, in speechless awe,
Stand on that slender plank, 'mid sea and sky, once more.

Like feathers on the great gale flung,
Smothered in foam and drenched in sleet,
Safe, to our windy perch we clung,
And felt the throb, like strong heart-beat,
Of engine-pulse beneath our feet,
And in our human veins a thrill,
A keen, quick warmth, divinely sweet,
That cold and darkness could not chill—
A joy of splendid life that consecrates us still.

Oh, what cared we that wild winds blew,
Who drank such life from wind and sea?
Like petrel through the storm we flew—
But what was storm to thee or me?
We breathed the air of liberty!
Like tameless tempest at its height,
Unbound, upborne, and winged and free,
Our souls together took far flight
Across the weltering deep on that majestic night.

A. C.

ADAPTATION OF THE LYRE-BIRD TO SCULPTURAL PURPOSES.

(From a Panel modelled by Mr. Lucien Henry)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

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ARTISAN-SCEPTICISM AND EMPTY CHURCHES.

BY T. J. HEBBLEWHITE.

IF ever the idea were held that every separate phenomenon in Nature had its own special and distinctive cause, it has long since been abandoned. Physical science has revealed to us the infinite and eternal interaction of cause and effect, and one primary impulse makes itself manifest in ten thousand different ways which, to ordinary intelligences, do not seem to have the remotest relationship to each other. The same infinite and unceasing interaction—the same infinite flux and reflux,—goes on in the social world; and one cause, remote, deeply-hidden, long-unsuspected, may be the parent of many dark problems that lie in totally different planes and have no seeming connection whatever with each other. The spread of scientific modes of thought and analysis has taught us this—to distrust mere appearances, to distinguish between subordinate and primary causes, and to look below the surface of things if we would gain some insight into the mysteries of the great, masterful forces which are for ever at work above and below, and without and within every one of us. It has taught us that cause lies behind cause, backward along an interminable chain, and that to effect a true reformation in national manners or in social adjustments we must travel back along the chain of causation until we discover the primary departure from the right line of rectitude which originated the evil, now grown to such dimensions as to imperatively call for remedial measures. To tinker with secondary and subordinate causes, themselves effects which reproduce themselves as rapidly as they are destroyed, is simply labor wasted, priceless energy flung to the winds. The temperance people to some extent recognise the necessity for dealing with causes instead of fruitlessly cutting down social weeds that spring up the faster and the denser for being pruned. They call attention to the fact that crime and degradation, loss of self-respect, insanity, immorality and a host of other ghastly evils can largely be traced to one common parentage—intemperance; and while they leave the inefficient machinery for the suppression of crime and immorality uninterfered with, they implore Parliament to aid them in striking at the multiform evil at its root. As far as they go they are logical. To permanently overcome a great wrong it must be attacked at its root; all other modes of warfare are ineffectual. But there is more than a suspicion that intemperance, the habitual, hopeless, sodden intemperance that ever and anon darkens into the most fearful types of criminality, is itself only a subordinate cause—an effect of prior causes which becomes in turn, through the ceaseless interaction of forces, an operative cause whose effects are such as we daily see with a sorrow too deep for tears and a pity that struggles in vain to shape itself into fitting language.

Why I have written the above will be apparent by-and-bye. In an unpretentious way I would endeavor to do something towards throwing light on a very gloomy problem and directing the minds of those to whom it is a constant source of real trouble and anxiety to a line of thought which perhaps is altogether unfamiliar to them. Why are the churches being slowly emptied of the artisan population of our cities? is a momentous question that congresses and church councils put to themselves again and again. Why are our churches so thinly attended? What can we do, or leave undone, to touch the hardening conscience of the great masses, and bring them into communion with each other and with the consolatory ordinances of religion? Year after year the bishops and canons and clergy and earnest laity ponder anxiously over these and kindred questions, and guess blindly at

the answer to the obstinate riddle. Sermons are too long or too short, too severely theological or too flippant. The service is not cheerful enough, the singing is too classical, or perhaps—but this not often—the surplice is too ornate or too plain. The seats are not free, social distinctions are not sufficiently modified, or the churchwardens are too seldom chosen from the ranks of workingmen. So the explanations, plausible, doubtful, absurd, roll in; and yet, year by year, indifferentism that gradually hardens into an undemonstrative scepticism widens and deepens amongst the great artisan population. Between them and the churches there rises, layer by layer, an ice-cold barrier that the preacher may try in vain to surmount, and which will not melt or soften, let him be as warmly solicitous and sympathetic as he may. It is no use disguising the fact. The great enemy which confronts the church in the closing decades of the century is not the sin that flaunts itself at noonday and bellows aloud in the insolence of its pride: It is the silent, steady, continuous growth of scepticism in the lives and thoughts of the millions who constitute the lower strata of society. Not the aggressive and blatant atheism that hires a hall and, armed with a mutilated version of Darwin and a bundle of pamphlets by Bradlaugh, undertakes to hound God out of His own universe in something like an hour and forty minutes by the clock; but a cold, unreasoning, expressionless unbelief that chills the very springs of devotion and hems life in on every side with a frigid atmosphere of aimless, hopeless, devil-may-care materialism. In such an atmosphere only the animal attributes can exist, and in that great nation about which we hear so much and yet know so little, the tendency to revert to inferior types is no longer mere matter of conjecture. You may visit these men and make use of the conventional appeals—nay, you may, for the love you bear them, fling aside every shred of conventionality and, speaking as friend to friend, without reserve, endeavor to smite music out of the relaxed and rusted chords, and no doubt you will be civilly enough received; but they will tell you candidly, and with an air of utter indifference, that they have ceased to believe in or to care for these things. They are of no more interest than any other exploded myth of antiquity. Will they try and come, just once, if no more? No, they will not; the church is nothing to them. There is no longer hope or consolation for them in its message. They have ceased even to think of it. The living faith that alone can magnetise the inert mass is dead, and the artisan is too proud—for there is pride even down there—to pretend a virtue after the heart and soul of reality have crumbled into the common dust of the highway. "It may be all true what you say," was the unconcerned but quite inoffensive reply of one of these to a London clergyman, "but we don't care twopence about it." Against a settled, stolid indifference like this, the fiery eloquence of a Beecher or a Liddon is as unavailing as if it appealed to the storm. It wastes itself in fruitless beatings against a front of adamantine granite. So, while thundering anthems shake the banners in royal fanes, and blazoned panes make daylight gorgeous with purple and crimson, and preachers preach, and consult, and discuss, the great masses sink deeper and yet deeper into the fathomless abysm, and grow more and more cold and indifferent, until—despite towering cathedral and the stately grandeur of choir-chanted mass and liturgy—it seems as if Christianity were dying at the root, frozen to the very heart of it by the icy indifferentism that is creeping up like a black and benumbing mist from the horrible depths of nethermost humanity. Dying at the root, and nothing taking its place but a gelid, brutalising negation! 'Tis a terrible thought, even to those who can hardly be accounted orthodox, or as belonging to the congregation of the faithful; terrible in itself, thrice terrible in that there lurks, gruesome and menacing behind it something that as yet is shapeless in the dusk. Such a universal indifferentism, petrifying the heart, chilling the sympathies, congealing the instincts, preceded the ghastly diorama of 1790-3. The unnatural calm of artisan scepticism was the forerunner, although not the cause, of that wild cataclysmic outburst. The brooding passion that blazed out in red consuming fury had just such an eve of oppressive quietude. Apart, however, from this grisly "perhaps," and there is cause enough for a second volcanic upheaval, the slow but sure spread of scepticism, gradually rooting itself deeply into the common daily habits of the people, moulding the plastic lives of the little ones in other fashion, tinging with its own sombre hues every sentiment and instinct and intuition, giving to the whole current of life a new direction, is no trivial matter to be disposed of by a paper read before Congress by the Rev. Onesius Dryasdust. Such movements shape national destinies into unexpected forms, and sap the institutions of a thousand years at their foundations. The more reflective of the clergy feel this; and to them, as they note how

history is formed, the empty churches that stand in the midst of dense populations, or the churches that are only frequented by the fashionable and the "respectable," tell a tale of a diverted current far down in the profound depths of society that may, probably will, boil to the surface by-and-bye in fierce, ungovernable maelstroms.

Which of us can guage the potentialities for good and for evil of those tremendous democracies into which all other polities—Imperialisms, Monarchisms, Absolutisms—are being fiercely swung and whirled? What daring exercise of the imagination can afford us any adequate conception of the possible reversals and overturnings attendant upon such an unqualified transfer of political mastery as awaits the world? In the eyes of a godless democracy—to whom after long years of conventional restraint, cold formality, dead faith and heartless indifference, there comes the decisive moment, to which all this was but the prelude, when the last cerements of a vanished creed are flung wrathfully aside—what thing will be held sacred because of its associations, or acknowledged to be invested with inviolate reverence? The new democracies will be flung red-hot and hissing from the furnaces of passion, and beaten into shape by the sledge-hammers of convulsion and revolution—a terrible protest against the infamous wrongs rooted inextricably in the subsoil of "things as they are;" and it is strangely ominous and minatory that already in the masses which by-and-bye will, under the influence of masterful electric shocks, be instantly fused and consolidated, there is rapidly developing the reckless mood born of incipient atheism. While the Church is wrestling with the highly critical and aggressive scepticism of the Huxleys, or gazing in a stupor at the pulverisation wrought by the cruel poundings of the literary and historical artillery, there is growing up around its walls and within its lines a passive infidelity on a truly colossal scale which embodies still more potent elements for the wrenching apart and disintegration of Christianity as now understood and taught. For this monstrous growth the Church is not without responsibility, as we shall perhaps see. By its tacit acceptance of principles which contravene the very axioms of morality and, by inference, enthrone an omnipotent and unrelenting Malignancy in the seat of Government, it has invited, rendered inevitable even, distrust which darkens into doubt, and, finally, flashes into mocking and derisive denial and revolt.

Is the picture overdrawn, too Rembrandt-like in the intensity of its shadows? Those who know the best,—the evangelists whose life is cast on these strange, dark-surging deeps, the city missionaries who speak bitterly of heathens in the heart of Christendom, worse than any pagan nurtured under tropic skies, nay, such of us as have from choice or necessity or duty gone down into the crowded dungeons of life—could add deeper and gloomier tints. There is a whole world beneath our feet that is adrift from its moorings—drifting as fast as tide and wind can carry it out upon the waste waters of agnosticism and practical atheism. The Church is spasmodically and half-heartedly endeavoring to bring the vast hulk to a stand; but, hitherto, its efforts have been like trying to hold a line-of-battle ship with packthread. The forces that are driving the huge mass onward are incalculably more powerful and persistent than the forces which would restrain.

So general and uniform a movement, affecting the thoughts and lives of millions, cannot possibly have come about causeless; and whatever the cause, or combination of causes, it is still operative, and with undiminished force. We may at once dismiss the canonical explanations, the too-long or the too-short sermon, and the enlivened service with Sankey substituted for Attwood and Purcell in the organ loft. They are too frivolous to account for so extensive and deep-rooted an anti-religious development. They do not touch the fringe of it. They are like the fanciful and impossible theories of a child on the origin of the universe. They would be laughable if the subject were not too solemn and too pitiful for laughter. One thing only they indicate, and that too clearly—the bitter truth of that inarticulate wail which ever and anon comes up from beneath, and which, interpreted into the common language of life, might mean, "You will not understand us, you are not in touch with us." Let us leave the canons shuffling the alphabet and trying to get some sort of answer from the accidental combinations. They will win their quest about the time of the Greek Kalends. What is the cause? There is the fact, grim, menacing, deplorable. Does it originate in the church, or does it spring from the masses themselves? Where all is so bewildering and chaotic to outward seeming, who can give us a clue, or is a clue to be discovered? So we come back to the starting point, and propound in altered form the query of the congress, and the inscrutable Sphinx flings back our sorrowful question unanswered. Shall we find a clue through political economy—one of the sciences that wise men become professors of, and talk learnedly about in

colleges and lecture-halls? "What!" I think I hear some horrified cleric shriek, with mien and gesture indicative of indignant surprise; "What has the church to do with political economy? Christ and Him crucified is the burden of our message. How can political economy teach men salvation?" "Nevertheless, my good friend," I would reply, "we may as well push our enquiries thitherward. You have proclaimed your evangel; you have preached Christ and Him crucified. You have piped and the people have not danced; your churches are cold with emptiness; your failure is confessed." Remembering how cause is linked with cause, and effect overlaps and blends with effect; how in the lives of the purest the secular insensibly and incessantly merges into the sacred, and the sacred reacts on the secular until the boundary lines disappear and are lost; nay, how in such lives the commonest duties of life become instinct with religion, are transformed into it and become a part of it, one and indivisible—we may prosecute our search for a clue without sense of incongruity, and may, possibly, here find the missing link. The swinging lamps in the cathedral at Pisa gave Galileo the clue to an important invention; perhaps, through science, the church may discover the long-lost key to its own problem. Who knows? The infinite interaction—sacred and secular, secular and sacred—holds good, whatever the Book of Common Prayer may say or leave unsaid.

If two so-called truths clash with each other and involve a contradiction, both may be—one *must* be—false; there can be no discordance between veritable truths, find them where we will. Truth is indivisible. Sacred and secular are arbitrary distinctions that, in relation to the whole circle of truth, have no actual existence; truth does not recognise them. Wherever a fact, not a conjecture or a clever guess, but a solid fact, is discovered, whether embedded in the rocks or careering with the stars, it takes its own appointed place naturally in the growing circle of realities, and there is "one music as before, but vaster." Now we can see where even political economy links itself to Christianity. They both profess to teach truths that are beyond challenge. If the so-called truths are complementary, if they harmonise with each other, we have at least presumptive evidence that both systems are true. If, however, they contradict each other in vital principles, if they meet in strident discord, then the inexorable laws which govern consciousness will compel us to reject one or the other in accordance with the preponderance of evidence. Both cannot be true. Apply this unerring test wherever the precepts and injunctions of Christianity advisedly come into contact with the common, material, every-day life whose laws political economy professes to have reduced to a system and a science.

What has Christianity—the pure, simple evangel that fell from the lips of its Founder, and not the more pretentious and infinitely less simple paraphrase of St. Paul—to say to the common people, the great masses? "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. . . . Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" What is actual life? A premature hell to millions. Only by anxious thought, by agonising exertions, by savage tramplings on the weaker and desperate clingings to the skirts of the stronger, can a crust be won. "No thought for the morrow!" Life to them is one perpetual round of anxious thought, one endless battle with a remorseless destiny, the life of a beaten and goaded beast of burden without its compensating lack of reason. Nay, many a beast would reject with superciliious uplifting of the nose what human beings, with souls, we are taught to believe, would fight with each other like savages to possess. Ah, me! reverend brother, reconcile the precept with the reality if you can. Political economy could have foretold it all, down to little details—has done, in fact. So many annually must go under in the pitiless struggle. *Væ victis.* So many pure girls must end all in the "dark-flowing river" or go to swell the army of prostitution. Eleven thousand, four hundred and some odd ones—that is the average annual maiden tribute to Babylon alone, the necessary number of recruits to keep the plague-stricken army of eighty thousand up to its full strength! So many men must be driven to the rope or to crime. It has all been calculated to a fraction, and there are the records from the registrar's offices as ocular demonstration. Science looks on undisturbed, with some interest even, for are not these wonderfully-accurate records and averages confirmatory of the theory that a new science is possible—the science of sociology. Christianity says that the widow and the fatherless are His especial care. If the widow and the orphans are units in that seething aggregate you will find them in some squalid attic making matchboxes for Bryant and May at 2½d. per gross, supplying out of that

guerdon their own paste, fuel for drying, and hemp; or earning less than a lost dog's pittance of three farthings an hour with the needle, fashioning, with a grim irony, as the Rev. G. S. Reaney tells us, "lawn tennis aprons, elaborately frilled, at 5½d. per dozen." Oh! the pity, the brutality, the injustice of it, while a foul, lascivious, adulterous Marlborough wallows like a human hog in unearned affluence, and is received at Court! The Rev. S. A. Barnett, in the *Nineteenth Century*, reports that out of five hundred thousand inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets, within rifle-shot of palaces replete with splendor, "eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and twenty are too poor to live." "Take no thought for the morrow!" while the little children are crying for bread and the gaunt widow is working herself into the grave to win it! Ah, me! Congresses and synods reconcile the injunction with the reality, if you can. Political economy coolly explains it all—demand and supply, competition, over-population, under-consumption! Physical science, with its fingers between the pages of Darwin, also explains it—an interesting phase of the universal struggle for existence, and the law of the survival of the fittest! Even the Church, or a section of it, driven by wild tauntings into speech, swears a truce with Darwinism and atheism, and ventures its own tentative and inexpressibly horrible interpretation, blind to the stultification which it involves—the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and, "the poor ye have always with you."

The objection may be raised that scepticism is not confined to the classes who are most subject to the pressure of poverty and experience most bitterly the knout of a brutalising competition, but is found equally prevalent amongst the comfortably situated and well-to-do; and that, therefore, the argument, if valid at all, is applicable only to a comparatively small section of scepticism. The objection is imaginary rather than real, and springs out of a confusion of thought. Surely it is not necessary to a belief in the existence of small-pox that every person should be seized with it! Half-a-dozen well-authenticated cases are evidence enough for the College of Surgeons, and half-a-hundred are amply sufficient to shake the doubts of the most incredulous. Nor, by parity of reasoning, is it essential that every man shall be crushed and lacerated under the wheels of the social Juggernaut before he is willing to admit that Juggernaut exists. It is enough that in every large nation there are millions to whom life is a veritable scourge, and that the habitual conditions of that life, fully in accord with the orthodox conclusions of political economy, are flatly contradictory of the orthodox conclusions of Christianity. Brought face to face with this, the seemingly formidable objection collapses and falls to the ground. The question is really one of evidence, and half a score perfectly credible witnesses serve precisely the same purpose as half-a-hundred. Can the irreducible principles of political economy be made to harmonise with the principles running like a golden thread through the whole tenor of the Gospel? It is somewhat curious that while the attitude of representative churchmen is that of toleration, and even amity, toward orthodox political economy, the attitude of representative economists is one of passive antagonism towards orthodox Christianity. Objections of the type alluded to are virtually a begging of the opposite question. The real issue is: Assuming that the science of political economy is a true science, based upon verified premises and confirmed by the experiences of individuals and of nations, is it possible, without presupposing such a revolution in natural instincts as we have really no justification to presuppose, to imagine that the splendid foreshadowings of the Gospel can ever be brought within the ken of realisation? The query must, it seems to me, be answered in the negative; and so the contradiction stands, hideous and appalling in the garish light of day: An evangel of peace and plenty, an overshadowing Providence, on the one hand; the brutal conclusions of political economy and of physical savants, verified by the daily episodes of human lives, out of which every higher attribute of humanity is being beaten and crushed and torn, on the other. Which are the masses, thus driven to be the arbiters of their own fate, to believe: The testimony of Christianity which thrills with love and brotherhood, or the pitiless testimony that comes from destitution, actual or threatening, and from the dark alleys—crammed to the mouths with humanity—where the shivering blasts of winter hold deadly revel and the festering heats of summer breed fever and pestilence? The economist like Mill, the politician like Derby, the savant like Huxley, and, nearer and more convincing still, the experience that bites like an acid and stings like a serpent—these are agreed in all essential points; and the Church, afar off, utters its strange evangel, but indicates all too unmistakably by its attitude that, after all, although Christianity *must* be true, Mill and Derby and Huxley

LIGHT THROUGH LIGHT.

BY EDITH LAMB.

"The Gray Oppossum was sad"!

THE grey opossum was sad. He had taken to ruminating on the general unsatisfaction of all things, and it puzzled him, as he climbed about the gum-trees. On moonlight nights he would sit for hours gazing enquiringly at the moon but she only shone complacently upon him, and never even offered a suggestion, though the stars sparkling brilliantly round her, looked as if they might know something of the mysteries of the universe. But, then, they were so far away, the opossum felt it was not of much use appealing to them, supposing they were able to converse in one common language. "Natural Economy," too, was a thing rather beyond him. If it was true, as his neighbor—the little brown bird—had told him, that nothing in nature was ever lost. Why, if a leaf should bud and bloom only to die, why should it bloom at all? It was all very fine to say it came to life again as a bluebell or a buttercup, or some other wild flower of the bush. He would like to know what proof there was of all that pretty little fancy; and, allowing it did so, wouldn't it much rather remain a leaf always? Didn't it enjoy its life up there among its leafy friends and relations, more than among those strange flowers with all their beauty and unknown fragrance? And if that leaf was only typical of all life, as some folks tried to make out, and he, himself, some fine day when he toppled off the tree, would go down into the ground to nourish that which it brings forth. Well, all he could say, he didn't like the idea. He loved his opossum life and free opossum ways, and he didn't want to live again in the heart of the wild grass, or the breath of a little flower. If he couldn't be an opossum he didn't want to be anything at all. Why should he benefit only the flowers and the grass? He wanted to gain a few advantages for himself, and he couldn't quite see where they came in, in the future, providing, of course, the supposition of that little brown bird to be correct. One thing he felt clear about. It was very hard that life should be so short, very hard; and the opossum, who had been quietly eating some of his favorite "buumbuul,"* threw a large piece away in the energetic exasperation of his feelings. It fell pattering through the leaves on to the head of an ancient owl in the lower branches, who rolled his eyes and ruffled his feathers indignantly, as he called in warning tones: "Look out, there!"

"Look out!" answered the opossum. "I am tired of looking out, so I thought I'd just look *in* and see if I had any 'buumbuul' left in my store. After all, it's more satisfying than anything else. Something real about that at any rate," and the opossum swallowed another piece with considerable relish.

* "Buumbuul"—native name for manna.

"The realities of life generally force themselves upon one after a brown study, or perhaps I should say a silver one, as yours are generally in the light of the moon," chuckled the owl, much pleased at his own wit. "I've ruminated a bit in my time, myself, and the conclusion I've come to is, that however much one don't like the look of things, bothering about 'em is not worth the flap of a bat's wings."

"What about facts?" remarked the opossum, curling his tail ready for an argument.

"Facts! facts are stubborn things, I know, I am acquainted with a few, and there may be many more not known yet. Those who go flying about in search of 'em may find 'em, but what good will it do 'em? They won't be much wiser as to the foundation of things. Who was the founder of facts, eh?" demanded the owl.

"Nature," answered an old Kangaroo in a sleepy voice. He had found

himself belated in the bush far from his home, so had camped for the night at the foot of the gum-tree, where he slept peacefully enough until aroused by the argumentative hooting of the owl.

"Nature!" exclaimed the wise bird of night. "Nature! that's vague. What is Nature? Who is Nature, who founded that fact, eh?" "Oh! you go too fast," growled the opossum. "Nature! why, Nature is the evolution of conglomerate atoms," answered the kangaroo. "Precious stubborn fact, that," remarked the owl, "Where did your 'conglomerate atoms' come from, eh?"

The opossum uncurled his tail. "Out of the ether," he replied, sharply. "Out of the nowhere, of course. Any wallaby knows that," said the kangaroo.

"Uncommon wise of the wallabies," retorted the owl. "Look here my elderly friend down there, and you my grey questioner, just eat your grass and buumbuul and don't trouble yourselves about abstruse questions. I gave it up myself long ago. Its all moonshine, and only ends in darkness."

"Ah, no! don't say that," cried a melancholy curlew, resting on one leg by the edge of the lagoon as she watched the moonbeams playing upon the weed-grown waters. "Does knowledge and beauty, like this light from yonder moon, but lighten the way for a time only to end in darkness? Ah no, ah no! she cried again shrilly, as the moon, emerging from a thin watery cloud, poured forth her silver glory upon the world, lighting up the dark lagoon, and making all crooked and joyless things beautiful beneath her gentle touch. Ah no! ah no! the light may end in darkness, but the flash of its beauty will always be remembered. In darkness light is not forgotten."

"Not forgotten! well, allowing that. Does it make the darkness less black?" asked the opossum, curling his tail tightly.

"I don't know," said the curlew, sadly, "but when the moon is on the wane and the light grows dim and distant, we know that shortly she will appear in newborn glory to relight the world of night. Light but leads to light."

"Ho, ho, ho! very fine, very poetic, but you know that is all moonshine like the rest," laughed the incredulous old bird of night, while the opossum chewed a young gum-leaf reflectively, and the kangaroo, hopping upright, observed gravely: "One learns a good deal from the voices of nature; their records of the past have been kept for long ages, you know, and they whisper even now of a time when the sun and moon shall cease to be, though first the sun shall burn up this worn-out old earth of ours."

"That's a fact," interrupted the opossum, "and a nice time it will be for the opossums and kangaroos and all the rest of them."

"Ho, ho, ho!" again laughed the owl. "Worn-out old earth, indeed, so worn-out, I fancy, it will burn like any heap of dried leaves. Ho, ho," and he rolled his eyes wickedly at the curlew standing silent and sad in the moonlight, the beautiful markings of her plumage touched with its silvery sheen. "Ho, ho! What do you think of that, my moonstruck beauty, eh?"

The curlew did not answer, but spread out her wings in that soft fair light. "Ah, me! ah, me!" she shrilled as she flew over to the other side of the lagoon, where, in the shadow of a great swamp-oak, she watched the glistening waves now ruffled by the wind that arose in the south, blowing the clouds across the skies that even now were overtaking the moon and hiding her brightness from the darkening world.

"Ah, me! ah, me!" again she wailed, crouching in the swamp-oak boughs from the fury of the storm breaking upon the lagoon, whose shining surface, turned to inky blackness, told naught of the radiance that had been ere the moon hid her face in sorrowful acquiescence to the forces of nature. "Ah, me! ah, me! When will the light come again?"

"Too-whoo, too-whoo," screeched the owl, as he flew to his home in the gum-tree. "Too-whoo, too-whoo! Here are some of your voices of nature speaking with a vengeance, my elderly friend. What are they telling you now, eh? Rather a good display of fireworks that last flash! And hark to the voice of 'Pirnnahaeel,' as our dusky friends, the black people, call the spirit who speaks to them through the thunder. It strikes me his spiritship is in a bit of a rage to-night. Too-whoo-oo-o. They think when I screech so it is to tell the evil spirit, 'Muuruup,' that there is some straggler from the camp ready for him to pounce upon. They call me a bird of ill omen. Ho, ho, ho!" the owl shook his wings in delight. "Moonshine, all moonshine, the superstitions of the civilised and uncivilised races alike. Ho, ho, ho!" and his weird screeching might well have alarmed the simple aboriginal had he been abroad that night—but it was seldom now that he penetrated the depth of the great forest.

Long ago two white men with a couple of black boys had halted on the shores of that lonely lagoon to cook their evening meal before rolling themselves in their blankets for

"A melancholy curlew, resting on the edge of the lagoon."

the night. The hooting of the bird of ill-omen had drawn the black boys nearer the fire, though the Englishmen, worn out with fatigue, only turned with a muttered imprecation at the noise, which the opossum, overhearing as he looked curiously down at these strange representatives of alien races, thought more difficult of understanding than the language of the savage. Now, as the storm raged round the gum-tree, tossing its great branches wildly to and fro, by the lightning that played among the trees and lit up the darkness of the long lagoon, he could see the swamp-oak where the curlew hid her head and heard again her mournful cry as the voice of the owl sank into silence, while the still more dolorous moan of a more-pork answered her from afar off. While the moon shone fair and bright the familiar voices of these birds of night, far from saddening him, rather added to the charm of the moonlit hours, but now he snorted uneasily in his hole, as he tried to keep himself dry from the drenching rain. What a terrible night it was! The kangaroo, dripping and bedraggled, hopped wearily across to the shelter of the young ti-tree scrub. He was not used to these long nocturnal conversations, to begin with, and regretted having taken up his quarters near the gum-tree and its noisy occupants, and now this storm was a still more serious obstacle to sleep. Abstruse questions were all very well viewed by day, and he liked nothing better than a good argument himself, but, "by his biggest nail and tooth," it was the last time he would join in a midnight one. How those birds wailed and cried at intervals through the darkness! What was the use of making such a fuss? Better tuck their heads under their wings and make the best of things, and the kangaroo, scratching a deeper hollow among the wet dead leaves, tried to sleep.

In his hole in the trunk of the tree the opossum chewed his "buumbuul" with poor appetite, and curled and uncurled his tail. The thunder and lightning had ceased, but the rain still poured in torrents, pressing the dead leaves into the soaking ground and beating down the long grass above them. As the last lightning flash lit up the forest of gum-trees for a moment, he could see that the waters of the lagoon had risen, and the big swamp-oak where the curlew cried, now stood on a little islet by itself. When would the rain stop? It was getting near morning, and he felt sleepy.

"Ho ho!" cried the owl, but his voice was a little drowsy for he felt that the day was near as the curlew cried shrilly from the swamp-oak for the last time that night, while the rain fell gently on the lagoon as the morning breeze broke the clouds.

Far off above the hills dawn's red signals flamed in the eastern sky to scare the brooding night. Slowly the great clouds rolled away to the north as the sun's first rays crowned the tree-tops, smiling in rustling brightness upon the lower branches stretched out to meet the day that as yet had not touched them. Into the nest of a little brown bird, already opening her sleepy eyes, the sunbeams sped, filling her tiny home with radiance, and rising through the leaves still wet with the rain of night, she sang:

"After the night the morning. After darkness light. Wake, wake, oh! fair glad world, and you ye trees uplift your wordless song, and let your green leaves give their glory to the forests of day; for light has come. From the Unknown, from the light of all lights cometh forth the sun to wrap the world in brightness. Awake, awake, and learn ye from the light that, though it fade with even, it shineth forth again, and who shall tell from whence it shineth?"

The owl hearing her hooted sleepily, and the curlew cried in her dreams "ah yes!" With opening eyes the opossum snorted, "Who knows, who knows?" While the kangaroo, rising stiffly from his storm disturbed slumbers, muttered *Pirna an neowee* (sunrise) as he stopped to listen.

"Who shall tell from whence it shineth? Who giveth it its power, and where goeth its glory when the world shall cease? Into the great Unknown, into the mysteries beyond all understanding! Awake, awake, for lo! darkness fleeth before the light." And so singing she flew forth to meet the day.

EVANS' CROWN.

(From which rock pinnacle, in 1813, Evans, first of all white men, saw the western plains of New South Wales.)

ON either hand along the hill
The wakening fires of sunrise burn
Among the rustling fronds of fern,
And tint the shattered peaks, and fill

With new delight of glancing rays
The deep gray crevices, overgrown
With lichens on their crumbling stone,
And veiled about with wayward sprays.

Here, as an earlier dawn awoke
The myriad songs of bird and breeze,
He, that through billowing forest-seas,
A new Columbus, westward broke,

With gaze intent the prospect scanned;
Here, as the gray skies brighter grew,
He watched the broadening plains, and knew
The Pisgah of our promised land.

Behind him all the mountains frowned
In stubborn pride yet unsubdued,
And unrelenting leagues of wood
Closed in the road so hardly found;

He saw not how from o'er their crest
Morn's fiery arrows slew the dark;
His dazzled eyes could only mark
A nobler sunrise in the west.

Behind, the grim cliffs trailed their flags
Of iridescent streamlet spray,
And all the summer through there lay
Perpetual sunset on the crags;

Long since he passed their bounds, and viewed
The last sheer slide of ruining rocks,
The green luxuriance of the Cox,
The flower-bright meads, the Vale of Clywdd,

And pressed beyond that eastern stream,
Impatient of the waves he knew,
And searched the untrodden woodlands through:
At last, a sudden sunset gleam

Fired this gray pile of mouldering stone
With crimson beacon-flames, to yield
Surrender of the hardwon field
And call Australia to her throne.

She slept, a slave: her scanty miles
Rough seas and rugged mountains bound.
Morn lit the western plains, and crowned
Our Empress of the southern isles.

ISHMAEL DARE.

THREE AUSTRALIAN POETS.

BY J. C. WHARTON.

R. CALDWELL, M.P., *A Vision of Toil, and other poems.*
ISHMAEL DARE, *Sun and Flood on River and Sea.*
HARRY J. WHITE, *Recreations of Toil.*

EARLY seventy years ago Charles Lamb criticised in the *Examiner* the "First Fruits of Australian Poetry." He headed his article with a happy adaptation of Bishop Hall's couplet, making it run: "I first adventure; follow me who list: And be the second Austral harmonist." In the interval many good people have accepted the challenge. Poets have followed poets in these colonies in bewildering disorder. "Fugitive Piece" has succeeded "fugitive piece" in quick march towards the grave which most of them have so thoroughly earned. Births, marriages, deaths, *quicquid agunt homines*, supply sufficient theme for the manufacture of rhymes; and if there be no theme to hand, the irrepressible bard makes it with his verses. Once a man has grasped the fact that "poet" rhymes with "go it," he "goes it." It is nothing to him that he has nothing to write about; he only knows than he can write and that he is very anxious to write. He has nothing to tell which everybody does not know already, no message to give the world. The natural feeling of awe and love of the beauty that he sees around him is mistaken by him for the glow of the poet's fire. Unfitted, perhaps, by education, to express himself in words which are spelled correctly or grammatically arranged, he drowns his neighbors with doggrel and leaves his friends choking with laughter or shame in a bog of platitudes which is only relieved by promiscuous plagiarisms.

And yet, because he is, forsooth, an "Australian poet," we are to bow down to this image which the great goddess of Dulness—wearing here her worst aspect of ignorant conceit—has set up in our midst! We are to extend the blessings of Protection to the "poems" which have been manufactured on the premises! It is the worst of heresy to deny that in Jones or Brown—our next-door neighbor, who, to all outward seeming, is no more a poet than he is an Adonis—Australia has another gifted bard. What! would you "befoul your own nest?" It is stupid prejudice that blinds your eyes to Brown's great gifts. More than likely, you can't see them because you won't see them; you are, in point of fact, jealous. You will not admit that behind the undeniably commonplace features of your neighbor there could lurk the brain of the god-inspired bard. Or, if you do not descend to the meanness of personal jealousy, you are perhaps a bit of a snob. You have Anglo-mania—nothing but what is English will suit your tastes. You rave over Tennyson, because he is the fashion, over Browning because he is incomprehensible, or, perhaps, you are classically inclined and pin your faith on Pope, because he is correct. Prejudice apart, Brown should satisfy you on all these points. Is he not praised up in the newspapers, who tell you again and again that he is a true poetic genius? Has any mortal man ever been able to make head or tail of his "Ode to a Festive Wombat"? Have you ever found him making "tea" rhyme with "obey"?

Of course this is all a matter of taste, and I for one do not see why an Australian Tennyson should not be every whit as popular as an English Tennyson. And here it may be said that in this article nothing is insinuated against such men as Brunton Stephens, or Kendall. They have their place in literature—not by any means in the highest circle, but still well up in the middle ranks. They have been classed, indeed, with poets whose shoe latchets they would confess themselves to be unworthy to stoop down and unloose. This again is merely a matter of taste, corrected or uncorrected by literary

culture; and the rule still holds good :—"Why everyone as they like, as the good woman said when she kissed the cow."

But is it not a fact that we Australians are being constantly assured by newspaper critics and by poets themselves that the divine gift is a very common one in these colonies? Why it should be, nobody explains. We have passed through no such crisis as would call forth the highest feeling and the highest expression of it. If the year 1588 or 1776, or 1789, or 1865, had passed without attuning hearts to a high strain, we would say that the hour had come but that there was no man. We have had no theme for high poetry. The holding of international exhibitions has called forth reams of verses, which may or may not be on a level with the Drury Lane addresses of 1812. To the poems which won the prizes might be applied Lord Macaulay's remark about prize essays—that they "have this in common with prize cattle—that the one might furnish materials for making candles and the other for lighting them."

Despite Mr. Saintsbury's dictum, the subject matter has much to do with poetry. Only great poets can treat high arguments. A Homeric poem on Lalor and the Ballarat stockade would be an impossibility, nor could the heavenly muse of Milton sing of the cessation of the system of transportation. It, of course, is not our fault—it is, perhaps, rather our good fortune—that Australia has had none of those upheavals which mark the birth or the manhood of a nation. But it is distinctly our own fault if we think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; if we are content to take tinsel for gold, and if we encourage otherwise harmless persons to believe themselves geniuses.

But a poet, it may be rightly said, may disclose himself by his treatment of a theme. In other words, we may accept what the critic just named considers to be the only Catholic faith with regard to poetry. Here, at least, we are on plain ground. There ought to be no longer any chance of difference of opinion. The laws of poetry are sufficiently ascertained to enable any person who has studied them with a certain degree of care, to state clearly his judgment on the sample submitted to him for analysis. Nor can any writer complain of being confined within too-narrow limits. All kinds of metre are allowed to him : he may use rhymed or unrhymed verse; he may say what he has to say in blank verse, or sonnets, or roundelays; he may—if he be a Walt Whitman—free his "barbaric yawp" from all metrical or musical restraints—and yet what he writes may be poetry. Montaigne goes so far as to say that "the true, supreme, and divine poesy is above all the rules of reason." But this does not mean that the converse is true : that what is above all the rules of reason is true, supreme, and divine poesy. There must be some kind of a test. Wordsworth's is, perhaps, the simplest of all, and it is—as given by the late Abraham Hayward—the extent to which the imagination blends itself with the scene supposed to be passing, and realises it to the mind's eye. In Mr. Saintsbury's words, "When we see that the poet can exhibit pretty constantly the poetical *differentia*, the power of making the common uncommon by the use of articulate language in metrical arrangement, so as to excite indefinite suggestions of beauty, then he must be acknowledged a master."

I have headed this paper with the names of three books which are fairly representative of the classes of poetry with which these colonies are inundated. They are not much worse or much better than the ordinary, and are chosen almost at haphazard. My first inclination was to deal only with Mr. Caldwell's "Vision of Toil, and other Poems," and with Mr. Ishmael Dare's "Sun and Cloud," but, having received a copy of Mr. Harry White's "Recreations of Toil," it was plain to my mind that here was the third for the small party. From the Press criticisms of this gentleman's first production—criticisms contained in some of our leading papers—one was lead to expect many things. How this expectation was fulfilled the patient reader will see.

Swift's advice about the prefaces of Dryden should apply to the prefaces of all poets of a certain class. Never skip them. They are often the best part of the book. Mr. Caldwell's preface is one of the best things, of its kind, that it has been my good fortune to read. He calls his reader by the name "honest," which, as things go now-a-days, is sufficiently complimentary to cause sundry prickings of conscience. "Honest reader," he says, "the effusions which constitute this little volume, are—with one or two exceptions—the productions of the current year." If there is one thing more surprising than the courage of your poetic soul *á la* Caldwell, it is his fecundity. "Many of them are of a serious nature"—amongst these, possibly, are to be included three or four mutilations of Psalms, a Bottomesque translation of a magnificent passage in Isaiah, and an "Actress's Soliloquy," —"and, I trust, they are all intelligible to the most simple-minded." Good-natured bard! He need not be afraid; an idiot could appreciate

his verses. None of his "effusions," as he calls his mild-mannered platitudes and gentle inanities, "were written as mere pastimes, for, according to my judgment, poesy is too serious a calling to be trifled with." The unconscious humor of this is something to be chuckled over quietly, not to be analysed. But it is nothing to what follows. "I make no pretension to scholarship." The pretension, it may be remarked in passing, would not hold water for a moment, so that Mr. Caldwell was, perhaps, well advised in declining to make it. "*I think I have learned what Life means.*" If Mr. Caldwell is right in so thinking he is, beyond a doubt, the wisest man who lives. Poets of no mean order, the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen, have shrunk back with awe when they came face to face with the question, "What is Life?" This is indeed the greatest question which a man's soul can put to his intellect. Upon its answer depends so much. What is my life to me? is a problem which Time helps to solve. What is my life to others, and others' life to me? is the problem which religion and society are still trying to solve. What Life means, that is Mr. Caldwell's secret, which was not born with him, but which will of a surety die with him. At least one looks in vain through "A Vision of Toil, and other Poems" for any revelation, for any glimpse of that supreme knowledge.

The "poem," which gives the volume its name, fills some thirty or forty pages. The prophet, of course, sees a vision, and he hears a voice telling him to write about it "with an all-unbiassed pen." There were a lot of reapers who were wielding—

> All the useful new inventions
> In the heated harvest field.

It was a bad year, and the "master-farmer" got discouraged; but somebody told him that, perhaps, next year would be a good one.

> And the farmer smiled a smile,
> Smiled—and like a lusty monarch—
> Forthwith issued a command
> Which soon brought the pulveriser
> O'er the harden'd fallow land.

The appositeness of the illustration is remarkable. One can imagine a "lusty monarch"—Henry VIII, say—fixing up things this way: ordering up a pulveriser, and generally making everything comfortable. But why didn't Mr. Caldwell's reapers have it on the spot with "all the useful new inventions?" Then we have waggoners on a dusty road. They don't seem to see any visions, but come to the conclusion that—

> Dust on highways is unpleasant,
> But 'tis better, far, than mud.

Next enter a blacksmith, who varies the monotony of banging a glowing bar by wiping his brow with his "sooty leathern apron," by gazing with his "keen constructive eye"—the other eye being possibly bent on business—and by groaning savagely. The curious thing about the last part of the performance is that—

> The savage groan he utters
> Brings more strongly down the stroke.

The moral of this is contained in the following quatrain, which is doubtless "intelligible to the most simple-minded."

> Giving form to an idea
> Few the blacksmith can excel,
> And though hot the task and heavy
> Yet he likes his business well.

Mr. Caldwell's blacksmith is fortunate in the possession of an idea, more fortunate than a poet we might name. But not even he could fulfil the other condition better than this same poet could. The next part of the vision conveys the interesting, but not exactly novel, information that—

> There is toil, too, in preparing
> That which makes the bread we eat.

We could get several people—ay, even amongst those who would not, therefore, think that they had learnt what life means—to tell us this in prose. Mr. Caldwell, still in the spirit, goes on:

> I can hear the cobbler beating
> Boots together on his last.

Many people have heard this, but it requires the poet, the man who knows what life means, to moralise on it, which he does thusly:

> Were it not for his employment
> Would the proud ones walk so high?
> Would the gay and fashionable
> Fair ones pass so proudly by?

Of course they wouldn't. High heels and civilisation generally would be out of fashion in a cobblerless land. As the bard puts it:

> But for the shoemaker's business
> They would stumble in the street;
> There would be a *spacious limping*
> Caused by maim'd toes and feet.

"Spacious limping" is good, very excellent good. So is the last line, which displays Mr. Caldwell's exquisite ear for music largely.

But readers must be weary. Let me therefore pass over the "ewes attaining to dams," who, with the greedy crows and eagles, are watching for the helpless lambs; sailors feeling all the ocean's ire; watchmen feeding the sky-beacon's fire; men doing everything in a city, from building a ship to boiling a kettle; other men working—what a pity! down in the mines at stupid metal; artificers of

weapons and users of these weapons. (Somewhat interesting men these last:

> Brothers, in the day of danger
> Truest hardships ye have known!
> Often for the lives of others
> Ye have gladly *gave* your own."

Here one does not know which to admire most—the persistence with which these men got killed over and over again, or the noble disregard of base grammatical rules into which the poet in his fine frenzy has been driven in recording the astonishing fact.) Then we have a worthy gentleman who "often feels a toiler in an unpropitious clime" and an anxious teacher—

> Sometimes tapping, sometimes striking
> With his consequential cane.

He is too important a person to be passed over lightly, inasmuch as

> The eyes of all the ages
> Watch his motions from afar,
> As if unto him was given
> To control the morning star.

Then there is the wife, with her needle and thread, or acting as her husband's house agent:

> For 'tis hers to join together
> All the rents he makes in life.

Mr. Caldwell informs us that women are at their best in times of trouble—a sentiment which is hardly original—and that all women are not "sailing swiftly to destruction" with "silken sail (? petticoats) suspended." The drunkards' wives are mightily encouraged in the touching quatrain—

> Noble women! worthy mothers!
> All your woe is woe to me.
> Men, my brothers, surely, surely
> These things ought not so to be!

Fashionable creatures, who, in hooded coaches drive, are human drones, and they may, if they like, think Mr. Caldwell's muse ungentle and call her harpings rather hard. What does he care? Hear the conclusion of the whole matter as given by the voice:

> Toil is evermore successful;
> Every effort is a text;
> And the labor of this lifetime
> Will be understood by next.

Everybody is a worker, and work is honorable. That is Mr. Caldwell's discovery! This is what all his air-drawn visions had to tell him! This justifies him in thinking that he knows what life means! The gospel is as old as the hills. It has been preached again and again, and if the world, which knows what the prophets have said, will not hear them, how, in the name of all that is modest, does Mr. Caldwell think that it will hear him?

If Mr. Caldwell cannot make the common uncommon, he may at least be congratulated upon his success in making the uncommon common. For a taste:

> For in thy sight a thousand years
> As brief, as transient *appears*
> As yesterday, when it is gone,
> Or as a watch when night is on.

Or,

> We hung up our harps on the willows,
> Which grew by the margin along.

Or,

> Men will make ploughshares in those years
> From swords, and pruning hooks from spears;
> No longer nations will contend,
> And warlike lore shall have end.

One piece is a gem in its way. It is styled "Crumbs Not Swept up," and represents "the day after." The poet says:

> And next morning, ere the housewife
> Made the well-trod floor her care,
> I was sitting in a kind of
> Humble meditation there.
>
> For I saw before me lying
> Many morsels on the floor,
> And a train of thought came to me,
> Which I seldom felt before.
>
> There were little bits of cotton,
> Little bits of woollen thread,
> Little bits of woven texture
> Here and there, and crumbs of bread.
>
> There were several used-up matches,
> And some bits of paper, too.
> And the slanting sunbeams gave me
> Morsels more minute to view.
>
> There were hollow places showing
> In the once-cemented floor,
> And the feet of the big table,
> And the feet of chairs were *wore*.

There was a lot of other things, too, and the poet *meditote*, as he would say. His conclusion was, not that he had got up too early and was in the way of the housewife, or that he might with advantage spend the morning hours in sweet converse with Lindley Murray, but that—

> This, which to my narrow vision
> In this room is now unfurled,
> Is a sample of the surface
> Working over all the world.

A surface of this kind—or "a general mixing process," as the poet goes on to call it—is not to be seen every day. Nay, even he himself cannot define it exactly:

> What it is let knowledge ponder—
> No! I'd rather lean on faith,
> For the earth is spinning madly,
> As upon a turning lathe.

So are we; so will everybody be who tries to make out any ground whatever for Mr. Caldwell's assurance to pose as a teacher. We

lean on Faith. Mr. Caldwell is no scholar, but he thinks he knows what Life means, and he thinks he has let us into his secret in the volume before us. For peace sake let us believe him. Let us have faith, brethren. Then, at least, we should have some comfort, and might be able to exclaim in his own touching and powerful lines descriptive of a mother's solace,—

> Yes there is balm in Gilead,
> Love has *took* away my daughter
> To a better land than ours.

Which, being interpreted, meaneth that it is better to believe that a man is talking sense than to know that he is talking drivel.

A very different kind of production is the next volume on our list: "Sun and Cloud on River and Sea," by Ishmael Dare. The name reads like a *nom de guerre*, but, perhaps, it is not, and so we shall "mister" the poet. Mr. Dare is evidently a person of no inconsiderable culture. He is not, like Mr. Caldwell, "no schollard," nor does he claim to know what Life means. He writes verses which are pleasing to the ear, and which are eminently calculated to fill up space more than agreeably in magazines. Some of them, indeed, are involved in construction, whilst others are meaningless, and others still, mere prose cut into lines of varying length. At the very outset of the book we have a "hubbub of words":—

> Land of the unbeclouded sun,
> Land of the ever-widening plain,
> Of river-beds their waters shun,
> And woodland tracts that know not rain,
>
> Thee the chance tourist, flung to-day
> On shores he never dreamt so strange,
> Views idly, hurrying on his way,
> And, barely seeing, moans for change.

One has to read these verses two or three times over before he knows what the writer would be at, and when he has found it out he is apt to consider his labor ill-bestowed, and to shut-up the book. But this would be to do Mr. Dare an injustice, for in his little book are several things—descriptions of Australian scenery, of twilight, night and sunrise in the tropics—which one must read with pleasure. And, again, he sings in no unworthy manner of the mysteries of life and love and pleasure, bringing to his work a culture and a knowledge of the best, which are not so common that one can afford to despise them.

Why, then, do I include Mr. Dare's book in my trilogy? Mainly for the sake of its preface. This begins as follows: "One may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb; and, having written verses, publishing them adds little to one's offence." Since the criminal law was modified this proverb has lost its force, and, even in the old days, the lesser offence, when accompanied with extenuating circumstances —such as that the robber was famishing with hunger—was at times punished with a less severe sentence, or with none at all. As applied to the writing and the publishing of verses the proverb is unsatisfactory. It may be right to compare the writing of verses to the stealing of a lamb. It is a venial offence which most of us have committed some time or another. They may have been Latin or Greek verses of more or less correctness, compounded as often as we could manage it with the "tags" of better known poets. Or they may have been English verses, worked out in the silence of our chamber, under the whip of despised or triumphant love, and with the bounteous aid of a Rhyming Dictionary. At the time we think no small potatoes of these efforts. We copy them out again and again. If we are particularly foolish we send them to the lady who has inspired them, or, if we have interest with the editor, we have them printed in the "Poet's corner" of the local newspaper. The wiser among us keep them to ourselves, and—years afterwards—we come across them, and laugh at them, and burn them. This "lisping in numbers" is not lamb-stealing—it is not so bad as that. At the worst, it is casting sheep's eyes about on paper. It does no harm to anybody or anything—unless the paper is valuable, like the trees which Orlando marred "with writing love-songs in their barks." We like our verses; we read them to our long-suffering friend, affecting to despise them, as who should say: "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." If he likes them, well; if not, it is another case of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada. We don't mind him telling us his opinion, only we wish, for his own sake, that his taste was better. All this is harmless enough.

It is when we begin to think of publishing that we ought to be careful. The temptation is perhaps very great. Sir Benjamin Backbite is not the only poet who thinks his verses would look elegant "when you shall see them on a beatiful quarto page where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin." But sonnets which are sufficiently "sug'red among private friends" are bitter enough when mixed with the wholesome vinegar of criticism. The poet challenges the world. He becomes a candidate for office. He is no longer an amiable friend who has committed indiscretions which he keeps secret, but a would-be teacher or

amuser who thinks his indiscretions virtues. His privy pilferings of lambs, to use Mr. Dare's illustration again, have given him boldness to lay violent hands openly on a sheep. He can only prove his claim to that sheep by the right of power. What power has he got? Has he anything to say that nobody before him has said, or said so well? Has he *made* anything? If not, he is no poet, and has no right to inflict another book on the weary world. For we are too apt to forget the meaning of this word *poet*—one of the most ill-treated words in the language. A Poet is not a person who rhymes, nor a person who writes verses, nor a person who feels common beauties commonly—but a person who *makes;* a creator.

Now, Mr. Dare has fallen into the too common error of mistaking his excellent gracefulness of versification for the power of poetry, and into the further error, which is rampant in these colonies and elsewhere, that writing justifies publication. Unless a man has got something to say, either in prose or verse, he had better say nothing. But, if he has jotted down his no-thoughts on paper, he will, if he be wise, keep them in manuscript for necessary lighting of his pipe. There is no beating the Horatian advice:

> Si quid tamen olim
> Scripseris, in Maeci descendat judicis aures
> Et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum,
> Membranis intus positis: *delere licebit*
> *Quod non edideris*; nescit vox missa revèrti.

There is nobody who has published much who would not like to recall something—some "pot boiler" which does duty with the world as a sample, some hasty expression, or some halting and fashionless lines. Possibly there would be fewer books in the world if the advice of Quintilian and of Horace had been followed, but how many could we spare? Possibly even the tomes of our own favorites would be slimmer. But do we not feel a lurking suspicion, which we drive away as Athanasius would drive away a heresy, that our greatest man would be greater still if there was only a little bit less of him? That criticism of Ben Jonson's was sane and worthy: "I remember," he says, "the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand.'" Shakespeare's reply might be in Pope's language that he

> For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,

and that he had not time to edit his poems with nice care. But this reply will only serve those who have the gifts of a Shakespeare or his excuse. The great painter or the great writer will produce enough of his work to meet the demand, and the world will take the bad with the good. The little painter or the small poet must look to have his wares closely examined, and so he should be chary about offering them to the public.

If there was a truer sense of responsibility amongst writers or makers of any kind there would be fewer volumes published. Where shall we find such another as Charlotte Brontë? "I have not accumulated," she said to one who objected to the long intervals between her works. "I have not accumulated, since I published 'Shirley,' what makes it needful for me to speak again; and till I do, *may God give me grace to be dumb.*" That is what we want in these days of new books—the grace of dumbness until we have got something that needs saying. If the bounteous gods would give us this gift we should fall on our knees and thank Heaven fasting. And it is to such men as Mr. Ishmael Dare that we should look for the possession of this grace or at least for a desire to possess it. The charnel-house poets who write the woful verses that one sees in the "In Memoriam" corner of newspapers, and the dismal drivellers *à la* Caldwell have not the ambition to be dumb for a while. They want to rid themselves of their inanities and, being puffed up with an inordinate and ludicrous conceit of their powers, they pour their starveling volumes and their miserable "poetry" upon the unfortunate world. But Mr. Dare and men like him should know better. They should pray for grace to be dumb.

Mr. Dare has, at least, the wisdom to see that dumbness is a desirable thing. In a poem in the volume before us he describes very finely the influence which "The Elizabethans" have, and should have upon us. The first dozen lines run:

> Great shadows of heroic men
> That worked your dreaming into deed,
> Ye breathe upon us, as we read,
> The spirit that inspired you then
> To live as nobly as ye wrote;
> We, too, we later Englishmen,
> *Too prone, perhaps, to seek the pen,*
> Would catch your echoes as they float
> Down that strong wind that hurries on
> In eddying centuries of time,
> Leaves scattered by an early rime
> From the age-old ash earth rests upon.

From a man who is thus ready to seek inspiration from the highest sources, and who at the same time has a wholesome feeling of hesitancy to write, we may expect great things. Nor is the present volume without

AESCHYLUS UP COUNTRY.

BY NONUS T. TROUTBECK.

MY dear Nonus,—To a man of your classical proclivities nothing, I am sure, could be more congenial than an invitation to witness the reproduction of classical drama. In such a reproduction it is at present both my pride and my pleasure to assist; and I sincerely hope you will be able to spare time next week to come up to Bathurst on Monday and be present that evening at such a rendering of that magnificent Aeschylean tragedy, the 'Agamemnon,' as would have excited the admiration of the most critical Attic audience, and carried away the author himself in a torrent of unbounded enthusiasm. And then, friend N., you will have the additional delight of employing yourself subsequently upon a new version of another member of the great trilogy, in which the infuriated Muses, hounded on by the ghost of Aeschylus himself, shall pursue a new Orestes in the person of your correspondent, till he seeks a refuge at the feet of Pallas (*var.* Australiensis), upon whose helmet sits the kookaburra, and whose aegis is of best kangaroo skins at 120s. per dozen. Yours emph-Attically,—TREVELYAN DOON."

I have put this letter, this villainous concoction of plausibilities, in the fore-front of my accusation, because I cannot trust myself to speak with moderation of the wicked guile of its composer. If I were to express my own opinions on the subject, this whole article would be one long aposiopesis. But the public can judge how far I am justified in branding that infamous epistle with every Catilinarian epithet that may suggest itself, when they have reviewed the facts of the case stated as succinctly and as impartially as I can bring myself to state them.

I pondered for some considerable time over the last mysterious sentence in the deceitful production given above, but could make nothing of it—the last few words, especially, seemed to refer to some commercial transaction which could have no possible connection with Aeschylus; but Mr. Doon—I can never again call him Trevelyan—is given to recondite jokes which are warranted to strike only on his box, and in the anticipations of a genuine classic revival (for I knew him to be not unlearned—and that makes his conduct all the worse—in the elegancies of antiquity) those mutterings of the coming thunderstorm were quite disregarded. (This sentence is of a Thucydidean character, but let it stand.) Well, I spared time; I tortured myself through a seven

hours' railway journey—yet not altogether tortured, for I took my little Aeschylus with me, and indulged myself in fond hopes of a really adequate rendering of the nobly sonorous verse. I arrived at Bathurst, and the traitor was there to meet me. Then vanished the first of my illusions. The play was to be acted entirely by girls! Now, I contemplate that news with comparative equanimity, so much was to succeed it, but then it so overcame me that I heard, half stupefied, of many startling incidents in its preparation, and hardly regarded them. Not only were all the actors girls, but all the dialogue was English, and the only comfort left to me was that the drapery at least would be severely Greek. Other blows were to follow, and the deceiver had conscience enough left to soften them as much as possible. "You see, my dear fellow," he said, "the play had to be in a tongue that everyone can understand, so they took Anstey's version as a groundwork; but I can assure you they have kept the spirit of the original remarkably well."

"Anstey's?" I said, "I don't know it. I should have thought Plumptre excellent."

"Oh, Anstey's is more easily adapted to the stage," he answered, "it brings out the points very well indeed. Perhaps, though, I had better warn you beforehand that you will notice a few minor alterations in the play; we had to introduce Orestes and Electra, for instance, and remodel the Herald (thoroughly on the Attic stage tradition, of course)—but there, you won't notice such petty details when you get thoroughly interested." And I believed and trusted him through it all.

Much more he said that I scarcely noticed at the time—of the short time for preparation, twenty-three days from first to last, that gave only about seven rehearsals—of early suggestions about the dresses, that would have put Orestes into a sailor suit and crowned the fillets of Clytemnestra's attendants with a housemaid's cap, besides hiding their chitons under a housemaid's apron—of Argive bank clerks, and wedding cakes, and a beacon that *would* fill the stage with smoke and set everyone coughing. I thought he was jesting with me after his usual frivolous manner, and passed such things over.

I secured a good seat in the hall of performance, and settled down to refresh my memory from the sublime Greek of the great tragedian himself. At last the curtain drew up, and disclosed a not ungraceful attempt at Hellenizing an ordinary theatre stage-set, peopled (I had almost said) with graceful costumes—for I hardly noticed the wearers at first in my delight at the taste and skill which had revivified the true Attic dress on those boards. I had hardly time to notice a very objectionable excrescence on the right, labelled OBSERVATORY (which seemed to me an anachronism), when the first chorus began. The air seemed not unfamiliar (I have since learnt that it was a tune known vulgarly as "Wait till the Clouds Roll by") and the rhythm distinctly modern; but the ghastly truth did not begin to dawn on me till the Choragus, without a blush on his countenance, asked a hoary-headed old man in the observatory (whom I afterwards discovered to be Clytemnestra's watchman) for a weather forecast! and was answered with the following extraordinary rigmarole, which I quote in *extenso*.

(Delivered all in one breath and on one note.) "Probable heavy rains and westerly winds all over the interior of Argolis with unsettled weather in the coast districts subject to an entire change of programme every evening weather permitting Nota Bene no money returned at the doors by His Excellency's Command God save the Queen!"

I appeal to all intelligent Greek scholars, did Aeschylus ever write anything like that? I do not believe there is a parallel passage to it in the whole range of Greek drama.

I sat through the next five minutes in a kind of stupor. I dimly remember that the Chorus left the stage with an ode that

sounded suspiciously like "Three Blind Mice," and that shortly afterwards the watchman indulged in a very pretty but unhellenic song. Even the glow of the beacon fire failed to rouse me, and it was not until Clytemnestra's arrival that I recovered myself at all. Her entrance was regal, and if that perfidious friend of mine had not supplied her with a *rôle* that was hopelessly modern, she would have made amends for most of his misdeeds. I even began to hope that the play would turn out less awful than I feared; it might at least be a satyric drama, to which Ægisthus and the watchman were to contribute the comic element; and when the Choragus stated, in the dear old unprejudiced way that every Greek scholar knows, that "One might be almost justified in saying that this news is scarcely pleasing to the queen," and the Herald hailed the skies of his native land and the palace of his king as he did beneath the Acropolis two thousand and odd years ago, I hoped that better things were in store. But that hope, too, failed me, for that very Herald proceeded to deliver his message in most outrageous doggrel verse; and although the Choragus attempted to restore tone to the proceedings by remarking, in the very words of his Greek predecessor, that "startling events do occasionally happen," Clytemnestra, in a spirit totally at variance with the best traditions of her part, actually called him an infatuated old platitudinarian.

So the first act ended, and I had time to think. I had been entrapped, there was no doubt of it, into witnessing a malicious perversion of all that my heart held most sacred, a torture that was all the more bitter because in every phrase of the parody lurked the ring and the manner of the old Hellenic play; but being there, I might as well suck out as much enjoyment as possible. And in truth the whole performance was very enjoyable, if it had not been so sacrilegious. The young actors, innocent of their trainer's guile, entered so thoroughly into their parts, spoke their lines so "trippingly on the tongue," and withal comported themselves so becomingly and after true Hellenic fashion, that it would be unjust to visit on them the sins of their play. So I set myself to subdue my own feelings, and admire as much as I could.

It was not hard, after all. For as the curtain drew up again, it revealed an especially tasteful group of maidens clustered on the palace steps round a central figure in white draperies chanting an ode to welcome home their king; and the voice was none the less clear and sweet, the whole effect none the less pretty because the ode was modern, and smacked of "White Wings." And when, as the closing chord swelled up, the group dissolved and re-formed, and the colors combined and recombined in an ever-varying, ever-lovely choric dance—when the tiny semichorus ("so-called," said my vandal programme, "from being only half the size of the others") clad in pale blue-and-gold, preceded their monarch to his palace—when Agamemnon, himself, gorgeous in golden helmet and royal crimson, led on the wild-eyed prophetess, Cassandra, with her dark lashes and long tawny hair, one could afford to forget that the irreverent adapter of the play was trying behind the scenes to thump out a mixture of "Johnny comes Marching Home," and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and that the whole splendid array on the stage were proclaiming at the top of their voices—

> It is, it is a glorious thing,
> To be a Grecian King!

Now entered Clytemnestra, and at once complicated matters by discovering Cassandra's arm round Agamemnon's neck. It was irreverent, but it really was very amusing, for the extreme politeness between the two ladies which followed their mutual introduction, and their gushing hopes of friendship, were certainly touches of that human nature which was probably pretty much the same in Argos as it is in Australia. And, in a following scene, when the warworn hero learnt from the lips of his newly-restored children what had been going on in his absence, one could easily forgive the mutilation of the tragedy for the sake of that picture—one became well nigh sympathetic in spite of the burlesque. In fact by the end of another stately and graceful choric dance I found myself almost able to excuse the awful sacrilege which had allowed Cassandra to indulge in a *pas seul*. After this interlude the plot thickened, and returned to the old lines; the betrayed hero departed to his bath; his queen, gaining every instant in fire and force, made even doggrel palatable, as she pled her cause with the audience—

> Worn out with fighting 'neath the walls of Priam,
> He's older far, and uglier, than I am;
> Even at his best a critic's eye could scan some
> Defects, while I was always reckoned handsome—
> In all good qualities so far above him,
> How can it be expected I should love him?
> And this crowns all—of impudence he's got enough
> To ask me "am I sure the water's hot enough?"
> He needn't think I'll cosset him and spoil him;
> *I've* made the water hot enough—to boil him!

So she swept away to her deadly work, and Cassandra—surrounded by an awed

Chorus—filled our ears with her wild forebodings of doom. It is true that the prophetic maiden carefully avoided any reference to the future for a considerable time, on the excuse that "I don't know any more without the music;" it is also true that when she at last consented to give an impromptu, the result was something of this kind:

Supposing (though of course I sadly fear
That such a lovely thing could never be)
But *suppose* a young and handsome cavalier
Were to feel his life a wreck deprived of me,
And suppose upon his knees
He should urge a lover's pleas
And vow there's none on earth that I am dearer to—
Well, then, I
Prophesy
He can stay there, if he likes it, for a year or two!

but the manner was admirable, and no less so the succeeding scene, which might have been translated from Aeschylus himself. For as the prophecy closed Agamemnon groaned (on a violincello, I believe) from within, the Chorus, in utter dread and perplexity, bandied about advice and warning and reproach, the stage filled with a crowd of confused hurrying figures, at first helplessly questioning each other, then uniting in a cry of rage as they massed themselves round the palace doors, demanding their king; and so the doors parted suddenly, and above them, hushing at once their clamor with her murderous exultation, stood Clytemnestra triumphant in her robes of crimson, white, and gold, and, as she held aloft the fatal dagger, cried, "Your King? *I* have slain him!"

So the tragedy closed; for the last act threw itself back into a wild revel of burlesque. It was not enough that the priestess of Heré and her attendants should pass remarks on the queen's taste for frequent marriages, and grumble because Orestes had eaten all the icing off the wedding cake. It was not enough that the Astronomer Royal (who turned out to be the watchman of Act 1 over again) should make regretful allusions to the late king's enthusiasm for science, and recall how often he had "arranged eclipses for his moonlight teas, and secured a stray comet to grace the state balls." Mendelssohn's (?) Wedding March ushered in the marriage procession—the Choragus presented the usual congratulatory address that, of course, began with "We, a deputation of the citizens of Argos," and rambled on about "this auspicious occasion"—(Cheers). Another of the ever-welcome, ever-graceful choric dances was accompanied by "Mikado" music, and such songs as this—

So we'll give them a hearty hoo-ray 'ray, 'ray!
For all criticism
It certainly is a m-
-istake to indulge in to-day, day, day—
So now for the revels prepare!

Still the spirit of burlesque was insatiate. Ægisthus, the very ideal of a timid and somewhat unwilling bridegroom, returned thanks in a way which moved the most stolid of us to laughter; Clytemnestra, tragic and grandiloquent as ever, strove to rouse her hearers in the *rôle* of a tyrannicide; and, just at the acme of her efforts, in the very moment of her exultation, Agamemnon himself, with a quiet smile on his face, stepped forth from the palace, as alive as ever. Barbarism had dared to burlesque the *peripeteia* itself, the very essence of the Hellenic tragedy. From that moment the play became a series of surprises. The King's gentle and touching reproach to his treacherous consort was met with recriminations; Ægisthus was sent for the monarch's great coat, and its ransacked pockets gave up a

"Tourists' Guide to Corinth," a race-book headed "Olympian Jockey Club, Summer Meeting," and a theatre programme. In vain Agamemnon tried to account for these as part of his plunder from Troy; he was convicted of having dreamt the whole proceedings while safe in bed at Corinth, his exploits were set down to going on a spree, and his wounds to frequent tumbles on the skating rink. His appeal to his spouse to let

bygones be bygones was repelled with "Look at Ægisthus here. Do you call *him* a bygone?" and a seemingly inextricable dilemma was only solved by the unexpected re-appearance of Cassandra just in time to console the now brideless courtier. Not yet, however, would the queen relent; but suddenly on the left there shone out the resplendent harvest moon. What might have happened at this juncture none will ever know, for the moon immediately and very unscientifically burst into eruption, and apparently tried to extemporise an eclipse behind a very acrid cloud; whether with the tender memories of past moons or the unseemly behaviour of the present one, Clytemnestra sank on her husband's breast in a violent fit of coughing, and Agamemnon, amid uproarious applause from the audience, caught her to him and cried, "Blessed harvest moon!"

One more touch of vandalism remained. As the citizens grouped themselves picturesquely round their re-united rulers, and the king at last received his *bonâ fide* welcome from courtier and prophetess, children and retainers, the Herald stepped forward among the crowd. Did he hail the new-made peace and foreshadow the halcyon days to come? Did he give vent to the loyalty of his fellow-citizens or apologise to the audience (as I thought he might well do) for such daring treatment of a great drama? No! He burst

into song. He recounted the whole plot of the play—how, in the very midst of the preparations for the wedding of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, her warrior husband had—

> Turned up unexpectedly,
> And they found him so *de trop*
> They began to wish he was with the fish
> At the bottom of the Archipelago.

how

> They laid a plot to boil him,
> But Fate their plan did maul,
> For the monarch sat on the bath-room mat
> And never got in at all.

Enough of this. The curtain fell amid repeated cheers, and I own I could not help joining in them, but I did pity, if he were hovering near us, the indignant and astonished ghost of the great tragic poet. And yet even he could not have been angry with the actors. Throughout the whole evening each one was so earnest to play her part (using a colloquialism) for all it was worth, each one, from Clytemnestra herself to the tiniest mite in the semi-chorus, spoke her words so intelligently, and acted so heartily, and was so modest and natural withal, that even so inveterate an Aeschylean as I could not but applaud and admire. Wherefore to the girls of that High School, the actors, and to their dressers, and groupers, and all who trained them to such a standard of appreciative intelligence, I, as one among their audience, tender my heartiest thanks; but for the man, once my friend, who so wilfully abused his knowledge as to jest with the "Agamemnon," and then, of malice prepense invited *me* up to Bathurst to witness his heartless mockery, I have words only of the sternest rebuke—that man would run a circus on the graveyard of his own ancestors.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

ORE than once — many times, in fact—Lance Trevanion revolved in his mind the strange mysterious warning which he had received from Tessie Lawford. Careless, indeed reckless, as he had become lately in the gratification of his caprices; safe in the possession of wealth hitherto undreamed of and daily increasing; basking in a local splendor of reputation based on the broad pedestal of success, there was yet something in the girl's earnest tones and candor of mien which awed and impressed him. Did she—could she—know anything really important? What *could* there be behind the scenes likely to operate prejudicially as far as he was concerned? Why should he not go to this place which Kate had named, stating playfully that it was rather an out-of-the-way hole, but one which, as he was always praising up the beauties of English scenery, he might like to see. "*She* couldn't talk that sort of rubbish, but there was a big dark mountain, a running river, not like this ditch of a creek, and a flat beside it, like a small plain; snow, too, in the winter. He'd better come up and see. It would be a change after this beastly hot, dusty diggings." So between idleness, irresolution, and the lure of womanly wiles not weakened in witchery, in a latter day and a newer world, Lance Trevanion finally decided to go to Balooka. "He had given his word," he told himself, "and what a man says he should stand by, in great things or small. Such, at least, has always been the wont of the Trevanions of Wychwood."

So next morning he sent for and saddled his horse—an upstanding, well-bred bay, with a star and two white hind legs, which he had bought a month or two since from Ned Lawford. There was no finer horse on the goldfield. More than once he had been asked from whom he had purchased him, where he was bred, what his brand was, by inquiring admirers, after a fashion which he was apt to dispose of hastily, if not rudely, as betraying the ignorance and bad form of colonists.

He had intended to make a very early start, but it so chanced that there had been an unusually rich washing-up the night before, and Jack Polwarth, honest but unlettered, was most urgent that he should make the deposit in the bank himself, receive the receipt, and see the amount duly divided and paid in to their separate accounts. To this, after some grumbling, he agreed, though not without declaring that Jack could do it just as well himself, for Mr. Stirling, the manager of the branch of the Australian Joint Stock Bank, then doing the chief business at "Growlers'," was smart, straight and plucky enough to run the Bank of England, if that time-honored institution had rated at its true value the growing gold crop of Australia, and opened there.

It may be here explained that the gentleman placed in charge of a branch bank on a leading goldfield in Australia, differs widely from the portly, white-waistcoated, decorous potentate generally cast for the character in the metropolis or the large towns of the settled districts. He must be young, in order to undergo easily the shifts and privations of goldfield life. High-couraged the man needs to be, who sleeps with one revolver under his pillow and another at his right hand; himself, perhaps, and his assistant, the sole custodians of a hundred thousand pounds in gold and specie, within a bark-walled, bark-roofed shanty, surrounded by an unscrupulous population, among whom, though not disproportionately so, are some of the most reckless desperadoes, refugees and unhung murderers anywhere to be procured. He must be free of speech and open of manner, so as in a general way to commend himself to the miner of the period; a man, as a rule, who, while respecting and preferring a gentleman in matters of business, abhors formality. It is by no means to his detriment if, in his hours of ease, he demonstrates his ability to give points at billiards or euchre to nearly all comers, or to

* Begun in August Number, 1889

"knock out in six rounds" the leading talent in the glove tournaments periodically held. In addition to these various gifts and graces he must have a cool and strong head, a firm will and a resolute determination to do his duty to his employers at whatever hazard, and finally, while not holding aloof from the amusements of the hour, to remain well-governed, sober and temperate in all things, amid the manifold and subtle temptations of the "field."

Oftener than not when the General Manager looks around among his more promising juniors for the possessor of these qualities, he finds him among the scions of the aristocratic families (for there are these in all British Colonies, and recognised as such), the heads of whom holding Imperial official appointments, or having received grants in the old colonial days, have failed to follow any of the numerous paths to fortune trodden by their humbler comrades. In many instances the unsuccessful colonist of this class—often a retired military or naval officer—had anxiously desired to imbue his sons with that mercantile knowledge in which he himself stood confessedly deficient. And the youngsters, shrewdly observant of the weak point in the paternal career, in a large number of instances, have developed an aptitude for business which has regained for the family the status lost in the past. Furthermore, in the occasional adventures of a more or less dangerous nature, inseparable from a transitional state of society, the pioneer financier has more than once exhibited an amount of courage and coolness, including steadiness under fire, which has proved him a worthy descendant of the grizzled veteran who, with clasp and medals for half the battles in the Peninsular War, had never mastered the difference between principal and interest, much less the mystery of debit and credit balances.

Such a fortunate, and not unusual combination was Charles—generally known as Charlie Stirling. Him the miners on more than one "rush" were wont to pronounce emphatically "a dashed good all-round man, if ever there was one." Australian born, and in right of such privilege, standing six feet in his stocking soles, strong, lithe, sinewy, a fine horseman, and a sure shot, courteous ever, yet, in business matters, cautious if liberal, Charlie Stirling—one of a large family, in which all the brothers were "men and gentlemen," and the sisters handsome and intellectual—was, at that day, perhaps, the most popular and widely trusted bank manager out of Melbourne.

It was with this personage that Lance determined, as he expressed it, "to waste the morning" in delivering Trevanion and party's gold, watching the same being weighed and the proceeds calculated at the rate of three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence per ounce, duly paid to the credit of the accounts of Launcelot Trevanion and John Polwarth, respectively.

Then, as he anticipated being absent a week or two—the weather was getting very hot and he thought a change to a cooler climate would be enjoyable—the idea suddenly occurred to him, that he might as well leave his brass bound trunk containing all his English souvenirs and valuables, including letters and papers, in Mr. Stirling's care. "The tent might be burned down or robbed in his absence," he bethought himself, "and Stirling is such a brick that if I came back in ten years instead of ten days, it would be as safe as when I left it. There are not so many men I'd say the same of, but if there's any man to whom the old boast, 'you can trust your life to him' applies, that man is Charlie Stirling!"

Between business and pleasure the day was pretty nearly disposed of. His valise had been packed in the morning. The bright bay horse was faring well in the stable of the "Prospector's Arms" hard by the bank—where all hands went to lunch at Mr. Stirling's invitation. He and his clerk lodged there, as far as meals went, though they took care—as, indeed, was strictly necessary—to sleep at the bank. Mrs. Delf, the smart and proverbially energetic landlady, was instructed to prepare a more than usually *recherché* collation. Champagne ornamented the festive board, of which a local magnate—the opulent squatter of the vicinity—was invited to partake, and all things being fittingly concluded, Lance Trevanion made his adieus.

"Well, good-bye, Stirling!" he said, as he mounted the resolute bay, who arched his neck and gave a playful plunge. "You'll honor my drafts, I suppose? and, by-the-bye" —here he drew a rather large envelope from his shooting-coat pocket—"keep this till I return. I had a fit of the blues last week, and scribbled what you'll find inside. Good-bye Jack"—here he shook hands with Polwarth—"I'll ride by the claim, and say good-bye to Tottie and her mother."

Half-an-hour's fairly fast riding brought him to the claim, alongside of which stood the rude canvas shelter which had for so many weeks, even months, filled the place of "home" for all the party. A true home in the best sense had it been. There had the little party enjoyed, so far, peace, security, warmth and shelter, sound sleep and whole

some meals. Near it was the shaft through whose incursion into Mother Earth's interior, the *esse*, to be so much more noble *in posse*, had been reft by hard and honest toil. Even such a dwelling is not quitted wholly without regret.

"Well, good-bye Mrs. Polwarth!" he cried as he rode up, to where that worthy matron —having placed a gigantic loaf in the hot ashes of the recent fire in the open chimney —was washing and cleaning up all her belongings. "I'm going away for a week."

"Where to, Sir?" she queried, "if I may make bold to ask."

"Well, up the country, a bit. Ned Lawford wants me to join him at a new diggings, more than a hundred miles from here."

"Ned Lawford!" the good woman echoed in a tone of voice by no means expressive of satisfaction. "And what call have you, Mr. Lance, to go making free with the likes of him? I don't like none of the breed—men nor women, if you ask me, and what I've heard is a deal worse than what I've seen. They're most like a lot of gipsies, to my thinking, as a cousin of mother's went away with, and never was heard of no more. Don't have no truck with them, Mr. Trevanion. What'ud the squire say?"

This last appeal, like many well-meaning deterrents, signally failed of its effect. With a frowning brow, such as Mrs. Polwarth had rarely, if ever, seen, Lance turned his horse's head, muttering, "don't talk nonsense, Mrs. Polwarth; things are very different from Cornwall, and the Lawfords are my friends. I'll trouble you not to——"

At that moment, when, perhaps, something of the fierce nature of the man—of late subjected to wholesome influences—might have broken forth, a voice was heard saying, "Kiss Tottie, Lance," and that rosy little innocent, bright-haired and blue-eyed, like one of Guido's angels, ran forward from the tent, almost up to the horse's shoulder. "Keep away, Tot," he called out, springing down. "You little puss, do you want Pendragon to tread on your naughty toes." The child ran to him, as if secure of welcome, and throwing her arms round his neck, kissed him on brow and eye, with all the loving abandon of childhood. "Come back soon to Tottie," she cried. "Naughty Lance to go away."

"Lance come back soon," he said, and his face softened as he looked at the child, in a way which showed how the finer chords in that mysterious mechanism — the human heart—may be stirred by one touch of simple nature. "And I'll bring a bag of sugar-plums twice as big as this," diving into his pocket and throwing towards her a large paper receptacle of sweets. "Bye-bye, Tottie. Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," he carolled forth, as he struck spurs into his horse, and disappeared round a turn of the winding, tree girdled forest-road. "May the Lord keep him from all evil, and from the Adversary," said Mrs. Polwarth, a sound disciple of Wesley. "His heart is that good, if his head's a bit wrong set."

Lunch had been, perhaps, slightly protracted owing to the accompanying champagne, one consequence of which was that after going back to the claim, and saying good-bye to Mrs. Polwarth, not to speak of putting a few of his personal possessions in order at the tent, Lance Trevanion found on reference to the sun's height above the horizon that it was much later in the day than he supposed. It would not be possible without hard riding to make the stage he had proposed. There was nothing to be gained that he knew of by saving a day in the expedition, he therefore decided to stay quietly in the township that night, stable his horse at the hotel stables, retire early, and make a "daylight start." An apparently trivial disturbance of his original plan, yet upon such diminutive difference in action, what enormous consequences frequently depend.

Day had scarce broken as Lance Trevanion rode down the slope and across the creek flat, which so lately the Lawford encampment had occupied and rendered homelike, where he had passed so many a pleasant hour. Empty and deserted, it wore to him, now, a forlorn and melancholy aspect. The boy had evidently packed the tent, and removed the remaining chattels according to instructions. Tessie was, of course also gone. She had indeed been seen on the Melbourne coach.

The day promised to be perfect. The sun stealing through the eastern woods was slowly irradiating the sombre slumberous landscape. Mists were rising from the lower levels, forming lakelets of white vapor, into which capes and promonotories ran, and islands floated. The birds awakened by the sunrays commenced with note of carol to welcome the golden azure day. The well-bred hackney stepped out gaily, shaking his head and making his curb-chain ring in a fast and easy walk. "What a glorious climate! What a grand country this is! thought he. How free is every man's life here, untrammeled by the vexatious restraints of a narrow society. The very air is intoxicating. Joyous, indeed, is this life in a new world!"

The journey was much longer, besides being rougher as to wayfaring, than Lance

"Lance gazed with astonishment at the novel and picturesque landscape."

had expected. Following the directions given to him and the straggling tracks which the earlier digging parties had made, he began to approach the celebrated Balooka "Rush." He had noticed that he was gradually quitting the open forest country. All suddenly, after toiling up one range after another, he found himself upon a mountain plateau. Beneath this, and beside a rushing, brawling, snow-fed river, wholly unlike any stream which Lance had yet seen in Australia, lay, far adown a deep glen, the already populous mining camp.

Lance gazed with astonishment at the novel and picturesque landscape. "Am I in North Wales again?" he could not help asking himself. "Who would have thought to have seen such a river? Such richly green meadow lands? Such a stupendous glen? And oh!" he thought, as he passed round a cape of volcanic trap-rock which impinged upon the smooth upland, "what magic and enchantment is this?" Yes, truly, as a loftier line of summit of the great Alpine mountain chain which bisects the continent came into view. So sudden was the surprise, so strangely contrasted with all his preconceived ideas of Australian scenery was the presentment of the wondrous white battlements upreared against a cloudless azure sky, that he was constrained to rein in his horse and gaze, silent and spellbound, at the awful supernal splendor of the apparition. "If Estelle were by my side! If she could but behold this entrancing prospect," he thought. "She, whom the view of a far blue range of hills, of a peaceful lakelet, would send into ecstacies of admiration! How often had they stood together in the fading

summer eve and gazed at the wide and wondrous landscape, as they then deemed it, which extended for some twenty or thirty miles around Wychwood." Here, with a new world unfolding to his gaze, what crowds of ideas and half-formed projects coursed through the adventurous brain of the gazer. Born of the class and moulded of the race which had produced the immortal voyagers, the unconquered warriors, the dauntless adventurers of Elizabeth's reign, Lance Trevanion needed but the stimulus of his present surroundings to be inspired with lofty and enterprising ideas. His original intention of returning home and settling down to the monotonous and luxurious stagnation of an English country gentleman's life became hateful to him. Far rather, if Estelle would join him here, would he invest in these half-tamed Australian wilds, acquire a principality along with the colossal herds and countless flocks of the typical squatter, which magnates he had seen and heard tell of. Eventually, he would embark with a capital sufficient to buy up half the Duchy, to restore the House of Trevanion to its ancient grandeur, and go down to posterity as *the* Trevanion, the latter-day champion of the race, who had redeemed the once regal name from the mediocrity which had oppressed and disfigured it. But these momentous plans and enterprises could by no means be carried out without the companionship and solace of "one sweet spirit to be his minister," and in that hour of exaltation and unfaltering confidence there came to him, like the strain of distant music, the low, sweet tones—the gentle chidings of his queenly Estelle. *She* would, unless he misjudged her, follow him to the ends of the earth. Why, then, should he wait to linger here amid rude surroundings —even ruder society? His business could be quite as well managed in his absence by the faithful Jack Polwarth. How suddenly the idea struck him! Why, he could take his passage in the "Red Jacket," she was to sail in a fortnight. He had seen the advertisement in the Port Philip *Patriot* of the day before he left Growlers' Gully—and be in England in six weeks! A month or two in England, a honey-moon trip on the Continent, and they could be easily back here before next winter. Miners had done it, even in his experience. The great thing was to make a start. He would not lose time. He had lost too much already. He had half-a-mind to turn now, and get back as far as the Weather-board Inn he had seen about ten miles distant. What was the use, after all, of seeing this new field, Balooka—or the Lawfords—which meant Kate? What good could come of it? Perhaps the reverse, indeed. Was there really anything hidden, at which Tessie had clearly hinted? So sharply and clearly did this new view of his plans and prospects strike him. May there not be moments when the voice of a man's guardian-angel sounds with a strangely solemn and distinct warning in his ears, for the moment drowning, as with a harp of no earthly tone, the fiend-voice which ever seeks to lure him to his doom? It would appear so. For even as Lance Trevanion turned his horse's head, and paced slowly, but resolvedly, in the opposite direction by which he had advanced, a woman rode at half-speed from out one of the forest tracks—leading a saddled horse—and reined up with practised ease in the main road, almost beside him.

For the moment he could scarce believe his eyes. He awoke from his day-dream with a half-sense of disloyalty to his promise, as the startled gaze of the girl rested upon him. Their eyes met. In her's he thought he recognised a surprised and doubtful expression, unlike her usual fearless regard. She looked athwart the track adown which she had come and along the main road into which she had entered. At the first clattering sound of her horse's hoofs, Lance had turned his horse's head in the direction of Balooka, so that she had not the awkward admission to make that he had been retracing his steps.

"Did you meet or pass any one on the road?" she said, as soon as they had interchanged greetings. "I couldn't hardly make out who you were when I came up. Sure you seen no one?"

"Not a soul, except a Chinaman," he said; "but what does it matter. I've met *you*—and you have ever so much more color than when I saw you last. How becoming it is!" And, in truth, the girl's cheeks showed a heightened hue, whether from emotion or exercise, which he had never observed before during their acquaintance.

For the rest, she looked handsomer than he had ever thought her. Her graceful figure swayed easily in the saddle as she steadied her impatient horse—an animal of high quality, and, unknown to Lance, as was also the thoroughbred she was leading. Her hair had become loosened at the back from the great knot in which it was mostly confined, and hung in bright luxuriance almost to her waist. Her eyes sparkled, her smile seemed the outcome of unaffected pleasure at meeting Lance again. The old witchery asserted itself—old as the birth of history, yet new and freshly fair as the dawning day. For the time Lance felt irresistibly impelled to follow

where she might lead, to abide at all hazards in the light of her presence.

Where were now the high resolves—the lofty emprise of a short half-hour since? "*Ou sont les neiges d' autan?*" Gone, gone, and for ever! Was there a low sigh breathed beside him as he rode close by her bridle-rein adown the long incline, in which they could see the diggers' tents in thousands whitening the green valley beneath them.

"So you have come to see us at last," she said, archly. "I began to think Tessie had frightened you off it. I can't tell what's come to the girl. Billy told me she'd been pitching a lot to you: how bad we was, and all the rest of it."

"I said I would come, didn't I? and here I am. And a grand country it seems to be. But what are you about, yourself, and whose horse, saddle and bridle are they? You have'nt been "shaking" them? isn't that the word?"

"No fear," she answered—half shyly, half angrily, as it appeared to him. "I suppose you think we haven't got a decent horse. I rode out with Johnnie Kemp—one of our chaps that's working a claim at Woolshed Creek, and brought back his horse for him."

"Johnnie Kemp knows a good horse when he sees him," he replied, as he looked at the well-bred animal. "You'd wonder how they got such a coat up here. And how is Ned? You left Growler's Gully rather suddenly, don't you think?"

"That was all Ned's doing; he heard about this place being so good, and was afraid to wait. He and the boys have got a first-rate claim here; but he's been buying a lot of horses lately, and talks of starting for Melbourne with a mob next week."

"That would suit me exactly," said Lance. "I should like to make one of the party, for I intend to be in Melbourne some time before the month is out."

"What makes you in such a hurry to get to Melbourne?" the girl asked, and, as she spoke, she leaned across nearer to him and laid her hand on his horse's mane, holding her bridle-rein and the led horse in her right hand. "Old Pendragon looks lovely, don't he? You'd better stop and keep me company while Ned's away. I shall be as miserable as a bandicoot, for the chaps are away more than half the time, and this is a roughish place—a deal worse than Growlers'; poor old Growlers'—I always liked the place, myself.

As she spoke, her voice became lower with a softened appealing tone in it which strangely stirred the pulses of the listener. The day was nearly done; the solemn summit of the snow range was becoming paler and yet more paler, as the crimson and gold bars of the sunset sky faded out. There was a hush, almost an unbroken silence in the forest; far beneath, still, the mining camp appeared to be a mimic *corps d'armée*, from which one might expect to encounter sentinel and vidette. The girl's grey eyes were fixed upon him with a pleading, almost childish intensity. It was one of those moments in the life of man—frail and unstable as it is his nature to be—when resolutions, principles, the experience of the past, the hopes of the future are swept away like leaves before the blast, like driftwood on the stream, like the barque upon the ocean when the storm-winds are unchained.

What an Enchantress is the Present; Ill fare the Past and the Absent! be they never so divine of mien, so spotless of soul. Lance Trevanion placed his hand on the girl's shoulder as she looked up in his face with the smile of victory. "I shall have to take care of you, Kate, if Ned's going to desert the camp," he said. "I suppose he won't be wanting to settle in Melbourne."

CHAPTER IX.

They rode quietly adown the winding track, which the sharpness of the grade rendered necessary, until finally reaching the wide green flat, they halted before the much-vaunted "rush" of Balooka. The early summer sun's rays in that temperate region had as yet been unable to dim the green lustre of the herbage or turn to dust the close sward of the river meadows. The contrast was sharply accented in this still dreamy eve between the brilliant tones of the levels and the sombrely-purple shadows of the overhanging mountain, the faintly-burning sunset tints, while through all sounded the rhythmic murmur of the rushing river rippling over slate and granite bars, in the crevices of which were "pockets" filled with gold. The strange blending of sounds which arose from the camp—an occasional shot, the barking of dogs, the low hum of many voices indistinctly heard—were not devoid in unison of a rude harmony.

"Can anything be more wonderful than this change of scenery?" exclaimed Lance admiringly. "Who thought there *could* be such a spot in Australia? It is lovelier than a dream!"

"It don't look bad," assented his companion. "That's our camp to the right.

You can see they've yarded the horses. Ned's in front with his grey horse, and I spot a stranger or two. Perhaps he's sold the mob 'to a dealer.'"

Touching the led horse with the quince switch which she used as a riding whip, Kate dashed into a hand-gallop, and, riding at speed across the boggy runlets which trickled from the hills, pulled up short at a cluster of tents somewhat away from the main body of miners. They had been pitched close to the edge of the far-extending flat; nearly opposite was a brush and log stockyard, in which were nearly a hundred horses.

Springing from her horse, though still holding the two bridles in her hand, the girl walked up to her brother, saying as she came, "it's all right, Ned, Trevanion's come with me. I fell in with him—My God!" she continued in an altered tone, "what's up?" Then for for the first time turning her searching glance on the plainly-dressed man with a slouched felt hat who stood by her brother's side, she exclaimed, "Frank Dayrell, by the Lord! Why, I thought you were a hundred miles off. What call have you to be worrying and tracking us down, like a black-hearted bloodhound that you are?"

"Hold your d—d chatter, Kate, can't you?" said her brother, whom she now noticed had handcuffs on, though, with his hands before him, it was not at first apparent. "Why the devil didn't you keep away when you were away. I thought you and he were gone for good."

"Johnny Kemp was only going as far as his claim; you know that," she answered with a meaning look, though her cheeks grew pale and her lips became hard and set. "Now, Sergeant Dayrell, what are you going to do to me—put the bracelets on, eh?"

Then this strange girl burst into a wild fit of laughter, which, though bordering on hysterical seizure, was yet sufficiently natural to pass for her amused acknowledgment of the humor of her situation.

At this moment Lance Trevanion, who had been gazing around with the air of a man surprised out of all ordinary power of expression, dismounted and advanced towards the man-at-arms.

"Sergeant Dayrell," he said, "I am quite at a loss to understand these very strange proceedings. Have you a warrant for the arrest of my friend Lawford, here? Is he to be punished without trial? And for any rashness to this young lady here be assured that I will hold you accountable."

The trooper smiled grimly as his eye, cold and contemptuous, met that of the excited speaker.

"Your *friend*, as you call him, is arrested on suspicion of stealing certain horses missing from the Growlers' Gully and the Ballarat field generally, several of which, in that yard, are already identified. *Miss* Kate Lawford will have quite enough to do to clear herself. She knows where that led horse came from. As for you," and here his voice suddenly became harsh and menacing, "the horse you ride is a stolen one, and I arrest you on the charge of receiving, well knowing him to be such. Put up your hands."

Lance Trevanion had come nearer to the sergeant as he spoke, the frown upon his face becoming yet more ominous and dark, while the gloomy fire in his eyes had become strangely intense. As the sergeant spoke the last word he drew his revolver, and pointing it full at the young man's head advanced upon him. He doubtless calculated upon the surprise which is the case of most criminals, alleged or otherwise, rendered them easy of capture, for he signed to one of the men in plain clothes who stood near to bring the handcuffs ready in his hand. But, at that moment, Trevanion, springing forward, knocked up the barrel of the revolver, and catching his enemy fair between the eyes, with his left, felled him like a log. He lay for an instant without sense or motion. Before Lance had time, however, to consider what use he should make of his instinctive success the two constables were upon him from either side. He made one frantic struggle, but the odds were too great, and after a short but severe contest the fetters were slipped over his wrists with practised celerity, and the locks being snapped, Lance found himself, for the first time in his life, a fettered captive.

The sergeant rose slowly to his feet and gazed upon the young man now breathless and held on either side by the myrmidons of the law. His brow was flushed and red, but there was, at present, no mark of disfigurement.

"That was one for you, Dayrell," said the mocking voice of Kate Lawford, as she stood by her brother, with a jeering smile on her lips. "My word, Lance Trevanion, you got home then if you never get the chance of another round. Why don't you slip the bracelets, sergeant, and see it out man to man? I'll see fair play. You've a lot of science, we all know, but I'll back Lance for a tenner. What do you say?"

The expression on the sergeant's face had never varied from the cold and fixed expression which it had worn when he made the charge against Lance, but now he relaxed

"Before Lance had time, however, to consider what use he should make of his instinctive success the two constables were upon him from either side."

visibly and wore a comparatively cheerful air.

"You are a good straight hitter, Trevanion," he said, "and I like a man all the better for being quick with his hands. I didn't count on your showing fight, I must say. But you never can tell what a man will do the first time he's shopped. You'll know more about it before we've done with you."

"Good God!" said Trevanion, "you don't surely mean to say that you believe I have had anything to do with stealing horses? I may have been deceived. I begin to suspect that I have, but how many men have bought stolen horses on the diggings without a thought of anything dishonest. What reason have I either, a man with more money than he knows what to do with?"

"You can tell all that to the Bench," said the sergeant, coldly. "All I know is that I find you in possession of a stolen horse and the associate of horse-stealers. You must stand your trial like other men."

Had the mountain suddenly rolled down, filled up the river, and pulverised the camp, Lance's astonishment could not have been more profound. He groaned as he felt the touch of the cold iron, and then sullenly resigned himself to the indignity.

"Now, Miss Tiger-cat," said this modern presentment of Nemesis, "*you* know pretty well where the horse you were riding came from, and where the one you were leading ate his corn a week ago. I must take them with me, but you can have your side-saddle. Whether you're brought into this racket depends on yourself, *you understand me*." And with a meaning glance the sergeant turned to his men. "One of you take the prisoners to the lock-up. Shoot either of them if they try to run. The other take these

three horses and secure them at the camp stable. I'll remain here till you come back to watch these horses in the yard."

The little procession moved on. The fettered prisoners—now linked together—the three led horses. The number was swelled by dozens of idle or curious spectators to nearly a hundred before they reached the temporary but massive wooden building which did duty as a gaol; and therein, for the first time in his life, Lance heard a prison key turned, and a prison bolt shot, upon—himself.

Words are vain things, after all. Who can essay to describe—be it ever so faintly traced—the mingled shame and surprise—the agony and the sorrow—the wrath and despair of the man unjustly imprisoned. Think of Lance Trevanion, young, gently nurtured, ignorant, save by hearsay, of crime or its punishment, suddenly captured, subjected to durance vile, in danger of yet infinitely greater shame, and more lasting disgrace. Haughty and untamed—so far removed by race and tradition from the meaner crimes from which the lower human tribes have for ages suffered, it was as if one of the legendary demon-lovers of the daughters of men had been ensnared and chained. Ceaselessly did Lance Trevanion rave and fret on that never-to-be-forgotten night. The dawn found him pale and determined, with set face and drawn lips. Every vestige of youth seemed to have vanished. Years might have rolled on. A careless youth might have been succeeded by the mordant cares of middle age. So changed was every facial line—so fixed the expression which implied settled resentment of an outrage—even more, the thirst for revenge!

When he became—after hours of half-delirious raving—sufficiently calm to reflect upon and realise his position, nothing could be clearer than the explanation. Scales seemed, metaphorically, to have fallen from his eyes. How blind! How imbecile had he been, thus to walk into the trap with his eyes open! *This*, of course, was what the girl Tessie had meant when, with such disproportionate earnestness she had warned him not to go on this ill-fated journey. She knew what Ned Lawford's past had been. What any "business" of his was likely to be; and Kate—double-dyed hypocrite and false-tongued jade that she was—how she had lured him to his doom. Perhaps, not exactly that, for, of course, his utter ignorance of their villainy would appear on the trial, if it went so far, and as to buying a stolen horse it was next to impossible to avoid that—numbers of people he knew had done so; and, then, what motive could she have for enticing him to Balooka, when she must have known the tremendous risk to which she was exposing him? She, surely, had no reason to wish to injure him? Surely, surely, not after her words, her looks, her changes of voice, and expression, all of which he knew so well! But, throughout, and above and below all his thoughts, imaginings, and wonderings, came with recurring and regulated distinctness—What a fool I have been, what a fool, what a thrice sodden idiot and lunatic! *Now* he knew what the friendly warning of Hastings meant. *Now* he understood Mrs. Polwarth's dislike and Jack's blunt disapproval of that intimacy.

It was easily explained. He had had to buy his experience. He had paid dearly for going to that school. And who were, proverbially, the people who would learn at no other? Fools, fools, again fools!

The day had passed without his touching the simple food which had been placed before him. At sundown the constable who came to see that his prisoner was all right for the night, pitying his evident misery, and accepting the non-absorption of food and drink as an incontestible proof of first offence, tried to persuade him to "take it easy," as he expressed it.

"You've never been shopped before, that's seen. Well it's happened to many a good man and will again. Don't go back on your tucker. You've a long ride before you. We shall start back for Ballarat tomorrow. If you get clear, you're all the better for not losing heart. If you don't it won't matter one way or the other."

Lance nodded his head. Speech—to talk as he did when he was *that other man*, the man who was a gentleman, free, proud, stainless, who never needed to lower his eyes or doff his hat to any living being—to him now speech was impossible.

The policeman looked at him, turned again and shook his head and walked out, locking and bolting the door mechanically.

"Dashed if I can make out that case," said the trooper to himself. "Dayrell knows why he arrested that young fellow, I don't. Any child can see he didn't stand in with that crowd. They've had him soft, selling him a cross horse as any man might have knowed was too good for them to own on the square, but if he gives up the horse they can't touch him I should think. He floored Dayrell though, and that'll go agin him. The sergeant can make it pretty hot for them as he don't fancy."

Early next morning, half an hour after a pannikin of tea and a plate of meat surmounted by a large wedge of bread had been place

in his cell, Lance Trevanion was taken out and placed upon a horse. He was helped into the saddle, the feat of mounting in handcuffs being rather a difficult one to the inexperienced captive, as any gentleman may discover by tying his hands together and making the attempt. He was permitted to hold the reins by means of a knot at the end, and, with some limitation, to direct the animal's course. But a leading rein was buckled to the snaffle, by which a mounted trooper led his horse. Ned Lawford, also hand-cuffed, was similarly accommodated. One trooper rode ahead, one behind. Neither of the prisoners' horses were such that if they had got loose and essayed to escape, would have had much chance by reason of superior speed. They were leg-weary screws, and were, indeed, nearly due for superannuation, the goal of which would be reached when they had carried (and risked the lives of) a few dozen more prisoners. Dayrell remained behind at Balooka. Possibly he had some reason for the delay, but if so he did not disclose it.

What a different return journey was this from the commencement of it, when Lance had set out so light of heart, so joyous of mood, his pockets full of money, his credit unlimited, all the world before him, as the ordinary phrase goes; able to pick and choose as he supposed, among the world's pleasures and occupations, to select, to examine, to purchase, to refuse, at his pleasure. A good horse under him, the fresh forest breeze in each inhalation exhilarating every pulse as he rode at ease or at headlong speed through the winding forest track. A man, a gentleman, rich, successful, respected, more independent than a king and unlike him, free to come or to go at his own sovereign will and pleasure.

And now how had a few short hours, a conspiracy, heedless imprudence, and malign fate changed and disfigured him. A prisoner fettered and confined, charged with a grave offence, at the mercy of a severe and unscrupulous officer whom he had been imprudent enough to defy and later on to resist, what might he not expect?

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S TRAGEDY.

NOT understanding did I thee that wrong
That made thy days confusèd pain and strife;
For when thine eyes looked deeply into mine
I scarce had waked to life.

How canst thou blame me that I did not know
A language that my soul had never heard?
I knew the voices of the winds and streams—
The voice of wild sea-bird!

And when the sea leapt laughing on the rocks—
Its showering spray about its purple blown—
I knew the voices of that vast—my soul
Then answered to its own!

Or when some little, idling, summer breeze
Made tuneful all the grasses of the dell,
My spirit, swift responsive to the notes,
Went singing there as well!

But Love's strong accents—Love's impassioned tones—
Assailing all my being at its dawn!
As one, whose soul by music's mystic speech,
Is taken swift—and borne

It knows not where. So knew not I the sea
Outspreading; yet it did entice to go;
And from the 'wildering siren voices came
Soft singing from below.

Thus all my soul encompassed by the new
Strange tones—by visions that were sweet as strange,
Felt every fibre trembling to explore
The wide and beckoning range.

I seemed to thee, in truth, the destined twin
Of thine own soul—for whom thy days did wait:
Fate's gracious gift—brought for thy hand to hold—
To make thy life elate.

But when Love's mightier passioned movement brought
To view its unimagined depths—dismayed
Before its great *unknown*—my spirit failed
Thro' being so afraid.

The dawning force within me there eclipsed,
By such completed fulness as was thine,
Knew swift arrest—my being seemed too weak
To quaff Love's stronger wine.

Thou didst adjudge my spirit all too slight
To answer to the call of thine—thy choice.
I keep the scorn, and pity of thy gaze—
The hurt soul in thy voice.

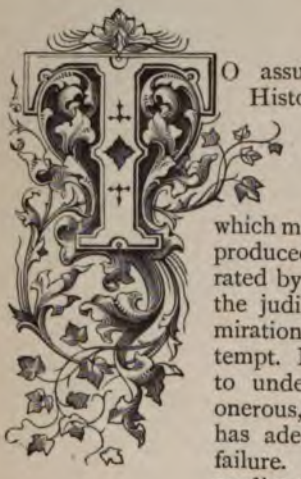
I told my conflict to the listening winds;
The stars restored me; and the sheltered ways
Had their old peace; and still—there stole a sense
Of loss about my days.

Could in that vast, where—all things come and go—
Unsatisfied thou wanderest on the strand,
My voice but reach thee, thou wouldst know that I
At last—did understand!

FRANCES TYRRELL GILL.

BARTON'S "NEW SOUTH WALES."*

BY W. H. TRAILL, M.P.



TO assume the title of History for a compilation, demands, on the part of any writer, a degree of courage which may, when the work produced is ultimately rated by the judgment of the judicious, invoke admiration or invite contempt. No man is obliged to undertake a task so onerous, therefore, no man has adequate excuse for failure. The products of mediocrity are received with indulgence when they are presented in modest guise. The musician who offers to the public a song or a waltz receives the reward of appreciation from judges other than those whose range of taste is confined to melodious trifles. But, if the same composer combine his inspirations and issue them under the style of an opera, a different reception awaits him. He has intruded into the arcanum of the Immortals. He has entered the lists with the mighty ones. Unless he also be inspired with the sacred flame—unless he, too, have the thews and sinews to wield Excalibur—he dies the death, or slinks from the scene amidst the Homeric laughter of the Gods and the titters of obsequious mortals.

Who writes a History claims association and challenges comparison with historians. Those who have ventured upon this mighty ordeal, and have survived, are few. Among Englishmen: Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Hallam, Alison, Macaulay, since the revival of letters in Anne's reign, live. Among Americans: Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley. In Italy the renaissance had for its first-born in the historic lists Guicciardini, and gave the world, later, Sismondi. France owns a brilliant coterie: Frouissart and De Thou were *avant-courriers* of Voltaire, Michelet, and Thiers; while Germany is rich in Nichbuhr, Schlosser, and Von Ranke.

But there are histories which are episodical. It would not be just to place the work before us on plane of the productions of men such as we have named. Yet, even the historians of an epoch, or a reign, constitute a brilliant galaxy. Goldsmith, Lecky, Froude, Martineau, Carlyle—these are names to conjure by. Mr. Barton has, certainly, been courageous—by authority.

It is useless to mince matters. Mr. Barton's work is not a history, in either of the foregoing categories. The volume before us contains simply materials from which a history may be written—a history of six years—and some matter for an introduction Probably, all that the historian of Australia—who is yet undiscovered—will derive from Mr. Barton's compilation will be compressed within a dozen pages. These are essentially small-beer chronicles; or, to use another figure, we have here something equivalent to an exhaustive dissertation on the acorn, justified on the grounds that that insignificant berry is fraught with immense potentialities—that from it a mighty oak may spring, parent of a future forest.

The story of the first fleet, of its arrival in Botany Bay, of the discovery of Port Jackson, of the transference thither of the projected settlement, and of the first six years of difficulty and struggle have been adequately conveyed through a multitude of different channels. Mr. Barton in his preface expresses a contrary opinion, and supports his contention by a reference to the small space allotted to that period by his predecessors in the *role* of historians of New South Wales. Lang, Flanagan, and Bennett are referred to as having passed over the events of these years with too slender notice. It is true that no one of these writers has dwelt at any great length upon the first years of Phillip's time. But general readers have, by the ordinary newspaper and a series of ephemeral magazines and other publications, been made much more familiar with the earliest incidents of Australian settlement than a perusal of the regulation historians would have made them. Collins' account has been extensively read, and very widely diffused by common reference and quotation. Hunter's journal has been popularised in like manner. Phillips's own narrative, as printed during his lifetime, has been drawn upon by a multitude of everyday writers, and the compilation bearing Barrington's name has, like the other works

* HISTORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, from the Records. By G. B. Barton, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law. Vol. 1.—Governor Phillip, 1783-1789. By authority. Sydney: Chas. Potter, Government Printer, 1889.

attributed to that singular man, been perpetually referred to, while Capt. Tench's narrative has anticipated the most interesting passages of those letters by Phillip, which form the real backbone of Mr. Barton's book.

In short, there appears to have been placed in Mr. Barton's hands a mass of fresh material, which contains little that was fresh, and, of what was new, but a minute proportion is intrinsically interesting. To what may be attributed the launching of a work with all the pomp and assumption of a history, when the legitimate inducement has been so slight, is not readily conceivable. That a history of New South Wales—or, more modestly, an historical account of the first century of colonisation in New South Wales, remained to be written when the Government placed in Mr. Barton's hands the material derived from the Record Office, the Brabourne collection, and and other hitherto untapped sources, may be conceded; but that no satisfactory and comprehensive work of this nature existed was attributable rather to the non-appearance of the man endowed with the qualifications and inclinations and gifted with the opportunities, than to a dearth of adequate material. Almost all that is essential towards a proper comprehension of the inauguration of settlement in New South Wales might have been written irrespective of the records placed in Mr. Barton's hands. The consequence has been that the author has permitted himself to be hampered by the very material which might have imparted some degree of specific interest to his work. The outcome has been a book which is in almost slavish accord with its full title—"A History of New South Wales, *from the Records*."

The argument may be condensed without much loss. The British Cabinet, compelled by the revolt of the colonists of North America to suspend the transportation thither of convicted offenders, and obliged by the recognition of the independence of the United States to definitely abandon those "plantations," as a place of exile, were embarrassed by the congested state of their gaols. Casting around for some substitute for America as the social *cloaca*, the east coast of Africa was at first thought of; but the deadly character of the site chosen, which seems to have been Gambia, produced results which shocked even the pachydermatous inhumanity of the age. Of seven-hundred-and-forty-six convicts sent thither from 1775 to 1776, three-hundred-and-thirty-four died; two-hundred-and-seventy-four escaped, no man knew where, and of the remainder "no account could be given" to a Committee of the House of Commons, which inquired into matters connected with gaols. The publication in 1773 of the narratives of Captain Cook's explorations on the East coast of Australia had made a deep impression not only in his native land but throughout the civilised world, and especial prominence is given in that narrative to the alluring beauty and apparent fecundity of the country bordering Botany Bay. The two factors were brought into juxtaposition by a gentleman whose name indicates a foreign extraction—James Maria Matra. This gentleman addressed to Lord Sydney—the Tommy Townsend of Goldsmith's "Retaliation,"—a proposal for relieving the gaols by dispatching prisoners sentenced to transportation to that spot. There was indeed a third factor in Mr. Matra's project. He suggested that the "loyalists" of North America should be invited and assisted to carry their broken fortunes to Cook's land of promise. These "loyalists" were at the moment in a sorry plight. The victorious rebels of the United States regarded them with loathing and disgust. They were considered traitors, aliens, and enemies, and were treated as outlaws. Those of the Southern States took refuge in Florida under a promise of protection by the British Government, but on the termination of the war, that province being ceded to Spain, the new owners ordered them to leave. The Northern loyalists fared even worse. The citizens of Worcester in New England declared them outlaws and enemies, and threatened with "transportation" such as should venture to visit the town. And this demeanour was regarded as expressive of the general sense of the inhabitants from one end of America to the other.

Lord Sydney, however, took no heed to the unhappy loyalists. They did not come under his department, whereas gaols crammed with offenders sentenced to transportation emphatically did. Admiral Sir George Young addressed to him a plan, in substance identical with that of Matra. Sir Joseph Banks, the shipmate of Cook, a man of means, and highly considered as President of the Royal Society, was consulted. It was determined to send out a trial shipment of convicts, and as the service of conducting such an expedition was obviously not one which would be coveted by persons with influential patrons, a suitable individual was sought. Mr. Barton appears not to have discovered among the Records or in the course of his wider researches, any clue to the reasons which induced Lord Sydney to pitch upon Phillip for the occasion. He has,

however, found a letter from Lord Howe, who evidently had been, as First Lord of the Admiralty, apprised of the selection, in which that Admiral writes, "I cannot say that the little knowledge I have of Captain Phillip would have led me to select him for a service of this complicated nature." Phillip, in fact, was scarcely the sort of officer of whom the great Lord Howe would have more than a "little knowledge." The son of a German teacher of languages, he was sent to sea at sixteen, at a period when a midshipman's berth was not an object of ambition for young gentlemen of family. He roved about the world, gaining rank as time passed and promotions fell in his way by his seniors getting knocked on the head. He was a lieutenant at twenty-three, and presumably got some substantial gain from the prize money distributed on the capture of Havannah. Thereupon he married and settled down as a gentleman farmer in the New Forest. It is likely that the sailor turned farmer had to buy his experience in the latter capacity; at any rate he left his farm to enter the service of Portugal in the war against Spain. When the French in 1778, by affording material support to the insurgent colonists of North America, provoked Great Britain to a declaration of war, Phillip rejoined his country's flag and worked his way up to the rank of Post Captain, his last service in war being in 1783, when he sailed to the East Indies with a reinforcement.

It seems likely that it may have been the agricultural episode in his career which indicated Phillip as a proper person to conduct the expedition to Botany Bay. It was expected that the convicts, once established there, would be able to provide for a great part of their maintenance by cultivating those lovely meadows at Botany Bay of which Cook had discoursed. The man required to superintend an enterprise so exceptional would be one who combined the experiences and the qualities of a navigator, a disciplinarian, an organiser, and an agriculturist. The three former qualities could be found in the possession, doubtless, of a host of naval officers, but the man who joined to these the last-mentioned would be hard to find.

The faculty of organisation was the first which Phillip was called upon to display. In relation to this aspect of the prelude to the settlement of New South Wales, the Records have proved valuable. Mr. Barton has been enabled to present a picture of Phillip, drawn by his own pen chiefly, which is very vivid. The little, active, hatchet-faced man, looking the more meagre by contrast with the big, regulation, cocked hat, is presented to the reader, full of energy and anxiety, wrestling with the *insoucience* of the Minister, and striving with all his might to burst or unravel the coil of red tape which at once enfolded him. Once landed at Botany Bay he would be more absolute over most of his companions than was the king in England. But until he set sail he was but a little post-captain, preparing to sail with a cargo of human refuse. He seems, by natural judgment, to have fixed in his mind a thoroughly practical plan. He wanted sturdy young convicts—the gaol authorities desired to get rid of old worn-out ones. He desired to have mechanics and ploughmen, housewives and healthy farm wenches—the prison keepers preferred to make a clearance of bedridden hags and disease-riddled harlots. He solicited that at least his complement should be handed over to him clean and clothed—they were sent to him filthy and half-naked.

The ferment of Phillip's soul can only be divined from his letters. It is nowhere vehemently expressed. He evidently felt that he held his post owing to no favor, and to no high estimation of his personal worth. His applications for necessary additions and for reasonable attention to the exigencies of the expedition are couched in a tone of submissive entreaty. He solicits consideration and begs for decent regard to his situation. The contracts for victualling had been entered into without his being consulted. He shows that his reputation is at stake, and adroitly impresses upon Lord Sydney that if no modification be made in the fashion in which the expedition is being equipped, a heavy mortality must be expected, and he insinuates that if the controlling force at his disposal be weakened by deaths, the convicts will obtain the mastery and the whole project will end in catastrophe.

By this combination of caution and humility with persistence, Phillip managed to secure considerable improvement in the equipment of his expedition. Yet, when at last he sailed, the clothes for the women had not arrived, he had no stock of anti-scorbutics, the stores were in packages so flimsy as to inadequately protect the articles, and his marines were dispatched to the other end of the world without bullets for their firelocks. Good fortune collaborated with good management, and averted disaster from the flotilla thus sent forth apparently doomed to perdition. Suppressing in the embryo a design on the part of the convicts to seize one of the ships, Phillip reached Teneriffe in safety, and there recruited the health of his people with fresh food and fruits. At Rio he

repeated the process and laid in some rum, plants, seeds and live stock. A favorable run to the Cape of Good Hope and further refreshment there enabled Phillip to launch forth on the last stage of his voyage, and, fortune still favoring, he brought his flotilla to an anchorage in Botany Bay in exactly thirty-six months from the date of departure from Portsmouth, having lost but one marine out of two hundred and twelve, and but twenty-four convicts out of seven hundred and seventy-five put on board in England.

Phillip had apprehended that the voyage of his little squadron of vessels—crammed with squalid wretches, reeking with the filth of the gaols, insufficiently fed, and destitute of preventives against scurvy such as were ordinarily supplied at the time to those who go down to the sea in ships—would be attended by shocking calamities. In this regard he had been agreeably disappointed. His difficulties commenced at the point where it had been conceived that they would be at an end. The story of the struggles of Phillip to evolve order, system, and a self-maintaining community out of the unpromising material he had to deal with, is already an oft-told one. The records available to Mr. Barton do but add something to a mass of information previously available. It is disappointing to find that our author has not taken advantage of his opportunities to weld the detached fragments in one coherent narrative. It is unlikely than any other man in this generation will be favored with such facilities as have been enjoyed by Mr. Barton. He has managed to instil the essence of the narrative into his volume, but, unfortunately, in such a fashion that, in order to appreciate its full flavor, it becomes necessary to go through a process of distillation. There is ample instance of industry the most pains-taking. The author has executed all the preliminaries of his function as historian with conscientious completeness. He has not merely made himself acquanited with all the authorities to whose works reference was obviously requisite, but he has extended his researches with admirable discrimination and felicitous insight to sources of contributory information more recondite. His pages bear in a multitude of passages the stamp of a comprehensive erudition brought to bear upon the task in hand. There, however, the merits of his performance cease. The material collected with so much ability and trouble is ill-digested, and is presented in the volume before us in a form so crude and imcompacted that to arrive at a coherent impression of its signification demands perusal so carefully attentive as to convey a sense of labor. The reader finds himself under an obligation to do for himself that which it should have been the function of the author to effect for him. The former can, by an exertion of methodical memorising and digesting, construct in his own mind a consecutive narrative, and deduce coherent conclusions. This imperfection in the work, which, we apprehend, must operate fatally against it ever ranking as an acceptable standard history, will be more particularly demonstrated anon. Meanwhile we proceed with the story, painfully collated from the scattered references in this volume.

The fleet was scarcely moored in Botany Bay before Phillip recognised that the expectations which had been founded in the description given by Cook and his fellow voyagers of the fecundity of the surrounding country were fallacious. As the expectations derived from that description formed the actual basis of the plan of settlement, the discovery of its inaccuracy must have had a most depressing effect upon the man charged with the management of the present enterprise. Mr. Barton, singularly enough, shews a disposition to regard the depreciatory valuation by Phillip and his officers of the tract environing Botany Bay as not borne out by present knowledge. He seems inclined to endorse the enthusiasm of Cook and Banks with respect to this region. "Looking at the rich and beautiful country on the Western shores of Botany Bay," he exclaims, "as it appears in the present day, it is not easy at first sight to understand the difficulty experienced by Phillip in finding a sufficient area of land fit for cultivation in the neighborhood of the settlement!" This remark is the more surprising, inasmuch as Mr. Barton had under his eye a passage by Peron—who visited Botany in 1802—which fully explains the grounds for Phillip's disappointment in 1788. After referring to the extensive and dangerous marshes which occupy so considerable an area, Peron continues:—"Upon their margins and along the whole course of the two rivers just mentioned," George's and Cook's, "the vegetation is very flourishing; a thousand kinds of trees and shrubs, crowded on the surface of the soil, give to this part of the country *un aspect enchanteur*, and impart to it an appearance of fecundity, so striking, that Captain Cook and his illustrious companions were themselves deluded by it." There is no apt synonym in the English language for the very expressive phrase which we have given in the original French. "*Un aspect enchanteur*" is a significant variation from "*un aspect enchantant.*" The

distinction is partly maintained in the shade of distinct meanings which belongs respectively to "enchanting" and "enchanted," or to "bewitching" and "bewitched," in our own tongue. The sense in which Peron employs the word might be conveyed by "enchanted" or "bewitched," providing an appropriate context informed the reader respecting the particular sense in which the word was to be understood. The tract was enchanted in like manner as those seeming coins of gold in the Eastern story, which proved to be but withered leaves when the bewitchment was removed.

Phillip's instructions explicitly prohibited him from protracted detention of his human freight on board ship, once their appointed destination was reached. Phillip, consequently, did not postpone the work of debarkation, but he simultaneously set out to inspect an opening in the coast to the northward, indicated by Cook, and while thus, probably, seeking Broken Bay, he entered Port Jackson, the magnificence of which, as a harbor, he instantly appreciated. The removal of the people from Botany to Sydney Cove immediately followed, and Mr. Barton justly emphasises the accuracy of the judgment which guided Phillip to select that bay as the site of his headquarters, in preference to the multitude of others which invited his choice, and must have distracted his inclinations. The reason for the decision arrived at was, however, singular enough, and had no relation to prophetic inspiration. Into Sydney Cove a good run of fresh water discharged itself, and the ships could be laid close to the rocky shore.

The situation in which Phillip now found himself was one calculated to call forth all latent strength, and to expose any hidden weakness which might mingle in his character. This is a part of his theme which Mr. Barton has treated with judicious balance. It is neither a monster nor a jelly-fish whom he depicts. The reader is invited to judge the man by the standard of the age in which he lived. Viewed from this standpoint Phillip presents a spectacle sufficiently agreeable. A slight, indeed a very slender, sketch of English society a hundred years ago, and a dissertation on "Crime and Punishment in the Eighteenth Century," which constitute separate chapters in the book, assist the reader to appreciate justly the significance of the actions of the first Governor. The publication of his instructions afford further aid in the same sense. Never had man such a task as fell to the lot of Phillip. He was charged with the first lodgment of pioneers in a territory at the very ends of the earth. For colonists he had the very refuse of the gaols of England. These he was expected to convert into an industrial community, ministering to their own needs by the cultivation of the soil. In addition, he had to cope with aborigines known to be brutally insensible to the arts and cajoleries which ordinarily suffice to win the good will of savage races. And beyond this he was charged to detach a contingent to occupy an island, a thousand miles distant from his head-quarters. The machinery at his disposal was ridiculously inadequate. For the direction of his gaol-birds he had no body of overseers. Among his unpromising complement he had scarcely any artificers or mechanics, and positively but one single individual who had any acquaintance with agriculture. The military who accompanied the expedition proved utterly unserviceable for his most pressing occasion. The officers stood on their dignity. The wearers of the King's uniform should not disgrace it by any meddling with the convicts in their industrial functions. They were a garrison, simply. They were ready to fight His Majesty's enemies and to mount guard over his prisoners, but when invited to help in the work of reformation—not they! They refused to interfere with the prisoners at their labors, either by a word of encouragement to the deserving, or of censure to the idle.

The milder forms of persuasion and control being thus out of his reach, Phillip was driven to some extremity of severity in flagrant instances. Situated as he was, with small prospect of successful results from his attempts at agriculture, preservation of his supplies of food was, next to maintenance of authority over his population of outcasts, the imperative exigency of his case. Consequently it was not long before the gallows and the triangles were at work. Mr. Barton defends—temperately, and we think successfully—the Governor from charges of inhuman contempt for human suffering and human life, which an inconsiderate view of the punishments inflicted during this early period might occasion. He hung men detected in pilfering, and he flogged others. But he pardoned many whom his court, such as it was, had cast for death. If he, when depreciating capital punishment, coolly stated his preference for the milder sentence of exile to a distant island, there to be eaten by savages—as he literally did, and if he with official deliberation projected that some of his female convicts should—in view of the disproportion of the sexes among his people—be encouraged to restrain immorality by resorting to prostitution, it was the spirit of the age, not the depravity of the man,

which inspired such proposals. This is readily comprehended when it is seen that among the contingencies which Phillip was ordered to attend to if feasible, was the procuration from the islands of the South Seas of a number of native women as mates for the surplus of male convicts under his charge. This shocking conception was in fact part of Matra's original proposals, and had been formally embodied in the code of instructions issued by the Secretary of State, and bearing the sign-manual of George III. It is noteworthy that while Phillip originally offered no objection to the scheme as originally imposed upon him, he intimated his resolution that no insult should be offered to the women when they came under his control. At a later date he even deprecated the idea of procuring them, but his objection then does not touch the moral or humanitarian aspect of the case. The settlement was then reduced to great privations for lack of food supplies. Phillip simply deprecated the idea of being burdened with more mouths to fill. A lodgment on the rocky shores of Sydney Cove could not be regarded by any rational man as an accomplishment of the objects which the expedition under Phillip's charge was expected to accomplish. A poor nine acres of arable land at Farm Cove presented but a paltry shadow of the extensive agricultural domain which the convicts were supposed to cultivate with the object of constituting a settlement which should be, in the main, self-sustaining. Accordingly, scarcely were the people landed, and Lieutenant King despatched with a contingent in the "Supply," than Phillip himself inaugurated a series of explorations with the view, primarily, of discovering some tract of agricultural land adequate to yield, under cultivation, grain for the people under his charge. The first explorations in New South Wales cannot but afford a subject of interest, and, accordingly, Mr. Barton devotes a long chapter to this theme. This is perhaps the most disappointing portion of the book. Phillip, Hunter, Collins, and Tench have each left descriptions of his struggles to penetrate the country which lay around the settlement. There should be nothing more apt to inspire the pen and inflame the imagination than such invasions of wilds previously untravelled and fraught with all the possibilities of the unknown. Yet the compendium of the joint and several expeditions of these earliest explorers furnished by Mr. Barton presents little but a monotonous recital of each march. Phillip was but a cold and matter-of-fact narrator of events, but Hunter possessed a certain graphic picturesqueness of diction, and Tench is lively and entertaining. If the first glimpse of the lofty barrier of the Blue Mountains—so named, happily enough, by Phillip— induced in Tench's mind no more suggestive ideas than the bald commentary that should the Governor scale their escarpments and gain their summits "there can be little doubt that his curiosity will not go unrewarded;" that is scarcely an excuse for the historian, like the streams in Montgomery's poem, rendered celebrated by Macauley's criticism, meandering level with his fount. If Tench is trite in his remarks and Phillip utterly mechanical in his reports, that affords no reason why Mr. Barton should be content, when treating of Phillip's first prospect of the Blue Mountains, to comment simply that "no doubt he began to realise, while gazing at the stupendous masses of rock split up into numberless gorges densely covered with timber, how difficult a task lay before the man who should venture to explore them." There is certainly a degree of appositeness in this sort of supposition. Judging by the general tenor of Phillip's literary efforts and the indications of the character of his mind therein furnished, it seems probable that just some such commonplace reflection would be the limit of the movement of his faculties. The explorer stood on the fringe of a vast continent which, up to that time, had been visited only at infrequent intervals on a portion of its seaward outskirts. Behind the mountain barrier which bounded his view lay, to his knowledge, in boundless contiguity, a space of thousands of miles, untrodden by the foot of man since the known history of the human race was first chipped on stone or stamped in clay. In a region so vast nothing was impossible. It might swarm with the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. It might contain the dominions of potentates more mighty than Prester John, more wealthy than the Incas of Peru. The fabled unicorn might there roam in herds or champ the bit in the equipage of the Queen of the Amazons. There might lie the valley of diamonds which Sinbad visited. The long-lost Ophir whence Solomon derived his tribute of gold might there blaze in golden splendor under the tropic sun. Beyond that wall of forest-crowned rocks mountains—mightier, loftier than Alps, than Andes, than Himalayas—might rear their stupendous crests and stab the clouds with icy pinnacles. It seems extraordinary that with such food for romantic imaginings as the mountain frontier walls of an unknown world presented, there was no man among

those who first were confronted by the repellant menace of their barrier, who felt his soul moved within him. But so it has been. The first explorers lifted up their eyes unto the hills, and thought that they would need a bit of stiff climbing. Certainly, Phillip had an idea that great rivers must necessarily traverse a territory so extensive. He acted on this reasonable supposition, sought and found that mighty stream the Nepean. If he lacked imagination he was not deficient in energy and perseverence. He could only find what existed. It would have been easier to hit upon a Mississippi than upon a Nepean, had a Mississippi been about. That the descriptions of the first explorations are tedious and devoid of striking interest, is attributable not less to the circumstance that there was little that was striking to discover than to the fact that the explorers were men of common-place temperment. The travels which are recorded in the chapter before us, were pretty journeys amidst scenes which presented little that tended to exaltation. The author very fairly deprecates hasty judgment respecting the limited range of the explorations accomplished by Phillip and his lieutenants, and indicates the reason which rendered wider traverses of country unattainable. All these trips were effected either in boats or on foot. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the extreme difficulties and limitations imposed by either of these means of progression in the localities invaded. The embouchure of the Hawkesbury is confused by an intricate ramification of fiords. Nothing was more inevitable than that the first voyagers should repeatedly enter the wrong channel and expend time and provisions in investigating a watery *cul-de-sac*. As for journeyings on foot, no one who has not experience in that mode of exploration can fully appreciate the limitations it imposes on the adventurer. The pedestrian who sets forth with elastic step to cover his thirty miles in a day, reads with surprise, tinctured with contempt, of parties who regarded ten miles as an exhausting day's march. But when it is considered that in the former case the trip is made flying-light, on a known course, and with a definite destination, where a certain supper and bed await the traveller; whereas, in the latter instance, the wayfarer started out weighted with provisions to serve for several days, and gear to cover his weary body at night, the distinction is clear enough, even leaving out of the reckoning the difference between a beaten track and a pathless waste. Phillip and his companions ordinarily were loaded with some forty pounds weight per man. They were frequently entangled in the sinuosities of uncrossable creeks, in thickets of scrub, and in jumbles of rugged gullies. Under the circumstances, the wonder is not that they accomplished so little, but that they effected so much. The scope of their explorations is delineated in a map compiled by Lieutenant Dawes, of which a fac-simile, on a reduced scale, is inserted in this volume. From this it appears that up to the date of this draft, 1791, Broken Bay, with its numerous branches, had been fully defined; the Hawkesbury had been ascended to Richmond Hill; North Harbor, the Parramatta River, and Lane Cove surveyed; and a general acquaintance with the country enclosed between the Nepean and the coast acquired, while views had been obtained of the higher peaks of the Blue Mountains and the country on the hither side.

The balance of the history comprises accounts of the relations between the colonists and the natives, of the administration of justice, of the disputes between Phillip and the military, of the settlement of Norfolk Island, and of the struggles which the establishment had to undergo in consequence of lack of food supplies. The work would assuredly have been imperfect without a particular reference to the part played in the affairs of the settlement by the officers of the detachment of Marines, to whom alone Phillip could look for aid and co-operation in the preservation of order and subordination on the part of the convicts. The major in command, Ross, who was also Lieutenant Governor, seems to have been a man of uneasy temper, impatient of the Governor's supremacy, and, consequently, much disposed to be a stickler for form in all cases where he fancied his own importance was concerned. He it was who raised an objection to the marines participating in the moral control of the convicts. It was he who instigated the officers to raise difficulties in the way of their sitting as members of the criminal court. He was perpetually in hot water and kept everyone else in the same predicament. He quarrelled with the Judge Advocate and with the Adjutant. But that it requires two to make a quarrel, he would have fastened one upon the Governor himself. As it was, although Phillip, by the exercise of remarkable forbearance and self-restraint, made a complete rupture impossible, the relations between the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor were exceedingly strained. Ultimately Phillip got rid of Ross by a convenient expedient, sending him to take charge of Norfolk Island on Lieutenant King's departure. Arrived there, the arbitrary disposition of

Ross, freed from restraint, fully exposed itself. The "Sirius," which conveyed the Major, with two companies of marines and about two-hundred convicts, only reached the island to be cast upon the reefs. The people were safely landed, and Ross, in this predicament, immediately proclaimed martial law. Upon this action Mr. Barton makes a very lucid and judicious comment—about the best passage, we think, in the entire volume. To the Courts of Law at Sydney a short chapter is devoted. These tribunals were constituted by a special Act of Parliament, and were, of necessity, considering the exceptional nature of the community in which they operated, empirical in their character. The Judge Advocate—Collins, a Captain of Marines, a gentleman who had no legal training—presided over the Court of Civil and the Court of Criminal Jurisdiction. In the former he had associated with him two colleagues, persons chosen by the Governor. In the latter six officers, naval or military, sat with the Judge Advocate. There was also a Court of Vice-Admiralty, nominally composed of seven Commissioners selected from the Civil Service, as well as from the Naval and Military. As there was no Civil Service on the settlement, the three tribunals seem, so far as the character of the *personnel* was concerned, almost identical. The law meted out was a curious travesty of ordinary legal procedure, conducted by what was in effect a Court Martial. The whole plan was, regarded from a constitutional point, an absurdity. But perhaps it was as good as could have been devised, considering the conditions to be met. The settlement was essentially a gaol at large. Its population comprised but two classes—prisoners serving a sentence of transportation, and a military guard. In considering how best to frame a code for a community thus constituted, and turned loose to shift for itself at the end of the earth, utterly cut off from access to the regular machinery of law, some complications had been, no doubt, intruded by preconception as to the conditions of transported persons, antecedently, when such unhappy wretches were conveyed to the State Colonies of North America where they were held in bondage as assigned servants of a free population. At Sydney, where no free population existed, some of the arrangements founded on fallacious reliance upon inapplicable precedents appear ridiculous, and the anomalies presented have evidently irritated the sense of the legal proprieties in the schooled mind of Mr. Barton, who devotes more space and attention to the subject than would probably have been accorded to them by an historian unlearned in the procedures of the courts of to-day. General readers will, we apprehend, find the protracted and reiterated dissertations dealing with these matters fatiguing. The same feeling, but in an aggravated degree, will be occasioned by the extreme detail in which the wrangles and contentions between the Governor and the military, and between the different individuals among the latter, are recounted. We must confess we have found this part of the book exceeding tedious, and the historian stands self-condemned in at least one instance which, while narrating it with minute particularity, illustrated by tiresome quotations, he candidly describes as "a pitiful detail of camp gossip." It is by no means, we take it, the duty of an historian to condescend to trifles of this description. By so doing he abdicates the dignity of his function. A few concise sentences, intimating the character of the transactions, would suffice as a foundation for whatever reflections appeared requisite to indicate the relation of small causes with results possibly important. An historian should always assume the attitude of a trusted agent whose word is sufficient without other vouchers than his general reputation. If envy or malice suggest doubts as to his accuracy or trustworthiness, the vouchers are on file and can readily be produced to confound the caviller.

But we have no scope for further detailed notice. In this respect the critic stands in the same position as that which we have just claimed for the historian. If his generalisations be unsound, the material from which he derived his deductions is at hand to make him nought. Part III of the volume comprises no original writing, being made up of a series of documents bearing upon the text of the book itself.

It is vain to postpone further the evil day. We approach the limits of the space permitted us, and must summarise our impressions of Mr. Barton's volume now or never. The book has been laid down with a sense of disappointment and of some annoyance that the ungrateful task of reviewing it has fallen upon us. It has so chanced that none of the notices in the newspapers have come under our notice. But we have learned that those have been uniformly laudatory. We cannot swell the pleasing chorus. Mr. Barton's work shows that if he has failed it has not been for lack of preparation or of preliminary industry. His book contains a mass of material and of references which bears testimony to the pains with which he has

addressed himself to his task, and to the research with which he has garnered from every field of literature and record a multitude of facts related to his subject. But this wealth of knowledge—this store of information—has certainly not been employed to the best advantage. The book makes tedious reading, owing almost entirely to the extreme defectiveness of the arrangement of its contents. There is, indeed, all the pomp and formality of historical method in the Table of Contents. But in the book itself this ostensible methodical plan is conspicuous by its absence. Everything is disjointed and fractured, while repetitions are of recurrence so frequent as to intensify the weariness of the reader whose faculties are already kept on the rack by the difficulty of extracting a consecutive narrative out of the detached passages. A few of the more flagrant examples will suffice to illustrate the features which mar the work. In Part I a chapter is devoted to "Phillip and the Military." In Part III there occurs a couple of pages on the same topic, and not merely is the subject thus reintroduced after an interval of 200 pages, but the matter is identical in all respects, save the actual phraseology employed. The earlier pages embody Mr. Barton's own rendering of the circumstances, in which the later pages are described partly by quotations from Phillip's despatches. There are no less than four several and separate insertions of a statement, in words little varied, of the officers disinclination to participate in the management of the convicts. Pages 115 and 293-4 are in substance the same. An anecdote illustrating Phillip's coolness with the natives is twice repeated (pp. 123, 286). Another and a similar topic is reprinted word for word in two places, save that a sentence is omitted in the earlier presentation (pp. 125, 329), while the proposal to kidnap island-women seems to have rankled in Mr. Barton's mind, inasmuch as the reader has no less than eight opportunities of impressing it on his memory. Similar examples might be multiplied, but it imports not. Whole chapters, such as "Phillip and the Military," "Phillip and his Staff," and "Civil and Military" treat with subjects so intertwined that in these—as in other parts of the history—the reader is constantly tormented with a fancy that he has lost his place, and is re-reading what he had previously perused. In fine, the volume before us cannot be conceded the rank of a History. It is a loosely connected compendium of material, and of hints and references from which a history may hereafter be written. The book will take its place on the shelves of the libraries, side by side with the productions of Flanagan, O'Hara and Lang, and with the narratives of Collins, Tench and others, who were co-temporaries of Phillip, and will rank no higher than the most esteemed of these, save as a veritable index to the authorities respecting the period of which it treats. In this last-mentioned capacity its value is intensified by the *catalogue raisonée* of works relating to terra-Australis, New Holland and New South Wales to 1820 which is appended, and for a portion of which Mr. Barton acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Petherick, F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

The Government Printing Office has discharged its mechanical functions almost faultlessly, the sole defect being a slip in the paging. Type and paper are super-excellent, and the maps and heliographic illustrations admirably executed.

STUDENT LIFE IN MELBOURNE.

BY J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

IT is not often that the student gets an opportunity of speaking in public—hag-ridden as he is by statutes and regulations, his eyes dimmed, his brain weighted, his body afflicted by the fears which precede and the effects which follow examinations, and by all the other ills that student-flesh is heir to, or which come to it uninherited. Examinations—his chief trouble—are not beloved by all that know them, and a university without examinations is in these days of competition scarcely conceivable, much less realisable. But no university, even in pre-examination times, ever was perfect, at any rate to the discriminating mind of the student, and none ever will be unless founded in some land of Cockaygne, where the college walls will be built of pasties, and the rivers run wine, and the geese fly through the air ready roasted, and degrees and scholarships be had merely for the wishing. But who of us will be good enough or fortunate enough to behold such blessedness?

Coming back from a land of fantasy to the more prosaic land of Victoria, just as the old histories used to begin with the first man, so let this *vera historia* begin with the first undergrads. In 1855, the first year of her existence, our Alma Mater took to her bosom seventeen students, to whom, while the present buildings were in course of erection, lectures were delivered in the old Exhibition Building in William street. They were admitted without the matriculation examination which all who came after them had to suffer, but like their successors they had to sign the university roll book and make, as every student has made, the "declaration hereinafter mentioned" in the presence of the Registrar.

I do solemnly promise that I will faithfully obey the Statutes and Rules of the University so far as they may apply to me, and that I will submit respectfully to the constituted authorities of the University, and I declare that I believe myself to have attained the full age of fifteen years.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, NEW BUILDINGS.

And having made this promise to honor and obey these rules and persons without having any very clear idea as to what it is all about, and having declared that when he was

born he precociously took note of the day of his birth with an eye to the possible occurrence of such a contingency as this, and having unloaded himself of the necessary fees and obtained a receipt therefor, the freshman goes on his way to some vendor of academic dress to purchase "a plain black stuff gown and trencher cap," for such says the regulation shall his attire be "at all Lectures, Examinations, and Public Ceremonials of the University, and in the Museum, the Library, and the Quadrangle of the University." Though in 1855 the number of students attending lectures was but seventeen, in 1879 Alma Mater had gathered round her in her nursery a family unweaned of two hundred and sixty-three sons; and during this year five hundred and fifty-eight students, male and female—for our nursing mother is now blest with many daughters—are claiming a share of the good things she has in store. What the rate of increase has been mathematical readers may calculate for themselves, and while they are about it they may as well ascertain whether it is a sufficient rate to give her a family of one thousand in her year of jubilee.

Women students attired in cap and gown appeared here in 1881, at the end of which year a feminine name was seen in the honor-lists for the first time—Miss Lydia A. Harris taking a second-class in the first year of Arts. The first lady who graduated was Miss Bella Guerin, who was admitted M.A. in 1885. The number of women students has since been steadily increasing, but until 1887 none were venturesome enough to try any other course but Arts. In that year, however, seven daring spirits declared for Medicine, and in 1888 another elected to try Science, but Law and Engineering the ladies have thus far let severely alone. This year there are in all thirty-nine women students attending lectures, of whom twelve are entered as Medical students, one has devoted herself to Science, three are "doing" single subjects, while the remaining twenty-three are engaged upon the Arts course. Those who have entered on the study of medicine, intend when they will have attained the status of the "legally-qualified," to practise their profession; of the Arts students at least half intend to teach, while the remainder take a course of study at the University as part of their general education. It has been well said that the test of civilisation is the estimate of woman, and it mav be taken that the admission of w rsity advantages is a sign o sa-tion, which will. s free as a man to choose what she will study, and what she will labor at. Let the broom and cradle people declaim as they may, they cannot altogether drown the voice of that common-sense portion of the community who think that the sphere of woman is in no greater peril from enlarged opportunities of education and of labor, than is the sphere of man, and who see with composure the gradually approaching end of some not over-sensible customs. As one of the most lucid and brilliant of American writers has said: "No, no, Sir Roger, it is not that the young woman who knows more of astronomy and Greek than you or I, is less womanly than Juliet, or the 'dear, dead women' who danced to Galuppi's *toccata*, but that the old barbarian still survives in us, and tries to imprison them in what we choose to call their sphere, instead of leaving them to the same freedom of choice that we demand for ourselves, and so enabling them to be what Providence designed them to be." As to what will be the result of the education of our women—well, let us be content to abide the event. And if the end be that the old barbarian in us will be shamed, and that woman will be admitted to equal rights and privileges with man, why, I for one, am not aware that pants-government has been such an unmixed blessing that the trial of a little petticoat-government by way of a corrective would do very much harm.

Commencement is the great University ceremonial when Wilson Hall is filled with the friends of the University and its members. It was first proposed, this year—and not without misgiving—to give the students an authorised position in the proceedings. Of late, Commencement had not been the stately function some people would have liked it to be, for the students, being unrecognised, and, therefore, as they held, irresponsible, did not feel themselves bound to do their best to keep up the dignity of the meeting. The result was that, finding things very dry, they used generally to collect at the back of the hall, and with a sublime disregard for what was going on on the dais, have a little diversion—musical and otherwise—on their own account. Commencement Day, 1887, like Hohenlinden, "saw another sight," in the shape of a large and uncomfortable gallery rigged upon the dais, on the pattern of those in infant schools, and set apart as a sort of pillory on which students were to sit with their arms folded, and be good boys! They, however, not liking the arrangement over-much went away and played football, only leaving behind them men about to take degrees and prize-takers.

In 1888 this gallery made a second appearance, but many students managed to collect in a solid body in the recess of the great west window, and there indulged in some comment—tending to degenerate into noise—on the proceedings. The wrath of the authorities was roused; certain professors were sent in among the students as special constables, and, as often happens to such functionaries, they were somewhat severely "chyacked," the final result being the rustication of two students, who were, however, pardoned on the receipt of a petition signed by the whole body of students. This year, President Laurie kindly invited the students, through the secretaries of their societies, to take a prominent and recognised part in the proceedings. They accepted, and appointed eight delegates to consult with the Chancellor and President, giving the delegates power to make such arrangements as they thought fitting. The outcome of the whole was the very successful function of March 30. The programme commenced with "God Save the Queen" on the entrance of the Acting-Governor, which was followed by a new and revised version of the "'Varsity Anthem," and this again, by a new "Commencement Song," admirably written by Messrs. Lewers and Cowle, to the tune of Denza's "Funiculi Funicula." The conferring of degrees then took place, and as soon as this was over, music was resumed by the singing of "Estudiantina," and another new song, "Education," also written by Messrs. Lewers and Cowle, to the air of "Ballyhooley." Then there were speeches by the Chancellor, the President, and the Acting-Governor. The proceedings concluded with the "Gaudeamus Igitur," and a repetition of the National Anthem. All the songs were accompanied by the music of a grand piano, belonging to the Musical Society. Very good order was maintained by the students, who, to the number of five hundred, occupied two-thirds of the chairs on the west side of the hall. The great success of the function thoroughly justifies the continuance of the arrangement; and, should our new Musical Society prove as flourishing an institution as it bids fair to do, it is possible that Commencement will become one of the greatest events of the year in Melbourne.

The regular courses of lectures for all degrees are delivered by the teaching staff of the University itself, but there are also supplementary courses, and tutorial instruction is given in the affiliated colleges. At present, in no subjects in which attendance on lectures is required by regulation, is attendance on college courses recognised as equivalent to attendance on those at the University, but it is hoped that as the colleges grow older and stronger, this recognition will be accorded them, so that in time to come they will take at least the pass-work and tutorial instruction off the shoulders of the professors, who will confine themselves to lecturing on the higher portions of their subjects and to original research. As things now are the scope for the energies of a professor is much circumscribed, and he is able to do, not the best he would, but only the best he can under the circumstances. Of course one outcome of this system is that the average student may possibly get better teaching than he otherwise might, but at the same time he acts as a drag on the advancement of the best men, and thus we are once more confronted with the old question whether a mass, all a shade above mediocrity, is better than a mass of mediocrity sprinkled here and there with a leaven of much wisdom. On the whole, perhaps the latter is the better for a nation, for no number of Tommy Atkinses—no matter how good their drill and discipline—can carry on effective war without generals.

Each college maintains an efficient teaching staff of its own, and has in gift a large number of scholarships of £50 a year and upwards, and of exhibitions from £25 a year downwards. Scholars must reside within the walls, and must take first or second class honors at the end of the year, non-fulfilment of the latter condition involving forfeiture of the third term's instalment. In the case of exhibitions covering college tuition fees, the rule is that the exhibitioner must pay his fees just like an ordinary student, but if he take the required honors safely they are returned to him as the reward of virtue. Of these scholarships and exhibitions the majority are open without conditions of faith or intention, but a few are close, being confined, for example, to sons of ministers of the church governing the college, or to persons intending to study for the ministry of that church. These scholarships and exhibitions attract to the colleges the best men from the public schools, and as the charges and fees are very moderate there are always far more applications for rooms than the available buildings will satisfy. Residence within the actual walls at Trinity has up to date been allowed only to male students, but Ormond and Queen's have provision for the residence of both sexes actually in use. Trinity, some two or three years ago, opened a house for female students in the vicinity of the college under the style of Trinity College Hostel, and it is now the intention of the governing body

to erect hostel buildings in the grounds. The other colleges also contemplate the erection of separate hostels.

The life of a resident student in an affiliated college is by no means unpleasant. In addition to the advantage of tutorial instruction, he has the further benefit of living among other young fellows of his own age engaged on similar work—a benefit which will be appreciated at its proper worth by those who have lived in the ordinary boarding house amid an assemblage of bank clerks, drapers' assistants and others, whose evening amusements, combined with the strumming of pianos in his own and adjoining establishments, seriously interfere with the successful prosecution of the desire for faithful study. The discipline of the colleges is anything but galling, the only rules being that all students shall be in college before twelve o'clock, unless they have special leave, shall answer roll-call six days a week either at morning or evening call, and shall repair any damage done by them. An easy enough yoke in all conscience. Students of more than three years standing are even excused roll-call. Beyond this, the college is governed by a committee elected each term by the students from their own number, which makes its own rules for the preservation of good order and enforces them by appropriate sanctions. The committee provides daily and weekly Colonial, English and American papers, magazines, &c., furnishes and maintains the common-room, billiard-room and tennis courts, provides football, cricket, and tennis materials, and college boats. The Ormond College students have built a neat gymnasium for their own use on a site granted by the College council, and it is expected that in time the other colleges will follow suit. In Trinity and Ormond each student has a bedroom to himself, and each sitting-room is shared by two, but in Queen's each has a separate sitting-room. The colleges have each their own debating society, with oratory and essay prizes, as likewise has the Trinity Hostel. In addition Trinity has a philosophic society, "The Socratics," and Ormond a Browning society. Life is made still more enjoyable by occasional sports—dinners, given by the seniors and the freshmen alternately, and little suppers in men's rooms.

There are many amusing stories afloat concerning college-life, and two or three may not be uninteresting. It is told that a student named B., who hailed from New South Wales, and was not wanting in humor, came home one night at a quarter past twelve and wished to get into college if possible without attracting the notice of the authorities, as this would mean the forfeiture of a gold coin, with which as a rule a student is loth lightly to part. Stealing quietly along through the quad. in hope of finding some late-working fellow-student who might let him in on the quiet, he trod on a piece of stick. It snapped with a sharp noise which attracted the attention of some one passing along a corridor, who threw up a window and called "Who's there?" The night was dark and the features of the owner of the voice could not be distinguished by B., who, unable to resist the temptation of an apt quote from Scripture, replied in a solemn voice, "Be of good cheer: it is I: be not afraid!" The person at the window laughed, and opened one of the doors, when to B.'s horror it became evident that the person to

MISS BELLA GUERIN, M.A. (1885).

(Our first Lady Graduate).

whom he had spoken so flippantly was none other than the Master himself. The latter however, always able to appreciate a joke, made no mention of the broken rule, but allowed him to depart in peace rejoicing in his luck. There is yet another story told of B., only this time he appears not as joker, but as "jokee." It was one of the short vacations, and some nine or ten students who remained in residence, chiefly Queenslanders and New South Welshmen, were having a sing-song in the music-room. After a bit, a couple of them noticed that B. had disappeared from amongst them, and setting out to look for him, found him in bed, sound asleep and snoring peacefully. The pair slipped quietly downstairs, and, returning with two others, re-entered B.'s bedroom. Then the four conspirators took his mattress

by the four corners, and carried the unconscious sleeper carefully downstairs, bedclothes and all, without waking him, and reaching the music-room without mishap, dumped him down on a large table. The shock awakened the sleeper, who sat up and rubbed his eyes, only to find himself apparently in bed in the music-room, for undoubtedly the blankets and pillows were real, and yet were not those his fellow students dancing round him like a parcel of demons? For a time he thought himself the victim of some fearful dream, but finally, becoming thoroughly awakened, he understood what was the matter, and accepting the position, philosophically drew a blanket round him, and sat up in the middle of his table like an Indian god. But still the others were unsatisfied, and what did the villains do but make him get down from his exalted position, and go over to the piano and sing his favorite song, "Twickenham Ferry," classically attired only in nightshirt and blanket. Needless to state, the performance brought down the house, nevertheless B. modestly yet firmly refused an encore. But when the sing-song was over, the conspirators would not carry the bed fixings up again—not they, and B. too stood on his rights, and as he had not brought them down, stoutly averred that he was not going to carry them up for anybody. So upstairs sailed B., clothed in dignity and a blanket, looking very much like a saint who had lost his halo in a street row, and getting between the sheets of an unoccupied bed slept till morning without further molestation. And the writer happening to call up to the college next morning saw the bed fixments in the music-room, and, enquiring how they came there, was told the tale which he has here written down.

To Ormond College, when first founded, a friendly missionary presented a great South Sea idol of solid wood six feet high. He was by no means handsome, and clothed only in native beauty and a streak or two of paint. He had several objectionable habits, one of the most pronounced being a way he had of being found in other fellows' beds, uninvited. This eventually led to his ruin. Being found one night surreptitiously occupying a bed in the top story, and its rightful tenant having scruples about sharing his bed—even with a god—he was with the assistance of another student summarily pitched out of window, with the sad result that he sustained a comminuted fracture of one of his upper limbs, besides losing the greater part of an ear. Further repetitions of the same offence resulted in the loss of his other arm and ear, and a broken nose. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was when shewing some ladies over the College, on which occasion we came on him unexpectedly in an unfinished portion of the building, standing in a corner with an immensely high stand-up collar round his neck—wherever he got it—a ragged gown hiding his damaged form, and a dilapidated trencher lurching over one eye, in the knowingest fashion. To complete his disguise he had obtained one of those South Sea grass petticoats, and rigged it round his face in such a way as to finish off his countenance with a seeming shock of rusty red hair

THE HON. FRANCIS ORMOND, M.L.C.

(Founder of Ormond College, and of the Ormond Professorship of Music).

and unkempt side-whiskers of the same hue. Taken as a whole he looked the most comical figure it has ever been my lot to see. And then we left him alone with his glory.

Yet another college story before we go on. It is told of the late Charles Stuart Calverley that he had an almost insuperable aversion to early rising, and that one morning a couple of friends, thinking they would make sure of him, made a raid on his room and carried off his bedclothes. Judge of their disgust when returning half-an-hour after, expecting to find him up and dressed, they found C. S. C. sound asleep, snugly ensconced between feather-bed and mattrass. But a certain Melbourne student went one better on a compeller of early rising. In one of the colleges lived a pair of close friends, famous for their mutual affection, one of whom, H., stood six-foot-four in his stockinged feet, while the smaller but sturdier T. scarcely reached to his friend's armpit. T. was a despiser of the habits of the lark, while his friend worshipped that early bird, and so

the latter, wishing to induce T. to rise early one morning, called in on the way for his matutinal bath, and annexed his bedclothes. The robbed one lay quiet for a moment or two, but as the other's footsteps waxed fainter along the passage, broke into a smothered laugh, and as soon as he heard the slamming of the bathroom door, stole out of his own room and into his friend's, and there locking himself in, turned into bed and was comfortable once more. When H. had completed his ablutions, he returned to his own room, but found its door locked against him, and not all the promises or threats this side of perdition could induce T. to open it. The big man could not remain in the passage in the sight of men and angels—not to speak of female servants—hence he sought the shelter of the other's bedroom. But he had no clothes, and his stomach demanded a breakfast. There was nothing for it but to don the garments of T., and, recognising the necessity, he did so, and could not help smiling in his wrath as he saw a foot of leg protruding from the lower extremities of T.'s trousers, which were a pretty tight fit. He did not put on the coat, but in pants and waistcoat sought his study, and, being ashamed to go to breakfast in hall in such a queer condition, made himself a breakfast of tea and biscuit in his study. While he was engaged in satisfying his appetite, another student came in, had a good laugh, and remained chatting. A few minutes later a knock came to the door, and in answer to the owner's call of "come in," the handle turned, and the Warden entered. H. almost fell into his boots—or rather T.'s boots—with fright, yet retained sufficient presence of mind to rise from his seat and bid the Warden "Good morning," but would not move away from the table on any pretext. The Warden was a little puzzled during his stay by the affection H. exhibited for that piece of furniture, but the other student did the honors of the room in his very best style, and managed to get the august visitor safely off the premises without the abbreviated state of H.'s garments coming to his knowledge. When he was gone the unlucky wearer heaved a sigh of relief, and, declaring that that was the worst quarter-of-an-hour he had ever spent in his life, made tracks for his bedroom, and to his great joy, the invader in the meantime having departed, was able to attire himself in his normal fashion. There was a bit of a disturbance when the two met for the first time that morning, but as they are now as good friends as ever, it is to be presumed that matters were safely arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

The record of that part of his life in which the student is directly affected by the rules of the University cannot be considered as completed until the library, the examinations, and the Registrar's office have been passed under review. The library as a whole is a fairly good one for the purposes of study, but owing to the absence or insufficiency of endowments, it is in some departments not as well up to date as the necessities of their subjects demand. It contains in all about twenty-five-thousand volumes, either in their original bindings, or in those of the University. The medical portion is kept in the Medical School, but the general library is placed in a large and well-lighted hall, provided with tables for convenience in writing, but, to avoid any possible disfigurement of the books, ink may not be used thereon.

Up to date the honor examinations have been held after the posting of the results of the one which decided the pass, but there have always been objections to this as an unnecessary affliction. The pass examination began in the middle of November and continued for about ten days; another week or ten days sufficed for ascertaining the results, and then those who had satisfied the examiners were allowed to go up for honors, if so inclined, during another week, while the unfortunates had another chance at a supplementary examination held in the following February. All Final Honor examinations, however—that is, those for honors in the last year of the course for any degree—were likewise held in the February following the pass, and all students were allowed to present themselves who had secured a pass not more than eighteen months previously. Alterations in the regulations concerning examinations have recently been effected, however, and this year witnesses the introduction of a new system whereby pass and honor examinations will be held at the same time. The standard for each examination is undoubtedly high, in some subjects very high indeed. As a rule, from fifty-five to sixty per cent. of those who enter pass safely, which, making allowance for the "chronic" and those who only play at study, is a fairly good average, and yet is low enough to prove the existence of standards so high as to give the degrees great value. Kind-hearted people may think it heavy plucking, and thus come to entertain the idea that some professors must have beliefs similar to those attributed to Professor Freeman of Oxford, in some double-meaning

verses, in which the Professor poses as an agriculturist reciting a profession of faith.

> I'm a *freeman*, and I swear
> That I'll always plough my share;
> If oxen born to labor shirk,
> *I'll* teach the brutes to do their work.

Whether any of our professors really hold such beliefs or not, it would be difficult to say, "for the devil himself doth not know what the thought of man is," but for my own part, I think not. Before quitting the subject of examinations, here is a story from those held in November last. Be it understood that in medical subjects there is in addition to the written paper, a *viva-voce* examination to which the students are called in one at a time, usually in an approximately alphabetical order. One man, L., a moderately hard worker, had done, as he thought, a fair paper, but knew he had made one "howler," and was therefore very nervous when the time for the oral came. Somehow or other the usual roughly alphabetical order was departed from, and poor L. had the misfortune to behold initials much lower down in

MR. E. F. A'BECKETT.

(*Registrar of the University*)

the alphabet than his own called in one after another. Never having known such a thing to occur before, he got more and more nervous and excited, and at length began to be apprehensive that the board had ploughed him on his paper, and were not going to give him an oral at all. At length he was called, and, as it happened, last of all, which fact together with his previous nervousness, got him into such an excited condition that the moment he got into the presence of the examiners he blurted out, "Look here, have I done such a bad paper that you keep me to the last?" The dreadful three gazed on him with a stony stare, and one of them with unmoved countenance replied, "Sir, we are here, not to answer questions, but to ask them!" For coolness and neatness that reply would, I think, be hard to match. And questions they did ask, and to such purpose that the unfortunate L. was sent down till February.

Strange as it may seem examinations have proved a source of inspiration to some of our 'Varsity poets, and what they can do with this subject may be judged from the following verses which appeared in the *Speculum*, without signature. To explain the title, it may be premised that at examinations candidates are known not by name, but by number.

NINETY-THREE.

> The month was the month of November,
> And the day was the day of exam.;
> All too vainly I tried to remember
> The remains of my annual cram;
> And I prayed to the angels all wooden,*
> And the angels they preyed upon me—
> I was vowing I'd work like a good'un
> For Feb., when I spied Ninety-three.
>
> The poets may talk of sweet eighteens,
> Or blushing fifteens if they please;
> Ninety-three was the cream of sweet maidens,
> She beat them all, hands down, with ease:
> Tinted soft pink and white, gold hair glorious
> In tresses that fell to her knee—
> I felt most distinctly uxorious,
> As I gazed at you, dear Ninety-three!
>
> And I sighed in my manner most pretty,
> But she smiled not with lip or with eye,
> Not a glance I might construe as pity,
> As she scribbled at *x* and at *y*;
> And I wondered how girls *could* treat men so,
> When I saw what was painful to see—
> *She had taken a leaf from Colenso!*
> You were cribbing, you bad Ninety-three!
>
> For that leaf, like a dead leaf of autumn,
> Came fluttering down to my chair,
> And her blue eyes met mine, and they sought 'em
> In a look that spake utter despair;
> And my duty seemed such that it gave me
> No choice but to succour distress:
> As I passed her the crib, I asked, "Have me?"
> And her glance and her smile answered, "Yes!"
>
> I proposed more in form, when I met her
> The day that I took my M.B.,
> And we married for worse or for better—
> Much better, I think, Ninety-three!
> Now and then she would rule me, assisted
> By an urchin in tucker and bib,
> But *one* speech has all ruling resisted—
> "*Ninety-three, my dear, stick to your* CRIB!"

The Registrar's office, at which fees are paid, and in which results are made up after examinations, has a considerable attraction for the student. The vicinity of the office for the week following a pass examination is

* The carved angels in the roof of Wilson Hall.

an interesting sight, especially towards five o'clock in the afternoon, about which hour any returns that have come in during the day are usually posted. Often a hundred or more students in various stages of anxiety will be congregated in the quadrangle asking one another why those results are not out, and making depreciatory remarks about the capabilities of the office staff; occasionally some speaker, more daring than usual, being heard to affirm that he could do in half-an-hour what it takes the staff half-a-day to do. Such comments must of course be liberally discounted, being no doubt due in great part to the confidence of youth and a laudable desire to set the world right. But although these assertions should not be literally interpreted, neither must they on the other hand be wholly disbelieved. That unnecessary delay in ascertaining results often does occur is beyond all doubt, but whether it is the fault of the office is quite another thing. A great deal of it is probably caused by time lost in transmitting papers from one examiner to others at a distance, and by the members of some examining boards often not going through the papers as expeditiously as they might. By the student, however, all delay is placed at the door of the office, which is to him a visible evil. Sometimes a soul is stirred to song by suffering, and one poetic undergrad., commenting upon the action of a certain hypothetic Registrar who inflamed by the thoughtless and somewhat inconsiderate gibes of some of the students, decreed in his haste that if that sort of thing went on, "Results should not be posted!" sang at a college supper some verses of which the refrain ran thus :—

> And I expect you'll all agree
> That he was wrong to so decree;
> Yes, he was wrong,
> And that was wrong,
> And all was wrong as wrong could be!

Pass we on from the compulsory portion of the student's life, that is, the part that the University regulates for him, to that part of his life in which he is his own ruler. Here we find him at his best, for in his hours of ease his mind, soul, and body have opportunities for all-round improvement and expansion denied to him while following the more rigid tracks of the University courses. Students are eminently gregarious and social beings, no matter what their sex may be, and when left to do as they please they immediately form themselves into societies with Presidents, Secretaries, and an annual subscription to help each other to do it. The number of associations of various kinds in the University shows the true innateness of this tendency to associate. Leaving the colleges out of consideration, the chief non-athletic societies are the Melbourne University Union, Medical Students' Society, University Science Club, M.U. Christian Alliance, M.U. Musical Society, and the Princess Ida Club, while physical development is assured by the existence of the University Athletic Association, and the University Cricket, Football, Lacrosse, Tennis, and Boat Clubs. The noble game of Fives has also a select set of adherents, who have a good Fives Court to worship in, but are not organised into proper club form.

The Union is an association whose aim is to bring into closer communion than is possible amid the chances of everyday life students of all schools, past and present, and it is fairly successful in its efforts, having over two hundred members on its roll. It, however, differs from the Unions of English universities in that it is distinct from all the other societies, whereas at home all the others

DR. HENRY LAURIE.

(Professor of Logic and Philosophy, President of the Professional Board for 1889).

are really sections or branches of the all-containing Union. This is one of its points of weakness. To assist it to carry out its objects successfully, it has, by the kindness of the Council, been provided with a house within the University buildings, in which is a large sitting-room where members may meet and converse in the intervals between lectures, or read the books in the Union library (which, by the way, is a circulating one), a smoking-room in which are to be found the materials required for playing draughts, chess, and cards, a bath-room,

several small rooms to which members may retire in studious moments, a set of kitchens in the cellarage, and a secretary's office. This house is, as might be expected, found to be a great convenience, especially to non-collegiate students. The Union holds during the academic year a series of socials at a cafè in the city, at which all the talents assist to pass the evening with songs and music, varied by occasional recitations, the while that those who listen soften their hearts by means of the social cup—whose contents are "hard" or "soft" according to the taste of the consumer —and the unsparing use of tobacco. These socials are sometimes made exceptionally enjoyable by the presence of members of the various musical societies of Melbourne, or of dramatic companies acting in the city. Usually two of these smoke-nights are replaced by ladies' socials at the Athenaeum, when the proceedings take the form of a concert with intervals for refreshments. While on the subject of entertainments, it may be mentioned that the Union combines with the Medical Students' Society and the Athletic Association to hold the Annual University Ball, which is always one of the most successful and fashionable balls of the year, and at the same time a source of considerable income to the societies. The Union also publishes terminally the *Melbourne University Review*, one of the best university magazines in the Queen's dominions, and certainly the widest in scope. It averages about sixty pages, and is supplied gratis to Union members, and at one shilling per number to non-members. It has a circulation of over five hundred copies among students and outsiders, and is therefore taken advantage of by sellers of books, scientific instruments, sports materials, &c., as a useful advertising medium for those who have dealings with University men.

The aims of the Medical Students' Society are not so wide as those of the Union, the rules stating that the society was formed to guard and further the interests of medical students only. It holds regular monthly meetings at which papers on subjects interesting to members are read, and matters affecting medical students are discussed, and the last meeting of each term takes the form of a social similar to those of the Union. A special feature of the M. S. S. socials is that there is usually a new set of topical verses sung or recited at each, which refer either humorously or satirically to University matters. The society publishes a paper of its own, called the *Speculum*, dealing with medical matters only, and has a very neatly furnished club-room in the Medical School, supplied with the daily and weekly papers, and containing a fair-sized library. As in all medical schools, the real club-room is the dissecting room, where all students above the first year are necessarily brought into close contact. Here it is that the medical displays his wit and humor, here he holds debate,

DR. H. B. ALLEN.

(Professor of Anatomy and Pathology, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine).

in fact, here he is himself. The dissecting-room is very large and very well lighted, and visitors from the London schools of medicine say that it is quite equal to any in England. It is to this room, too, that he who would hear the best yarns and traditions must go.

The medical student has always been delightfully impulsive, and if he be of Irish descent, this peculiarity is still more marked. It is told that three medicals, each with a thirsty soul, found themselves in town one day, when to their horror an examination of their pockets showed that their combined resources amounted only to the small sum of one shilling and fourpence—too little by twopence to purchase the required refreshers. Here was a state of things disgusting to contemplate, when, lo, a happy thought entered the brain of one of them, and he an Irishman. The result of its entry was a visit to a neighboring shop, over whose doorway hung the three golden pills of the noble family of the Medici, where our Irish friend left his watch in temporary seclusion, and went out with thirty shillings more in his pocket than when he came in. They then assuaged the thirst which raged within them, and adjourned to a billiard room favored of the sporting student. Here they played for some time, and the thirty shillings in a couple of hours became five pounds. Young Erin recovered his watch from the broker the same afternoon,

and the whole proceeding was of such a profitable nature that being on another occasion in a similar predicament he thought he would repeat the process. This time, however, luck was against him, and in place of filling his pocket he was compelled to borrow from a friend the coin to carry him safely through a social, which was held the same evening.

Another story often told in the dissecting-room had origin in an event whose date was the middle of the seventies, and, unlike many other traditions, it may be very easily verified by consulting the papers of the period. A law student, who shall be nameless, had maligned the conduct of the students as a body on a certain occasion, and to make his offence worse had done so in print. His foolish action aroused the general indignation, and headed by half-a-dozen ringleaders, coming mainly from the medical school, the undergrads. rose in their wrath, and swore they would be revenged. An ambush was laid, and the offender seized and haled before an improvised court, with bench, jury, and all the usual accompaniments of a court of law (the Chief Justice of the occasion by the way is now a well-known Collins Street medico, and a lecturer in the University, and several others who took chief parts have since become leading lights in their professions). The counsel for the prosecution stated his case with great ability, in fact so well, that notwithstanding all the efforts of the prisoner at the bar, and the counsel for the defence, the jury of good men and true brought in without hesitation a verdict of "Guilty." After due consideration the bench by a unanimous vote sentenced the defendant to walk through the University lake from one side to the other, specially mentioning that he should walk through in a north and south direction, the lake being about twice as long this way as the other. The court then adjourned *sine die* for the purpose of seeing the sentence properly carried into effect, and it was. Spots were selected at the north and south ends of the lake, and the prisoner in spite of every effort to escape was compelled to walk right through from one end to the other. As the lake had at the time a considerable depth of mud in the bottom, the passage was by no means a pleasant one. Of course the ringleaders had in turn to stand their own trial before the University authorities, the prisoner becoming the prosecutor, and in this case the sentence was rustication for a year for some half-dozen of them. The outcome of this summary action of the students has been that no occasion for similar measures has arisen since, and the court still stands adjourned.

The Science Club is a new society which was founded only last year, and is enjoying a strong and lusty youth. Its objects stated in the syllabus are:—"To bring into closer contact students and others connected with the University who are interested in the various branches of science; to hold regular meetings at which papers may be read and discussed and specimens exhibited; to arrange for occasional lectures by leading scientific men; to organise a system of field and marine work under the direction of specialists by means of day excursions and longer expeditions in the vacations; to arrange for visits to institutions and establishments connected with science pure and applied; and to study especially those parts of the various branches of science which relate particularly to Australia." From this it is evident that the primary object of the Club is to get men of scientific tastes together, and to render possible organised University action in regard to matters scientific. At the meetings and excursions the artificial restraints of the lecture room are laid aside, and all—be they freshmen or graduates, students or professors—stand on the equal footing of members of the society. The papers read at the ordinary meetings, of which nine are held annually, have been neither so abstruse as to soar above the understanding of the majority, nor yet so "popular" as to be worthless to anybody. The Club has a very strong members' list, and sends a representative to the Council of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Christian Alliance, whose objects are "the strengthening of the bonds of union among Christian students and the influencing of all fellow-students in favor of Christ and Christianity," has just completed its fourth year with a membership of nearly one hundred. Last year, in addition to its ordinary meetings, it had a series of special meetings conducted under its auspices by Mr. George Clarke, "the Christian Athlete," which drew large attendances. The society does its work in a quiet and unobstrusive way, and seems to be a real factor for good in University life, re-acting against a certain strongly materialistic tendency very liable to develop among students engaged in material studies.

The Princess Ida Club, the social club of the girl students, derives its name from the heroine of Tennyson's medley, but the members' opinions on the subject of woman are not quite so extreme as hers were. The club, however, resembles Ida's University in

one particular—men are strictly excluded from membership, but any female matriculated student, past or present, is eligible to share in its advantages. It was found that women who had left the University were often more or less prevented by circumstances of time and place from continuing friendships begun in student-days, and also that diversity of occupations led to the Medical and Arts girls seeing less of each other than they would have liked, hence to obviate these troubles to some extent, the Princess Ida Club was formed as a central rallying point for both present and past women students. There are between forty and fifty members, who have the use of the prettily-furnished rooms of the club in the University buildings, and meetings are held at intervals, at which papers on various subjects are read and discussed. Occasionally the club has a semi-public meeting, to which members invite their friends, male and female, when some learned professor or distinguished outsider delivers a lecturette, which is followed by libations to the goddess of Congou and Bohea, with perhaps a comedietta or a couple of recitations to vary things a little. *Vivant omnes virgines matriculatæ!*

The athletic societies, of course, differ but little from other clubs. The University Athletic Association is the body which has control of the recreation ground, in which is a fine cricket and football ground with a neat caretaker's house, as well as a fives court and a pair of tennis courts. Under its control the annual University sports are held in September, the numerous events at which are always well contested. Last year the interest in them was still more increased by the institution of the University championship for the most points scored in ten champion events. The cricket club has always occupied a position near the top in the Victorian cricket world, but for various reasons, known and unknown, the football club always appears at the other end of the list. The lacrosse premiership was held by the University Club for the years 1886 and 1887, but last year it occupied third place. But where the University scores highest is at tennis, at which game the students fairly "scoop the pool." The tennis champion of the colony for 1888 was Mr. (now Dr.) A. G. H. Colquhoun, a member of the University first four, which, in addition to including the champion in its number, likewise had the honor of securing the trophy for first-class fours. The trophies for second and third class fours went to fours from Ormond College, who were also members of the 'Varsity club, so that in all grades the University leads.

The University Boat Club is the oldest existing rowing club in Victoria, being of the same age as the institution which gives it its name. In the early years of its life it scarcely occupied a leading position, but in the latter end of the sixties, and the earlier seventies, the light University crews struck terror into outside oarsmen. The greatest success of the club was in 1869, for in that year's regatta, in addition to carrying off the Grand Challenge Cup which placed it at the head of the river, the club won all the other events but two. For the last ten or twelve years, however, it has occupied a much lower position in the rowing world than it ought, the attractions of cricket and football having a great deal to do with this, but it now seems to be improving somewhat, and it is hoped that annual inter-University races will do much to aid this upward tendency. Inter-University races were held in 1871 and in 1872, when four-oared crews from Sydney and Melbourne competed, and on each occasion Melbourne was victorious. The third race was not held till sixteen years after, when, in 1888, eight-oared crews from Sydney, Adelaide, and Melbourne raced on the Lower Yarra, and as before, the Victorian crew came in first. It is intended, if possible, to make the inter-University Boat Race an annual institution.

Official Students' Nights, which are arranged and carried out by a combined Committee appointed by the Union and Medical Students' Society, are either held at the theatre—as a mark of appreciation of a company which puts legitimate drama on the boards and plays it well, and as a means of obtaining some innocent fun at the same time—or else at a bazaar or other entertainment held in aid of some hospital or charity having a distinct claim on the University. Perhaps the best idea of one of these demonstrations will be obtained from a description of the proceedings at the welcome accorded by the students to that fine old "stager," Dion Boucicault, at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne:

A committee of University men bought the gallery for the night, issued tickets of their own, arranged a programme and carried it out. These Students' Nights are taken by the actors as a special mark of approval from the University, and Miss Genevieve Ward, in whose honor one was held the previous September, appreciated the attention so highly as to request to be presented with the "skull and bones" banner, conspicuous on that occasion, as a memento of the event. However, as it was of such large size, and was, moreover, a gift to the M.S.S. from the young lady who made it, Miss Ward's desire for the original could not be granted, but, instead, she was

presented with a miniature copy, similar in every respect to the large one. The first Students' Night in Melbourne was celebrated by four or five score students making their appearance among the astonished gods, and causing considerable stir in Olympus. On the second and third occasions, however, they, to the number of over three hundred, took entire possession of the celestial abode, and caused its former occupants to exclaim in the words of Shakespeare :

"Our enemies have beat us to the *pit!*"

Shortly after seven o'clock numbers of youths—rather more sprucely attired than the usual occupants of that region—began to arrive at the gallery entrance of the Royal, and though somewhat disguised by soft felt wide-awakes and Tam O'Shanters, were, nevertheless, easily recognised as University students. About half-past seven a large banner of black velvet, with skull and crossbones in white silk, was hung over the gallery railing, as also were the flags of Ireland and Australia, and a long streamer with "*Cead mille failthe*" inscribed upon it. The exhibition of the "skull and bones"—which piratical emblem was supposed to typify the medical students' powers in the way of destruction of life—was a signal for proceedings to begin. The chairman of the evening made a short address, and then called for "Three cheers for the Banner," which were duly accorded. Under the direction of a musical conductor, with a human thigh-bone for his baton, the Medicals' Anthem was sung :

"We're medical students all,
Prof. Halford is our father ;
We attend the lecture-hall
And admire the ladies—*Rather ! ! !*"

IN THE QUADRANGLE.

The last verse was sung to slow time, all standing with heads bared, while each verse was accompanied by the old French drinking chorus :

"Toujours, toujours, poor Bacchus et les amours!"

When the anthem was finished a programme of songs ensued—such songs as "Wrap the flag around me, boys!" "McCarthy's mare," We tars that o'er the ocean sail," "U-pi-dee!" When Britain really ruled the waves," "Old John Brown," "Cockles and mussels." There were also a number of localised songs, and a strange composition, celebrating the doings of Dives and Lazarus in this life and after it, entitled from the burden of its chorus, "The old Rojeram!" Among the localised songs was a version of the "Golden Wedding," which mentioned that in the band on that occasion—

"James George Beaney played his own fiddle,
Allen banged the old tambo,
While Prof. Kirkland twanged selections
On his favorite old banjo."

But the fun of the evening was a topical song to the tune of "Vilikins and his Dinah." It was sung by an individual in spectacles and a tremendous Tam o' Shanter, and had a laughing chorus instead of the usual "Tooral-looral" refrain. It related how "a medical student came up to the Shop" as a freshman, and "thought through exams. he would speedily pop," but to his astonishment when the results came out, "he found himself stewing for Februaree!" This was due to being plucked in chemistry, at which exam. the marking of the three examiners varied so, that

"One gave him *six hundred*, and one gave him *six*,
But the third on the Board gave the poor beggar *nix*."

Passing, however, in February, he got through three years safely, but in his fourth the amount of hospital work and lectures drove him to distraction, and

"One night he left Surgery silent and tearful,
We knew by his eye he would do something fearful ;
He sat on the floor, READ THE CALENDAR THROUGH,
And now, as you may guess, is a patient at Kew!"

During the intervals between the acts painted banners were exhibited, showing such things as Dr. Springthorpe on Hydatids," "The Baron's Boots," "A Public Reprimand." The strictest silence was preserved throughout the play by the "sawbones and philomaths," except when the Boucicaults made their first appearance on the stage, when the cheering nearly lifted the roof off. A diversion was created in the second interval, when Miss Nina Boucicault was called for, and by means of a rope of hospital bandages stretched from one side of the house to the other, a basket of flowers was lowered towards her. On the whole the students behaved remarkably well, and they may be complimented on their "third appearance in Melbourne."

The greatest Students' Night of all, however, was in May, 1886, when four hundred students assembled at the University, in cap and gown, with the flags and banners of the clubs, societies and colleges, and marched through the chief streets of Melbourne on their way to the Womens' Hospital Bazaar in the Exhibition building, where they gave a concert, with the result that the takings that night were more than £100 above the average.

From a description in a Melbourne weekly I clip the following:—"When the programme was concluded by the singing of "*Gaudeamus igitur*," the students dispersed themselves about the hall. The standard bearers attached their banners to different stalls, and followed the example of the rest. After they had been relieved of their loose lucre by the "nurses," the gownsmen accompanied them in their predatory excursions, and some even went so far as to attempt to raffle decayed trenchers, gowns, thigh-bones, hospital bandages, &c., for the good of the bazaar. At a quarter-past ten they gathered again under their banners, and marched out of the building to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!"

One more story, and this paper will draw to an end. Of course, in this University, as in others, interruptions at lectures are not unknown, and some students have even reduced the "chyacking" of a lecturer to a science. A certain lecturer, while addressing a class of students of both sexes, was very much annoyed by the persistent interruptions of a few men up in the back rows. He bore it patiently for some time, but at last forbearance could not farther go, and he burst forth into expostulations, closing with the remark, "I see very plainly that some of the Melbourne students are not gentlemen!" Amid the silence which his speech produced, a voice from the back was heard clearly and distinctly to exclaim, "Of course not! *Some of us are ladies!*"

And now having told this story, and having given a fair account of the life and ways of the student in Melbourne University—without wearying my readers, I hope—it only remains to close with our time-honored benediction:—

God bless our noble land,
And give our leaders prudence;
And bless His noblest work on earth—
The Melbourne 'Varsity Students.

SONNET.

A FLOWER LESSON.

AMONG the scrub, washed bright with winter rain
Which from a dull-grey sky in grey showers fell,
Seeking the meanings Nature had to tell,
I walked on, pondering of joy and pain,
When, from the dark-green background's varied grain,
Two sprays of heath glowed forth. A witching spell
Of beauty and of Love from them did well,
And calmed the thoughts that seethed within my brain.
I saw the life of man; a spacious isle
Adorned with mountain, valley, plain, and tree;
The sea of Death raged round perpetually,
And where its cold spray fell no plant would smile,
Save one that lit the shore for many a mile,
The perfect flower of Love's Eternity.

J. C. BENNETT.

HENRIK IBSEN.

BY THEODORE SODERBERG

"NORA ist da!" rang through Berlin a few years ago. "What do you think of 'A Doll's House?'" was the stereotyped question recently heard in London Society circles; and now, the famous Nora has made her appearance in Australia. Here, as elsewhere, Ibsen's plays necessarily give rise to a good deal of criticism, occasionally even to warm literary controversy, more limited in its extent, but certainly not less interesting to us than that of the chief centres of Scandinavia, Germany, and recently of London; for wherever a genius—be he poet, dramatist, philosopher, or scientist—for the first time appears on the arena, there slumbering passions are awakened, and dreaming brains roused into activity, especially so when his thoughts, pointed like thorns, cutting like razors, hit Society in its conventional and traditional apprehensions. It is amusing, and to a certain extent instructive, to observe how public opinion on such occasions plunges head foremost into paradoxical extremities. It criticises not, for it is not tranquil enough to criticise, and its foreknowledge generally fails. It loves or hates, admires enthusiastically, or depreciates with sweeping scorn, adores, or throws stones. Readers of English dailies have had some proof of this during the short time that Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was presented to the theatre-going public of London, and ampler proof has been, and probably will continue to be forthcoming now that the same play has been staged in Australia.

Who then is this dramatist whose name it is no longer unusual to see side by side with those of Aeschylus and Shakespeare, whose writings are translated into the languages of most civilised nations, sold in thousands of copies, and—on the Continent of Europe at least—are made the subject of dissertations and controversies among psychologists, philosophers, and even politicians?

Henrik Ibsen was born March 20, 1828, in the small township of Skien, Norway, where his father at one time was a wealthy merchant. Of Ibsen's earliest youth very little is known. When his father, through

speculations, lost his fortune and retired to a small country-seat, young Henrik entered as apprentice the service of a chemist, but he did not apparently take much interest in the manufacture of pills and drugs, and devoting all his spare time to studies, at the age of twenty-two matriculated at the university of Christiania. For want of the necessary means he had, however, soon to discontinue methodical studies and take to the pen to earn a living. Trying years followed. He suffered want, and now and then had not even sufficient to eat. His daily life was then a struggle for existence, a struggle in which he stood alone, and this isolation has left deep and lasting marks in his writings. After an unsuccessful attempt as publisher of a weekly paper, followed a short activity as scenic instructor in a small theatre in Bergen, and at last Ibsen succeeded in obtaining the directorship of a theatre in Christiania, which he retained until, in 1862, the theatre was closed.

Until then Ibsen's writings had brought him, even from his nearest friends and associates, little but depreciating criticism; even a solid work like the historical drama "Catilina," written in Ibsen's 21st year, although held in the then only recognised style and containing a considerable amount of romantic spirit, failed to bring its author just recognition. Then (in 1862) appears the keen, sarcastic play, "Love's Comedy," in which Ibsen for the first time throws down the glove to Society and its dogmatic conception of love and marriage. He dealt a blow direct, and with a yell of pain and rage popular criticism threw itself at the audacious heretic who dared to laugh at the Holy of Holies. The play does not contain deep thought or fine psychology; it is almost exclusively supported by its satire, but this satire is so refreshing in its spirit, its striking caricatures and realistic pictures, that Ibsen has in this instance reached a higher mark in satire than in any other of his works, with the exception perhaps of the rhymed tragedy, "Peer Gynt," a satire on the weaknesses and follies of his countrymen.

Had Ibsen hitherto felt himself isolated, he had now double reason for calling himself "a lone man." He was tired of the countless and spiteful attacks of his assailants, who did not even limit their activity to criticism of his writings, but dragged his private family life into public discussion. After having (in 1864) treated psychologically a historical subject in "The Pretender," which in spite of its great merits only won for him a lukewarm appreciation, he left his native land and has never since taken up a lasting residence there, nor anywhere else. He has lived in Rome, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and other centres for European art and science. The strain of time has not stifled the elasticity of his mind; on the contrary, year after year his views have undergone a transition from lower to higher states of cultured development. From being national in conceptions and tendencies, he has gradually become cosmopolitan. But although he has now gained reputation, honors, and riches, although he sees himself surrounded by a phalanx of adherents and admirers, among whom he can count the most highly cultivated minds, the most prominent representatives of art and criticism on the Continent—men like the Duke of Meiningen, Brahm, Brandes, Rodenberg, Anno, Kainz, Reicher, and a host of others—although, in spite of the difficulties that lie in being surrounded by the narrow circle of a little-known language, he has fought his way outwards to a fame that grows from day to day, he still likes to call himself a "lone man." His regular, almost punctual life is devoted to his family and his work; but, strange to say, he has not yet, and probably never will get a settled home. He carries nothing with him on his continual wanderings from city to city; his furniture is hired—from the bed he sleeps in to the plate he eats from. One of his friends writes thus:—"The last time I visited him, on my question whether nothing of what I saw in his house belonged to himself he pointed to a row of pictures on the walls. Nothing else could he call his own. He does not feel himself as a member of society, as a child of a nation, as part of a whole, as leader of a group; he feels himself exclusively as a 'genial individual,' and the only thing he actually believes in and respects, is personality, the *I* of man." It is not surprising, therefore, to notice the predilection with which he always in his writings pictures isolated personalities, men and women, who on account of their views, so antagonistic to the once established state of things, by necessity must feel and cultivate a powerful craving for individuality, an individuality that must have full liberty of action and space for evolution, expansion — should it even be at the expense of its surroundings, which may thereby be displaced or completely shattered.

Ibsen is a slow but a very profound worker. Each word is weighed before it is put down; each sentence is pondered, each thought has its particular fixed aim. From the following list of his works the reader will gain an idea

of the subjects that Ibsen has treated dramatically :—

"Catilina" (1850)—A historical drama.
"St. John's Day" (1853)—A dramatised fairy tale.
"The Tumulus" (1854)—A romantic-historical play.
"Dame Inger to Orstrat" (1855)—A historical play —treats of the relation between the sexes.
"The Feast at Solhaug" (1856)—A play. Treats of the relation between the sexes.
"Olaf Liljekrands" (1857)—A romantic-historical play.
"The Warriors at Helgeland" (1858)—A historical drama. Treats of the antagonism between traditional and new ideas.
"Love's Comedy" (1862)—A rhymed play. Satire on erotics and marriage.
"The Pretenders" (1864)—A historical drama. Treats of the antagonism between an outlived and a new generation.
"Brand" (1866)—A rhymed tragedy. Treats of religion.
"Peer Gynt" (1867)—A rhymed tragedy. Satire on the weaknesses of Ibsen's countrymen.
"Youth's Bond" (1869)—A play. Treats of a social-moral question.
"Emperor and Galilean" (1873)—A historical tragedy. Treats of religion.
"The Pillars of Society" (1877)—A play. Treats of a social-moral question.
"A Doll's House" (1879)—A play. Treats of the relation between the sexes.
"Ghosts" (1881)—A family drama. Treats of the relation between the sexes.
"An Enemy of the People" (1882)—A play. Treats of a social-moral question.
"The Wild Duck" (1884)—A play. Treats of the antagonism between modern materialism and idealism.
"Rosmer Vale" (1886)—A play. Treats of the relation between the sexes.
"The Lady from the Sea" (1888)—A play. Treats of the relation between the sexes.

A poet's, novelist's, or dramatist's sphere of influence should be measured by that degree of intimacy which he shows with the new ideas of contemporary society, with the life of his generation, its struggles, its sufferings, its hopes for the future. And the form of action can be twofold,—either radical realistic, where the writer with a firm hand tears the bark of the apparently healthy tree, and points to its wormeaten wood, castigates and rouses society by openly dissecting its concealed sins ; or liberal-comparative, when he avoids the existing conditions, stands only in indirect communication with them, rouses society to self-reflection by depicting the analogical conditions of a past generation, or stimulates his contemporaries to progress by enthusiastic descriptions of an imaginary future happiness. It depends upon the individual leanings of the writer which of these two forms of action he must employ in his art. That Ibsen, in consequence of his special life-experience and peculiar turn of mind, necessarily must adopt the first, might be taken for granted.

"Man, as he exhibits himself in our present state of culture, is paltry. Semi-humanism and mediocrity everywhere sit at the head of the table. Robbed of its ideals, impoverished in spite of all its wealth, dragged down in the mire of egotistical materialism, the "Spirit of Compromise," with hypocrisy and moral cowardice in its train, has overpowered humanity, and now holds the reins of hearts and brains." This theme, which runs through all the writings of Ibsen, sounds now sharp, as for instance in "Brand," and the "Wild Duck ;" now soft as if played with a mute, for instance in "Rosmer Vale," and the "Lady from the Sea;" but it is present in all the works of the Scandinavian poet. How scornful his voice sounds through that scene in "Rosmer Vale," where Rosmer's old teacher, this caricature of a modern idealist, after his interview with Peter Mortensgaard, editor of the radical newspaper, comes to take leave before he ends his wretched life :—

(Enters) BRENDEL. John, my boy—your hand——farewell !
ROSMER. Where are you going, so late at night ?
BRENDEL. Downwards !
ROSMER. How do you mean ?
BRENDEL. I am going home my worthy pupil. I have become homesick for the great Nothing.
ROSMER. Something has happened to you, Mr. Brendel. Tell me what it is, please.
BRENDEL. Ah ! you do observe the change ? Well I don't wonder. The last time I stood in this room it was as a well-to-do man, and proudly I then slapped at my pocket.
ROSMER. I don't quite understand—
BRENDEL. But now, in this very night you see before you a dethroned king among the smouldering ruins of his burnt castle.
ROSMER. If I in any possible way can help you—
BRENDEL. John, you have conserved your child-heart ;—could you serve me with a loan ?
ROSMER. Oh yes, with the greatest pleasure.
BRENDEL. Can you dispose with an ideal or two ?
ROSMER. What did you say ?
BRENDEL. A couple of laid-aside ideals. It would be a good deed ; for I am totally devoid of such things now, my dear boy.
REBECCA. But your lecture, Mr. Brendel, was it not delivered ?
BRENDEL. No, my enticing lady. What do you think ? —just as I was about emptying the horn of plenty I made the painful discovery that I was bankrupt—there was nothing in it.
REBECCA. But all your unwritten works ?
BRENDEL. For twenty-five years I have sat as the miser sits on his locked safe, and yesterday, when I opened the door to fetch the treasure, it had gone. Time had moulded it into dust. There was simply nothing in it.
ROSMER. But how can you know for certain ?
BRENDEL. There is no room for doubt, my dear boy. The president himself has persuaded me.
ROSMER. The president ?
BRENDEL. Well, His Excellency then –just as you like.
ROSMER. But whom do you speak of ?
BRENDEL. Peter Mortensgaard, of course.
ROSMER. Of him !

BRENDEL. (mysteriously)—Hush! Peter Mortensgaard is lord and master of the future. Never stood I before the face of a greater man. Peter Mortensgaard is born with the power of almightiness. He can do whatever he will.

ROSMER. Ah, how can you think so.

BRENDEL. Yes, my boy! For Peter Mortensgaard does not will more than he can. Peter Mortensgaard is capable of living without ideals; and that, you see—that is the great secret of success. That is the grand total of the world's wisdom! Basta!

Ibsen hates the "Halvers" of humanity. He wants undivided human beings. First *man*, whole and free; afterwards the citizen, the husband, the father. We can see this in Brand's person, in Nora's "A Doll's House," in Ellida's "The Lady from the Sea." Ibsen finds that society does not permit of this elevation of the individual as a personality, and he is not blind to the plain fact, that he who dares to be himself, whole, undivided as individual, must of necesssity succumb. He does not fit into the present shape of society. Hence the tragic finish of so many of Ibsen's plays. The imperious pastor, Brand, whose motto is the harsh "Nothing or All!" must perish when he has broken through the last conventional form. To the magnanimous freethinker, Rosmer, who is dreaming of converting humanity into a brotherhood of "joyous nobles," life as a part of the present society must seem worthless and unbearable the very moment he frees himself from the last of those inherited ideas that fetter his spirit. This demand: that man shall first of all be wholly man, must necessarily involve a deep felt hatred towards the "Spirit of Compromise," an Ibsenian expression which signifies all that in human nature is vacillating and pliable, that will rather elude than fight, rather surrender its claims than demand its rights. Thus in "Brand" we hear the ardent pastor scorn his flock who

> Thought they could, for chaffer-price,
> Sneak the back-way to salvation,
> Through the door of compromise,

and stir them by the passionate outburst:

> People! The spirit of compromise is Satan!

In "Peer Gynt," the Spirit of Compromise presents itself in the allegorical figure Boigen:

PEER GYNT. Strike a blow!
BOIGEN. Boigen is no fool.
PEER GYNT. Strike!
BOIGEN. Boigen does not strike.
PEER GYNT. Fight! Thou shallst!
BOIGEN. The great Boigen wins without fighting.

Ibsen's standpoint in the religious controversy of the day seems somewhat vague. In the two dramas in which the plot is based on religious motives the principal characters appear in a rather flimsy light to the reader. Brand is a wild, severe, enthusiastic, sometimes even fanatic revolutionist. But he struggles in vain. The people misunderstand him. For a while they are carried away by the torrent of his mighty and fiery eloquence; they then sink back into the old forms, to their daily idealess and dull existence where religiousness is a matter of form, and where the Spirit of Compromise makes a hypocrite or a materialist of man. The command: "Nothing or All!" is too severe for the toiling crowd. Brand himself is the only strong one; *he* sacrifices all—and yet he dies with doubt in his heart. His last scream of agony, when he is buried by the avalanche, is also a cry of doubt, an interrogation towards God, whether then, after all, the *quantum satis* of man's will does not suffice. He receives no direct answer; but through the crash and thunder sounds a voice: "He is *Deus caritatis.*" In "Emperor and Galilean," Julian the Apostate dies in doubt as to the rightness of the honest and zealous aim of his life, and the play ends with a somewhat mystical allusion to a "third kingdom" that some day shall amalgamate paganism and christendom into a harmonious whole. This inclination towards mysticism is nothing unusual in the earlier writings of Ibsen, and it is to be regretted that in his last couple of plays he has to some extent returned to the enigmatical, which here presents itself in allegorical and rather foggy figures (the Stranger in "The Lady from the Sea," the White Horses in "Rosmer Vale"), which put the guessing faculties of readers and audience to too severe a test.

So much clearer is Ibsen's standpoint when he treats of social and moral questions, and especially of his favorite subject, the relation between the sexes, marriage, and family. It is interesting to observe how the dramatist, who in his younger days had quite an aversion for the "woman question" and who felt himself repulsed by J. S. Mill's "The Subjection of Women," has been transformed into a prominent and ardent *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* for the "rights of woman," has indeed developed into the "Woman's Poet," as he is justly called.

His women are most remarkable characters in the formation of which Ibsen has invested the best of his genius. The prominent standpoint which the man occupied in most of his earlier writings is in the later plays occupied by the woman. It is she who exhibits will and courage, she who carries the banner of idealism high in the battle, she who acts,

driven by love, passion, or enthusiasm. These characters are not womanlike in the conventional sense of the word; it is just the masterly representation of the struggle between woman as womanlike and woman as humanlike that seizes, electrifies. and subjugates the audience. We can be adverse to the social or moral principles underlying this representation, we can resent and protest, but it is of no avail—we are overpowered and fettered by the greatness of this art, so long as we stand face to face with it. We can long enough blame Ibsen that he is inhumane in his mode of educating; but for all that we are struck by the elevation of his art and are roused to self-criticism. When Goethe, shortly before his death, conversed with Eckermann about Byron's poesy, and Eckermann remarked that Byron, in spite of all his poetical greatness, hardly was fit to promote "true humane education," Goethe answered, "All that is great will educate, if we will only perceive it."

It has often been said of Ibsen's representations of female characters that they are not truly realistic, in so far as they do not give us a true picture of women as we see them in our everyday life, and Ibsen is blamed for introducing gross exaggeration and misrepresentation. What is forgotten is that a poet and dramatist has the right of liberty to select his themes and draw his characters in obedience to the end he is aiming at. As a revolutionary moralist and a thorough idealist, Ibsen had to reject and to entirely exclude that class of characters, those ideal women, who for upwards of a hundred years, thanks to the influence of the French stage, had predominated in dramatic art. Ibsen brings forward the exceptional characters, the uncommon women who stand in antagonism to the present state of things, those rare beings that always appear when a new period is felt, or thought to dawn upon humanity. Wishing to throw as bright a light as possible on these extraordinary women he places them in the midst of conventional surroundings, amongst men of ultra-conservative stamp. One of Ibsen's critics, Henrietta Frances Lord, writes to the point when she says that "Ibsen sees the world deluged by masculine qualities; he approves them if, by devotion to a distinct plan and its execution, they touch heroism, otherwise he chases lovers of self mercilessly about with scorn or laughter. He sees womanly qualities hidden, fled away, or misunderstood. He does not construct some purely harmonious circumstances and show woman attaining a seeming equilibrium and becoming all that her nature is capable of. He either shows her driven to crime or to eccentricity by cramped or misdirected development (like Nora in 'A Doll's House') or losing her womanliness by being reared in a wrong state of society (like Helen in 'Emperor and Galilean'); or finally he opens all the great gates of his poetry to noble, pure-hearted, loving, disappointed women, who move about among reckless men as the natural centres for conversion and reconciliation, but either lack courage to seize the occasion, or, if they have much courage, happen to have such a pig-headed, one-sided manhood to deal with that the inspired woman, the heavenly herald of nature and conscience, is trampled under foot or passed by, the man regretting it, but when it is too late."

In "A Doll's House" Ibsen has represented an exceptional scene of marriage life, and the representation is so fine and characteristic in its psychology, so overwhelming in its drastic effects, that it could only have emanated from a genius of eminent rank. Not that this marriage is an every-day one—it is not intended for such. The means are exceptional, and must necessarily be so, that the end, the ideal of Ibsen's perception, can present itself in full light. Nor was Hamlet a character to be found in everyday life, and least so at the time he is supposed to have lived. It is the wife in relation to the husband that Ibsen in "A Doll's House" shows in light of the principles of individualism, just as he in "Ghosts" pictures the mother in relation to the child, seen in light of the doctrine of heredity; and it is the idea that the object of marriage is to make each human personality a self, a whole, which gives to "A Doll's House" its particular Ibsenian flavor. Right through the play we feel that the crisis must come, and when it does come no help is to be found in any compromise. The "doll," the "little lark," the "darling bird," has gone forever; the childlike woman and wife has developed into a human personality, and Nora's self craves its rights:

HELMER. . . . . henceforth it shall be different. The time for play is gone by; now comes the time for education.

NORA. Whose education—mine or the children's?

HELMER. Yours, as well as the children's, dear Nora.

NORA. Oh, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being the right wife for you.

HELMER. And *you* say that?

NORA. And I—how have I been prepared to educate the children?

HELMER. Nora!

NORA. Did you not say just now yourself that *that* was a task you dared not entrust to me?

HELMER. In a moment of excitement. How can you lay any stress upon that?

NORA. No, you were perfectly right. For that task I am not ready. There is another which must be performed first. I must first try to educate myself. In that you are not the man to help me. I must set to work alone. And that is why I am going away from you now.

For Ibsen the "holiest duties" have no significance if they are to be offered at the expense of the human personality. The holy duty of woman as wife and mother is not the holiest.

HELMER. Oh, you blind, inexperienced creature!

NORA. I must try and gain experience, Torvald.

HELMER. To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! And only think what people will say about it.

NORA. I cannot take that into consideration I only know that to go is necessary for me.

HELMER. Oh, it drives one wild! Is this the way you can evade your holiest duties?

NORA. What do you consider my holiest duties?

HELMER. Do I need to tell you that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

NORA. I have other duties equally sacred.

HELMER. No, you have not. What duties do you mean?

NORA. Duties towards myself.

HELMER. Before all else you are a wife and mother.

NORA. I no longer think so. I think that before all else I am a human being just as you are, or at least I will try to become one. . . . .

That the representation of such revolutionary characters as Ibsen's women is not greeted with hospitable feelings by a generation that from childhood has imbibed the traditional apprehension of womanhood and marriage, is easily understood.

The reception which "A Doll's House," and "Ghosts" experienced in Ibsen's native land is well pictured by the eminent critic, Dr. George Brandes:—"The play ("A Doll's House") made a powerful, although choking impression. In centuries past society had through its clergymen and poets, revered and eulogised as a haven the marriage that was founded on love, and disturbed by no third person. Now this haven was seen full of rocks and reefs, and it was as if Ibsen had extinguished the lights. "Ghosts" followed. Here, again, a marriage is analysed,—the reverse of "A Doll's House." The greatest and finest in "A Doll's House" was especially that Ibsen had granted the husband so much. What had Ibsen not granted this man? He is a thoroughly honest, straightforward man, an excellent economist, independent in his position towards strangers and subordinates, a faithful husband, a strict and loving father, a good-hearted and educated gentleman, &c. —and yet this man's wife is a victim, and his marriage a whited sepulchre. The husband in that marriage, to which we, in "Ghosts," get a clear insight, has been of quite a different stamp, a ruffian, a drunkard, licentious to the extreme, but in possession of so much of that ability which licentious men often have, to conquer hearts by a seeming good-natured disposition, that it just was rendered possible for his wife to keep his degraded life secret and avoid scandal. By remaining with him, by giving herself up to him, she has not only sacrificed her personal welfare and happiness, but has become mother to a human-being that is doomed from the very day of its birth, to a son whom weariness of life, despair, hopeless imbecility, idiotism strikes at his entrance to manhood—and yet that part of society, which the Rev. Manders represents, thinks that her sacrifice of herself and her son was duty, that revolt against this dreadful state was crime. This is the pathos of the play, and this pathos terrified the conservative and reactionary elements still more than "A Doll's House." This time it was as if Ibsen had extinguished the stars: "Not a Glimpse of light!"

What reception does Ibsen's work experience in Australia? Are the majority for, or against this new dramatic art, which claims for the stage, first and foremost, an educational mission, which is grave and gloomy, not gay and sympathetic, which leaves its audience in a silent and painful, not a talkative and self-satisfied state of mind? Is it a majority or a minority that can understand and appreciate the staging of, for instance, a scene like the one in "Ghosts," where Oswald, feeling the approach of imbecility unavoidable, implores his mother to take his life, this gloomy scene where the words sound like suppressed groans:—

MRS. ALVING (screams in terror). I!

OSWALD. Who is nearer to it than you?

MRS. ALVING. I! Your mother!

OSWALD. For that very reason.

MRS. ALVING. I! who gave you life!

OSWALD. I never asked you for life. What sort of life have you given me? I will not have it. You shall take it back again.

The answer is not difficult. For some time yet the minority will be for, the majority against. And who are right? Those who support Ibsen's claim to rouse and teach society in his way, by his means, and through the stage, or those who oppose the efforts of the new dramatic art? Let us hear Ibsen's own opinion: "Björnson—he once wrote in a letter to Dr. G. Brandes—"says the majority are always right, and, as a practical politician, he must doubtless say so. I, however, must necessarily say the minority are always right. Of course I do not think of that minority of men of stagnation, who are distanced by the large party which we at home used to call the Liberal; but I mean the minority who have arrived at that point which the majority have not yet reached."

COLONIAL "KNOW-NOTHINGISM."

A REPLY TO MR. B. R. WISE.

BY F. B. FREEHILL, M.A.

THE recent attacks upon Irish Catholics, made by Mr. Wise in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine* and in the September number of THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE, furnish us with a singularly striking example of the truth of the aphorism that history repeats itself. Many of those who have read the articles in question were, no doubt, impressed with the idea that their author had made a new revelation, and deserved to be treated as a brave and patriotic citizen who had chivalrously unmasked a hideous conspiracy just in time to save the constitution from utter annihilation, and to preserve the liberties which are so dearly prized by every Australian.

Those who regard Mr. Wise as a heroic champion of liberty, and the saviour of his country from the diabolical machinations of that section of the community whose origin is Irish and whose creed is Catholic, will be surprised to learn that there is quite a shocking lack of originality in his revelations, and that, in point of fact, the charges made by our accuser are (with the exception of the local coloring so artistically added to heighten the effect) the same as those which were made some forty-five years ago in the United States of America by a combination which was publicly known as the "Society of Know-Nothings"—a secret organisation, long since extinct, which was formed with the avowed object of assailing Irish Catholics. Though the calumnies in both instances are identical and made with equal venom and mendacity, there is this difference in favor of American "Know-Nothingism"—that it boldly proclaimed itself in its own cities, while Mr. Wise circulated his slanders at the other end of the world. As Mr. Wise professes that he has been actuated solely by the purest motives in bringing his charges, and as nothing whatever could justify the making of such charges but their truth, if it can be shown that he has not only suppressed some facts and deliberately misstated others, but also has knowingly made untrue statements, then he has forfeited the respect of every lover of what is fair and honorable in political warfare, and must be considered guilty of a cowardly attempt to fan the flames of religious discord to serve his own ends.

The first charge with which it is proposed to deal is to be found in page 184 of *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, and runs as follows:—"Members who are positively disorderly are very few, and generally either belong to the Irish race or represent an Irish constituency."

The fact that the positively disorderly members of our Parliaments are few in number is not to be disputed, but the rest of Mr. Wise's assertion is so base a fabrication that even he did not dare to make it in this country, nor has he attempted to bring forward the slightest evidence in its support, although his article in the last number of this magazine was admittedly written in answer to the criticisms evoked by his first article in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The reason is manifest, for no one knows better than Mr. Wise that of all the members of our Parliament who have from time to time deserved the epithet of disorderly, there was but one (now no longer in Parliament) who could be described as an Irish Catholic. This is not the proper place, nor is it necessary to furnish a list of the names of those whose conduct has tended to degrade the colony and to bring our representative institutions into contempt in order to vindicate the Irish Catholic members of Parliament from this palpably absurd though vindictive charge. As to those mysterious "Irish constituencies" in this country which are perpetually addicted to returning disorderly members to Parliament, it becomes the bounden duty of their discoverer to patriotically point out their whereabouts to the Government, so that an act may be passed prior to the forthcoming general election by which the representation of these dreadful localities can be suspended until Mr. Gladstone has re-opened the Irish Parliament in College Green, and only restored to them upon the understanding that their members shall thenceforward be compelled to sit in Dublin instead of in Sydney. This statesman-

like solution of the difficulty should meet with the approval of Mr. Wise, as it would not only have the effect of immediately purifying the local political atmosphere, but would also weaken the Opposition by keeping out a few more Protectionists. It strikes one forcibly that Mr. Wise must have Freetrade on the brain, so that he is prepared in the interests of "cheap calico" not only to insult his Irish Catholic fellow-citizens, but is also ready to sneer at the Protestant working men of Australia. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, page 186, he states: "Only two years ago, in New South Wales, the Protectionists were a small body of Sydney artisans, most of whom were Protestants." What a disgraceful state of things! Imagine artisans—mere working men—daring to think for themselves upon the fiscal question! And Protestants, too! so benighted; so abominably stupid as not to see that the franchise was conferred upon Protestant working men for the express purpose of enabling them to record their votes as ordered by the superior persons who have been born to rule them, and also of electing Mr. Wise for South Sydney.

Amongst the charges most emphatically put forward is this: "In two years every Irish member, with only one exception, has become a Protectionist."—*Macmillan*, page 186.

Mr. Wise is so sure of his ground here that he repeats this charge in almost the same words in THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE after three or four months further reflection—"The only fact which is open for all to see is that within two years every Irish member of Parliament, with only one exception, has been 'converted' to Protection." Of course, Mr. Wise means "Irish Catholic" when he uses the term "Irish," and as he sat in Parliament two years ago and personally knew the Irish Catholic members, and also who were Freetraders, there is no possible excuse for his deliberately stating as a fact that which he must have known to be untrue. In 1887 the following five gentlemen—who are Irish and Catholic—were members of Parliament, and also Freetraders, namely: the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, Messrs. McElhone, McCourt, A. J. Riley, and Hugh Taylor, and each of these gentlemen is still a Freetrader. Does Mr. Wise wish us to believe that the Postmaster-General is the "only one exception?" Are Mr. McCourt and Mr. Hugh Taylor not sitting in Parliament to-day as Freetraders? Is there any doubt that Mr. Riley is a Freetrader still? Has Mr. John McElhone ceased to be a Freetrader?

It is simply incredible that these gentlemen have been "converted" to Protection, unless they have been reading the official reports of the recent Freetrade Conference.

Irish Catholics are charged in the *Macmillan* article with having given at the last general election in Victoria a block vote in favor of Freetrade, although, as Mr. Wise admits, "the fiscal question was not in issue," while in the CENTENNIAL article it is asserted that "the Irish vote is given in the same colony to the Opposition," whose recent attempt to increase the duties on live stock affords the strongest proof of their belief in the policy of Protection.

Mr. Wise has taken extreme care to show that his bitterness is directed solely against Irish Catholics, for he informs us that "Catholics of other nationalities have supported the coalition" in Victoria. Again, "this policy of isolation is not countenanced by English and Scotch Catholics"—page 84.

What possible evidence can be given to support these statements? The Catholic Church has, it is true in Australia, within her fold adherents of many nationalities, but no one can be ignorant of the fact that the vast majority of Catholics in this country are Irish, either by birth or by descent, and that those who are of other nationalities form but an exceedingly small proportion of the general body. Mr. Wise's object is very clear. This pouring out of fulsome compliments to non-Irish Catholics, attributing to them the possession of every excellence, both social, intellectual, and political enables him to concentrate the full force of his hatred and scorn upon the Irish; but, after all, Mr. Wise's compliments can hardly be expected to excite much enthusiasm amongst non-Irish Catholics—for does he not know more about the internal management of the Catholic Church than any ordinary member of it, and has he not told us that it is only the Irish who vote as "directed by the leaders" of the Catholic Church.

No better instance of Mr. Wise's manliness and regard for truth can be given than the following:—

> Within the last seven years, churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, nunneries (*sic*) sisterhoods, and monastic orders have been founded or established in all the Australian colonies, and are—many of them—under the control of Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen of exceptional ability, who present a marked contrast to the illiteracy of the ordinary country priest. In addition large sums of money have been raised in Australia, and granted by Rome, for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings.

Here is another discovery, that, during the last "seven years," churches, schools, &c., have been founded or established. Surely Mr. Wise is aware that during the last seventy

years the Catholic Church in Australia has been engaged in precisely the same work. With regard to the invasion of these wonderful "Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen" during the last seven years, Mr. Wise would do a great kindness if he would inform his Eminence Cardinal Moran, in what part of Australia they are to be found, as one can only conjecture that their presence is as mythical as Mr. Wise's "Irish Constituencies."

The statement that large sums of money have been granted by Rome has been accurately described as a "mouthful of moonshine." Mr. Wise will not "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and allow Irish Catholics the credit which, even their most inveterate enemies have not hesitated to admit, belongs to the men whose generosity and sacrifices are proclaimed in the most striking manner by the hundreds of splendid edifices which have been erected at enormous cost, and are devoted to the purposes of religion, of education, and of charity throughout Australia.

Mr. Wise has also in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*—at the other end of the world, where his slander could not be refuted—branded the Irish Catholic clergy of Australia as being "illiterate" and "of a very different stamp from the men who labored to assist Bishops Wilson and Ullathorne, or that powerful and most gifted son of the Church—Archbishop Vaughan." It is a fact that the Australian Catholic clergy of to-day are "mostly Irish," and although Irish Catholics justly revere the memories of the two great Englishmen who ruled the See of Sydney—Archbishop Polding and Archbishop Vaughan—they also cherish the memory of the pioneers—Father Therry, Father Connolly, Father O'Flynn, Archdeacon McEncroe, and the long succession of Irish priests whose lives have been spent in the service of the Church in Australia. Yes, the Catholic clergy in Australia are now—and from the arrival of the first priest—have been "mostly Irish," and it may comfort Mr. Wise to know that if it had not been for the Irish clergy, Catholicity in Australia, in all human probability, would be—as Mr. Wise himself would wish it—practically non-existent. Mr. Wise evidently has a weakness for great names. To-day it is Archbishop Vaughan whom he admires, yesterday it was Cardinal Newman, whose name he most unwarrantably quoted to a Freetrade audience as a Protectionist. It would be highly interesting to Protectionists to have the advantage of knowing in which of the Cardinal's works any reference to the fiscal question can be found.

In the bitterness of his soul, Mr. Wise asserts that the Irish clergy in Australia are "illiterate." This cruel slander is uttered by a man who spent the greater part of his life in England, and who has, in all probability, never in the course of his life, exchanged words with half-a-dozen Catholic priests in Australia, and yet he publishes this scurrilous libel, at the other end of the world, upon a body of men whose attainments are certainly not in any way inferior to those of the average University graduate.

The next charge of Mr. Wise is that the Catholic Church desires to get control of the Public Schools. That the Catholic Church everywhere insists upon the principle that no education is complete without religious training, and that Catholics have spared no expense in providing schools in which religious training and secular instruction are imparted, was well known long before Mr. Wise undertook to enlighten us. The Catholic Church asserts that the State acts unjustly in paying for the education of the children of those who approve of the Public School system out of taxes collected from all classes of the community, including those who conscientiously decline to avail themselves of the State system. The Catholic claim has never amounted to more than this, that the State has a right to insist that children shall be educated up to a certain standard, and that if children are educated in Catholic Schools up to the standard required by the State a fair pecuniary allowance should be made to the conductors of those schools, or in other words, that the principle of payment by results should be adopted. The charge that the church "desires to get control of the Public Schools," when as a matter of fact, the position of the Catholic Church is that she has steadily refused to have anything whatever to do with Public Schools, is one that even Mr. Wise cannot urge seriously. Now we are assured that the Irish Catholics are directing all their efforts to subverting the Public School system in this colony by voting for Protection. The grounds upon which the public are invited to believe this are not that the Irish leaders have made any statement to that effect, but that they are preserving "*an* Ominous Silence" upon the subject. The Catholic claim in regard to education was put clearly before the country and was rejected by so overwhelming a majority of the electors that the Public School system of New South Wales is as firmly established as is that of the United States of America, or as the principles of the Bill of Rights and the

Protestant succession are in Great Britain. Freetrade must be in a bad way indeed when its advocates are no longer prepared to rely upon its merits. Evidently the object of Mr. Wise's attacks upon Irish Catholics is to rouse the demon of religious strife, and to wave the "bloody shirt of Know-nothingism" in the faces of the Protestant electors at the approaching general election, and thus by an appeal to the blind prejudices of humanity to stave off the impending doom of Freetrade. It is charged by Mr. Wise against Irish Catholics that they "vote solidly as the leaders of the church direct." If there be any truth in this charge, then the direction must be given either publicly in the churches which are open to the public or by circulars, (copies of which Mr. Wise could no doubt easily procure) or by private interviews. Is it credible that if any such direction has ever been given the fact would not have immediately become public property? And although there are nearly three hundred priests in this colony, who according to Mr. Wise are always directing people how to vote, yet the only evidence in support of this charge made public up to the present time is a statement made by Mr. McElhone "that a priest denounced him from the altar as an Orangeman in disguise," from which it may be safely inferred that the reverend gentleman must have been laboring under some extraordinary hallucination. It may not be out of place here to remark that Catholics are as independent and unfettered in regard to political action as any portion of the community.

Every Catholic knows that the church has no concern with politics, and that resistance to any interference by the church with politics is not only a right but a duty.

This principle is clearly put by the illustrious Cardinal Newman in the following extract from his letter to the Duke of Norfolk (published in 1875).

> Members of Parliament or of the Privy Council take an oath that they would not acknowledge the right of succession of a Prince of Wales if he became a Catholic. I should not consider the Pope could release me from that oath had I bound myself by it. I should be clear that though the Pope bade all Catholics to stand firm in one phalanx for the Catholic Succession, still, while I remained in my office or in my place in Parliament I could not do as he bade me. Again, were I actually a soldier or sailor in Her Majesty's service sent to take part in a war which I could not in my conscience see to be unjust, and should the Pope suddenly bid all Catholic soldiers and sailors to retire from the service, here again I should not obey him.

Again, when the Irish people were engaged in agitating for the repeal of the Penal Laws, and the British Government had agreed to remove the infamous disabilities under which Catholics had groaned for centuries upon condition that they should concede to the Crown a right of Veto upon the nomination of their Bishops, although a Papal Legate, Cardinal Quarantotti, was sent over to induce them to consent to the Veto, the Irish Catholics indignantly refused to accept even the priceless boon of emancipation upon such ignoble terms, and O'Connell publicly declared that the "Irish people were willing to take their religion from Rome, but not their politics." Again, upon the issue of the famous recent Papal Rescript condemning certain matters in connection with the Irish National movement, the Irish Catholics, both at home and abroad, and even here in Sydney, the very men whom Mr. Wise has attacked held public meetings protesting against any such unwarrantable interference in politics.

In the *Macmillan* article Mr. Wise states that:

> Twice in the history of Victoria the Catholic party has been in power, once under Sir John O'Shannassy, and once under Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, and the lesson which was then taught has never been forgotten, either in Victoria or in the other Colonies.

Here again Mr. Wise wilfully suppresses facts, for Sir John O'Shannassy was in office three times as Premier, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy once, and Sir Bryan O'Loghlen once. In addition to which Sir Bryan O'Loghlen was Attorney-General in the Berry Administration in February, 1880, at a date when Mr. Wise states his party were conspiring to put Mr. Berry out of office. Mr. Wise then having suppressed the above facts, asserts on the authority of the Melbourne *Age* that "during ten months, out of one thousand persons appointed by Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, eight hundred were Irish." Why a period of ten months is fixed upon is mysterious, seeing that Sir Bryan O'Loghlen's administration was in power for nearly two years from July 1881 to March 1883. It is unnecessary for me to do more than quote Sir Bryan's own words in reference to this charge, as Mr. Wise is considerate enough to admit that Sir Bryan O'Loghlen is "a gentleman," although he is Irish. Sir Bryan telegraphs these words: "*Age's* statement absolutely untrue. One of its usual political inventions, some call them lies. I brand this statement with that ugly epithet."

Another of Mr. Wise's charges is as follows:—

> Whatever Government may be in power the Irish are the great billet hunters; five applicants out of every six for any Government appointment, however poorly paid, are certain to bear Irish names.

This is a charge which comes with extremely bad grace from one whose relatives have

drawn the enormous sum of £108,035 2s. 10d. from the Treasury of New South Wales. Mr. Wise also asserts that it is not correct, as far as New South Wales is concerned, to say "that Catholic Irishmen have not received their proper share of patronage." In order to test the truth of this statement the following table has been carefully prepared from the Blue Book for 1888, showing in the first column the department, in the second the total number of officers in receipt of annual salaries, and in the third the number of those who bear Irish names and are presumably Catholics.

Department.	Number of Officers.	No. bearing Irish Names presumably Catholics.
Executive and Legislative	40	2
Royal Mint	18	0
Colonial Secretary and Registrar-General	61	6
District Registrars	235	23
Government Statistician	10	2
Audit	40	3
Inspector General of Police	58	10
Medical	39	4
Govt. Medical Officers and Vaccinators	175	16
Lunacy	40	2
State Children's Relief	8	0
Government Asylums	22	4
Military Forces Staff and Artillery	42	3
Partially-Paid Forces	173	6
Ordnance and Barrack Department	16	1
Agent-General	10	0
Botanic Gardens	6	0
Civil Service Board	9	0
Fisheries Commission	31	1
Local Government	8	0
Water Supply	33	2
Treasury	63	6
Customs	207	30
Stamp Office	19	2
Government Printer	32	3
Board of Health	11	0
Shipping Masters	12	0
Marine Board	107	3
Public Wharves	6	1
Public Instruction	169	19
Australian Museum	16	0
Technological Museum	6	0
Free Public Library	8	1
Church and School Lands	4	0
Observatory	8	1
Justice	16	1
Supreme Court Judges	7	0
District Court Judges	7	0
Crown Prosecutors	7	1
Supreme Court, Master-in-Equity and Curator Intestate Estates	43	7
Sheriff	10	0
Bankruptcy	7	1
District Courts	86	8
Coroner's	113	9
Police Magistates and Clerks of Petty Sessions	214	21
Comptroller-General, and Gaols	72	11
Shaftesbury Reformatory, Copyright and Patents	11	2
Attorney-General	35	4
Railway Commissioners' Staff	93	20
Public Works	10	1
Roads	133	13
Colonial Architect	33	2
Harbors and Rivers	126	17
Mines Department:—Clerks, Surveyors and Wardens	251	24
Department Lands	783	72
Postmaster-General	572	79
Electric Telegraph	806	109
Money Order	56	4
University of Sydney	94	1
Sydney Grammar School	25	0
Total	5552	558

From the preceding figures it will be seen "that the strong feeling in New South Wales . . . . against the employment of Irishmen where applicants of other nationalities are equally available" has operated in such a way as to unjustly deprive some thousands of Irish Catholics from employment in the Civil Service, for while Catholics are about thirty per cent. of the total population the number of Catholics in the Civil Service is certainly not more than ten per cent. Does not this prove that Mr. Wise is wrong in saying that "there is no enmity nor ill will against the Irish in this country."

The personal reference to myself in THE CENTENNIAL article furnishes another example of the readiness of Mr. Wise to make reckless charges. He quotes from the *Daily Telegraph* what purports to be a report of a speech delivered by me in support of his assertion that: "There is a tendency on the part of a certain section of the Irish in Australia to subordinate the interests of Australia to those of another country." After quoting the *Daily Telegraph* report he states that I denied the accuracy of the report which he quotes, and that "the notes of the independent reporters agreed that the report given by the *Daily Telegraph* was correct." Mr. Wise therefore, must have seen the "independent reports." Now what are the facts? I delivered a speech which lasted over half-an-hour. A reporter from the *Australian Star* was present the whole time, and one from the *Daily Telegraph* (who since informed me he had been at four or five other places during the same evening), came into the hall where I was speaking, did not remain more than a few minutes and reported my half-hour speech in five lines. The next day the *Daily Telegraph* report appeared, and in the *Star* a leading article headed "Mr. Freehill's threat," having for its text the *Daily Telegraph* report. In the same issue of the *Star* appeared an extended report, occupying half a column. I immediately called upon the editor of the *Star* and referred him to his own report in support of my repudiation of the *Daily Telegraph* report, and that gentleman expressed his regret for having unjustly attacked me, and afterwards published a leading article withdrawing the former one. In the face of all this, Mr. Wise in the mostly cowardly manner suppresses these facts in order to give some color to his charges.

There is just one other of Mr. Wise's views that I intend dealing with, namely, that the Home Rule question should not be discussed in Australia. How can Mr. Wise be honest

in denouncing Australian advocacy of Home Rule when it is well known that he made almost his first public appearance here in 1886 at the New Masonic Hall as an advocate of Home Rule? It will be readily admitted that the views held by any person upon the Home Rule question should not be allowed to influence purely local politics, but it is difficult to understand how any Australian can reasonably object to Irishmen and their descendants in this country evincing the deepest and most practical interest in the solution of a great political problem upon which depends the happiness and prosperity of so many millions who are not only subjects of the same Empire, but who are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh."

Mr. Wise sneeringly states that "Irishmen make no doubt excellent policemen, excellent doorkeepers, and excellent porters as they make excellent domestic servants." Irish Australians can afford to despise Mr. Wise's paltry sneers for can they not claim with truth that most valuable service has been rendered by men of their race in fostering and developing the free institutions of Australia.

The past record of the Irish in Australia containing as it does so many names which the people will not cease to regard with gratitude and affection when even Mr. Wise has been forgotten, affords a complete answer to that individual's silly aspersions.

The task which Mr. Wise has undertaken of endeavoring to persuade Australians that this free country should continue to be a prey to "political schemers" and traders in bigotry, and should be degraded by the adoption of tactics which if successful would result in the practical revival of the worst features of the Penal Laws, is a hopeless one. The violence, the injustice, and the thoroughly unscrupulous character of Mr. Wise's utterances have already defeated his object.

The electors of this country will not permit the principles of civil and religious liberty to be trampled in the dust in order to secure the triumph of a faction which impudently claims a monopoly of intelligence and patriotism, and which seeks to deprive one-fourth of the community of the rights and privileges which have been conferred by the Constitution upon all citizens alike, irrespective of creed or nationality.

Australians of Irish birth or descent will continue to combine with their fellow citizens in the exercise of those privileges to bring about the adoption of such measures as they believe will secure the advancement and progress of Australia.

Those Australians of Irish descent who feel a tender sympathy for the misfortunes of the land of their forefathers, are still more animated with a deep seated affection for the radiant land of their birth, and should Australia ever call upon her sons to defend her, depend upon it, the Irish Australians will be found in the foremost ranks, and in a much larger proportion than they are to-day in the Civil Service of New South Wales.

A DOUBTER'S DOLE.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.—HORACE.

THE rest are gone—I stay to moan:
But still I hear the distant feet
Along the gravelled paths retreat;
I cannot feel, as yet, alone.

* * * * * * * * *

Now all is hushed—Ah! not before
Had I begun to think on this—
The deep, the dark, the dread abyss
Where thou hast sunk for evermore!

For evermore! That sad refrain,
For ever knelling in my ears,
Forbidding all surcease of tears,
I strive to silence, but in vain.

Oh, bitter thought to think, to feel
That thou art gone! And can it be
That nothing more remains to me
Than what these silent stones conceal?

Oh, could I the assurance hold
That men are more than things of clay,
Who fritter here their little day,
And sink into the earthy mould!

Oh, that the dreams of men were true!
That death were not the end of all!
That I might on thy spirit call,
Uplooking to the central blue!

Is this an idle hope—a dream
Engendered by our foolish pride,
Which fain the stubborn truth would hide
That we are only what we seem?

And do we come and go like leaves,
That rustle on the summer trees,
And make sweet music with the breeze,
Till autumn's blast the wood bereaves?

I grope about a dungeon dark,
And beat against the bars of doubt,
And strive to find a passage out,
To catch of truth a single spark.

In vain! It better is to wait
With silent patience to the end:
It better is our heads to bend
Beneath the heavy yolk of fate,

Or whatsoever else it be
That rules us with resistless might,
But shrouds itself from human sight
Wrapped up in clouds of mystery.

* * * * * *

Oh, God! let some bright sun arise,
Diffuse Thy splendor round about,
Dispel the mists of dread and doubt
So that we see Thee with our eyes!

E. VAUGHAN BOULGER.

NEAR POUDRE D'OR.

A PICTURESQUE FLIGHT BY RAIL.

NOTES FROM A MAURITIAN SKETCH BOOK.

BY GEORGE GORDON M'CRAE.

I HAD been for a trip to Poudre d'Or with my friend D——, the Indian magistrate, in order to take some sketches of the ille D'Ambre, the scene of the wreck of the St. Geran and the death of Virginia; and, returning from this little expedition and falling back on the Court-house, the idea struck me of a flying picture of the country between Poudre d'Or Railway Station and Pourt Louis.

I had been much impressed with the scenery on my passage up, and it seemed not altogether impossible to reproduce it in a sketchy form during the return journey. It appeared to me also that there was a certain element of novelty in the scheme, as I did not remember ever to have heard or read of a similar attempt.

* * * * * *

While I am yet waiting outside the Court-house in the midst of a great crowd of white and scarlet-turbaned Indian litigants with their wives and families and witnesses, a Creole gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made only that morning, kindly placed his carriage at my disposal to drive me as far as the Poudre d'Or station. Like most of the real Creole gentleman that I have met, this one was full of amiability, anxious to assist a stranger, besides exhibiting a certain *bonhommie* rarely to be noted in the quite as hospitable but much less impulsive Briton.

* * * * * *

The Indian coachman touches up the horse with a smart "flick" of the whip, and, soon after passing through the one gay little street of the village, we find ourselves out again in the country.

The cane commences to blossom everywhere already; cabbage palms, young *bois d'ebêne* with their flat glistening yellow-green seed-pods, are on either hand, and "vieille" or "old maid" in all the hedge-rows. The beginning of a very successful teak plantation arises from the green turf to right and to left

of us as we bowl along. We pass sundry prosaic-looking heaps and ridges of broken metal all ready to be laid down on the road, where we note many Indian figures, chiefly "women in white." Then we have men driving "carrioles," jolting and bumping along after their usual fashion; more Indian figures, one of these a man in a white jacket and loose white-leg-rolls or knickerbocker-like trousers stopping short at the knees, and crowned by a white turban with a basket of custard-apples balanced on the top of it. Another follows wearing a scarlet handkerchief bound about his temples and affecting a blue jacket and short white leg-rolls; another Indian yet, this fellow in a grand pink "gilet" with blue waist-cord, white leg-rolls and turban, swinging along at a brisk trot and gaily flourishing a short stick.

We open up the ranges again—first, a long series of mammeloid hills, then Pieter Both and his "following," also the "Pouce." The country hereabouts is open—the sea always to our right and acres on acres of waving cane on either hand. We are approaching the Paul and Virginia country of St. Pierre! Over there between Pieter Both and Pamplemousses was once the cottage of the lady whom the novelist chose to immortalise under the name of Madame de la Tour: there, at Pamplemousses, in the far distance, is the old church where rested for a while the remains of Virginia, and further on, beyond a road that we do not see, is her grave; further still (but we see it only in imagination), is Port Louis, whence the funeral *cortège*, headed by the Grenadiers of King Louis the Sixteenth with muffled drums and arms reversed, took its slow and melancholy march to Pamplemousses.

* * * * * *

The show of cane-blossom in this district, in some parts claret, in others dove color, is perfectly amazing. We have nothing like it as yet in the central portion of the island whence I set out this morning. Indians constantly pass us on the road, bearing for the most part (as is their wont) very light burdens; some of these travellers (I must record it) exceedingly shabby, others again quite the reverse. I note one whose turban has falling ends to it behind, puggaree fashion. He wears roughly tanned or unblackened leather shoes with the long and peaky toes turned up and hooked back, and carries (point foremost over his shoulder) a once-green umbrella which constant exposure to the sun has faded to a dirty yellow. The ubiquitous leg-rolls are here, showing, as usual, the coffee-brown limbs bare from the knees downwards.

Descending from the carriage of our friend at the Poudre d'Or Railway Station I find this edifice but a small affair; it is, however, very solidly built and has a stoutly-flagged blue-stone floor, octagonal iron verandah columns, and latticed ends to the verandah itself. The seats are good, and so are the only two waiting-rooms available. The outlook from the verandah is over a cane-field in full bloom; while separated from us only by the glittering steel parallels of the railway line is a green garden-patch, with a few *bois d'ebène* trees; and a gray stone dyke relieves very prettily against the canes, perfectly overrun as it is with "chouchoutes," with their gray-green wrinkled fruit and a wealth of golden blossoms. There are five clean and neatly dressed Chinamen waiting, like myself, for the up-train, three bright little Indian lads, and one genuine rosy English boy, who seems to have come in for sheer sake of contrast.

* * * * * *

A slamming-to of doors, a puff, a snort, and a shriek, and we are off! The way is still through cane-fields and patches of recently-hoed land. We pass an old cane-mill with stout, damp-stained chimney-stack and several out-offices, roofed part with red and part with blackened tiles.

We note cocoanut trees, young, fresh, and healthy-looking as we sail along (it seems like sailing now, so well ballasted is the line) through one enormous green sea of canes, that rises and falls and sways in the breeze.

The eternal mountain series seems never nearer, never farther, while the solemn, scarcely-breathing Indian Ocean to the right of us becomes a perfectly spectral sea, under the mingled influences of mist and sunshine. Gray stone dykes, half-smothered in vieille bushes—an avenue of Vacoa-palms opens up, but the track begins to be walled in with Jamrosas and *bois de noir*. A road appears winding away serpentwise towards the mountains, and the fresh, green bananas and white cottages of the Indian laborers seem to spring up spontaneously beneath the telegraph-posts and wires.

We approach a station—a lead-colored barn-like shed. Here are a few goods-trucks, large and heavy, formed of stout wooden frame-work, with sides and roofs of corrugated iron, and having a monster locomotive in front. Behind these again peep out the various railway offices from amid the filaos and densely-foliaged *bois d'ebène*. These are constructed of the ordinary blue-stone of the country, with gray-blue doors, a pale-blue wall-plate, and roofs of red and wrinkled tiles. A water-cart, consisting of a big white cask

fitted with a conical funnel at top, and laid on its "bilge" on a heavy under-carriage seems only waiting to be utilised.

Under the cool, square-roofed piazza, as we pass, appear some pretty little brown-skinned Indian children, and among these the usual coral-crested and metallic-plumaged cocks and hens picking up their crumbs and other unconsidered trifles in the shade. We stop long enough to fill in the wayside picture so far, and to hastily add, by way of finish, the figures of an Indian in a faded (once scarlet) fez, burnt now to an almost coffee-brown, white coat and trousers, with a black surtout buttoned over all; and of another Indian in charge of a little springless cart, to which is harnessed a white pony, making a really pretty bit of relief against the grand breadth of different shades of green appearing beyond the road. We look out once more as we start, and read the legend "MAPOU" on the square iron plate on the ticket-post, and pass on again. Here, we remember, that near Mapou proper, and between us and the sea, is a tall observatory-tower, built by M. de là Labourdounays, the Governor of the Paul and Virginia era, who once had a private residence in these parts.

Thick underwood, also much sugar-cane. Canes and the ocean again on our right. The mountain-ranges occasionally obscured as we roll along by detached breadths of Jamrosa forest, as is also the sea, but we often get very charming peeps of both.

The sea now becomes more and more distinct, and we make out the island coast-line gradually unfolding before us like the canvas of a panorama. More canes, and yet more filaos, and our track curves away inland, till we find ourselves whirling rapidly through a deep cutting. We note, *en passant*, a beautiful one-seated arbor set down amongst some papaw trees matted over with giant-leaved convolvulus, and surrounded almost by a perfect blaze of scarlet salvias.

A road runs off from hence towards the mountains, and we approach a shed where stand some pretty Indian girls, their neat little heads, with blue-black glossy hair tied up in scarlet and crimson-patterned Madras handkerchiefs. Next we have a snowy bleaching-ground and grand Raffia palms—sure sign of water close at hand, and accounting for the white clothes we saw spread out on the green just now; then a field of "poison-bean," stone dykes, stone huts, &c. Another cutting to thread, and this one thickly crowned with luxuriant greenery. We skirt fields of young and flourishing canes, and leave a handsome villa with a formal row of cocoanut trees in front, well to the left of us.

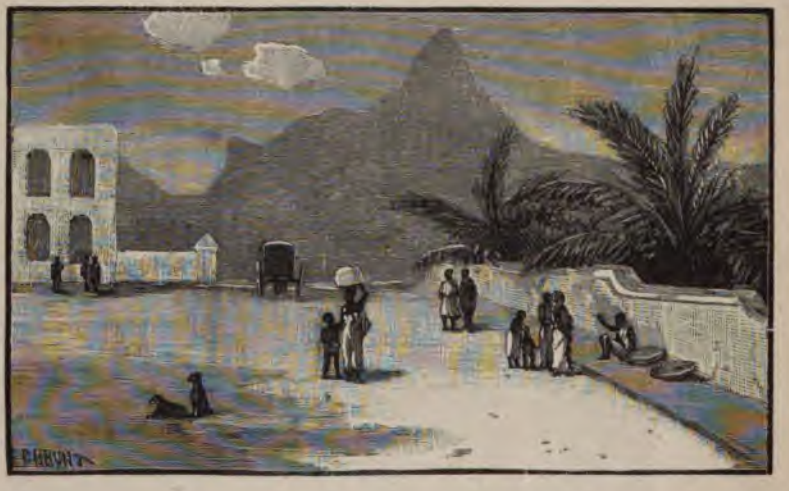
A WAYSIDE SHED.

More cocoas, grand aloes also, a cane-mill with its huge squat chimney, and another tossing sea of canes. A drive through a green lane of trees and hedges, and we are at Pamplemousses Station, under some giant Filao trees, and young flamboyants or crimson-blossomed mimosas. There is a little strip of garden here, gay with dragon's-blood palms, and flanked and bordered (Mauritius fashion) with whitewashed angular stones, which look like so many great irregular teeth projecting from the soil. The station, now—with a large grey goods shed, and other out-

buildings. Here we "back" the train for a considerable distance (*reculer pour mieux sauter*, perhaps) as far as a bank overhung by a fine handsome papaw tree, and we start ahead again. Another halt as soon as we regain the Pamplemousses Station, just to enable the down train to pass.

The usual medley of faces in the carriage windows opposite to ours; Indian mother and child, John Chinaman, Malegache girls, John Bull, Creole youths, Mozambiques, &c. A great stretch of cocoanut trees to the left, and a valley of enormous Raffia palms, with further fields of "poison bean" and stony ground, and, rising from this with a distinct "whirr," is the very first continuous flight of birds that I have as yet seen in Mauritius, and so we pass on through a lovely woodland district with "old maid" and "old bachelor" (*vieille et vieux*) in all the hedges, which are lavishly adorned with flowers. A red road and another blossomy hedge mark one of the boundaries of a small estate that we pass, and the color of the soil plainly tells me that I am approaching the great burying-ground known as "Terre Rouge." Cocoanut trees, banana clumps, and Indian *chaumières* everywhere on both sides of the line; however it is not yet "Terre Rouge," it is at "Calebasses" that the iron horse next draws rein. It was in an old and now dismantled farmhouse of this neighborhood, called either "Espoir" or "Esperance," I forget which, that the treaty with the French was signed after the action between themselves and our land forces near Cap Malheureux. We sight the chimneys of two deserted cane mills, with fields of cane, boulder stones and thatched cottages, and as we fly along through space, the mountains would appear to be growing upon us.

Swampy land, with enormous Raffias and sheeny cocoa-palms, cut clearly out like "silhouettes" against the sea, and, at last, we sight the great "Terre-Rouge Cemetery," an awful waste of red earth containing tens of thousands of graves and thousands of gray tombstones, with white memorial crosses. These tokens of the buried dead appear only on either flank, the roadside portion is fringed with Filaos and *bois d'ebène*, while the centre, or largest and intervening part, is one huge "Red Sea" of apparently endless, and certainly *nameless* undulations—grave-mounds, all—there is no green turf anywhere, all red, red soil. It takes the train at its ordinary speed three minutes or thereabouts to pass from one end to the other of this gigantic cemetery! I never yet in all my life had looked on a more melancholy prospect, and never have I more completely realised what the fever plague could accomplish in one single community.



A STREET IN PORT LOUIS NEAR THE SEA.

"Terre-Rouge" Station. The cemetery and station passed we continue to roll along through the "Red Country"; the soil always red, and the various cottages, huts, and sheds splashed with red mud by the force of the recent rains, till it would seem as if the foundations had been painted in red ochre for the space of a foot and upwards from the ground. Fibre-aloes on both sides of the track. Many of these, trimmed down with the billhook or cane-knife, show a triangular

section to each leaf, and thus present the appearance, where the lowest leaves have been thus lopped, of enormous green pine-apples.

White railway gates splashed with liquid *terre-rouge*, and a few Indian field-laborers, whose garments are red through the same, carrying red earthen water-pots, wait till we pass to cross the line and get through.

Wooded country now on both sides; the earth still as red as raddles. Stone dykes and wooded valley next, with some long-deserted brick kilns (the only brickworks I have seen during my stay in the island) on the right. Another railway gate, with graceful figures of Indian women waiting patiently for the iron horse with his long train of carriages to pass, and we find ourselves at Roche-Bois Station, beneath a big banian tree. A train of the Moka goods-trucks, on our left, stands stationary as we file out. Prickly-pear in all the hedges; Indian chaumiéres, with walls and thatch alike powdered over with the dust of *terre-rouge*.

Here we cross a broad stream, on the banks of which we note a large pile of buildings, and make out the "Citadel," far aloft on the hillside, cottages exalting their final horns in all directions, picturesque red tin roofs, more prickly-pear hedges, some customs sheds, a little wharf covered with barrels, the docks, the harbor, the eternal hills, and so we roll slowly into Port Louis.

THE LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

UP through the silence and its deepening thrills,
Climb from the plain of thought that noble band
Each by himself, yet meet at last, and stand
Where first the Dawn must touch the eternal hills:

They watch the sphere above the haze that chills
The darkened valleys of their slumbering land,
Nor heed the frosty film on every hand
Muffling the murmured voice of mountain rills:

The palid glamor of a waning moon
Steals like a phantom past their holy eyes,
The morning star, and all the stars, will soon

Fade when God's red lips press the eastern skies,
That like a bride will deeply flush and swoon
Confounded in her lover's ecstasies.

D. O'R.

THE STATUS OF LITERATURE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

III.—HOW THE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS LOOK AT IT.

BY G. B. BARTON.

DAILY newspapers are commercial, not literary, speculations, and are consequently conducted on strictly commercial principles. Commercial success being a *sine qua non* of their existence, their conductors have no escape from its inexorable conditions. The intense competition which prevails in England has of late years brought about a great change in the original character of the newspaper press, because it compelled the proprietor of every journal competing for public support to give some distinctive attraction to its columns, and that could only be found in the charm of literary style and matter. Leading articles could no longer be written by the cut and thrust politicians who used to indulge themselves in plain speaking on great questions; that department of the paper was placed in the hands of men of literary education, who did their work like artists; while the most popular writers of the day were enlisted in the service as special correspondents abroad and contributors of purely literary matter at home. The large expenditure incurred in this way is supposed to be more than recovered by the increased demand for the paper, and no doubt the enormous circulation obtained by the leading dailies in London in recent years is mainly attributable to the influence of the new spirit in journalism.

But no corresponding change has been seen in the newspaper press of Australia. Undoubtedly it has steadily improved in tone and character, but it has not yet introduced the purely literary method of treatment which has spiritualised the English newspapers. The reason is that it is not subjected to the severe pressure of competition which puts every conductor in London on his mettle from day to day. The well-established Sydney newspaper can afford to go on at its accustomed pace without hurrying itself in the least to keep the lead among a crowd of competitors pushing and jostling in the rear; while the minor journals look for their success mainly to sensational news—big fires, railway accidents, murders, and criminal cases in the courts; in dull times a new comic opera, a suit for divorce, or a speech by the Premier in a country town, being often worked up with considerable effect. There is no field here for the special correspondent; he cannot utilise a fire or a collision; there is nothing for him beyond an occasional mission of inspection to the drought and rabbit country, or peradventure a trip to Melbourne for the racing carnival. The contributors of literary articles—sketches of travel, humorous comments on current topics, or reviews of new books—write their allotted column-and-a-half with cramped fingers and flagging zeal, their fiery energies restrained by the consciousness that, write as they may, their reward can never exceed a certain fixed scale—twenty-shillings a column in some papers, and two guineas in others.

This system of remuneration is admirably adapted to secure a uniform dead level of dulness throughout the whole surface of the paper. There is no stimulus to ambition where a man knows that his best work is no more appreciated than his worst. He might write a series of essays, for instance, which would do credit to any London journal; but he would not receive any more acknowledgment for them than he would for the poorest and least ambitious of his efforts. Artists have a significant phrase for work which does not pretend to any degree of artistic merit beyond that which may be necessary to secure a ready sale; water-color sketches, for instance, knocked off in twenty minutes and sold for a couple of guineas, are known as pot-boilers. They are not, in any sense, intended to be an expression of the painter's genius; their aim in life is simply to meet his domestic necessities. Literary work in journalism is almost wholly of the pot-boiling description, and is usually done under stringent conditions as regards time—the main object being to cover as much space as possible with the smallest expenditure of brain power. But there is this distinction in favor of the artist: his pot-boilers do not consume all his time and energy; they leave him enough of both wherewith to make a name for himself, if he has it in him. The journalist, on the other hand, has little or no chance for making a

reputation by his every-day work, because he writes anonymously, and seldom has an opportunity for throwing off his mask. When he does so, he is no longer a journalist *à la mode*, but an author.

Nothing can be more depressing, so far as original effort is concerned, than a system which conceals the personal identity of the writer, and at the same time measures the value of his work by a sort of foot-rule. It is a ludicrous fact, by-the-way, that all the literary work done in a newspaper office is regularly measured off by a sort of æsthetic carpenter, who can tell to an inch the amount of space covered by each contributor from week to week, and checks his account accordingly. The practice which forbids the publication of a writer's name may, or may not, be essential to the success of journalism; but there is no reason why an unvarying scale of remuneration should be insisted upon, except that it enables a proprietor to cut down the expenditure on literary contributions to the water's edge—a leading principle in some of our establishments. This system practically operates as an absolute bar to the development of originality—the one thing that ought to be developed—in the literature of the daily press. Under such a rule, neither the *Times*, nor the *Telegraph*, nor the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nor any other popular journal in London, could have exercised anything like the influence, or obtained a fraction of the success, they have done. In their cases, both influence and success are entirely owing to the existence of a very different rule—that of sparing no expenditure on literary contributions. The most brilliant word-painters of the day are dispatched at an hour's notice, "with the wages of an ambassador," to any part of the world where events of unusual interest are about to take place; the leading columns are supplied by writers who receive from two to five guineas for an article, and are frequently retained on the staff at salaries of a thousand a year; while the general literature of the paper is contributed by men who have made a reputation as specialists on their different subjects, and who are paid accordingly.

But although there are journals here which yield net incomes of thirty to forty thousand a year, there is no disposition on the part of their proprietors to follow the London example in this matter. The highest salary paid to an editor does not exceed a thousand a year; in some instances it is less than half that amount; other members of the staff being paid at proportionately low rates. Now there is no position involving more anxious and responsible duties than that of an editor of a daily newspaper; certainly none which requires greater tact and judgment and so much incessant—we might well say sleepless—vigilance. He is like the engine driver of a train—a moment's carelessness might cause a smash; and like the engine driver, he receives a rate of pay calculated on the assumption that there is no risk of smashes at all. Supposing, for instance, that some of the insurance companies were to grant policies of indemnity against libel actions, there would be no hesitation on the part of large newspaper owners to pay a considerable premium for such a policy; but the salaries they pay their editors amount to nothing more than a bare remuneration for their daily work, and do not even take into consideration the value of their services in protecting their proprietors' interests, not only against libel actions, but against the damaging consequences of indiscretion in the editorial columns.

If the editor's case is a hard one, it follows without saying that the general contributor's case is still harder. He has no other outlet for his genius here. He cannot take the town by storm with a *jeu d' esprit*, a sensational play, a novel or a volume of verse; he must be content to fritter away his powers in the ungrateful service of journalism, content to live unknown, and to leave nothing behind him by which his name can be held in sweet remembrance. This being the practical result of things as they are, it is clear that the system under which it is brought about is not a good one either for the newspaper proprietor or the journalist, still less for the public. Is it not worth while to consider whether it could not be improved? Why, for instance, should proprietors take it for granted that the practice carried out in London would not promote their interests proportionately well here? They want to increase their circulation as much as possible, but the only means they adopt for that purpose is to advertise themselves in gorgeous placards, informing the public that each particular paper has "the largest circulation of any newspaper published in New South Wales." They, of all men, ought to know that there is no stimulus to circulation to be compared with that of literary merit; it has been proved in England and everywhere else; why should it not be tried here? The *Pall Mall Gazette* was comparatively unknown until James Greenwood made it famous by his Amateur Casual Papers; the *Daily Telegraph* owed its success as much to

the writings of G. A. Sala and Edwin Arnold as it did to the capital of its proprietors; and there is probably no successful journal in the world of which similar instances might not be given. Yet with all this experience before them, our proprietors still adhere to the old system which existed here among their struggling predecessors fifty years ago, and which was only justified then by the very limited population of the country.

There are two suggestions which might well be considered by all parties concerned. The first is that the old rule which prohibits the publication of writers' names should be relaxed, and that writers should be encouraged to sign their names to their contributions. The practice of anonymous journalism has nothing to recommend it in the present day beyond the force of tradition and usage; in that respect it stands on a par with many of our social customs of which we all feel the inconvenience, but to which we all submit in the most slavish manner. The origin of the practice is enough to show how unnecessary it is under existing circumstances. When political prosecutions for libel were so common and so ferocious that it was dangerous to be even suspected of having written articles hostile to the Government, and absolutely ruinous to be convicted of having done so, the newspaper press learned to protect itself by withholding the names of its writers; and it then became the established etiquette of the profession not to deliver up the name of any contributor when demanded for the purpose of legal proceedings. But journalists of the present day are not oppressed by any fear of political prosecutions, because no Government would venture to direct one unless the interests of society required it—a contingency too remote to deserve a moment's notice. On the other hand, if every journalist were at liberty to sign his name to his productions, the sense of responsibility would make him doubly careful in his statements, and his publisher would then have the best possible safeguard against the great enemy of his peace—an action for libel.

The second suggestion is that the rate of remuneration for literary articles should be enlarged in cases which deserve it, so that the rates here should at least bear a fair proportion to those paid in England. When G. A. Sala travelled through these colonies a few years ago for the purpose of writing a book about them, it is understood that he received five guineas a column from two journals—one published in Sydney and the other in Melbourne. But there was nothing in his sketches of the country which rose at all above the ordinary level of Australian journalism, and yet he received more than double the Australian rates. Compare with this happy experience the fact that a much more important work than Sala's—"Robbery Under Arms"—was refused by every journal in Sydney to which it was offered, except the *Sydney Mail;* and that the ordinary rates allowed here for fiction do not exceed from ten to fifteen shillings a column. Is not an instance of this kind sufficient to show that the present state of things is not exactly fair to Australian writers? And might not such questions as these be profitably considered by the council of such a society as that proposed in a former article? Let me add, in conclusion, that in offering these suggestions I have no axe of my own to grind; I do so because, as Francis the First said: "I hold every man to be a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course hope to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and [assistance] thereunto."

NOTE.—Considerable interest having been taken in Mr. Barton's suggestion for establishing an Australian Authors' Society, the EDITOR desires to say that he will be glad to receive the names of persons willing to subscribe, and that as soon as fifty such names shall be received, a Circular will be sent to the subscribers convening a meeting for the purpose of taking such steps as may seem advisable.—CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE Office, September 30, 1889.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HAWKESBURY RIVER BY CAPTAIN PHILLIP, A.D. 1789.

(From the Picture by Arthur Collingridge.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

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AUSTRALIA.

(Written for the "Picturesque Atlas of Australasia.")

RADIANT Land! o'er whom the sun's first dawning
Fell brightest when God said, "Let there be Light;"
O'er whom the day hung out its bluest awning,
Flushed to white deeps of star-lustre by night!
O Land exultant! on whose brow reposes
A queenlier coronal than has been wrought
From light of pearls, or bloom of eastern roses,
In the bright workshops of high Poet-thought!

O thou who hast, thy splendid hair entwining,
A toil-wove wreath, where are no blood-won bays,
Who standest in a stainless vestment shining
Before the eyes and lips of love and praise!
O wrought of old, in orient clime and sunny,
With all His richest bounties largely decked;
With heart all virgin gold and breath all honey,
Supremest work of greatest Architect!

O Land of widest hope, of promise boundless!
Why wert thou left upon a dark, strange sea,
To wait through ages fruitless, scentless, soundless,
Till from thy slumber men should waken thee?
Why didst thou lie with ear that never hearkened
The sounds without—the cries of strife and play,
Like some sweet child within a chamber darkened,
Left sleeping long into a troubled day?

What opiate sealed thine eyes till all the others
Grew tired and faint in East and West and North,
Why didst thou dream until thy joyful brothers
Found where thou wert, and led thee smiling forth?
Why didst thou mask the radiant smile thou wearest?
Why wert thou veiled from all the eager eyes?
Why left so long, O first of lands and fairest,
Beneath thy tent of unconjectured skies?

We know thy secret. In the awful ages,
When yet was silence, and the world was white;
Ere yet on the recording volume's pages
The stern-browed Angel had begun to write.
Ere yet from Eden the sad feet had wandered,
Or yet was sin, or any spilth of blood;
In august judgment, God the Father pondered
Upon His work, and saw that it was good—

The Sovereign of suns and stars, the thunder
  Of whose dread Power we cannot understand,
Sate musing long upon the shining wonder
  Of this new world within His hollowed hand,
With high sad eyes as one that saw a vision,
  And spake, "Lo, this my gift is fair to see;
But Pride will mar the glory, and derision
  Of many feet that will not follow me.

"I give my creatures shields of hope and warning;
  I set in fruitful ways of peace their first;
But even these will turn from me, and scorning
  My counsel, hearken to the one Accurst,
And sin and pain and death will make invasion
  Of this abode, and from a world undone,
To Heaven will sound the moans of expiation
  They wring from Him, my well-beloved Son.

"And once again will they, with eyes unheeding
  His sacrifice, uplift their guilty hands
Each to his brother, and with rage exceeding,
  And lust and vengeance, desolate the lands;
But this one land," so mused He, the Creator,
  "This will I bless, and shield from all the woe,
That worthier among men, in ages later,
  May find it pure, and, haply, hold it so!"

So, sweet Australia, fell a benediction
  Of sleep upon thee, where no wandering breath
Might come to tell thee of the loud affliction
  Of cursing tongues, and clamoring hosts of death;
So with the peace of His great love around thee,
  And rest that clashing ages could not break,
Strong prying eyes of English seekers found thee,
  Strong English voices cried to thee "Awake!"

For them a continent undreamed of, peerless—
  A realm for happier sons of theirs to be,
One spot preserved, unspotted, bloodless, tearless,
  Beyond the rim of an enchanted sea
Lay folded in the soft compelling langor
  Of warm south airs, as an awaiting bride,
While strife and hate, and culminating anger
  Raged through the far-off nations battle-dyed.

Here no dread vestiges stood up imprinted
  With evil messages and brands of Cain,
No mounds of death or walls of refuge dinted
  With signs that Christ had lived and died in vain;
No chill memorials here proclaimed the story
  Of kingships stricken for and murders done;
Here was a marvel and a separate glory
  One land whose history had not begun!

One unsown garden fenced by sea-crags sterile,
  Whose mailéd breasts pushed back strong-breasted waves,
From all the years of fierce unrest and peril,
  And slaves, and lords, and broken blades, and graves;
One gracious freehold for the free, where only
  Soft dusky feet fell, reaching not thy sleep
One field inviolate, untroubled, lonely
  Across the dread of the uncharted deep!

O dear and fair! awakened from thy sleeping
  So late! The world is breaking into noon;
The eyes that all the morn were dim with weeping
  Smile through the tears that will cease dropping soon!
Thine have no tears in them for olden sorrow,
  Thou hast no heartache for a ruined past;
From bright to-day to many a bright to-morrow
  Shall be thy way, O first of lands and last!

God make us worthy now! The bitter mornings
  Of nations struggling from the blind long night
Of Wrong, set high before our eyes, are warnings,
  And finger-posts to guide us on to Right!
God make us manfullest of men, and bravest,
  To fight the fight for Thine and Thee, and stand
Erect and watchful of this gift Thou gavest—
  Worthy at last to sit at Thy right hand!

JOHN FARRELL.

SOME LIFE-PARTNERS.

BY WILLIAM A. HASWELL.

INSTANCES of the dependence of an animal of one class on another of a widely different type meet the student of animated nature at every turn. To begin with there is that dependence which results from the fact that in some instances one kind of creature is alone fitted to form the food of a certain other.. With cases of this kind we have not at present to do. Nor shall we concern ourselves with the cases of those unamiable creatures which, doing nothing for themselves, are slavishly dependent on some other animal for food or shelter, or for both—often repaying their entertainer by producing in him the most dire disease. These *parasitic* animals, though possessing an interest of their own, are of all living creatures the most ignoble. The state of sloth and inactivity in which they habitually live brings about in many instances a great degradation, which is evident even in their outward form and appearance: having long been unused to active movement they have lost the power to move from place to place, and even the very organs by which locomotion was effected; with these have gone the organs of the higher senses, and often the organs of digestion and circulation; and the parasite, in the most degraded instances, becomes a mere uncouth lump of living matter, lying perpetually in a bath of nourishing fluids which find their way by *soakage* through the outer integuments into certain spaces and channels in the interior of its body.

In human society we recognise the existence of parasites, exhibiting varying degrees of a degradation which is intellectual and moral rather than physical; in fact, as I need hardly remind the reader, the word parasite, as *one who takes food with another as a dependant*, was first used in that connection, and continued to be so used very long before it became applied to the lower animals. Another relation of dependence which is to be met with in human society—namely, that of slavery—is also to be observed, in the well-known instance of the slave-making ants, among lower forms of animal life.

But it is not with such relationships as those that we purpose to deal here—relationships often loathsome, often apparently entailing what seem, looked at from our human standpoint, the most dreadful cruelties and lifelong sufferings. We purpose rather to occupy ourselves with the consideration of certain partnerships—also, fortunately, not without analogues in human social life—of a more beneficent kind—partnerships in which, if there is not advantage to both parties, an interchange of good offices, there is at least benefit on the one side, and, on the other, something which, with a little effort of the imagination, we may regard as good-natured tolerance.

A form of relationship between two animals of different classes which in extreme cases is hardly distinguishable from parasitism, has been termed "messmateism" or "commensalism." By this is meant an association between two animals, in which the one takes up its abode on the outer surface of the other or lodges in one of its internal cavities, in its mouth or pharynx usually, and partakes of its food. The two animals in such a case are said to be messmates; but they are messmates in which the one is clearly distinguishable as the *host* from the other as the *guest*.

In some instances the attachment of the guest to the host rises little above the level of a kind of "cupboard" friendship, and the host, receiving no benefit, has no particular reason for desiring to keep up the association, the guest remaining on unbidden, or even persistently returning after repeated forcible expulsions. Cases of this nature are very common; we might instance those of the active little crustaceans and worms that seek food and shelter in the spacious breathing chamber of the ascidians or sea-squirts, occasionally going abroad, presumably for exercise and change of scene, but always returning after a time to the sheltering roof of their much-enduring host.

Here the benefit seems to be all on one side. But the instances of what we may call mutual commensalism, though rarer, are far more interesting, as shewing the establishment of a sort of mutual understanding between animals which we are not accustomed to regard as possessing mental powers of a high order; and it is to one or two such instances occurring in animals of low

degree that I desire to direct the reader's attention. Now, of these there is one example which, though it is so well-known to zoologists and so often quoted that it may not be new to many of the readers of this article, is yet so remarkable that it seems almost necessary to refer to it in the first instance before dealing with certain less-known cases of more local interest. This is the case of the mutual understanding that exists between certain European hermit-crabs and certain sea-anemones. The hermit-crabs, as is well known, are crabs afflicted with peculiarly tender thin-skinned tails, which they conceal from the attention of a too-prying world by hiding them habitually in the shell of some univalve—such as whelk or a periwinkle. Probably the primitive, uncivilised hermit-crabs from which the present representatives of the tribe are descended, kept their tails in holes in the rock or in burrows in the sand, warding off assailants and seizing their food as it came within reach by means of their powerful nippers; and the descendants of some near relatives of theirs continue to do this at the present day. Whether the tails became tender owing to the mode of life, or the mode of life was adopted to shelter the defencelessness of the tails, is a side-issue which need not trouble us at present. However this may be, the condition had become quite chronic, when at length one of these ancestral hermit-crabs chanced to put his tail into an empty shell instead of the accustomed cave in the rock; and, finding it a vast convenience in his character as a hermit to have a nice, light, comfortable cave of this kind which he could carry about with him, and into which he could withdraw on the appearance of danger, he adopted it, and in the course of generations this mode of life came to be almost universally followed among the hermit fraternity.

Now, on the outside of the shell inhabited by a certain species of hermit-crab there is always to be found a particular species of sea-anemone, and this particular kind of sea-anemone is never to be found in any other situation. It is the constant and inseparable companion of the crab, and only becomes fixed on the shell of the univalve after the crab has taken possession of it. But from time to time, as the hermit gets on in life he has to shift into a larger house; he gets too big for his cave and has to take a new one. What becomes of the sea-anemone when such a "flitting" takes place? The sea-anemone is, to all appearances, a rather helpless creature. Fixed by its broad sucker-like base, it opens out its brilliantly-colored circlet of feelers as a flower expands its petals, and takes as food what chance happens to throw in its way. It can become free by relaxing its sucker, but can hardly make any active progress from place to place. How, then, does it happen that the hermit always has one of these sea-anemones on his shell however often he may change his habitation? The following is the very remarkable answer to this query, obtained by careful and long-continued watching of the animals. When the hermit-crab abandons his old shell to enter a new one the sea-anemone quickly relaxes its hold and falls off. It misses, presumably, the vibration of the shell due to the movements of the appendages of the crab or the currents of water caused by the constantly working jaws of the latter (for, having no eyes the anemone is unable to *see* what is taking place), and, supposing itself deserted by its old friend, falls off in a dead faint. But, mark what happens next. The hermit-crab approaching the prostrate sea-anemone, and taking it up in its claws places it on a particular part of the surface of the newly-adopted shell, and holds it there for some minutes, until the sea-anemone, seeing that its suspicions were groundless, is enabled to fix its sucker firmly on the surface; and soon the old peace and harmony are establised anew.

HERMIT-CRAB AND SEA-ANEMONE.

When we come to inquire into the reasons for this strange asssociation we find it easy to understand how advantageous the arrange-

ment is to one of the parties in the contract, viz., the anemone. Not only is it carried about from place to place, which may, perhaps, be of advantage to it; but, owing to the position which it is invariably found to occupy on the shell, just below the mouth of the latter, and therefore below the numerous horizontally-working jaws of the hermit, it is exonerated from the trouble of looking out for food for itself. For among the daily avocations of our hermit, fasting only plays an important part when there is nothing to eat; and the anemone has only to keep its mouth open in order to be liberally fed with broken particles. The advantage to the hermit-crab, on the other hand, though not at first so manifest, is even more considerable. The hermit has several friends who are always desirous when any opportunity presents itself, of drawing him from his retirement, and treating themselves to a good dinner at his expense. One of these is the *Octopus*, who is particularly fond of hermit-crab, and is able often to gratify his taste after a little perseverance. But when an *Octopus* lays hold of one of these hermits that are accompanied by the sea-anemone, he drops it again like something red-hot, with every symptom of pain and disgust. For the little sea-anemone, soft and defenceless

CERIANTHUS AND PHORONES.

though it appears, is provided with batteries of microscopic darts called thread-cells, by means of which it can produce a severe stinging effect when touched by such an animal as the *Octopus*. Thus it is that the soft-skinned sea-anemone is the protector of the hard-skinned crab; and we cannot therefore wonder that the latter helps the former to fasten on to his shell in a convenient position, and encourages it to remain and grow there, so that eventually the soft body of the anemone spreads over and covers nearly the whole surface, the hard shelly matter—no longer required—becoming sometimes gradually absorbed, and the hermit-crab coming to live in a cave formed mainly of the sea-anemone's body.

One of the most remarkable cases of close association between animals of widely different types with which I am acquainted is that presented by a large sea-anemone of the genus *Cerianthus* and certain worm-like animals called *Phoronis*, which are brought up with the trawl from the depths of a few fathoms in certain parts of Port Jackson. The sea-anemone inhabits a tube (in which respect it differs from most sea-anemones), the wall of which is composed of a substance like soft felt, with a smooth internal lining. When the substance composing the wall of the tube is examined under the microscope, it is found to be composed almost entirely of the *thread-cells*—those microscopic missiles which have been already referred to as constituting the defensive and offensive weapons of these soft-bodied creatures; part of these microscopic darts are here diverted to a new purpose, and are reserved to form a protecting bulwark, as an archer might make a shield out of a sheaf of his own arrows. But throughout the felt of thread-cells forming the wall of the tube of the *Cerianthus* there run a number of delicate membranaceous tubes of comparatively small size, which, doubtless, do something to aid in strengthening it. Each of these smaller tubes opens on the outer surface of the larger one, and each of them is occupied by a *Phoronis*, with its head projecting externally, but capable of withdrawing itself entirely into the interior. The whole structure may thus be compared to a round tower inhabited (and filled) by a single giant, with a large number of dwarfs esconced in cells in the wall of the tower, and in the habit of pushing their heads out of windows all round the outer wall. If we add to this the further statement that the giant has constructed the tower by occasionally dropping a number of his long flexible arrows, and intertwining and cementing them

together, the comparison will be more complete.

The *Phorones* are much more highly organised animals than the sea-anemone in the wall of whose tube they live. Their position and rank in the animal kingdom were for a long time a matter of doubt, in consequence of which they were driven about from pillar to post in the most shameful manner. They have now, however, found a haven of rest, bidding fair to be permanent, among the *Bryozoa* or sea-mosses and sea-mats; but their position even there is a very isolated one, and their relationships to their nearest known relatives are very distant. The Australian *Phoronis* is a long, soft, worm-like animal, four or five inches in length, having at the head-end a mass of blue-black hair-like feelers. It is this end that is thrust out of the opening in the outer wall of the tube of the sea-anemone, the rest of the body lying protected in the interior.

The mode of formation of this singular partnership has never been traced, and, owing to the fact that the animals in question live in fairly deep parts of Port Jackson, it would be difficult to follow out all the stages in its history. This, however, is known, that the larvæ hatched from the eggs of the *Phoronis* live on the surface, where they are to be caught at certain seasons in a fine tow-net. They must, therefore, when they have lived through their free-swimming larval state, sink down to the bottom and cling to the developing tube of one of the *Cerianthi* until they and their own tubes have become completely amalgamated with it into one complete structure.

This association, so far as our knowledge of the animals in question extends, is constant and invariable, the *Phorones* never being found apart from the anemone, and the latter never occurring without the former; so that here, as in the cases already described, we are constrained to look for some advantage to both resulting from their voluntary association. Such advantage is not far to seek, for while the *Phorones*, by living under the ægis of the large *Cerianthus* and protected by his formidable darts, escape the attacks of many enemies that might otherwise destroy them, and profit also, doubtless, by obtaining an abundant supply of food in the form of small animals killed or stunned by the thread-cells of their protector, they, on the other hand, by their presence with their membranaceous coverings in the tube of the *Cerianthus*, add to the firmness of its wall and increase the security of their patron.

Two species of fresh-water crayfishes—the little smooth crayfish, or *Mirami*, and the large spiny crayfish, sometimes known as the "Murrumbidgee lobster"—are widely distributed in creeks and rivers in the southern portion of the Australian continent. If you look closely at one of these you will almost invariably find, moving here and there on the surface of the body and legs, certain curious-looking little dark-brown objects; and these, when examined attentively, will be found to have somewhat the shape of a narrow hand with five relatively long fingers, which are usually spread out and waved to and fro in the water as if trying to grasp something. The base of the hand, where the wrist ought to be, is fixed to the surface by means of a powerful circular sucker, but the little animal can slacken this at will, and can move about rapidly over the surface of the crayfish with a sort of "looping" movement like that of a leech or of some caterpillars. This it does by first laying the finger-like appendages (which have in part the function of feelers) flat on the surface, then loosening

"MURRUMBIDGEE LOBSTER" AND TEMNOCEPHALÆ.

the sucker and drawing the body forwards, at the same time bending it, until the sucker is drawn forwards as close up to the base of the feelers as possible, when it is firmly fixed, the feelers and the front part of the body are raised and stretched out to their full extent to take a fresh hold further forward, and the same process is repeated. When you attempt to detach one of these little creatures from the surface of the crayfish you will find it no easy task, as it holds on with great tenacity by means of its sucker, and is such a slippery object that it is difficult to obtain a secure hold of it. When one of them is detached it makes great efforts while falling through the water, by stretching out its feelers and wriggling its body to regain its hold of some part of the crayfish, and generally is successful in doing so. You will very rarely find a crayfish that has not a crowd of these little creatures about it, usually, when undisturbed, stretching their bodies out and extending their feelers as if groping for objects in the water; and on the other hand, unless one of them is detached from the surface of the crayfish, the *Temnocephalæ*, as they are called, are never found anywhere else.

Here, then, would appear to be another case of voluntary association—voluntary at least on the one side—and at first sight one might be inclined to put it down as a simple case of parasitism. A careful watching, however, of the ways of these two life-partners, the crayfish and the *Temnocephala*, shews that the relation is not one of simple parasitism in the true sense of the word. In fact the *Temnocephala* uses the surface of the crayfish as a convenient promenade and hunting-ground where he can readily find a refuge from most assailants by retreating into one of the chinks between the segments. He lives for the most part on small insect-larvæ and crustaceans which he catches in his feelers and swallows whole, so that the grasping movements which he is generally performing have a definite object; and it can be readily understood how, as the crayfish moves along the bottom of a pool stirring up dead leaves and sticks, he will start many such small fry, which, in their flight, run a risk of being seized by the *Temnocephalæ*. But though thus capable of supporting themselves, there can be little doubt that they profit by any broken particles from the maw of the crayfish, and I regret to have to add that at the season when the female crayfish is "in berry," *i.e.*, carries a load of eggs beneath its tail, the stomachs of the *Temnocephalæ* are found to be full of an orange-colored substance which appears suspiciously like the yolk of these eggs, and in all probability is nothing else.

To complete the history of the relationship between these strangely-assorted companions it remains to be added that the *Temnocephalæ* use the surface of the crayfish not only as a hunting-ground and promenade, but also as a hatching place and nursery for their young; for when they lay their eggs they fasten them by means of a sort of cement to the surface of the crayfish, and when the young emerge they are so fully formed as to be ready to take up at once the same mode of life as their parents.

"AD POLLIAM."

POLLY has a figure neat;
Polly has a mouth so sweet;
To see it smile's my greatest treat,
As its mirth it nurses.

Mock me Poll you often do,
How you'd laugh were you to know
That I'd ere addressed to *you*
These poor jingling verses.

Heigho! Poll, may Black Care never
From thy cheek its dimple sever
And the knave imprint instead a
Seal of his reverses.

J. R

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

BY M. L. MANNING.

It is delightful to be a woman; but every man thanks the Lord devoutly that he isn't one.—OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE latest and most marked innovation upon social life is the institution of women's clubs. Ten years or so ago, when the idea of a corporate life for women was first mooted, it provoked from D. Mauria a playful satire for the amusement of readers of *Punch*, little thinking then how prophetic his pleasantry would prove.

"Send your horse home, and stop and dine here with me, Julia. I've asked Tricksy Rattlecash and Emily Sheppard," says Miss Firebrace, as she reclines at ease in the luxurious club chair.

"Can't, my dear girl; my sainted old father-in-law's just gone back into Yorkshire, and poor Bolly's all alone," replies Mrs. Bolingbroke Tompkins, with a sigh of regret for the freedom of spinsterhood and the charms of club-life.

We have not yet arrived at the entire freedom his words imply, but we are rapidly learning that there is more to be gained than lost by associating together for a definite purpose. In London women's clubs are an accepted fact; in Australia the question has assumed a definite interest since Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney, have each essayed the innovation with success varied according to the amount of the judgment with which they have been organised. The enterprise has been praised and condemned with equal force, according to the views or needs of those who are favorable or unfavorable to them.

What a world of incongruities this is! We are told that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, yet when women prove the sincerity of their flattery by adopting the masculine custom of club-life in the desire to bridge over some of the difficulties incidental to new occupations and extended sympathies, we are laughed at, and must run the gauntlet of clever satire, foolish malice or narrow prejudice in our attempts to rise superior to circumstances. At a time when the world is contemplating the probability of woman's franchise, with its prophesied train of evil consequences, what a tempest in a teapot there is in each little community where the question of women's clubs is mooted! The propensity abroad for straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel is surely on the increase! No doubt, on the principle that it is cnly the first step which costs, there is wisdom in the attitude of Bubbledom, but the wisdom comes an age too late. We have tasted the refreshment of union, we know its sweets. Our eyes are opened to a new understanding of the higher life, that comes from freedom of action and provides a healthy use for our unconsidered minutes.

A hundred years ago, when our grandmothers first began to taste the delights of afternoon tea, and made long engagements, that nothing might hinder them attending the convivial gathering, the conditions of social life might justly have condemned such an imitation of masculine custom. That was the age of leisure, when the fashionable dame depended upon shopping to kill time; then to all women an hour was an hour; now our aim is to expand a minute into an hour. We can picture to ourselves the scare in Bubbledom, the shaking of powdered wigs, the rapping of canes, the agitation of hoops and furbelows, as dames of fashion met in their sedan chairs and stopped to exchange confidences—not unmixed with a spice of malice—over the last irregularity, the essence whereof had been obtained a few minutes before from Mister Beauregard as he emerged from White's Coffee House. The rumor had been in the air, but it needed confirmation from such a source, and now the afternoon might be ecstatically spent in diffusing the suspicion of scandal to all and sundry "dear friends" whom they might chance to meet while out for their airing.

Or, to make another example, there may be a woman with thoughts above mere

fashion and frivolity, she looks well to the ways of her house, she reads, she thinks; books are to her companionship, but whence their philosophy? Why must she be bound to accept their teaching from a negative position? Why should she not test their truth through knowledge? Why should there grow an overwhelming sense of the narrowness of her own little world and of the good she might do and gain by a nearer contact with the great pulsating world of sin and sorrow without? She finds some little outlet for her pent-up energy by visiting the sick and sorrowful, drawing herself more and more away from the frivolous world that seems so heedless of the pain around it, until at length she feels the faint bonds of sympathy that held her to it and made her tolerant of its weakness, have vanished. If the end is gain on one side, it is loss on the other, the ill-regulated balance goes on shifting and shifting, finding no level anywhere. In neither case had woman true scope for the proper development of her nature. But to leave the old paths of passive acceptation of the supposition that man was born to work, and woman to weep, was an unthought-of heresy, and to have breathed such a notion would have been to draw down upon the daring individual the united wrath of the community. That women should enter into the lives of men so far as to adopt professions and live in honorable independence, probably never came within the scheme of possibility to the mind of the most daring thinker among the sex. Dwell for a moment upon the effect of a Mrs. Garrett Anderson practising the arts of medicine and surgery, or a Madame Midas stock-broking on 'Change, suddenly shot into the social life of a hundred years ago. Conventionality would have starved them out of existence within a few months. Then, the possibility of women having the temerity to unite themselves into societies other than religious or political ones for conscience sake, would have been scouted, and the idea of women's clubs would have raised a tempest in Bumbledom. "Unsexed, unsexed," would have been the hue and cry against the daring few who might have sought a little innocent pleasure in a common bond of union.

Yet all those dreaded things have come to pass, and women are not the less lovable or

womanly because they are more fitted to fight against adversity, or to ornament prosperity.

Our dear old grandmothers with their narrow prejudices and tenacious beliefs in feminine disability! They might fritter away their lives in employments useless to themselves and harmful to others, and retain the outward appearance of an honorable career; or they might fret against conventional prejudice and be reduced to moral suicide, so long as they adapted themselves to the following masculine notion. "We have nothing to do but to make round holes, and women will grow round to fill them, or square holes and they will become square. Men grow like trees, and the most we can do is to top or clip them. But women run in moulds, like candles, and we can make them long-threes or short-sixes, whichever we please.

Imagine the type of self-reliant woman, growing daily more common, suddenly precipitated into the conservatism of a hundred years ago, and allow that there is a time and season for everything. As each age develops its own special feature, so there must be an abandonment of old and worn out landmarks in favor of newer and more direct courses.

It may not be out of place here to trace the origin of clubs as social institutions that best flourish under the auspices of Peace.

If we accept Addison's that such associations seem to be "a natural and necessary offshoot of men's gregarious and social nature," we must be prepared to find them part of every scheme of settled civilisation.

Some authorities in tracing the origin of clubs give an ancient as well as a modern one. They contend that the first rough scheme was originated in the reign of Numa Pompilius, and was already so developed in the imperial days of Rome that women were also accorded the privilege of club life, and formed associations of their own.

"The most remarkable of these was the great assembly of matrons called at one time in a mock heroic way, 'The minor Senate.' This ladies' club received its title from Imperial authority, which also legislated as to the needful qualifications of its members, the times of its meeting, and the subjects of its debates. These points concerned the gravest questions of etiquette—such as what dress ladies should wear according to social rank; who was to take precedence on public occasions of State, in processions, or other ceremonies; who might ride in a carriage drawn by horses, who must be content to sit behind mules; whose sedan-chair might have fittings of ivory, whose of silver, and so on. Not all ladies could attain to a seat in this senate which dealt with such delicate questions of etiquette, but we find them forming other clubs of their own, which, occasionally, meddled with questions of municipal—if not of general interest. They deliberated on the rewards to be given to this or that magistrate, and voted funds for monuments and statues in honor of those who had earned their approbation. The names of women are not unfrequently set down as patronesses of certain craft guilds, of which they can hardly have been ordinary members, and in one instance at least in Africa, in another in Majorca, inscriptions distinctly mention that certain ladies had filled all the official posts in a 'collegium.'"

But apart from the general silence of classical authorities upon the subject of women's clubs, there is a still stronger reason for doubting the possibility of such a form of female union. Women then—and for long after, despite an occasional Hypatia—had no social status. That only came slowly under the combined effect of the Teutonic respect for women, and the Latin worship of the Virgin Mary, which, together, raised woman to the position she held in the Middle Ages, and produced mediæval chivalry. It is a strange contradiction to find that the very nation—the Germans—whose respect for women made such an impression on the historian Tacitus, is now the European nation which allows least freedom, and pays least deference to its women.

However, as such ancient institutions have little effect upon modern thought, except as interesting phases in the development of the human character in proportion to its needs—by which we find that human-nature is much the same whether under the sheep-skin covering of primitive man or a Bond Street masher; whether an Eve listening to the voice of the tempter (who knows but that her domestic soul was much troubled over the difficulty of providing a new dish for the jaded palate of her lord and master) or an Agneta Ramsay crowned with the honors of senior-wrangler but more filled with thoughts of her coming wedded life—we may safely date the desire for a "wider human fellowship and richer social opportunity" from the Elizabethan period—the cradle of modern life and thought—when England received the first visible impetus to her present greatness. And it would not be saying too much were we to argue that the institution of clubs in that reign proved no small factor in England's after greatness. It was probably the desire for a "wider human

fellowship, a richer social opportunity" that led genial Sir Walter Raleigh to found the first club in London, which was known variously as the Bread Street, or Friday Street Club, and was located at the Mermaid Tavern, Cheapside. Here met Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Donne, Selden, and many another famous man of the time. Men who felt the need of some common neutral ground of debate, where entered no domestic influence to affect the even flow of thought or conviviality. At first one upstairs room in a tavern was considered sufficient for the wants of the members, and it was in such a room at the Mermaid that Shakespeare waged his "wit combats" with rare Ben Jonson, described so graphically by Fuller. "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Later, Ben Jonson founded a second club at the Devil Tavern in the same street. Both were intended as meeting places for social recreation, and open to all who could bring wit and humor to enliven the occasion. But so long as ale was the national beverage, clubs did not increase very rapidly. With the introduction of "Coffee, which makes the politician wise, and see through all things with his half-shut eyes,"—coffee, and the foundation of coffee-houses, a connection was established between physical and mental wants in its train. The advantages of association to men of kindred taste became recognised, and strengthened the idea of club-life. Gradually grew the need for laws and regulations; when the club proper, with its ballot box was the natural result. "Wills'" began its life on the first floor of a house at the west corner of Bow and Russell Streets, Covent Gardens; it was celebrated for its wits, and as being the constant resort of Dryden, who had a special chair reserved for his use, from which he delivered judgment and "pedagogued" without restraint. Then followed "White's" Chocolate House, which was for a time plebeian and suburban, but afterwards emerged into fashionable favor. In 1764 the Literary Club was established through the instrumentality of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and soon acquired considerable renown.

Then St. James' Coffee House, whose political views gained for it a more solid reputation than any of the other clubs whose opinions were miscellaneous.

In the present day clubs have come to be considered as a necessary condition of manhood, and have acquired such power through union as to be formidable coteries, capable of influencing or intimidating governments.

Women living apart, and with plenty of time for reflection, saw and noted all the advantages that grew out of a corporate life where each member took a share in legislating for the whole, and for whose attractive atmosphere many a man seemed to keep his genial side. Women saw and reflected how unnatural was their own social intercourse with the world; one of two paths only was open—to be rich and frivolous, or to be poor and laborious. For the one empty froth, for the other never-ending labor, and each hedged round with a conventionality that isolated her even from her own sex. There was no mean. Why should this be? Surely there was one law for all. If a community of interests were good for man, it must be equally good for woman. So the thought grew side by side with reason, and a universal desire for a larger and fuller life, a more extended opportunity.

In an age when everything is significant of a changing order, when it is hardly safe to predict from yesterday's events what will be to-morrow's argument, nothing is more characteristic of the times than the spirit of independence among women. Hitherto men have labored, have invented, have perfected, and women have ministered to their labors, but they have had no claim on the corporate life of a nation. The source from which the nation sprang, custom bound them to live a life apart from its activities, and because of the strength of heredity they accepted the position as inevitable. Then was the age when the animal instincts of man were strongest; he loved to fight face to face, to slash, to cut, to kill. The necessities of life called for physical endurance, rather than for the intelligence that produced invention and discovery in the higher walks of literature and science; and so long as that intelligence remained undeveloped, woman, as the other intelligent half of man, remained, too, undeveloped. At the same time her position was less equivocal than in the present transition period, because every home depended upon its women for the preparation of food and clothing out of the raw material. She held a distinct position as the "tiller of the ground, the tender of the flock, the grinder of the corn, the baker, the cook, the spinner, the weaver, the tailor, the leather tanner

and embroiderer for the household." If her social position emancipated her from the coarser drudgery, it was still the lady of the house who sat among her maids instructing and directing or superintending the heavier domestic labors that were performed by men. In fact the wife or mother was largely the custodian of the family means, the husband or father being too much engrossed in fighting and forays to give time or thought to anything less manly.

But now all is changed; machinery has come to turn swords into ploughshares, and men have usurped all those trades that were once considered womanly occupations. We have sought to adjust ourselves to the new order with varying success. Meanwhile the experience of contact with men on an equal footing will not be wasted. We have seen with our own eyes, learned through our own understandings, that where there is "monopoly on the one hand there is loss and waste on the other;" so the pressure of our necessities has caused us to encroach upon monopolised labor and pleasure, and to agitate for a corporate life.

The two most substantial objections brought to bear against this very innocent and laudable desire to get more healthy pleasure out of life, seems to be "Why do you want clubs? They will be hotbeds of scandal." In answering the former objection we supply an argument that will largely neutralise the latter. We want them for much the same reasons as men want them. All women, whether supporting themselves as wives and housekeepers of men or leading an independent life by means of head or hand labor, are professional people whose various occupations run on parallel lines that can never touch, because of the comparative isolation of their interests and employments. But all alike are drawn to large centres of life from the natural exigencies of circumstances. Some go to town to perform that most desultory and irksome of labors—shopping; others to work steadily at desk or board; but whatever the occupation each one is made conscious before the day is out of certain physical and mental wants. The former being of the earth, earthy, quickly avenge any neglect of them, therefore, they receive attention. These are the wants of the appetite, catered for after the fashion of restaurants, where the only things women may be certain of getting are the scant attention of waitresses and the bill of costs. The cup of tea, drunk in solitude in a stuffy room (among a number of other isolated units collected there by the same stress of circumstances, and equally dreary), is refreshing enough, but how much pleasanter if some congenial face were to appear! The mind has been feeding on itself all day, and there is a sense of repression and inward tiredness that needs only a few pleasant words to dispel. It is true that by keeping those repressed thoughts in mind her family may be benefited on her return home, or the reverse. At the same time it is quite within the range of possibility for a woman to have thoughts that it does not occur to her to utter to her nearest friend, yet which may spring unbidden to her lips, through accidental stimulation, as she talks to a stranger. So much for the wife and housekeeper. After all her case is not so bad that she cannot put up with it, but why should she? Why should she submit to inconvenience when there is no need? Why should she not join issue with her sister-shoppers in equal plight and follow her husband's most excellent example, and belong to a club where her wants would be supplied without the addition of annoyance?

To the strictly self-supporting woman, enduring the discomforts of a boarding house with its enforced association of a medley of unlikeable people; a woman whose days are probably passed in trying labor or a solitary profession; a woman whose social nature refuses to be warped into an unnatural groove without remonstrance against stringent conventional laws that threaten to dry up the very springs of hope and sympathy, leaving her as soulless as dried peas rattling in a shrivelled pod; to such a woman the possibility of communion on grounds of equal fellowship with her own kind—a fellowship obtained and enjoyed easily, and accompanied, too, by a delightful spice of uncertainty as to what vistas of mental relaxation might not be spread before her through a chance acquaintance, begun at the club and cemented later by the bonds of affinity—club life would be an inestimable boon. These are a few material facts that prove there is reason in the desire among women to band themselves together for their mutual benefit. That a certain amount of gossip will be exchanged, goes without saying, *for women's clubs are not advocated as a means of changing human nature;* but that mischievous talk should be more rampant than our present ingenuity has made it, is a fallacious argument. Gossip is usually the froth of idle and empty minds, (often brought to that condition by physical fatigue when more serious thoughts are too great an exertion), and is best dispersed by bringing it into direct contact with the truth. As women's lives enlarge

and their sympathies extend, malicious gossip will find less food on which to feed, and the very argument now so strongly advanced will be found turned against itself.

On the question of the desirability of women's clubs I do not know anyone who has seized the position and dealt with it more lucidly than Miss Amy Levy in her article sometime since in *The Woman's World*.

"What has hitherto been felt as a vague longing, the desire among women for a corporate life, for a wider human fellowship, a richer social opportunity, has assumed the definite shape of a practical demand, now that so many women of all ranks are controllers of their own resources. From the high and dry region of the residential neighborhood, the women come pouring down to those pleasant shores where the great stream of human life is dashing and flowing. In class-room and lecture-theatre, office and art-school, college and club-house alike woman is waking up to a sense of the hundred and one possibilities of social intercourse; possibilities which, save in exceptional instances, have hitherto for her been restricted to the narrowest grooves. The female club must be regarded as no isolated and ludicrous phenomenon, but as the natural outcome of the spirit of an age which demands excellence in work from women no less than from men, and as one of the many steps towards the attainment of that excellence. No great performance in art or science can be justly expected from a class which is debarred from the inestimable advantages of a corporate social life. How many a valuable acquaintance has been improved, how many an important introduction obtained in that convenient neutral ground of club-land? Here at last is a chance of seeing something of A, or B, or C, apart from her sisters, her cousins, and her aunts, all excellent people, no doubt, but with whom we personally have nothing in common, and whose acquaintance we have no desire to cultivate. And here is a haven of refuge where we can write our letters, and read the news, undisturbed by the importunities of a family circle which can never bring itself to regard feminine leisure and feminine solitude as things to be respected. But it is to the professional women, when all is said, that the club offers the most substantial advantages. What woman engaged in art, in literature, in science, has not felt the drawbacks of her isolated position? Apart from that intellectual solitude, she has to contend with every practical disadvantage. She has to fight her way unknown and single-handed; to compete with a guild of craftsmen all more or less known to one another, bound together by innumerable links of acquaintance and intercourse. It is all uphill work with her, unless she be somebody's sister, or somebody's wife, or unless she have the power and the means of setting in motion an elaborate social machinery to obtain what every average follower of his calling has come to regard as a right. The number of professional women of all kinds has increased so greatly, and is still so greatly increasing that, with a little more *esprit de corps*, women

A MID-DAY REST.

might do a great deal for themselves and for one another."

Naturally the difficulty of forming women's clubs in large centres of life like London is less, and the utility correspondingly greater than in small towns such as the capitals of the various colonies, nevertheless they are appearing here and there with varied success according to the wisdom of their organisation.

In London there are four well-established clubs having different scope, and patronised by women of different classes and tastes. Of these the Albemarle founded in 1881 is the oldest and largest. It is mixed, being open to both sexes, and has rooms adjoining the original Albemarle Club, which has entered into an agreement to cater for the younger club in its own kitchen. Under such favorable circumstances it is hardly necessary to say that the food is satisfactory and the club a success. Next in importance is the Alexandra, restricted to ladies and generally exclusive. It is as fashionable as its name implies. Here may be heard the latest gossip of drawing-rooms and princely entertainments, as well as the newest thing in art or politics. It is situated in Grosvenor street, and has the advantage of being a residential club. Contrary to the ordinary rule that exclusiveness can only be bought at a high price, the Alexandra is not an expensive club, so with this added charm there is little wonder that its members already number eight hundred. There is, however, one drawback, no men are admitted even as visitors. Next in point of age, and perhaps the most interesting, is the University Club for ladies, established in 1887, and open for membership to any university "registered medical practitioners of the United Kingdom, students or lecturers who have been in residence three terms either at Newnham or Girton College, Cambridge, or at Somerville or Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, undergraduates of any university who have passed the examination next after matriculation, and students who have passed the first professional examination of any medical corporation." This club is intended especially for the benefit of the busy professional woman whose means are small, and who is satisfied with a set of daintily furnished rooms in New Bond Street, where the housekeeper provides simple meals, or more sumptuous ones may be ordered from the Grosvenor restaurant opposite. Lastly, the Somerville Club in Oxford street. This club is based on slightly different lines, for it combines the advantages of a "club proper with those of the class or college, organising debates, lectures and social evenings for the benefit of its members, who are drawn from all classes of the community, and whose membership costs ten shillings a year. The original idea of its founder was to create a social centre for women to whom the ordinary social advantages are not easily accessible." This is not residential, nor are men admitted.

In Calcutta, Hong-kong and Shanghai there are mixed clubs, so luxuriously appointed that a description of one of them reads like a page out of—what shall I say by way of comparison?—well, like a page out of one of Ouida's novels. Fancy in that far-away city of the Celestial land, the British residents being able to boast of a club having two billiard rooms, ten tennis courts, beautiful grounds, and a house fitted with every luxury! The only solution to the mystery of such luxury is that the entire British "Concession" must have adopted the plan of associated homes, or that the cost of living, including house-rent, is comparatively nominal, otherwise such a delightful state of affairs would hardly be possible.

Here, in Australia, we are following the lead slowly, because the materials out of which colonial life is made do not so readily adapt themselves to innovations.

To effect a re-organisation of society such as feminine club-life implies, a strong cosmopolitan element is necessary. We in Australia are provincial in our feelings, and therefore conservative, and any innovation upon the faiths of our mothers is met in a spirit of opposition rather than in tolerance of new ideas. We owe this partly to the effect of our insular position, "far from the madding crowd," on the highway to nowhere; partly because the majority of the population is drawn from provincial rather than from town colonists, and our notions are accordingly colored by hereditary grooves. But there is little doubt that if such institutions were to become recognised conditions of social life, much advantage would accrue in the coalescing of individual interest for the general welfare. Petty cliques, the bane of small societies, would be practically impossible, and we should gradually be forced by the spirit of fairness to acknowledge that though A's dresses were peculiarly ill-fitting, she possessed culture and sterling merit that proved her a pleasanter companion than B with her exquisite Paris costumes. Begining thus on the surface, we should gradually work below, cutting away as we went many a silly custom and absurd prejudice. Finally, we might be led to acknowledge that "a

woman's a woman for a' that;" after which the Millennium!

It is significant of the temperament of the different colonies that Melbourne was the first to adopt the innovation of women's clubs. One was inaugurated there some eighteen months ago, but it died a natural death a few months later, apparently from a want of proper organisation, and no other attempt has been made in that direction.

Next in point of enterprise comes Brisbane, where a lady has started a proprietory club at Haye's Buildings, Elizabeth Street, consisting of a ladies' tea-room, sitting-rooms and lavatory upstairs, and a strangers' room downstairs, to which ladies have a right to bring their friends, both ladies and gentlemen. A subscription of two guineas a year will admit all the ladies of a family residing under one roof.

The last fact will proclaim at once that though this institution is known as the Ladies' Club, it really bears no relation to a club proper, being merely a private enterprise in the form of a private restaurant with some special advantages, the lady proprietors holding the power of admitting new members entirely in their own hands. So far it is working successfully (as it suits the convenience of suburban ladies who come to town for a day's shopping), and claims nearly a hundred members. No doubt with continued success it will presently develope into a residential club benefitting country ladies on a visit to town and otherwise doomed to put up with lodgings.

Sydney, with her characteristic sedateness, has been the last to blossom out into feminine club-life. However, within this last Autumn she, too, has perpetrated a Ladies' Club, of which Lady Carrington is Patronness, Lady Darley, President, and Lady Manning and Lady Allen, Vice-Presidents. The rules for the management of the Club are almost entirely adapted from the Union Club rules. Membership is obtained by ballotting, when ten votes will secure election, and one black ball in five will exclude. The annual subscription is fixed at £3 3s.; the entrance fee £2 2s. for town members. For country members the subscription is one guinea less. Of course it is early in the day to say what the fate of the enterprise will be, but the promoters are sanguine of ultimate success. They wisely decided to begin modestly, and with that end have furnished three rooms very cosily in the Australian Joint Stock Bank Buildings, George Street.

The club is not residential, nor are men admitted except on one afternoon of the week—Monday—when a member may engage the Drawing-room for her own private use. This is a special feature, and is intended for the convenience of suburban members who are too far from their friends to make visiting practicable. They give due notice of their wish to engage the room on certain dates, and pay a fixed sum for its use. This rule is one of those adaptions to peculiar circumstances that are likely to be features in women's clubs wherever formed, and points to the insensible effect of locality upon the mind in adjusting means to ends. Sydney proper is the nucleus of large centres of social life that radiate from the city like spokes in a wheel; as yet there is no tire to connect them, and the skeleton is unsightly, so its unconsidered ends are finding means of their own to draw themselves into closer connection with others. It is a present convenience, and out of it may spring other possibilities only dreamed of yet. To people living in the steamer and railway suburbs it would be a great boon to have a place to which they could go in the interval after the theatre or concert and get a cup of coffee in comfort to fortify them against the night air before their respective means of transit start. Still better would it be could they be provided with rooms for the night, when balls are in question. These are developments contingent upon the successful working of a club whose motto should be, "United we stand, divided we fall."

There are many difficulties in the way of forming a club exclusively for women, the greatest being that few control their own purses, and, of those few, the number is further limited by the fact that the majority are women earning small incomes on which they must live. It follows that they can rarely command a sum sufficient to ensure the comforts they are accustomed to and would expect. In the future, when the advantages and interests that spring out of co-operation make themselves felt in the improved conditions of social life, men will be less sceptical of the uses of moneys in which they have no direct share, and will grow more liberal towards women in this particular. Perhaps, who knows? a day may come when the law of entail will be quite obsolete, and women will no longer know the humiliation of dependence on the good will of a male relative for the mere necessaries of life, sometimes grudgingly given.

Apart from pecuniary drawbacks there are others to be overcome before feminine club-life can be made entirely successful. Women have yet much to learn in the art of working

in concert, and the wisdom of concession, in the necessity of promptness in action if there be an abuse to remedy, of the advantages of business habits where business is concerned. We must also educate ourselves to use a club when we have it, otherwise it is likely we shall not reap much benefit from our association. To this end it is of the utmost importance that the Club should be centrally situated, that is, as near the shops as possible. For the ways and customs of our lives are quite distinct from men's; the exigencies of shopping alone prevent any methodical arrangement of time, and it follows that, if we have only half-an-hour to spare for lunch or rest, we are not inclined to pay for the comfort of a club by a ten minutes' walk in a direction at right angles from the scene of our labors.

When we look round at the number and importance of men's clubs firmly established in all towns, without raising any discussion other than ways and means on the part of intending members, it is most amusing to find that the formation of a solitary women's club should provoke opinion and criticism such as greets the promoters on every side. But it is the bias of human nature to condemn an unproven scheme. It might be more generous, however, to remember that there are possibilities in a women's club beyond a mere pleasant refuge for a spare half hour. As a debateable ground alone, women may meet there and find by contact much unsuspected good, and so grow increasingly tolerant. Women want above all things a broad spirit of tolerance, not for the foibles, but for the more serious faults of their own sex, and that spirit can be most naturally developed by communion unrestrained by the elements of conventional life, where recreation is for the most part contracted within the narrow limits of equal incomes, or suburbs closely connected. Many women who submit partly from habit, and partly because there is no better alternative, have a very reasonable dislike to the custom of calling. They justly condemn the waste of time spent in returning visits of people with whom they have no affinity. But the alternative would not be an improvement, for if the inclination to visit only those of kindred tastes grew into widespread custom, the world would speedily resolve itself into sets of circles never more than touching each other, like the arguments in a bad syllogism, and the spirit of intolerance would become rampant. The serious would grow more serious, the frivolous more frivolous.

The present condition of negative good at least escapes that, though little else can be said in its favor. The brain soon wearies of an artificial atmosphere, but it must feed upon something, and if there is nothing stronger, it learns to assimilate tea and gossip to a demoralising extent. Life then resolves itself into a restless desire to hear some new thing that may provide material for next day's chatter. An intellectual disease is fostered which takes the form of a growing dislike to face the realities of life, or a morbid desire for uncanny subjects. Little wonder that women who reflect object to this abuse of precious time, and it is the desire for a more natural condition of things that is leading them to adopt a new order.

AFTERNOON TEA.

Men get more out of their lives than women, not only from their greater freedom and larger means, but more particularly because each man elects to live his own life unshackled by considerations of conventionality. In this way he finds "a man's a man for a' that," and in the casual acquaintance of the club he may find the friend he has long desired. By comparison with such a broad plane of intercourse women have been sadly hampered in their attempts at self-development by restrictive custom. The daughter must walk in the groove worn by the mother's feet whether she fits it or no; she must be content, so long as she remains under the same roof, to accept the same friends, to entertain people perhaps utterly distasteful to her, to adapt herself in all things to a pattern that no amount of shaping will fit. With her life to live she must forego all

the natural promptings that would mean content to her, and adopt an artificial existence that abandons her at last to *ennui*.

In a club there is scope for much womanly interdependence. Such a neutral ground supplies without any trouble an informal opportunity of meeting, where the congenial spirit drifts towards the congenial, happy in the certainty that no inconvenient visitor will be announced to claim the attention of either. The conversation may begin with the weather; in its second stage it may pass on to the latest enormity in fashion; in its third it is inevitable that servants and other matters domestic will be enlarged upon, but in the fourth other and more intellectual topics will be handled, and among the chaff much good grain will be found; the exchange of experiences, other views of life, all are of service in raising the sympathies and interests above the dead level of conventional uniformity.

I take it that the best scheme of life is an adaptation of means to ends, and in the present condition of things co-operation for mutual benefit is a necesary phase of feminine life. There is but one law for all.

EPILOGUE.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cram?" says Mrs. Merriweather, meeting an acquaintance in the train on her way to town one bright winter's morning. "You're early abroad."

"I have a long day's shopping and want to save myself another trip by doing double time to-day."

"I guessed as much by your basket. I can always tell a railway or river suburbanite shopper by the description of carry-all she holds in her hand. It's the surest sign-manual of locality there is, except, perhaps, the attitude and style of a suburbanite's bonnet," Mrs. Merriweather returned laughing.

"Evidently you don't shop then, for I never see you with anything larger than a card-case." Mrs. Cram's tones were slightly envious.

"Indeed I do. I'm going to shop to-day; but then you see I don't approve of making a beast of burden of myself, so I send my little purchases to the Club and collect them there."

"I'm not a member."

"So I see by your impedimenta. Good morning, we're sure to meet somewhere," Mrs. Merriweather said leaving the tram high up the city. Between two and three o'clock they ran up against each other again, Mrs. Cram looking tired and draggled, Mrs. Merriweather spruce and fresh as a daisy.

"Well, how has the shopping gone?" the latter asked cheerily.

"Most provokingly from beginning to end. If I've been in one shop I've been in a hundred, and walked miles into the bargain. I was detained matching something and could not get anything to eat till after one, and consequently my head began to ache. Then of course the place was crowded and I had to wait ever so long before anyone would attend to me. Those waitresses think of nothing but the young men," concluded poor Mrs. Cram with exasperation in her tone.

"Oh! those men, those men! We poor women have no chance when they come swarming in. But my dear Mrs. Cram why don't you join the club? I went there to lunch, rested, brushed myself up, and here I am feeling ready for anything."

"I did think of it, but my husband won't let me; he says a women's club must be the hot-bed of gossip."

"Does he indeed! Tell him I'm much obliged to him for his complimentary opinion of us, and that I've heard more real scandal through my husband from *his* club than I've been able to collect in *our* club since I belonged to it, and I *can* assimilate gossip." Mrs. Merriweather's tones became a little sharp.

"I often wish he would give in about it, for shopping from a distance is so tiring and vexatious; it would be such a rest to have some nice comfortable place to go to instead of those stuffy restaurants" Mrs. Cram admitted with a tired gesture.

"Dear me how different husbands are! Now mine is so pleased that I should have a club of my own to go to, for he used to hate the idea of my being about town all day without a chance of rest. He says it's so bad to get over-tired and still have to travel home."

"I don't think many men consider it from that point, they are so strong themselves," the other answered in wifely defence. "I half promised Mrs. Smith to go and see her the first time I came to town, but I feel so untidy and headachy I don't like to."

"She is out, I saw her driving just now."

"That settles the question then; I'll go home and try and get rid of my headache. I daresay it's the best plan."

"No, no, I've a much better one. I met that charming Mrs. Brown just now and promised to have tea with her at the club. Come with me, you will like her."

"It does sound inviting. I particularly wanted to call on her, but she lives such a

long way off I am quite hopeless of ever finding a spare afternoon to get to her."

"That settles the question then. Come along," Mrs. Merriweather decided, and went on talking inconsequentially; "I find that one of the great advantages of a club; people meet there informally, have a pleasant time and often kill half-a-dozen birds with one stone. I've been able to reduce my calling list considerably since I joined, and really see more of the people I want to see. If that isn't progress I don't know what is," she concluded vivaciously as they entered the Club drawing-room.

Half-an-hour later Mrs. Cram—no longer limp, but starched and smiling again—got up to depart.

"I think I must induce my husband to reconsider the question," she observed.

"If he does, tell him I'll forgive him his nasty speeches, and in token of my forgiveness I'll give you a perfectly delicious recipe for making Fondu; he might eat pounds of it and never have a grain of indigestion. Tell him, too, that I admit the club has one drawback, there is a temptation to stay too long when you come. It's so delightfully free and quiet. In one's own house there is never a chance of reading, for no one respects your leisure; you've just got into the swing of something interesting when an interruption comes, and your chance vanishes for days."

* * * * * * *

A.D. 1895.

"Still the old story Mrs. Cram, a rush to the train and a trip to town." Mrs. Merriweather's voice is as bright and cheery as of old, but the five years have made a difference. There is a wider and fuller intelligence in her face than of yore; while in Mrs. Cram we recognise little likeness to the limp victim of circumstances of five years ago.

"The old story," she said "with a new meaning, I am on my way to the club to meet Mrs. Dalton, Lady Peyton and a few others, to talk over a plan to check the demoralisation of indiscriminate charity."

"I am due there too, and intend to put in a little feeler of my own on the mental development of children under eight. I have seen some sad cases of family mismanagement, and as I hold some very strong ideas on the causes, I want to get the experience and opinion of others before I hazard a generalisation from individual cases."

"You are wise. That is a trap we women are prone to from our limited experience. But I think you will have to put it off till another day, for we think of forming ourselves into an organised band, and working on a systemmatic plan to check the abuse of indiscriminate charity."

"In that case I shall join issue with you, and be content to put in my little spoke another day. I suppose your argument is that in a prosperous country like this there should be no real poverty. Where it exists, some preventible cause may be traced to account for it."

"Exactly. Our purpose is to influence those around us to become self-dependent no matter what the obstacle. Our motto, that there is a prosperous niche for every human soul on God's earth, if only people would make up their minds to hunt till they find it. That principle once established our country's success would follow as a matter of course."

"How little we can guess what will be the end of our most insignificant act!" Mrs. Merriweather said reflectively. "Do you remember five years ago my working on your worries and weariness to induce you to join the club?"

"Perfectly. How much has sprung out of it that we could not have dreamed possible then! First social opportunity, then friendship and the advantages of unity. Now I begin to feel as if I had some part to play in the great world, some suffering to alleviate, some work to do over and above my own home duties."

"We are no longer 'lonely molecules wandering in a world of homogeneous particles,' (as a learned professor expressed himself to me once,) having no claim to any interest outside our homes, and thankful for any accidental catastrophe that brought us temporarily into contact with other minds apart from the regions of conventional visiting. Let our mothers say what they may, our times are the best, ours a larger and fuller life, a more extended opportunity." Mrs. Merriweather's face was bright with expectancy.

Vale!

A SONG IN MEMORY.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

I.

THERE'S a stalwart pine on a mountain peak,
There's a wind from a summer sea,
In the silver East there's a crimson streak
And a day dawns; rise and see;
And the pine and the wind in the golden space
Have a morning tryst to keep,
And I smile to my friend, but an empty place
Folds back—nay, do not weep;
He sleeps well; let him sleep.

II.

The sun and the wind and the stalwart pine
Are grown to a warm embrace,
And the dawn is flushed as with ripe red wine—
Like a rose on a pallid face;
And their life is one, and the light-wheels spin
To the changeless curve of noon,
And a sound from the Afterland blows in
Like the song of a thrush in June.

III.

There's a leaf turned down in an idle book,
There's a pen that is dark with rust,
There's a scroll that blurred to a dying look
Ere "Not yet" bent to Heaven's "Thou must;"
Did you think that you heard *his* footfall then?
'Twas your soul that felt the door
Of Life disclose for a man of men
As he stepped to the Evermore.

IV.

It is morning still but a mist sweeps up
  From the plains of a fighting world,
As the smother rolls from a lava cup
  Whence the scoria rocks are hurled;
And the stalwart pine you can see no more
  On the edge of the mountain height,
And the song is lost in the ocean's roar
  As a white dove in the light.

V.

But never a day the world hath known
  Is as strong as the breath of God;
And the wildest night in blackness blown
  With stars hath its sandals shod:
When the eyes from a great grief swim with tears
  And the things we have loved are hid
Shall we say at that moment "Endless years
  Weave their dark veils?"—God Forbid!

VI.

Behind the tears and beyond the mist
  'Tis the same life beats as when
The morning skies were of amethyst
  And the sun-god smiled on men:—
It is better to live for a little while
  Untouched by an evil thing
Afar from thoughts that all thought defile,
  Than sit as a sceptred King.

VII.

He drew his life like the stalwart pine
  From the sea-wind and the sun;
His soul was clear as the white star-shine
  As a rose e'er its bloom be done:
Now his pure "I know" makes our "I think"
  Start back like a waking child
From the too much light; he has learned to drink
  From the well of the Undefiled.

VIII.

The time draws near that I saw him lie
  In a hot December noon
With the fever-gleam in his sleepless eye
  And his memory in a swoon;
Ah! the blinding mist that falls between
  And the stillness over all;
And the face where the mountain light hath been,
  And the voice like a trumpet-call!—

IX.

—Dim dim and far, yet the mists shall flee
  And the morn shall smile again;
And the stalwart pine that our eyes shall see
  Upgrown from the mad world's ken,
To God's far Zenith shall lift its head,
  And a wind from the soft sand dune
Of a sea that, living, we call the dead,
  Shall rise like a song in June.
    He sleeps well: let him sleep.

ON THE WAY TO BALLARAT.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

LONG and deadly wearisome was the journey to Ballarat. Necessarily slow, it became insufferably tedious to impatient men who had been used to take counsel but of their own will and caprice. An early start, a late ending to the dragging days journey, broken but by a short midday halt. Such was the order of Lance's return to Ballarat, until, on the fifth day, they saw once more, in the distance, the smoke of the thousand camp fires and heard the distant surge-like murmur of the army of the Mine.

Wearied and heart sick, melancholy and furious by turns, Lance Trevanion almost commenced to doubt of his own identity. When they arrived at the camp he found himself led forward between two troopers and half conducted, half pushed into a cell, the clang of the bolt seeming to intensify the strange unreality of his position. The trooper informed him that his meal would be sent in directly; that he would have to make the best of it with the blankets doubled up for a bed in a corner of the cell until next day. Then he would be brought before the Police Magistrate, and either discharged or committed, as the case might be.

On the journey Lance had, after his first paroxysm of rage and disgust, abundant leisure to think over and over the facts and probable consequences of his position. He was apparently to be arraigned, if committed for trial, for having in his possession a stolen horse. But could they, could any one prove that he had "guilty knowledge—that he knew of its being dishonestly come by." Were not half the horses then sold in Ballarat supposed to be stolen, stolen from the "Sydney side," from South Australia, from all parts of Victoria indeed? He had never known anyone tried on such a charge, and had, indeed, thought in his ignorance that laxity about the ownership of live stock was one of the customs of the country, rendered indeed almost inevitable from the

* Begun in August Number, 1889

absence of fencing or natural boundaries between the immense herds and flocks.

He had not, of course, the smallest suspicion that Pendragon, the horse he had so named in memory of the old Cornish legend, which he had bought from Ned Lawford at a high figure, was other than perfectly "square," as Ned would have phrased it. Had he known the truth he would have repudiated the purchase with scorn. But now, to be arrested and marched to gaol with as much formality as if he had taken a horse out of the stable of a neighboring proprietor in Cornwell, or "lifted" a flock of black-faced sheep, struck him as truly anomalous and absurd.

Next morning, after a night which came to an end in spite of his forlorn condition, he found himself making one of a large class of *détenues* who, for one offence or another, were to come up for judgment.

The ordinary charge-sheet of a goldfield is fairly filled as a rule, and at this particular period of the existence of Ballarat as a town a large proportion of criminals of all shades and classes had managed to make it their temporary home. Expirees from Tasmania, where the transportation system had only lately come to an end, had swelled the proportion of habitual criminals. These were daring and desperate men; an inexorable penal system had partially controlled but failed altogether to reform them. So frequent had been the assaults upon life and property with which this class was credited, that an official of exceptional firmness and experience had been specially selected for the responsible post of Police Magistrate of Ballarat.

This gentleman, Mr. McAlpine, generally, familiarly and widely known as "Launceston Mac," was credited with using a short and trenchant way with criminals. Presumably a large proportion of his *clientèle* had been at some time or other before him in Tasmania. He had, it was conceded, a wonderful memory for faces, as also for "accidents and offences." It was asserted for him that he never met a man under penal circumstances that he could not recognise if encountered twenty years afterwards. It was only necessary in the case of doubtful identity to direct the attendant police to "turn him round," which formula was almost invariably followed by the remark, "Seen you before, my man, on the other side, your name is so-and-so. Six months imprisonment with hard labor."

Doubtless in nineteen cases out of twenty the inference was correct, and the punishment just. But there *was* a probability that occasionally the worthy justice was mistaken. Among the hordes of criminals with which he had been officially connected, small wonder if an occasional lapse of memory took place, and then so much the worse for the accused.

But, as in all comprehensive schemes of legislative repression the individual suffers for the general advantage, so the occasional misdirections of justice—in that era of widespread license which might so easily degenerate into lawlessness, were but lightly regarded as incident to a period of martial-law—and no one gainsayed the fact that the practised readiness—prompt decision and stern resolve—which Mr. McAlpine brought to bear upon the thousands of cases were of priceless advantage to the body politic and all law-abiding citizens.

It was this Rhadamanthus before whom so many an evildoer trembled that Lance Trevanion found himself compelled to confront. He knew him, of course, by fame and report, as who did not?—but had never met him, as it happened, personally. He did not doubt, however, but that a few words of explanation would suffice to set him free. It was, therefore with a sense of awakening hope that he obeyed the summons to follow one of the constables to the court-house. This was a large but not imposing building, composed of weather-boards, rude, indeed, and deficient as to architectural proportions. However, it was a great improvement upon the large tent which did duty as a hall of justice in the primitive days of the gold outbreak.

Erect upon the bench, regarding the herd of prisoners as one by one they came before him, with a stern countenance and searching glance, sat Mr. McAlpine. His eyes had that fixed and penetrating expression generally acquired by men who have had long experience of criminals. His face seemed to say to such: "I can identify you, if necessary—I know every thought of your vile heart—every deed of your ruffian life. Don't dare to *think* of deceiving *me* or it will be worse for you—plead guilty if you are wise, and don't insult the court by a defence!"

Long, and so sombre had been Mr. McAlpine's experiences of every kind of iniquity, of evasion, if not defiance of the law, that it is doubtful if he considered any person ever brought before him to be perfectly innocent. Certainly not, unless conclusively proved by competent witnesses. The *onus probandi* lay with the accused. It is asserted by outsiders that all police officials in time acquire a tinge of the hunter instinct, which impels them to pursue, and, if possible, run down every species of quarry once started, irrespective of

guilt. But this, doubtless, is an invention of the enemy.

After the squad of "drunks and disorderlies" had been dealt with, the names Launcelot Trevanion and Edward Lawford were called; "the prisoners" were ordered to stand up.

A novel experience, truly, for the heir of Wychwood. The court was crowded. It had somehow leaked out that Trevanion, of number Six, Growler's, had been run in by Sergeant Dayrell, for horse-stealing. The news had not yet got as far as the Gully proper—the time not having allowed. But every "golden-hole man" was pretty well known on the "field," and Lance was a prominent personage, by repute, in the mining community.

"What the blazes has a chap like that any call to shake a horse for—that's what I want to know?" enquires a huge, blackbearded digger. "Why, they say he's worth forty or fifty thousand, if he's worth a penny, and the claim washing-up better and better every week?"

"He never stole no moke," returned his companion, decisively, "no more than you or me prigged the post-office clock, that's just been a-striking! He's a free-handed chap with his money, and that soft that he don't know a cross cove from a straight 'un. He's been had by Ned Lawford and his crowd. That's about the size of it."

"They can't shop him for that, though," said the first man, contemplatively filling his pipe. "They say he was riding a crooked horse when he was took. Kate Lawford was with him on another. The yard was half-full of horses the Lawfords had worked from hereabouts. It looked ugly, didn't it?"

"Looked ugly be blowed!" said his more logical and experienced friend. "Things is getting pretty cronk if a chap can't ride alongside a pretty gal without wanting to see a receipt for the nag she's on! I believe it's a plant of that beggar, Dayrell's. He wants a big case, and that poor young chap may have to suffer for it."

"Dayrell wouldn't do a thing like that, surely," exclaimed the first speaker in tones of amazement. "Why, it's as bad as murder, I call it. What's to become of a swell chap like him, if he's lagged and sent to the hulks?"

"There's devilish few things as Dayrell *wouldn't* do, it's my opinion, if he thought he'd get a step by it," replied his friend. "But this cove's friends'll make a fight for it. They'll have law. They've got money, and so has he, of course. They'll have a lawyer from Melbourne."

It did not appear at first as if there was much danger to be apprehended as far as Lance was concerned. Directly his case was called, he stood up and faced the Bench and the expectant crowd with a stern expression—half of defiance, half of contempt.

"May I say a few words in my own defence," he commenced. "I am certain that a short explanation would convince the Bench that any charge such as I am called upon to answer is ludicrous in the extreme."

We must first have the evidence of the apprehending constable," said the Police Magistrate decisively, "after which the Bench will hear anything you have to say."

"But your worship, I wish to speak a few words before."

"After the evidence," said the P.M., sternly. "Swear Sergeant Dayrell."

That official strode forward stepping into the vertical pew which is placed for the apparent *in*-convenience of witnesses, by adding to their natural nervousness and trepidation the discomfort of a cramped wearisome posture. To him, at least, it made no difference. Cool and collected he made his statement with practiced ease and deliberation, as if reading an oft-recited passage out of a well-known volume, watching the pen of the clerk of the Bench, so as to permit that official to commit to writing correctly his oft-fateful words. They were as follows:—

"My name is Francis Dayrell, Senior-sergeant of Police for the Colony of Victoria, at present stationed at Growlers' Gully. I know the prisoners before the court. On Friday the 20th September last from information received I proceeded to a digging known as Balooka, situated in New South Wales, and distant about one-hundred-and-seventy miles from Ballarat. I arrived on Monday evening the 23rd, and proceeded to the camp of the prisoner Edward Lawford, whom I arrested by virtue of a warrant, which I produce. It is signed by a magistrate of the territory. In a yard close to the prisoner's camp I found a large number of horses, several of which I at once identified as being stolen from miners at Ballarat, or in the vicinity. Others appeared to have brands resembling those of squatters in the neighborhood. The prisoner Lawford was unable to account for his possession of these, or to produce receipts. He was about to leave for Melbourne I was informed, in order to sell the whole mob. I arrested him and his cousin Daniel, and charged him with stealing the horse named in the warrant. While he was in custody I observed the other prisoner, Launcelot Trevanion by name, riding towards

the camp in company with a young woman. She was riding one horse, and leading another. When he came up I identified both the horse he was riding and that of his companion as stolen horses, both of which have been advertised in the *Police Gazette*. I produce the *Gazette* wherein the brand and description correspond. I charged the prisoner with receiving a certain bay horse branded H.J., well knowing him to be stolen, and arrested him. I then conveyed the prisoners to the gaol at Ballarat East, where I confined them.

This evidence—which even Lance admitted to himself, placed matters in a more unfavorable light than he could have supposed possible—being read over, Mr. McAlpine said, "Have you any question to ask the witness?"

"Yes your worship," answered Lance, bringing out the last two words with apparent difficulty.

"You are aware that I had the bay horse in my possession for some weeks at Growlers', and rode him openly there?"

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then why did you not arrest me there?"

"I had my reasons, one of which was that I had not received an answer from Mr. Jeffreys—the breeder of the horse?"

"Was that with reference to the hundred pound reward offered on conviction of anyone proved to have stolen one of his horses?"

"No!"

"That reward did not actuate you in arresting me on a charge of which you must know that I am innocent, if you have watched my conduct at all."

"I *have* watched your conduct, and know you to be an habitual associate of the Lawfords who, as a family, are known to be among the most clever horse and cattle stealers in New South Wales. I have known you to make a practice of gambling with them for large sums. It has been stated to me that you have lost as much as five-hundred pounds to them at a sitting."

"Did you not know that I had come straight from Ballarat when I rode up to the camp at Balooka."

"I am not in a position to state where you came from. I saw you ride up with Kate Lawford, in whose company I have repeatedly seen you. On this occasion you and she were in possession of three horses—all stolen property—the one she rode, the one she led, and the horse you rode."

"How could I know that the horse I bought from Ned Lawford was stolen? He did not know, I believe, or he would not have sold it to me, I am sure."

"That you will have to explain to the court," returned the Sergeant with pitying contempt."

"Good God! Did I look like a guilty man when you arrested me?" exclaimed Lance, in a tone which had an echo of despair as plank by plank he felt his defence foundering, as it were, at every cold and sinister answer of this relentless foe.

"You made a most violent resistance," replied the Sergeant, calmly, "of which my face still bears the mark. I don't know whether that is to be taken as a proof of your innocence."

"I appeal to your worship," exclaimed the unfortunate accused as a nameless terror stole over him—such as Quentin Durward may have experienced when Tristan L'Hermite and Petit André were about to attach him to the fatal tree—lest, ignorant of all legal forms, he should be tried and condemned before he had a chance of exculpation. "I appeal to your worship to permit my case to be adjourned, in order that I may bring witnesses who can prove my innocence, and also that I may obtain legal assistance. Surely you cannot sit there and see an innocent man wrongfully condemned. Though a miner, I am a gentleman of good, indeed ancient family; an act such as I have been accused of is, therefore, impossible to me. For God's sake permit me an adjournment!"

The magistrate's face was impassive. His nature was probably not less compassionate than that of other men. But long familiarity with crime, long official acquaintance with every variety of villainy had indurated his feelings to such an extent that but little trust in human nature, as ordinarily displayed within the precincts of his court, had survived. No doubt this young fellow looked and spoke like an innocent man; but how many criminals had looked and spoken likewise? The wholesale stealing of miners' and squatters' horses—now worth from fifty to a hundred pounds each in the Melbourne market—had reached such a pitch that the miners had declared their intention to shoot or lynch any future "horse thieves," as the American miners called them, if justice was not done them by the Government. Mr. McAlpine had this in his mind at the time, and, with all proper respect for the rules of evidence, had come fully to the conclusion that it was high time that an exemplary sentence should be passed upon the very next culprit caught "red-handed," he therefore made no reply to the passionate appeal of the unlucky prisoner.

"Read over the evidence," he said, in a cold voice to the clerk of the court.

That official with colorless accuracy read out Dayrell's damaging statement on oath as well as Lance's questions thereupon, which, as generally happens to the accused who essays his own defence, had injured rather than aided his case.

"Do you wish to ask the witness any other question?" he enquired in a tone which would have led a bystander to think that the process was a pleasant interchange of ideas between gentlemen, which any prisoner might enjoy.

"No!" certainly not, but I should like to say—"

"I understood you to apply for an adjournment, for the purpose of calling witnesses and employing a legal practitioner?"

"Certainly I did, but I wish—"

"The prisoner stands remanded to this day week at 10 a.m. Bail refused. It is understood that any authorised person is not to be denied access to him. The court stands adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

As this closed proceedings the Police Magistrate walked slowly forth, leaving Lance to be re-conducted to prison with, however, permission to see all friends and legal advisers.

Before the proceedings closed the Sergeant had made a formal request for the adjournment for a week of the case against Edward Lawford, assigning as a reason that he was not fully prepared with the necessary evidence. This had been assented to: both prisoners were then marched back to gaol, and being locked up in separate cells, were left to their reflections.

From the sound of whistling and even singing which proceeded from the apartment occupied by Mr. Edward Lawford, the penalty of imprisonment did not appear to fall heavily upon his elastic spirits: the iron had not entered into his soul in any marked degree. But far otherwise was it with Lance Trevanion. He had buoyed himself up with the idea that he would only need to make a short explanation to the magistrate and that he would be immediately set at liberty. In this expectation he had been bitterly disappointed. So far from his release being an easy matter, it seemed as if a fresh element of doubt, a dismal dread, undefined yet ominous, had been introduced into the affair. Would he perhaps *really* be convicted and sentenced? The idea was maddening, but innocent persons had been found guilty before, if some of the tales which he had heard were not untrue. Why not again? This was a strange country. He had been deceived and thoroughly duped, as he could not help confessing to himself. Might he not find himself yet more fatally mistaken in all his conclusions?

Seated on the floor of his cell, he rapidly fell into a state of semi-stupor as these sombre imaginings coursed through his brain, sometimes slowly and with saddest procession, at other times with almost delirious haste. Was he indeed Lance Trevanion, the free, fearless traveller of a week since? It surely could not be! What was he to do next? Life or liberty, which came to the same thing, was surely worth fighting for. He must have legal assistance if it were possible. There was hardly a lawyer in Ballarat that was *practising his profession*. A sufficient number there abode doubtless, but they were all in the year 1832 engaged in mining. After a while the ebb of adventure set in, on which a return took place to nearly all the professions. But in the spring of 1852 the golden tide was at flood mark. It was hard to find any man in the place or position which he had formerly held.

From this mood of doubt and despair Trevanion was aroused by steps in the corridor and the opening of the door of the cell. He had but scant time to rise and stand erect when Hastings and Jack Polwarth entered. The latter with an expression of alarm and astonishment that but for his evident sincerity would have been ludicrous.

"Why, Mr. Lance—Mr. Trevanion," cried Jack in tones of subdued horror—"Whatever has come to ye, that they have had the face to do this? Can they stand by it, think ye, Mr. Hastings? Locking up a gentleman like Mr. Lance here and makin' 'oot as he's stolen a trumpery 'oss, him as wouldn't do the like for a Black forest full of 'em. It's fair murther and worse—all the gully's talking on it and I could fetch a hundred Cousin Jacks and Devon lads as'lld pull the place about their ears if you'd but say the word, Mr. Lance?"

"I'm afraid that would do no good, Jack," said Hastings, whose concern, not so freely expressed, was as deep and sincere as that of Lance's faithful partner. "I see no reason though, Trevanion, why you shouldn't be out in a week. However, all this is deucedly annoying and vexatious. Still we must be patient. Queer things happen on a goldfield. You remember my plight when first we made acquaintance!"

"Annoying!" replied Trevanion, slowly turning his frowning face in which the lurid passion light of his gloomy eyes had com-

menced to burn. "Why in the world should I have been selected by Providence for this damnable injustice? I feel already as if I was disgraced irrevocably. How can I ever show my face among my equals again after having been arrested, handcuffed, charged with felony, locked up like a criminal. Great God! when I think of it all I wonder why I don't go mad!"

"It's no use getting excited over it," said Hastings. "The thing is to *do* all that we can, not to think or talk about it overmuch. Stirling will be here to-morrow. He could not come to-day, but will leave his bank before the stars are out of the sky to-morrow, and will be here by breakfast time. He could not come to-day because of business. We will see about your witnesses and manage to get a lawyer up from Melbourne in time. Keep up your spirits. There are dozens of men, and women too, that can prove an *alibi*. If my claim was as good as yours I'd swap places cheerfully with you."

"Don't be too sure of that," returned Lance with a sardonic smile. "I have a kind of presentiment that evil will come of this business. Why I know not, but still the feeling haunts me. Well, Jack, we never thought of this on board the 'Red Jacket' when we were so jolly, eh!"

"Just to think of it," exclaimed Jack, with the tears running down his honest face. "And never a Trevanion in a prison before since that king—I can't even mind his name—shut up one of them in the old Tower of London and cut his head off. But that was dying like a gentleman—that ever I should have lived to see this! I could never show my face at Wychwood or St. Austell's again."

"Why, Jack, you're about as foolish as your—master, I was nearly saying—as your mate there, at any rate. Why, Lance is not even committed for trial! All sorts of things may happen in the meantime. *Must* happen; *must* happen. Now, we must say good-bye, Lance. I'll send you in some books. I don't see many about. For God's sake keep up your spirits."

The time fixed for the remand having expired, Lance and his fellow-prisoner, Ned Lawford, were brought up for their preliminary trial. All necessary arrangements had been completed; no further reason existed for delay either on the part of the Crown or of the prisoners.

The Sergeant was quite ready with his witnesses; Stirling and Hastings had secured the services of the celebrated Mr. England, the great criminal lawyer, about whose capacity the general miners' opinion, as expressed on the occasion, ran thus: "Well if England don't get him off nobody will."

These important preliminaries having been settled, the crowd waited with impatience mingled with a certain satisfaction that so important a trial was really to come off and not to be strangled in its infancy like many promising legal melodramas to which they had looked forward. There would be no mistake about this one at any rate. Sergeant Dayrell had come down in full uniform from the camp at an early hour. The show would be on soon after the clock struck ten.

At that hour punctually Mr. McAlpine took his seat upon the bench. In five minutes the court was crowded. After the ordinary business two men were marched in with a policeman on either side and placed in the dock. They were Lance Trevanion and Edward Lawford. The latter looked calmly around at the crowd as if there was no particular occasion for seriousness of mien. His mental attitude was easily comprehended by those of his compatriots who were present, whatever might be thought by the emigrant miners who were so visibly in the majority. Ned had played for a heavy stake—he had staked his liberty on the hazard and lost. If he had won there was a matter of two or three thousand pounds—indeed more—in the pool. That would have set him up in a decent-sized cattle station capable of indefinite development. It was a fair risk. He had taken it knowingly and with his eyes open. Now that he had lost, as the cards had been against him, there was nothing for it but to pay. It would be three years' gaol, or perhaps five at the outside.

When Lance Trevanion stood up in the dock confronting squarely the assembled crowd and the Bench, an almost audible shudder, accompanied by a species of gasping sigh passed through the court. Quietly but correctly dressed, access having been possible to his raiment at Growlers', he looked thoroughly a gentleman, a man of race and gentle nurture. As he stood calm and impassive, with a steadfast unflinching gaze, the most suspicious person, however permeated with universal distrust, could not have connected him with the meaner crimes. In a half-smile, haughty and grimly humorous, his features relaxed for a moment as he met the sorrowful gaze of Mrs. Polwarth. Then he drew himself up to his full height and awaited the first act of the drama in which he played so important a part.

The curtain was not long in rising. The Clerk of the Court stood up and read out the evidence of Senior Sergeant Dayrell, taken at

the first hearing of the case, as also the order of adjournment signed by the Police Magistrate. A stoutish dark man, with a mobile face and direct clear glance, stood up and said: "May it please your Honor, I beg pardon, your Worship, I appear for the prisoner, Launcelot Trevanion."

"By all means, pleased to hear it, Mr. England. Sergeant Dayrell, your first witness."

"Call Herbert Jeffreys," and in answer to the stentorian call outside of the court a gentlemanlike man with a bronzed countenance and of quiet demeanor stepped into the witness box. On being sworn he deposed as follows: "My name is Herbert Jeffreys, I am a land holder and grazier, residing at Restdown, which is distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Ballarat. I have seen a bright bay horse with a star, outside of the court, branded HJ, which is our station brand, at least for all horses and cattle running on the Campaspe. I swear to the horse as my property. He has been missing for nearly twelve months. I am perfectly certain it is the horse, and cannot be mistaken. I notice a slight cut inside of the hock, which was the result of an accident. I never sold him or gave prisoner or any other person authority to take him. He is a valuable animal, worth between eighty and a hundred pounds, as prices go. We have had a large number of horses stolen during the past year."

Cross-examined by Mr. England: "We had more than two hundred horses before the diggings. We have offered a hundred pounds reward for the conviction of any person found stealing our horses or cattle. It was a measure of self-defence. We should soon not have had one left. Do not consider it an inducement to the police to make up imaginary cases. If people do not steal our horses the reward is a dead letter. If they do they deserve punishment. I never saw the prisoner Trevanion before. If I had I should probably not have been here to-day." (Asked why?) "Because anyone can see that he is a gentleman and doubtless unused to this kind of work. I have no doubt that he purchased my horse without suspicion that he had been stolen. Can't say whether or not the horse has been in the pound since I saw him last."

"Was he indeed Lance Trevanion, the free, fearless traveller of a week since?"

Trevanion looked over at the witness as he spoke thus with a frank expression of gratitude, while Mr. Jeffreys, having descended from the witness-box and signed his deposition,

sat down in a chair provided for him, to watch the trial.

The next witness called was Carl Stockenstrom. "My name—ja wohl—I am a dikker from Palooga. Haf been dere all der wege more 'an dree months. On Thursday neuntzehn Zepdember, I saw de brisoner at the Gemp's Greek, ten mile from der Palooga. He was ride mit de fräulein Lawford. He ride not the horse outside de court. It was anoder. They was having one fine lark. She can ride—she ride like nodings dat I never shall see. I swear positif to de prisoner, his face, his figure, above all dings to his eyes."

Cross-examined by Mr. England: "I have lost a good horse myself. I did not advertise him in the local baper. Many of my mates lost theirs. I did not think it worth while. The two were driving some horses when I see dem. I saw two of them in Ned Lawford's yard and was told they was sdolen. Police dook dem away mit de oders anyways."

"Call Hiram Edwards."

A gaunt American miner stalked forward, and with characteristic self-possession stepped into the witness box.

"Diggin' at Balooka? Yes sir; followed the first rush. Heard talk of hoss-thieves among the boys; advised to hang the first man caught riding a wrong horse, just to skeer other critters. Worked well in San Francisco, that simple expedient. Do not know prisoner personally, but saw a man durned like him on Friday, 20th September last in company with that skunk, Ned Lawford, trading horses."

"Lost no horse? No sir; know too much to keep one on a placer, workin'. Sold mine same day I struck the gulch."

Cross-examined by Mr. England: "Hev a sorter dislike to swear positively to prisoner as having been in company with Lawford on that Friday. To the best of my belief he was the man.' (Has the prisoner any objection to look at me for a moment). Then Lance turned suddenly and looked at the witness with a determined and sternly interrogatory expression. The witness changed front noticeably. "I now swear to the prisoner as the man I saw with Lawford on Friday; positively and plum-centre. Know his eyes anywhere. First day I saw him was the Wednesday before. He and Lawford both carried stock-whips."

Senior Constable Donnellan deposed: "I am a mounted trooper, at present stationed at Balooka. I know the prisoner, and have been observing him closely at Balooka for the last three weeks. Frequently saw him in company with Edward Lawford and his sister. As they were suspicious characters, or, at any rate, had a name for finding horses that were not lost, I thought it my duty to watch them.

"On the morning of Wednesday, 18th instant, I saw Lawford and prisoner ride out early from the former's camp; they went for some miles up a gully, and on reaching the top where there is a small plain, I saw two men meet them with a small lot (ten, I believe) of riding horses. They drove them to the camp and put them into a yard. I have ascertained that nearly all of them were stolen, and have since been identified by miners. Saw prisoner several times with Kate Lawford, at Balooka; am certain that prisoner is the same man. Sent a messenger to Ballarat express to communicate with Sergeant Dayrell, who came over and arrested both prisoners."

By Mr. England: "Took particular notice of prisoner's appearance—prisoner is tall and broad-shouldered, with dark curly hair and dark complexion. Has no ill-will against prisoner, Trevanion. If it is sworn that prisoner was in another place, near Ballarat, at the time mentioned by me, would not believe it. It was impossible, unless a man could be in two places at once. Never spoke to prisoner at Balooka but once; noticed that he had remarkable eyes. Was at the Lawford's camp when he rode up with Kate Lawford; had seen him leave Balooka with her early that morning. He was riding the horse prisoner led back. Can't account for prisoner returning with a different horse and saddle unless he "shook" it. Beg the Bench's pardon—meant he may have picked it up on the road. Thought prisoner looked slightly different, and was differently dressed. Spoke differently, a little, not much. Attributed this to seeing the Lawfords, Ned and Dan, in the hands of the police when he returned; and was dressed differently from what he had on in the morning; had several times noticed him change his dress more than once in a day. Would swear to the prisoner; would know him by his eyes and general appearance anywhere."

Several other witnesses—miners, stock-riders, and small farmers were examined. They swore to ownership of various horses found in Ned Lawford's "mob" or drove, now in charge of the police.

"Is that your case, Sergeant?" enquired the Police Magistrate, when the last of these witnesses had, at some personal inconvenience, signed the depositions. "I have but one other witness, your worship," answered

Dayrell, with an air of great deference, "rather a material one, however. Call Catharine Lawford!"

From whatever cause, the utterance of this witness' name produced a profound and universal sensation in the crowded court. Every miner knew that the young Englishman had foolishly, as most people thought—very naturally, in the opinion of others—admired the girl, and made no secret of his feelings. For what reason was she now to be called as a witness for the Crown? Had she turned traitress? Would she betray her sweetheart in the hour of his peril? Far from immaculate, vain, violent, and reckless as she was, the girls of her class and country were proverbially as true as steel to their lovers—clinging to them more closely in adversity, ready even to stand by them on the scaffold if need were.

(To be continued.)

TWO WATTLE-TIMES.

A SONG.

MY heart was stole a year ago,
A year ago, a year ago,
Thou would'st not then have won it so,
Did I but know, did I but know.

For what to me has been the gain
In loving thee, in loving thee?
Thy fickle heart shall n'er again,
Be true to me, be true to me.

It came to thee in Wattle-time,
That love of thine, that love of thine;
I thought to keep it ever mine,
Each Wattle-time, each Wattle-time.

But now, when buds again are gold,
The love is cold, the love is cold;
And all last season's youth is old,
With all it told, with all it told.

Think not that it shall long remain,
This sad regret, this mad regret—
I tell thee I shall soon forget,
And love again, and love again!

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

THE ART SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY JAMES GREEN.

Go search for Nature, and arrive at Art.—*Schiller.*
Poets heap virtues, painters gems.—*Pope.*

AMONG the various social functions which, in every country whose civilisation has outstepped the merest prosaicism of animal existence, impart a zest and spur to life, and make men feel that they have souls, none are of more vital interest and importance than the annual exhibitions of the Art Societies. Books, the most profound or the most engrossing, appear perpetually in every language; buildings—from the cathedral to the cottage—spring up as they are needed; operas, oratorios, and other musical compositions depend but very partially upon the great musical festivals for their publicity and success. But the Spring Exhibitions represent the pictorial labors of a year; they mark a completed step in national progress or decadence; and by them we can more accurately gauge than by any other outward means, how far we are on the high road towards a moral and intellectual elevation from which we may regard mere wealth as worthless, and gold as so much dross, except for the intellectual pleasures gold and wealth can purchase, the intellectual cravings they can satisfy, and the good they can effect. The pictorial exhibitions which are held in the great European capitals in the latter Springtime and the early Summer mark the busiest and most intellectual period of the year. The Paris *Salon* is thronged with travellers, connoisseurs, and critics from every civilised portion of the globe; the Banquet of the Royal Academy is the most important banquet—excepting, in a political sense, the Lord Mayor's Banquet—of the year, and around the President are seated on that occasion "the choice and master spirits of this age," the cream of British intellect and genius, alongside of the wealth, position, aristocracy, and valor of the Empire, even to Royalty itself, while various other exhibitions enjoy the like, only on a smaller scale. And it is right that this should be so.

Degrade the Arts if you would Mankind degrade,

asserted Blake; and so it may be said, as the essential complement of that sound *dictum*: "Enrich, ennoble, elevate the Arts: thereby enrich, ennoble, elevate mankind." As Mr. Sidney Dickinson so clearly pointed out in those interesting and instructive lectures he delivered at the National Art Gallery, last Summer: "No nation has ever attained true greatness that did not develop the Fine Arts; and even the gods whom Apollo and Phidias believed to be immortal, became so only when the brush and chisel of those great masters gave them visible form." Miserable, indeed, is he who, like the Man with the Muck-rake in Bunyan's immortal allegory, gropes and grovels for mere greed throughout the best years of his life, and who in his declining days, with all his bursting banker's-book, has neither pictures on his walls nor poems on his shelves, to make his easy-chair more easy, nor grand, nor lovely images stored in the volumes of his memory, nor chastened mind and heart to appreciate the Beautiful and True. Truly to such an one the veritable

last scene of all
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
. . . sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

The Exhibition which has just been held in Sydney by one of the chief bodies of representative Australian artists—that of the Art Society of New South Wales—affords such an opportunity for examination as I have spoken of, and to me has graciously been accorded the delicate and not too easy task of instituting it. Some among my readers may, possibly, during the last six years, have met with my expressed opinions on previous Exhibitions of the Art Society, in some one or other of the Sydney or Melbourne journals. Those opinions—like the sheets that bore them — for the most part were, from their very nature, somewhat ephemeral; they were written to be read next day, and a week later they were forgotten; and they dealt rather, therefore, with individual artists and their individual works than with what these were collectively accomplishing in the domain of Art, and especially, of Australian Art. But in writing for a magazine with an established reputation and

which takes a place, when bound, among the permanent literature of these colonies, it seems desirable to approach the subject from a higher standpoint; and while giving such an outline sketch of the more salient characteristics of the exhibition as may bring home some few, at least, of its features to the minds of those in the sister-colonies or in the interior, whom distance may have prevented from visiting for themselves this exposition, to inquire in what position we stand before the world in the different branches of pictorial Art, both as regards the present and the past, and what may seem to be our prospects in the future. But when I say "before the world," I would not have this understood as inviting an absolute comparison of our Australian artists with the greatest geniuses of the present or past times in older lands. In speaking even of the work of a young country it is necessary to adopt a moderately high standard of criticism, otherwise criticism loses all its value, and becomes a mere apology for indifference and an encouragement to incompetence or apathy. On the other hand to compare the artists who are the product of a country where culture is as yet but in its infancy, where scarcely any definite standards of Art and taste have yet been formulated, where rich men squander thousands in the betting-ring or in the gambling of the gold mine, but begrudge a five-pound note for a choice water-color sketch—to speak of those who are nobly and honorably carving out, in spite of heavy odds, the future of Australia's greatness, precisely as one would speak of a Tintoretto, a Titian, or a Turner, of a Rubens, a Rembrandt, or a Ruysdael, or of Leighton, Poynter, Kaulbach, Gérome, or Meissonnier, would be to show oneself devoid of critical discrimination, to sneer at efforts that not only deserve our gratitude but have already accomplished very much, to demonstrate one's ignorance or disregard of the circumstances under which the artists in these colonies are working, and to discourage much that needs only a fostering hand and sympathetic voice to help it forth "to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

The annual exhibition, which was the tenth the Art Society has held, and which took place at the Society's rooms at No. 70 Pitt-street, Sydney, and consisted of one hundred-and-seventy oil and water-color paintings, in equal numbers, I propose to deal with under six heads, viz.:—1, Figure subjects; 2, Portraiture; 3, Landscape art; 4, Seascapes; 5, Architectural subjects; and 6, Decorative paintings. The order of this classification is not a mere arbitrary or fancy one. It represents what I conceive to be the relative importance of the various branches of painting, according as they exercise the imagination and the other higher faculties of the artist. If we admit that "the proper study of mankind is Man," it follows that that branch of painting should be the highest which concerns itself with the delineation of the human form, not only in its external aspect but in the workings of the mind and soul. In bygone ages the noblest forms of painting were mostly either religious or classical; for reasons which are beside the scope and object of this article, both forms have ceased, as a rule, to exercise much hold upon the public; while in these colonies the average character of life and education at the present time produces an order of mind that is not yet ripe for those higher flights of historical and poetic painting which are the glory of some European schools. But in the Australian national, political, social and domestic life of the present and the immediate past we have a capacious and comparatively untrodden field, which lies open to our rising artists, to which they have free entry, and the soil of which they are capable of tilling with the prospect of a fruitful harvest. And here, then, my observations assume a more practical, and perhaps, more interesting form.

Three of the most striking pictures in the exhibition may be best considered side by side. They are—for convenience I use the present tense, although the exhibition may have closed before these lines appear—they are, then, "The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way," by Mr. Percy F. S. Spence; "The Prospector," by Mr. Julian R. Ashton, the President of the Art Society; and "A London Soup Kitchen," by Mr. Lionel B. Cowen, R.B.A. Each of these paintings is eminently realistic, and deals with persons in the humbler ranks of life. But there is this difference between them. In the first we have an essentially Australian illustration of English poetry; in the second we have a purely Australian subject, nervous and racy of the soil; and in the third we have an English subject devoid of any special character or meaning. The figure in Mr. Spence's picture (an illustration of which is given) might be regarded, at first and superficially, as a mere accessory to the magnificent animal painting; but yet the human interest in the work centres in that Australian ploughman trudging homewards with his "billy" between his stalwart horses, after a toil that has wearied but not exhausted them all three.

Of the masterly drawing and fine composition the reader can form some judgment for himself; but the sentiment is in the color and the actual work—in the broad and perfect painting of the scrub and herbage, in the plodding gait of man and beast, and in the restful glow of the western sky that seems to tell of the coming "night's repose" well earned by "something accomplished, something done." It is a novel experience to find the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" set, as it were, to Australian music, but surely Gray was never more appropriately illustrated. Mr. Ashton's picture appeals to me less, individually, than Mr. Spence's, because I know little and care less about gold-mining or anything connected with it; but mine would scarcely be the general feeling in this country, nor does it affect the value of the President's work by one iota. We have a hard-favored man in his rough miner's dress, standing amidst his implements and at his place of toil, examining with anxious care some crushings in a metal basin. Although to me the interest of the subject appears a little limited, and the color is not pleasing, there cannot be a question as to the character and vigor of the work. The man stands up before us intent upon his avocation, his figure typical of the bone and sinew of the nation, and in his face the dogged determination necessary to make a thorough colonist; and whether the picture were in the Grosvenor Gallery or Royal Academy in London, in the Paris *Salon*, or in the *Neue Pinacothek* at Munich, the spectator (if he knew anything at all of Art) would instantly exclaim on seeing it, "That is an Australian painting." Mr. Cowen's picture needs no description. Everybody can imagine what a soup kitchen is like, and therefore I cannot see why Mr. Cowen should have taken the trouble to describe one with the perfectly finished realism that he has. For quiet, broad *technique* there is no finer piece of brushwork in the exhibition, but I fail to discover any more Art motive in the painting than I do in Sallé's "Lesson in Anatomy," in the Art Gallery of N. S. W. In both these works there is abundance of character in the various figures, and perfect technical manipulation with the brush, combined with a depressing dreariness of color; but I am unable to see why an artist should paint a dreary subject full of dreary people, without some poetic motive for it. Mr. Spence and Mr. Ashton both give us the poetry of realism. Mons. Sallé and Mr. Cowen tell us only what everybody knows—the one, that students learn anatomy the better for being taught it—the other, that a certain class of people who are not well-off are very glad to get cheap soup. Midway between these two extremes stands Mr. George R. Ashton's "Toil and Trouble." Here the artist takes us to the interior of an iron foundry, with the men at work amid the lurid forge-glow and the smoke and gloom. In the foreground stands a brawny worker, who pauses for a moment in his labors to think of some sore grief which his fellow workers wot

"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."—PERCY F. SPENCE.

not of—his left hand pressed upon his forehead, while in the right he holds his hammer. The work is slightly over-busy in some parts; but there is human sympathy in it, the dignity of labor is well told, and Mr. Ashton is happier than last year in the rather peculiar oil coloring he adopts.

No greater contrast with the foregoing works could be afforded than by "An Australian Idyll, A.D., 3000." In this attractive picture Mr. Charles H. Hunt appears to have been somewhat influenced by the classic art of Sir Frederic Leighton and Mr. Poynter, and by the classic mannerism of Mr. Albert Moore. The Australian maiden of the future, in the filmy Grecian robe of snow, with salmon scarf—so dear to Mr. Moore—stands in the corner of a classic *atrium* with fluted shafts, to which an Australian character is given by the scarlet bloom of the rich flame-flower, by other lowlier blossoms of the Australian bush, and by the waratah severely conventionalised upon the glowing blue-green wall-tiles. The scheme of color is the most daring in the whole exhibition, and is gloriously successful; the composition teems with classic feeling, the draperies are beautifully painted, and the figure is drawn with tenderness and grace. But Mr. Hunt has been unfortunate in the lady's face—frequently his strong point—which has little beauty, interest or expression, while the flesh-painting is somewhat wooden, and too near in hue to the color of the scarf. Another ambitious and praiseworthy, though but partially successful, attempt to soar above the prosiacism of average Australian life is Mrs. Mary Stoddard's "Lorelei"—that legend spirit of the Rhine, which Heinrich Heine (I think it is he) has immortalised in one of the most charming little German poems ever written. The witching maiden sits, golden-haired and semi-nude, upon a projecting ledge of rock above the river.

> Alone, on a rock o'er the river,
> Sits—combing her golden hair,
>
> * * * *
>
> She combs it with comb all golden,
> And sings a song the while,

runs the poem (very stolidly translated); but it does not follow that the rock should be a bracket made to order, and looking rather dangerous for the very substantial spirit that "sits up-aloft" upon it. Sooth to say, Mrs. Stoddard has not quite caught the spirit of either the legend, or the poem, or of German legendary poetry, generally. The face and figure are those of an expressionless and namby-pamby doll with an over-development of *physique* that does not strike one as artistic—it would not, at least, an European, unless he were a countryman of Rubens—the anatomy seems faulty in more than one particular, and the modelling is somewhat stiff and lifeless. The river is, of course, conventionalised; still, there is little of the essence of the Rhine about it; so far as it has any character at all, it seems, as it runs sluggishly between the walls of dismal rock, rather to suggest the fabled Styx of the Greek poets than the glorious, rapid, castle-crowned and vine-clad stream which inspired the tone-poet, Wagner, with the subject for "Das Rheingold." Various points of detail in the poem too, have not been kept in view. The best things in the picture are the rock and drapery, both of which are excellently painted. I would recommend Australian artists, however, who seek to illustrate the daintiness of German poesy to study the works of Kaulbach for their figure-drawing, and of Albert Dürer for their backgrounds and accessories.

How the painter of the "London Soup Kitchen" can have descended to turn out such a thing as "A Summer's Afternoon" must puzzle wiser heads than mine. It can only be described as a "tea-tray," drab and

"SPRING."—JULIAN R. ASHTON.

dreary, excepting the young lady in the ugly gown. "Nature's Mirror," and "Coaxing," too, are sensuous paintings of young women, somewhat in the style of Cabanel, that are scarcely worthy an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Very different in artistic feeling is Mr. R. Godfrey Rivers' little "Tommy," a study of a boy a-straddle on a chair—a veritable gem in its healthy, soft, and quietly rich tone. No less pure and wholesome in its character is Mr. Julian Ashton's "Spring," a portrait of a well-known young lady in a peach-colored brocade and Ruben's hat, painted on a background of pale green. The sentiment of the work is sweet and taking, but the modelling of the face is not completely happy, and the bunch of muslin at the bosom is destructive of the grace of form. Mr. Hunt's "Winning" shows us another charming figure of a lithsome girl just budding into womanhood, in brick-dust flannel dress and large *sombrera* hat, and holding in her hand a racquet. Behind her are lawn-tennis players chatting, and further off is a view of Sydney and the harbor. The picture is a very pleasant one, and completely typical of Young Australia, as depicted in the gentler sex. "On the Wallaby," shows Mr. Arthur Collingridge at his very best. The intense Australian greyness of the Australian downpour is painted to perfection, and the resolute gait of the undaunted swagman as he trudges with his "swag" and "billy" through the drenching rain and slush, amid the deepening twilight, is none the less Australian. Equally characteristic of sea life is Mr. H. S. Hopwood's "Dinner in the Fo'castle." This powerful piece of water-color work has almost the boldness of an oil-painting; and, while the composition is effective, the figures are full of character, the color is agreeable, and amongst many points of technical excellence should be noted the singular clearness of the reflected lights. Mr. Hopwood has several other extremely characteristic studies of the sailor's life at sea. But the work which occupies the place of honor in the centre of the long wall is, perhaps, the most Australian of anything in the gallery. It is Mr. Frank P. Mahony's "Rounding up a Straggler," an excellent illustration of which is given. As in Mr. Percy Spence's picture, the figure occupies but a small portion of the canvas; but the interest in both subjects is so human that they are not merely exceedingly fine animal paintings, but are exalted to the dignity

"ON THE WALLABY."—A. COLLINGRIDGE.

"WINNING."—CHARLES H. HUNT.

"DINNER IN THE FO'CASTLE."—H. S. HOPWOOD.

of figure-subjects. Mr. Mahony's drawing of the milk-white bullock is superb, and hardly less so is that of the chestnut horse. But the finest thing of all is the power over the brute creation put into the figure of the boundary rider. Nothing more entirely spirited is to be seen upon the walls. The figures in the background are excellently put in, the hot Australian atmosphere is perfect, and a unity of treatment pervades the whole which is completely admirable.

In every age and clime where Art has held its own portraiture has occupied a very high position. By many persons it is regarded as uninteresting, but that is due to an absence of the sympathetic or imaginative faculties

"ROUNDING UP A STRAGGLER."—FRANK P. MAHONY.

in either the painter or the spectator, or in both. When we meet with "inventoried schedules of mere beauty," as Olivia so humorously puts it in the "Twelfth Night," with "every particle and utensil labelled to the will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth," it cannot be expected we should feel deep interest in the subject. Nor can we either, in the case of Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones, for whom we do not care the least, except as individual members of the great human family. But when a Titian, a Velasquez, or a Van Dyck, puts strength into his presentment of a doge, a burgomaster or a hero; when a Reynolds limns the mind as well as features of a Siddons, or a G. F. Watts an Ellen Terry, we feel ourselves in presence for all time, through the magic of the artist's pencil, of the men and women who make history, and their "footprints on the sands of time" are stereotyped upon the canvas so long as ever the canvas shall endure. It is from this standpoint that I regard the portrait of Sir Henry Parkes by Mr. Julian Ashton as the noblest work of art that painter has yet given to Australia. The largest-minded and most courageous of Australia's statesmen of this half-century, the man who towers over intercolonial pettiness and above political party, and around whose silvered locks cluster the pride and the best hopes of our Australian life—Sir Henry Parkes is a fitting subject for the brush and canvas of the President of the Art Society, and Mr. Ashton has done his subject and himself the fullest justice. The veteran hero of a hundred factious fights stands calm and erect with folded arms, dressed in his habitual sable broad-cloth, with an expression of attentive listening on his face, a suppressed quiet power in every feature, and a reserve of intellect that can not but impress the most casual looker-on. The modelling of the face and hair and hands is as eminently fine as the flesh tints are true to life; and the portrait well bespeaks the foremost man in the Australian colonies, and would form a fitting corner-stone in the establishment of a National Australian Portrait Gallery. Scarcely less fine than the above is Mr. George Walton's portrait of "The Artist's Mother." The dress is wholly black, and the background is a sombre one; but the pose is that of a true-born lady, the presentment of the still handsome features perfect, and the expression imparted to the countenance noble, refined, and sweet. "The Rev. Canon Kemmis," painted by Mr. J. A. Bennett, is an imposing presentation of the imposing cleric. The features might have received a trifle more of force, perhaps, than they possess, though their refinement demands careful handling; but the expression is serene and elevated, and the treatment of the cassock and Geneva gown, with crimson sash and violet hood, extremely fine. A singular contrast with the above is afforded by what Signor G. P. Nerli calls a "Study"—an attractive head and bust of a young lady, with something of the free and unconventional treatment that won such general admiration for this artist's work a year ago. The "rich carnations" of the face are very charming, the *bleu du roi* of the velvet full of force, and for beauty of rich color there is no finer piece of portraiture in the collection.

Mr. Cowen's portraits of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hoffnung form a worthy and interesting family group. That of "A Hoffnung, Esq.," is perhaps the finest of the three; and the daring contrast of the blackness of black velvet with the ultra-whiteness of the washerwoman's triumph in the matter of shirt collar

"THE REV. CANON KEMMIS."—J. A. BENNETT.

"A. HOFFNUNG, ESQ."—MR. COWEN.

and white waistcoat is rendered possible and artistic by the force of bituminous color in the deep rich background. More generally pleasing, possibly, is the portrait of "Mrs. A. Hoffnung;" but though the velvet dress is rich and the accessories are well put in, there is less artistic character in this work than in the portrait of the lady's husband. Still less is there in "Miss Hoffnung," which, although as a picture it is more elaborate and will be the most attractive to the gentlemen, is of a more conventional type than the preceding two. The brushwork is extremely fine and finished, but the face appears to lack a little in expression, the figure is scarcely made the most of, and certain lines about the fashionable fur-trimmed dress are less artistic than they might be. The "Portrait of a Lady," by Miss Catherine Devine, seems to have been inspired by Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Remorse," though with a difference. A pretty-faced young lady, in light summer costume, but with a winter boa round her neck, is sitting on a scarlet-cloth-lined polar bear skin with a background of old tapestry. The work is cleverly finished, and far superior to anything Miss Devine has done before, but the face lacks character and animation, and can scarcely, I should think, do justice to the subject. Several heads are also worthy of attention, particularly one of a gentleman, by Mr. J. L. Lyon.

The landscapes naturally occupy a very prominent position on the walls in point of numbers, and Mr. W. C. Piguenit, the Vice-President of the Society, more than retains his old position as one of our most gifted landscape painters. "Among the Western Islands of Tasmania—the King William Range"—shows us a crest of grey basaltic crag, in stormy weather, swept by the mists, with meadow land, and water, and cattle browsing, in the valley. There is broad and powerful handling in this work, but, as a whole, it is less interesting than the Tasmanian artist's "Upper Nepean, N.S.W.," which is, perhaps, the finest landscape in the collection, and one of the finest Mr. Piguenit has ever painted. The river is seen emerging from a wild and wooded gorge, down which the clouds and mist are driving with great fissures. Through them the sunlight struggles in faint gleams, flecking the trees and rocks with light, and silvering the rippling wavelets of the stream. The right bank rounds to form the foreground of the picture, with wild fowl perched upon a knoll, and the river flows on quietly beyond. The scene is a superbly fine one, and the painter has not only felt the grandeur of its beauty, but makes the spectator feel it also. The loving worship of pure nature is very marked, the composition exceptionally fine, and the handling altogether such as would make its mark in any European Gallery. "Lane Cove River, from cliffs, near bridge" is more in Mr. Piguenit's usual style, and not quite free from a certain conventionality, or even a slight mannerism. Still, the artist has painted an extremely beautiful view, to which a human interest is imparted by the children on the path from which we overlook the placid river. The treatment of the trees and sky is very tender, and there is poetry in the soft low light that bathes a portion of the woods. "The Huon, Tasmania," is another beautiful view of the artist's native land, though scarcely so effectively treated as his other works. Portions of it are a little leaden, but the trees and road, and

tiny jetty, and the farther bank are happily put in.

The exquisite little couplet of our sweet Australian poet, Kendall:

> And daylight droops with dying head
> Beyond the western dingle

is the title of one of the most striking pieces of work in the whole exhibition. It is by that rapidly rising artist, Mr. A. Henry Fullwood. We stand upon the high bank of a river in deep evening shadow, and all around is of a dark olive green. The other bank reduplicates the hues, and between them flows the stream cerulean and rose-tinted from the reflection of the soft blue sky and lilac-crimson clouds, while the horizon is bounded by a stretch of amethystian hill. There is not only good work but true poetic sentiment in the picture, particularly in the treatment of the centre and the left-hand corner of the canvas; and, what is more, the painting is essentially and markedly Australian, both in its character and spirit. The poetic turn of Mr. Fullwood's brush is seen amidst very different surroundings, in "Tintern Abbey," a clever effect of mist, in which the grand old Gothic ruin lies, as if in winding-sheet, nestling beside the Wye as it tenderly "meanders through a meadow of margin," guarded and ennobled by the beauteous Wind-cliff. "Australian Oaks"—a charming little piece of tree and bank and stream and cattle—is rather French in treatment, and slightly scamped about the foreground, but is very effective all the same; in "An Australian Farmer's Homestead," however, Mr. Fullwood is again more racy of the soil, though a little more care and a little less purple would have improved the work, I think. For sound and solid realistic work of the same class I prefer Mr. Robert Atkinson's "Old Orchard, Richmond," a painting well studied in every point, and charming in its truth to verdant nature. "A Hot Day, N.Z.," by the same artist, is little more than a sketch (in oils) of sand and cliff and deep blue sea, but a sketch in which every brush-mark tells, and every gradation is full of artistic truth and value.

"THE HUON, TASMANIA."—W. C. PIGUENIT.

Mr. A. J. Daplyn is essentially a realist, but he paints good realism. "By the side of

"And daylight droops with dying head.
Beyond the western dingle."—KENDALL.

—A. H. FULLWOOD.

"BY THE SIDE OF THE CREEK."—A. J. DAPLYN.

the Creek" and "At the top of the Ridge," are two admirably studied bush scenes full of the most conscientious work done clearly on the spot. The former, with a gnarled old gum-tree overshadowing the little creek from which a girl is fetching water in a "billy," is the more interesting subject as a picture; but the other, almost pre-Raphaelite in its botanical and geological minuteness, is a study that would rejoice the heart of Ruskin himself. But more picturesque than either is "Balmoral Beach," one of the most pleasing paintings Mr. Daplyn has given us for some time. The view is taken from a rocky nook above the beach, and we look down upon the sands washed by the quiet blue-green sea, while all beyond is low-toned bush. The sky is not too hard and blue, and the reposeful warmth is happily depicted. Very different is the Australian work of Mr. G. A. Thomas, another realist. "Overlooking Port Hacking River, National Park" is a most conscientious study of rock and scrub, but painfully hard in its cold grey-blue, and utterly destitute (to my eye) of the hot sunlight that the artist seems to have intended to flood his canvas with. "Evening on Port Hacking River" is no less carefully painted, but is unpleasantly monotonous in its dull and heavy greens, in consequence of the deficiency in ærial perspective. Far more successful is "February, Kent, England," in which Mr. Thomas has completely caught the spirit of the southern English winter, and the browns and sombre greys of which afford an agreeable relief to the perpetual green of the everlasting gum-tree. One of the freshest, healthiest bits of work in the whole room, however, is another English scene, painted by Mr. W. Lister Lister, "On the Darenth, Kent." The tiny river ripples across the canvas through willow, sedge and water-lily, while a stretch of meadow with some cottages is skirted by the higher bank. The painting is at once broad and detailed, the management of the light extremely happy, and the pourtrayal of the English type of rural scenery quite perfect.

Mr. George Collingridge is best represented by his "Springtide," a finely painted sweep of meadow-land and wood, but rather hard and artificial in the handling of the orange and lilac sky. More successful in this respect is Mr. James Neil's "Glamor of the Golden Eve," though the repetition of the effect in the water of the foreground is not felicitous in point of composition. But for broad, soft treatment of green leafage and grey sedge commend me to Mr. R Godfrey Rivers' "Mangroves, Lane Cove River,"—a veritable little gem. Few of our Australian artists have made greater progress in a quarter score of years than Mr. Rivers; and though he has no large canvas in the gallery this year, everything he sends is full of sound artistic work. Particularly successful in the rendering of color values and effects of light is his "Evening, Lane Cove River," a picturesquely grouping hill and valley view. Both charm and progress are seen, too, in Signor

"OVERLOOKING PORT HACKING RIVER."
—G. A. THOMAS.

"ON THE DARENTH, KENT."—W. LISTER LISTER.

Arturo Steffani's contributions. The "Lagoon near Manly," and "Old Gasworks, Neutral Bay," are beautiful examples of his work in soft low tones that are particularly refreshing in contrast to the vivid, garish hues so frequently affected by Australian artists; while in "Bondi Bay"—a stretch of scrambly beach and sapphire sea, and shore beyond, the artist has not only seized and enchained the spirit of the scene—he has limned the very ozone in the air. Mr. John Smedley's views of "St. Ignatius College, Lane Cove," and "St. Patrick's College, Manly," are a little artificial, though effective, and the handsome piles tell well upon the brows of their respective hills, as seen from beach or water. But Mr. Arthur Collingridge has done nothing better that I know of than the "Myrtles, near Ryde," an undulating sweep of meadow with groups of trees, and the outlines of buildings seen on the horizon. The work is rather French in method, but very telling, and the coloring and composition are equally admirable.

The landscapes already mentioned are all in oils; those painted in water-colors are less important than they have usually been—few of them, indeed, seem to demand specific notice, though they abound in good artistic work. Mr. Julian Ashton's "Sandy Bay, Mount Nelson, from Battery Point, Hobart," however, is a little gem of silver sea and sky, and Mr. Fullwood's "National Park" is full of quiet sentiment. The Vice-President's "Parramatta River, from Hunter's Hill," is almost too pretty to be quite artistic; but the President's "View from the Track leading up Mount Wellington," is a telling piece of work, with distant lake and mountain seen above the nearest ridge, done in a peculiar key of color that reminds one somewhat of the older water-color artists' work. Mr George Collingridge's "Lane Cove River" is a charming little bit of tree and water, bathed in the sunset glow of evening, and Mr. Arthur Collingridge's "Old Peat's Ferry Road, Hawkesbury River," is a piece of thorough Australian tree work, handled with rare light and shade. Mr. Mather's sketch, "Watson's Bay," is one of those little bits of pearly sky and sea and russet-grey horizon, with grass and foliage in the foreground, rejoicing in that "quality" for which the talented Victorian artist has long been famed; and in Mr. Lister Lister's "Near Ryde, Parramatta River," we have a charming, highly-finished little drawing.

"SPRINGTIDE."—GEORGE COLLINGRIDGE.

The seascapes are few and comparatively insignificant. They number not above half-a-score, all told. Signor G. P. Nerli's "Coogee Bay," is an extremely powerful oil-sketch of cloud-flecked turquoise sky and indigo sea, and rippling waves upon a greyish beach, but ruined by a frame that can only be regarded as a practical joke, best fitted for an artist's or bohemian's "den." "A Grey Morning," by Mr. Daplyn, is a piece of genuine, unaffected work, with tender clouded sky and quiet blue-green sea. A more ambitious subject, with higher rocks and rougher weather, is Signor Steffani's "Coast at Bondi." The breaking wave-crests and milky foam are finely drawn, and the tender emerald of the backwash is very perfect. Finer, however, as a foam-study, is Mr. J. Mather's "A Breezy Day, Coogee." Mr. Mather's paintings are usually among the most artistic and attractive exhibits in the Art Society's Annual Shows, but his recent visit to Sydney and its vicinity does not seem to have specially inspired him, so far, at least, as the dozen productions of his pencil indicate. In the "Breezy Day," however, Mr. Mather has done with pure white paper what Mr. Schell could only accomplish with the aid of Chinese white, and other artists with the eraser, and few finer studies of breaking water have ever been exhibited at the Art Society. In his "Low Tide, Coogee," there is some want of breadth, but "At Bondi" and "South Head," both contain fine work. Mr. Lister's "English Channel, from the Sussex Coast," is scarcely worthy of the artist; the wave-forms are not well drawn, and the rocks are spongy; but Mr. Hopwood's "A Fresh Breeze," is a clever little thing, which Mr. Whistler would probably call "A Sapphire Symphonietta." Mr. Hopwood's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," however, is really a great work. We are on the deck of a sailing vessel, with the crew in oilskins and sou'westers, and the craft is lurching heavily in the dirty weather. There is more of the ship than of the sea upon the paper, but the trough and mountain of the giant wave are wonderfully drawn, and the dashing foam against the vessel's side is finely given. The details of the shipping bespeak a master of his craft—a painter to whom

> A life on the ocean wave,
> And a home on the rolling deep,

are the happiest things on earth, because away from *terra firma*.

Though Architecture itself is the oldest, the noblest, and the most abstract branch of Art, its mere reproduction with the brush takes naturally a subsidiary position. At the same time, in countries where architecture worthy of the name and closely associated with the history and poetry of the people exists at all, the architectural painter must be a man of deep penetration and large and varied sympathies, to render adequately the spirit, as well as the mere form, of the stone and brick and marble he depicts. In these colonies we have little call or scope for architectural painters. We may admire the glistening white marble gingerbread of Milan or the stately Temple of Minerva, when adequately rendered, but the majority of Australians will necessarily regard such things rather as curiosities than as objects to be loved and cherished, or as treasures which we inherit as a portion of the human race. Here, too, we have no grand mediæval halls where world-famed trials have been held; no glorious fanes illumined by the Lamp of Sacrifice, where piety has lisped and learned and been interred in ages hoary with the dust of time; no picturesque and fountained ancient market-places where the deriding jeers of bigots have nerved the martyr to endurance as he perished at the stake for holy conscience. But we have some records of comparatively old times which should be preserved on canvas before they disappear (as they rapidly are doing) to make way for the pretentious stucco shams and death-traps of the money-grubbers, and this, I am pleased to see, is already being done. Mr. Godfrey Rivers has painted, and painted well, a part of "Cambridge Street, Old Sydney," taken from the Argyle Cut, with the stonework of the steps forming the angle of the picture. The painting is a thorough piece of realism. The hardness of the clear Australian atmosphere is excellently shown, and the ugly cottages possess a special interest of their own. A charming contrast with this work is afforded by the "Street, Old Town, Mentone," a picturesque composition of foreshortened archway and break-neck steps flecked by the chequering shadows of the trees as they tremble in the softer European sunlight. More taking, however, than Mr. Rivers' first-named picture as a record of a parting epoch are Mr. Mather's "In Kent Street" and "A Bit of Old Sydney," both very artistic in their grouping and grey tones; still more so Mr. Julian Ashton's "Old Wharf, Hobart," delicious in its pearly hues; and most of all, perhaps, "Moore Street, Sydney," in which the Post Office carvings have discreetly been kept out of sight by a big sign-board, and the tall tower owes at least as much of its picturesqueness to the artist, Mr. W. B.

Spong, as to the Colonial Architect. Mr. Arthur Collingridge's "Old Cottage at Ryde" scarcely belongs, perhaps, to what we generally understand by architectural painting, but it is extremely picturesque, and contains work that is in this artist's happiest style. Out of a dozen small drawings of London churches sent over by Mr. Charles E. Hern, about half that number are in the exhibition—and not, in at least one case, I think, the best. Of those exhibited the most powerful is "Holy Trinity Church, Clapham, Winter"—an edifice of the stodgyiest old Georgian type, treated with marked artistic power and breadth of color. The

"MOORE STREET, SYDNEY."—W. B. SPONG.

"Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street," is a beautiful delineation of pure Gothic architecture, rich and warm in hue; and the "St. Petersburg Place Synagogue—A Spring Day" is an effective composition in red brick, relieved with the tender green of the young foliage. In "Old Time House, Newtown, Hobart," Mr. Ashton contributes a charming piece of Queen Anne squareness, also in red brick.

With Architecture is immediately associated Decorative Painting, as its handmaid; but vast as is the decorative artist's scope, and unlimited the materials at his command, the trammels imposed upon him by the nature of his work remove it entirely from the domain of the Fine Arts proper. This is not the occasion to descant upon the principles that should govern Decorative Art, and such a discourse is the less necessary, seeing that there are not a dozen decorative subjects in the exhibition. Of those exhibited, the most ambitious is Madame Roth's decorative panel of "A Mer-child." The conception is attractive, but is not well carried out. The details of the design are scarcely intelligible enough, even allowing for their being seen through water, and the exuberance of the artist's fancy is not sufficiently held in check for decorative work. There is a charming expression of wonderment in the forget-me-not eyes of the shock-headed little maiden who seems to be literally "discovering the world," through the medium of the waves, but as an example of purely decorative art the work will scarcely bear complete analysis. Miss Ethel A. Stephen's well-studied "Pansies" and "Oranges," on respective backgrounds of gold satin and black velvet, are altogether too realistic for their purpose, and the same remark applies to Miss Ross's "Rhododendrons," carefully as each blossom individually is painted. Much truer decorative work is Madame Roth's unpolished cedar panel with the "Laughing Jackass," in which the spirit, as well as the mere form and color, of the bird and leaves have been completely seized, but sufficient conventional flatness of treatment is preserved to make the subject decorative. Again, the door panel with "Peacocks' Feathers," is finely painted by this lady, with a splendid wealth of color, while the gilt

"LAUGHING JACKASS."—MADAME ROTH.

rough canvas background and the transparent glazing sufficiently impart the requisite conventionality. This very treatment, I may observe, was adopted by Mr. Poynter, years before he was either Royal Academician or Professor of Decorative Art at South Kensington, in an experimental work he was good enough to paint for me as one of a series of Shakesperian panels—the subjects selected by old Samuel Phelps—intended to adorn the dress-circle box fronts of the Bath Theatre. The subject treated was the bed-chamber scene in "Othello," and by no other means that I am acquainted with could so much decorative richness have been imparted to the silks and satins of Othello's costume and the bed-hangings.

I had intended to say something about (simple) animal Painting, *Genre* painting, and (non-decorative) Flower painting, but my observations have already grown to a greater length than is perhaps warranted, and neither of these branches of pictoral art are represented with sufficient prominence to demand criticism. But reviewing the position which painting holds in this exhibition of the Art Society, as exemplified in Figure and Portrait painting, Landscapes and Seascapes, Architectural and Decorative work, it seems to me that, whereas in former exhibitions the water-color paintings have usually eclipsed the oils in point of merit, in the present one the works executed in the stronger medium completely outshine those painted in the lighter; that greater attention has been devoted than heretofore to figure-painting and portraiture, and less to flower and *genre* work, and even to landscape; and that in this latter branch of painting greater efforts have been made to raise the art from the region of mere colored photography as it were, and to enter into the peculiar life and spirit of the scenes depicted. That high gift in the landscape painter of the power of wise selection as an element in composition—that gift which Turner so eminently possessed—is not as apparent, as yet, among the rank and file of the landscapist as might be wished; but there are greater evidences of it than formerly, and young artists, whether young as individuals or as a school, must learn to paint faithfully what is before their eyes, ere they can choose effectually what is best and wisest to be painted. At the same time, there is too little study of Nature in the details of the works—for instance, of the finer, higher cirrhus cloud-forms, which are often—now even as I am writing—so superlatively beautiful in their subtlety of curve, their arrowy fleetness, and their elfin moss-like fileaments, with tints as tender as those of the most delicate blush rose. The creation of a true Australian School of Art, however, must be the work of time, and must be ultimately determined by many factors, the relative importance of which it is not easy to estimate and weigh; but I seem to see, this year, the commencement of such a school—a school in which broad, solid painting and the truthful description of actual facts shall be refined and idealised by a poetic feeling specially its own; that in the days to come we may be able to recognise and note it as clearly as we now can the French or English, the Bavarian or the Dutch.

In conclusion, I have only to observe that in the foregoing pages I have neither endeavored nor pretended to estimate the respective merits of every picture, in a manner that would be suitable for the daily or weekly press. I have selected, rather, what have seemed to me the most salient features of the exhibition, leaving unnoticed many admirable efforts, as well as some indications of mediocrity; and I have avoided, as far as I was able, giving pain to artists by disparaging, in a record that may possibly endure, pictures which I think had better not have been exhibited. That there is bad work in the exhibition is only what was to be expected; there is bad work in every exhibition in the world. But the good work far exceeds my own (and, I believe, most people's) expectations, while the most hopeful feature of it is a general average of higher excellence—greater earnestness in the direction of true Art—that distinguishes the exposition under notice as above by any of its predecessors. The painters in these colonies are laboring under heavy disadvantages, as compared with those whose lines are laid in lands where an historical Art-atmosphere creates the yearning for and love of Art on the part of peer and peasant, citizen and yeoman. But our painters are not alone. The knights of the lute-string can fraternise in sympathy with the knights of the brush and palette; and the knights of the pen know sorely, and too well, what is the frequent fate of those who are striving to create an Australian literature, or to raise and dignify the tone of the Australian press. Meanwhile, every step forward with pen, or voice, or instrument, or brush is a clear gain to the whole body politic; it is an assimilated element of the higher life of men and women, a weapon in the armoury of strength and sweetness, a touchstone for the soundness of our culture. Not Mr. Sidney Dickinson alone has told us of the difficulties that beset the paths of artists, in all the early history of Art, through "neglect,

indifference, and lack of appreciation." Long centuries ago old Geoffrey Chaucer wrote, in his quaint verse—

> The lyfe is short, the craft so long to lerne,
> Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering;

but "th' assay" is worth the making if not for our own sakes, then for our children's and our children's children. To the present generation is entrusted much of the creation of Australia's future greatness, and a prime ingredient of that greatness must of necessity be Art. Australian artists, then, does it behove—painters and pressmen, architects and minstrels—to adopt and act upon the motto of the Art Society of New South Wales, *Ars et Fraternitas*; fighting the good fight, side by side, against phillistinism, snobbery, vulgarity and greed; and singing with Mendelssohn and Schiller that truest watchword of the artist—

> O, Sons of Art! be to your hands consigned
> The liberal dignity of Human Mind.

A GIRL'S GRAVE.

AGED 17,

"OF A BROKEN HEART."

January 1st, 1841.

WHAT story is here of broken love,
What idyllic sad romance,
What arrow fretted the silken dove
That met with such grim mischance?

I picture you, sleeper of long ago,
When you trifled and danced and smiled
All golden laughter and beauty's glow
In a girl life sweet and wild.

Hair with the red gold's luring tinge
Fine as the finest silk,
Violet eyes with a golden fringe
And cheeks of roses and milk.

Something of this you must have been,
Something gentle and sweet,
To have broken your heart at seventeen
And died in such sad defeat.

Hardly one of your kinsfolk live,
It was all so long ago,
The tale of the cruel love to give
That laid you here so low.

Loving, trusting, and foully paid—
The story is easily guessed,
A blotted sun and skies that fade
And this grass-grown grave the rest.

Whatever the cynic may sourly say,
With a dash of truth, I ween,
Of the girls of the period, in your day
They had hearts at seventeen.

Dead of a fashion out of date,
Such folly has passed away
Like the hoop and patch and modish gait
That went out with an older day.

The stone is battered and all awry,
The words can be scarcely read,
The rank reeds clustering thick and high
Over your buried head.

I pluck one straight as a Paynim's lance
To keep your memory green,
For the lordly sake of old Romance
And your own, sad seventeen.

P. E. QUINN.

LOST.

BY THOMAS HENEY.

IT is early morning yet at Marropinna outstation, but in this climate early morn is the best part of the day, and the little settlement is astir. It is not much: a commodious hut standing right out in the plain with only a few trees near to take away from the bare isolation of the spot—no "compound," as the Anglo-Indians say; a few hundred yards away the reddish walls of a big tank. There is a yard with heavy posts, and the ground within churned up by the hoofs of horses; and some outbuildings lie between the hut and the yard. The overseer in pyjamas is leaning against one side of the door of the hut; a boundary rider who has just received his instructions for his day's patrol from "the boss," is on horseback, his collie and kangaroo dogs frisking about at his horse's heels. And standing out in the open is a swagman ready to set out on his tramp. He came up the night before. Of course looking for work, the overseer laughed.

"Well, yes," the tramp says, "I did mean to make the head-station, but took the left track instead of the inside one and so got here.

"Well, old man," says the overseer, "I'll tell you what; they don't want any more of your sort up there; you cut across to Wirranna. They're going to put up some fencing thereabouts—seventy miles off. You'll do it right enough; way's as plain as your hand; not much water though. You'll need to keep on the track. The cook'll give you something, and you can fill your water-bag tomorrow and cut your stick for Wirranna."

So the tramp sleeps that night in one of the huts, and before the dawn is in the sky he is about, trusting to put a few miles behind him before the sun comes up far in the cloudless sky and makes even a snail's pace burdensome. The coarse blue blankets are shaken and folded, inside the spare trousers and crimean shirt, towel, comb and pair of boots and few trifles are duly arranged, photograph also and the last letters the tramp got from "home." It doesn't matter whose name is on them, a tramp has no name except a nickname or an abbreviation amongst his mates. All folded up, well secured, neatly arranged in a long slim bundle that is slung across the back, the ends meeting over the breast, over the right shoulder and under the left arm. This is what the bushman in his queer cynical dialect calls "Bluey," "Matilda," and half-a-dozen other more or less ambiguous names. In his left hand is one of the little oblong canvas water-bags, fitted with the glass top of a bottle as a mouthpiece, stoppered with cork, bulgy now with a dirty yellow fluid from the tank, and the outer canvas cool and moist with the slight soakage. A poor little contrivance certainly, but as surely as anything can do, that bit of canvas and its contents stand between the man who holds it and a death of agony. Then there is a blackened "billy" and a quartpot. At the cook's hut he has been given some damper and flour, a bit of mutton and some tea, for the seventy miles to Wirranna is a back-track and quite uninhabited, of evil name beside.

"Now, mind you," says the overseer as he takes his pipe from between his teeth, "you stick to the track for a couple of hours, then next fork you take the right track and keep along it. You'll strike a tank to-night, and there's another halfway between that and the station." So the tramp takes himself off.

The morning is one of those still, hot, hazy ones that mean a hundred-and-ever-so-many degrees in the shade between nine o'clock and five. Though the sun is not up yet, there is a heat in the air—dry, pervading heat. The sky is rosy with the coming of day, but unclouded, and waves of soft colors go sweeping uninterrupted up the heavens before the sun. As yet the horizon seems far, and the oily spirals of hot air have not begun to rise, as it seems, within grasp of hands. There are a few crows in the grey air, but they are generally silent, and the shrieking morning chorus of the cockatoos and the galahs as they go to their feeding grounds, is absent. Even in this silent country there is an added silence in the coming of this fair morning. The men say as they prepare for their daily wanderings and work that the day will be a scorcher. But they will experience the burden and heat from the saddle, and knowing—most of them—what it

means to "hump bluey" they reiterate the boss's warning to the swagman, and watch him off.

He swings open the white gate in the wire fence, and closes it after him, and for many a mile yet—such is the level nature of the land—he can still discern traces of the outstation. As yet the journey is easy, for two meals and a good sleep make a difference; the morning is not oppressively hot, the road lies clear ahead, and his directions sound plain enough, so he swings carelessly along, keeping on a by-track beside the road, in order to avoid the fatigue of ploughing through the heavy deep sand. Miles pass thus. In the east the sun has risen high. All around is the grey saltbush plain with, here and there, tufts of blue bush and little clumps of scrub, turpentine or punty or hopbush, more rarely is there a leopardwood, sandalwood, or other tree conspicuous from afar in this unforested plain. Very little shade or shelter anywhere is here, no appearance of water, no habitation of man, no sheep. Even the wild creatures of the plains seem to have withdrawn themselves from the heat and unsupportable weariness of the day. The glare and heat at length become too great; it nears noon, and the swagman—sole human occupant of all this wilderness—retires to the thin and slight shelter of a leopardwood, and throws himself down for a rest. So spent the hours are fast, and though the heat is still severe when he arises and betakes himself to the road, the day has begun to decline. In a few hours it will be night, and then—that tank. For his waterbag is getting lighter, and there is an ominous band of dry grey canvas above the line that shows the height of the water within.

Still there is no cause for alarm. He has lost ground by that too long halt, and he will need all his 'cuteness to-night if he is not to pass by the tank. But travelling is now easier, and at night one drinks less, and the coolness enables better distance to be made. So he consoles himself, and plods along resolutely. Hour passes after hour so, the sturdy young figure plods still through the monotonous landscape, where already the evening makes itself apparent. As he walks his eyes travel far on either side the narrow red road, with side-tracks of vehicles parallel, searching for the elevation that will show the presence of the tank or for the open shallow drains that will prove its neighborhood. The sun perceptibly sinks, the shadows of man and bush and tree grow longer, but the heat seems not to have diminished much. For the earth—thirsty of heat, as of water—absorbs the sunshine and gives it out again when the evening air would otherwise grow cool and pleasant. Twilight comes, and the eyes wearied with the unmerciful sharpness of outlines through the day, welcomes the soft dimness that spreads from the horizon all around. There is little in the plain that one would willingly see or pause upon; and that which would most gladly be seen—the water—seems farther and farther off. Now, at length, it is night, but there is no moon, and the outlines of the few salient features of this sombre landscape are dim and hard to discern. Surely the tank must be near, but near or far, it must be reached; if missed ——. And, so stimulated, the pace is quickened, so as to lose none of such faint light as remains. For at night it is easy to pass any landmark, much more easy to miss so small an elevation as a tank. Even if the banks composed of the earth thrown up out of the excavation below are several feet high, the darkness hides them so well that it needs sharp sight, and even some happy guess at their situation, to find them.

So the weary march continues, and presently a late, dim moon comes up, and in the faint unearthly light, the tramp searches all around for any the least sign of the nearness of water. None! none! Has he passed it, or does it lie on ahead? Thus doubting, he has thrown down his swag, and sits alongside it. Fatigue begins to be felt, and he desires now to rest. Water or no water, he must sleep; to-morrow may be cooler, and, anyway, he will then know better what to do. He makes no "camp." The little water he has left is too precious to waste on a meal, and he has no desire for food. He hangs his light bag carefully on a bush, drops his billy underneath, and rests his head upon his unrolled swag, and sleeps.

It is just such a dawn as yesterday's when he at length awakes. Again a day of scorching heat; no tank to be seen, backwards and forwards nothing but the road, the plain, the bush, the cloudless sky, the rosy dawn, the silence of the desert. All there is to see he sees in a glance, and he can find nothing to cheer. He resolves that to continue the journey is best. In the darkness and the haste of last night he passed the tank. There was, according to the boss, another halfway on, part of which distance he must have travelled. He will husband the rest of his water, for there is still a good drop left. He ought to be able to pull up at the tank that night, but no more halts, no waste of time to-day. If in the night he fails to reach that tank? But he must reach it!

Again the growing heat, the steady yet eager march. No halt for food, he thinks now but little of that; no "camp" at noon. There is no change in the landscape, no indication of water. Forward then, the tank must be on ahead. Must it? Perhaps in that fatal night walk beside missing the tank he has got off the road. He has not cared or thought of food; what food he has without water would be choking, and water now is as breath to a drowning man. Now that the hot still evening is closing in there comes a reaction. He is faint through hunger and thirst and anxiety, but that last drain of water, now swishing from end to end and side to side of his water-bag, that is his last hope, that must not be drunk but at his extremity. And then?

Night has come, again such a night as that before, but now without water, and but a faint prospect of getting to it. Again bodily fatigue compels a halt when he has walked far into the night. It is more cruel than walking, this rest. First a long sleep of dead fatigue, then wakening, followed by snatches of sleep that are full of dreams of fair water and food and a cool land where rain falls, and at the end of every dream the reality. Thirst is beginning, for it is many hours since he drank the last drain of hot unrefreshing fluid from his bag. So long he had refrained from that last draught, thinking now that when he reached the tank he would get a cooler drink, now that it was his last hope. He had carried the bag carefully so that not a drop more than was unavoidable should be lost, and from time to time he patted with his hot dry hands the damp corner where it lay. And at last his thirst mastered him and he drank. Intending to take a mouthful he had drunk so much of the little that was left that when he dropped the stiff dry bag there was no answering gurgle of fluid. It was all gone. Well, he now knew what he had to face. There was nothing to hide the awful alternative.

Spent thus the night goes but slowly; the faint moon comes up to look upon the tossing prostrate figure and summons the dawn, and that the day. On again. It is death to stay. By habit, though weakened, he has taken up his swag and all his accessories. In his hand swings the mocking bag, empty and stiff and dry. As he sets out to walk it strikes against his knees; he looks down at it, throws it away without a word. There's hope yet, and he must reach some water soon. It was only a dream or a prompting of a moment's cowardice that he had got off the track and was wandering away from water, humanity, out into the vast plains that had been a graveless grave to so many. But now he no longer walks as before, head up, pipe between his lips occasionally, firm of step, sure of his road. He slouches or staggers along with head down, blindly, obstinately, as if the bright sunlight, the empty air, the clear distance were each a real obstruction. At times he stops and looks with wild eyes around him, seeming to calculate, as the careworn face turns this way or that, whether it were better to go back or on or lie down there where he stood and let the worst befall. But if he doubts choice is easy; death if he goes back is a certainty, if he goes forward it is but a chance, while to remain is impossible. Still the sun climbs up and up, the heat grows, the horizon contracts. Still the bent figure plods along. Once it is with a start that the head is lifted and the feet stop in the act of motion. Ah! God, it is the blue water out there; beside bright sand, miles long, he can see it sparkle in the sun as the wavelets run along the white beach where there is green of grass and the frondage of palms above in the still air. He sees, he knows that water, that grass, those palms. It is Satan's sea!—the mirage. No, no; though it multiply lake upon lake and they pour deceitful waters along his very path he will not follow. That way madness lies, and death, and where those waters led are the white bones of men that never human eyes see and pity.

What time is it? He does not know. His face is marked with sweat and grime of dust, his eyes are bloodshot, as he stands he trembles, and his feet take him whither they would go. He does not heed the road now. There is a dull sound in his ears; he knows not if it be the fall of surf along English coasts or the hoarse cries of carrion birds that have already marked him for their prey. On his weary shoulders there is a terrible burden that keeps him back. His hands seem to be loaded; yet they are empty. He catches at something that he does not discern, and falls, and recovers himself. His swag irks him, he drops it over his shoulder and leaves it. He has forgotten the photograph, the letters. The relief is short. Again the eager fingers go wandering about his clothing. They tear and pull, the headlong course not ceasing. His belt, his clothing, hat—all he successively tears off and drops, and silently leaves without looking back. He does not feel the sunshine burning and beating upon his naked flesh, or the madness in his brain, or the weakness in his limbs, or the agony in his throat. It is all merged in one wild instinct

to go on, and on, and on. It may be night or day, he has no thought for that, the landscape is no longer in his eyes, what they see he does not know, nor what he hears, nor what he thinks. At last he feels he is somewhere at rest. He has forgotten what he wanted or is.

What place is this he has got into—if it be himself that inhabits it? For here there are wide spaces where are no sights nor sounds, then strange landscapes, then he is in vast corridors, interminable and wide, with closed doors, where the noise of his footsteps and of the blows he deals upon the doors resounds and goes wandering on before him. At length there are occasionally open doors; looking in he sees always things and people he does not know. And wandering still further what wonder is here, for he has seen this room before, but long ago, and in it is a woman not yet old but with sad face and weary eyes, whose eyes and face he well remembers. English scenes he now beholds through open doors or windows of this wondrous corridor, newer scenes and Australian landscapes and —Marropinna! Turning his face from the wall he looks into a rough little room, and a man beside him says, "he has come to," and adds: "Well, mate, you've had a bit of a squeak, we found you out on Waratta, twenty miles from water, stark naked, and mad."

"LILY SNOW."

IN a sheltered glade I found her,
Seated on a grassy knoll,
Flitting sunbeams dancing round her
Like a fitful aureole.
Heaven's silver light enshrining,
Bathed her in it's gentle glow,
And the day, in loth declining,
Blushed to leave fair Lily Snow.

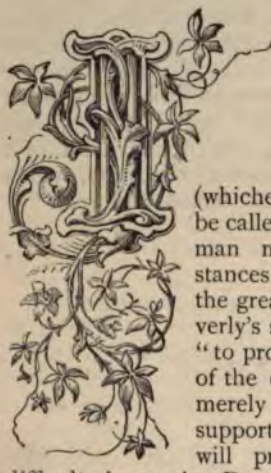
In each dainty cheek a dimple
Rippled o'er her sunny smile,
As some fancy, pure and simple,
Cleft her rosy lips the while.
Dwells there one beyond those portals,
In those realms which angels know,
'Midst that host of bright immortals,
One more fair than Lily Snow?

White as snow its air-cloud quitting,
Modest as a lily fair,
Name of names the most befitting,
Borne by one most meet to bear!
Would the world but weed its garden,
Helping flow'rs like thee to grow,
Then, with less our hearts to harden,
Life were Heaven, Lily Snow!

EILLE NORWOOD.

THE POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD JENKS.



IT is, I believe, a favorite subject of dispute among philosophic men of letters or literary philosophers (whichever they ought to be called), whether the great man makes the circumstances or the circumstances the great man. Like Calverly's schoolboy, I decline "to propound any solution of the question." I would merely observe that the supporters of the latter view will probably have some difficulty in proving Dante Rossetti to be the natural product of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Born in a country credited (and with good reason) with a historical preference of roast beef to manna, Rossetti steadily sought the angels' food. Bred up in an age which worshipped the gods of steel and iron (especially in the form of scrip and shares), he sang unceasingly the praise of his ethereal deities. Surrounded by the efforts of an art which had sunk to a mechanical grinding out of pot-boilers, whose favorite subjects were the flirtations of Mary Jane in the Park and the lineaments of Mr. Alderman Wurzles, he waved aside the remonstrances of his worldly-wise counsellors, and spent his time and strength in studies of *The Blessed Damozel* and other exalted, if somewhat artificial, types. His ears filled with the sweet nothings of Tennysonian warblings, he turned resolutely apart, and wove for us the pure exalted threnody of *My Sister's Sleep* and the exquisite pathos of *Jenny*.

The Heavens are just, and Rossetti had his reward. Whoso follows truth (not necessarily with a capital T), if he follow earnestly, steadily, shall surely find her. Men laughed at first, naturally, then they took to stones, also quite naturally. Was there ever really a great man yet who did not go through the experience? But now the world has realised at least this—that Rossetti was a man of genius, and the English nation, with a willingness to acknowledge its mistake which does it infinite credit, is at present trying to secure for its national collection a few specimens of that pre-Raphaelite art which it once so ostentatiously despised.

The almanack facts of Rossetti's life are few and simple. He was born in the year 1828. His father, a pure Abbruzzese, was a political refugee, settled in England as a professor at King's College, London. His mother, who, if the testimony of her children can be believed, was a most inspiring as well as devoted woman, was also half Italian; so that of Rossetti's blood only a quarter was English. He had two sisters, Maria Francesca and Christina, both well known as women of talent, and one brother—William Michael—his future biographer, himself also painter and poet. The family means, always scanty, were seriously reduced by the failure of Professor Rossetti's health in the year 1843, when Dante Gabriel, the eldest son, was only fifteen. This fact makes our poet's steady refusal to walk in the ways of the world all the more admirable.

Rossetti's name first became public in connection with the so-called pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. I do not know sufficient of painting to feel very confident of my description of pre-Raphaelitism, but I understand the phrase to represent the views or supposed views of a little knot of artists who, disgusted by the frivolity and conventionalism of contemporary productions, fell back upon the severer methods and more exalted aims of the mediæval painters. It was the ultimate success of this movement which led, doubtless, to the absurdities of the æsthetic craze; but when we have laughed at the eccentricities of Mrs. Cimabue Brown and Mr. Algernon Postlethwaite we shall still, I think, be forced to admit that even the æsthetic craze has produced a large net result of good. Contrast the average drawing-room of fifteen years ago with the average drawing-room of to-day. Old oak overmantels and blue china are, after all, better than gilt pier-glasses and wax flowers, and, of course, the pre-Raphaelite movement did a great deal more than produce the æsthetic craze.

The Brotherhood originally consisted of seven persons, of whom the best known are J. E. Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti himself. The aspirants needed an organ for

the ventilation of their views—for they were literary as well as artistic, and, accordingly, they started *The Germ*—a small periodical to which Rossetti contributed *The Blessed Damozel*, and the mystical novel known as *Hand and Soul*. The life of the magazine was brief, but the numbers are now of priceless value, and the official copies at the British Museum are special treasures even in that storehouse of precious things. Shortly afterwards, Rossetti contributed one or two poems to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. (Only the ex-editor of an university periodical can fully grasp the humor of such a poem as the "Burden of Nineveh" being found among his contributions.)

Rossetti continued the double trade of painter and poet till his death in 1882. As I said before, there was little of what is ordinarily known as history in his life. He had been laughed at for *Hand and Soul*. On the appearance in 1870 of his first volume of original poems he was attacked severely and determinedly by an anonymous writer in an article entitled *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, which first appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and was afterwards re-published as a pamphlet. This article, which is now generally known to have been the work of Mr. Robert Buchanan, was of the usual type of maudlin moralising, and I very much regret that Rossetti should have condescended to answer it. Answer it he did, in a fairly successful way, in the article entitled *The Stealthy School of Criticism*. But he had better have left his work to speak for itself. There are people who see indecency in the Bible and in the Venus of Milo, but it is not worth while to argue with them.

Rossetti's early manhood was passed mainly in London, first at Chatham Place, Blackfriars, and afterwards at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he lived in the same house with George Meredith and Swinburne, and a few doors from Thomas Carlyle; but in later years he spent a good deal of time at Kelmscot Manor House, on one of those sweet upper reaches of Father Thames, which only his true lovers know. He was comparatively a young man when he died, at Birchington on Sea.

I have said that I do not feel competent to speak of Rossetti as a painter, but a few words concerning his poetry may not be amiss.

The two qualities we demand of a poet may, I think, be defined as color and thought. The one appeals to our sensuous perceptions, without perhaps very powerfully exciting our intellectual faculties. The description of the feast in *The Eve of St. Agnes* is an admirable instance of color writing; Keats was pre-eminently a color poet. I had intended to quote an extract from *The Eve of St. Agnes*, to illustrate my meaning, but it so happens that a recent mail from England has brought us such a splendid specimen of color poetry that I will substitute it for my intended example.

They were girded about with thunder, and lightning came forth of the rage of their strength,
And the measure that measures the wings of the storm was the breadth of their force and the length:
And the name of their might was Invincible, covered and clothed with the terror of God;
With his wrath were they winged, with his love were they fired, with the speed of his wings were they shod;
With his soul were they filled, in his trust were they comforted: grace was upon them as night,
And faith as the blackness of darkness: the fume of their balefires was fair in his sight,
The reek of them sweet as a savour of myrrh in his nostrils: the world that he made,
Theirs was it by gift of his servants: the wind, if they spake in his name, was afraid,
And the sun was a shadow before it, the stars were astonished with fear of it: fire
Went up to them, fed with men living, and lit of men's hands for a shrine or a pyre;
And the east and the west wind scattered their ashes abroad, that his name should be blest
Of the tribes of the chosen whose blessings are curses from uttermost east unto west.

(SWINBURNE—*The Armada.*)

The other quality is equally essential to true poetry, though in some poets it is overbalanced by its rival gift. Some of Wordsworth's poems owe their beauty almost entirely to the naked thought; but again it must in connection with Wordsworth be noted that where he forgets to infuse color into his thought, there he fails *as a poet*.

It may have been noticed that in this short analysis of the nature of poetry I have omitted all mention of form, in its mechanical sense of metre and rhythm. So far as these qualities are concerned I should be inclined to attribute them to the color-organs; but there is a deeper meaning in form than is expressed by the ideas of metre and rhythm, and that form is generally dependent on the pure thought.

In Rossetti we find a grand combination of color and thought, together with a perfect mastery of style, which marks him at once as a great poet. He has written almost every class of composition, except formal drama, and has succeeded in each. Perhaps the best way will be to notice one or two of his favorite forms. And we may begin with the simple ballad.

Prima facie the ballad is the poem of youth for youth. And by youth I mean not merely

youth of years, but of manners, of imagination, and of education. Many of the most exquisite ballads in our tongue were written, or rather composed, by unknown men in our age's infancy. They were recited to admiring audiences of simple folk, and by them treasured up and handed on from generation to generation. Anything learned or artificial is fatal to a ballad. Burns, the unlettered peasant, is the ideal ballad writer. And in sea-swept Brittany, whose sons preserve, like the rocks, their native simplicity in an age of culture and refinement, there are stores of lovely ballads, which saw the light for the first time only some few years ago.

These, I think, are reasonable views, but I am not so rash as to draw the conclusion that men of education and culture cannot write ballads. I think of the studious Wordsworth, author of *Lucy Gray*, of the all-wise Goethe, steeped to the lips in Grecian art and scientific knowledge, and yet in his old age writing the most marvellously simple and touching ballads. And so I am not so foolish as to attempt to lay down rules for that genius which is above all rules. But this I think it safe to say, that if a man of education, living in an artificial age, can write a good ballad, he must be really and truly a great poet.

There can be no doubt as to the beauty of Rossetti's ballads. The best known, perhaps, is *The King's Tragedy*, a touching story of James I, of Scotland, the gifted author of *The King's Quhair*, who spent his youth a prisoner in Windsor Castle, who on his restoration to a land of trouble and oppression swore a noble oath—"I will make the key keep the castle and the bracken bush the cow, though I lead the life of a dog to bring it about," and who kept his word so well that he was murdered in his queen's sight by some of his nobles, whose lordly rights of plunder and oppression he had curtailed. The story is put into the mouth of Catherine Barlass, the Douglas whose devotion in barring the door with her arm won for her family their distinguishing title, and it is supposed, in ballad style, to be recited to a group of young maidens. It is told simply and directly, as to a group of listeners) a ballad should never seem to have been written) but the introduction of the Highland witch, with her persistent vision of the shrouded king and her unheeded warnings, supplies the requisite romantic element. This weird episode is so thoroughly characteristic of Rossetti that I will venture to quote part of it. . The king is on his way to the scene of the tragedy, when he is confronted by "a woman tattered and old."

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea,
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet,
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth."

The warning is unheeded by the victim, but on the very eve of the catastrophe the witch appears again:

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late.

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O king, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then I have journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

And here is a beautifully suggestive description of the weirdness which those who have witnessed a tragedy always fancy afterwards that they realised:

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamoured ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle-nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

One other thing I must notice in the poem —the peculiar lilt or swing which wild poetry always has, and which Rossetti has caught so well here.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and sceptre in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scot's had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

I have dwelt with some little care on *The King's Tragedy*, because I think it is the most perfect of all Rossetti's ballads. But there can be little doubt that for one very important quality of a good ballad, dramatic interest, the beautiful poem known as *Rose Mary* is unrivalled. Its weakness is a want of simplicity; there is too much of the Italian *Renaissance* in it for its Scotch scenery. But the way in which discovery follows discovery in the development of the story, and the profound horror of the crowning climax give the poem a wealth of incident and dignity almost worthy of Shakspere. It is where the mother, in tending the body of her daughter's dead lover, discovers his falsehood through a packet which she takes from his breast, and which contains a lock of hair and a message from her daughter's rival:

She read it twice with a brain in thrall,
And then its echo told her all.
O'er brows low fallen her hands she drew:—
"O God!" she said, as her hands fell too,
"The Warden's sister of Holycleugh!"

She rose upright with a long low moan,
And stared in the dead man's face new-known.
Had it lived indeed? She scarce could tell:
'Twas a cloud where fiends had come to dwell,—
A mask that hung on the gates of Hell.

She lifted the lock of gleaming hair
And smote the lips and left it there.
"Here's gold that Hell shall take for thy toll
Full well hath thy treason found its goal,
O thou dead body and damnèd soul!"

This is a terrible and powerful picture, and it is a good illustration of Rossetti's strength. But there is too much matter in the poem for any attempt at a description.

Naturally it would be impossible to say anything about Rossetti without referring to his sonnets, of which he has written so many, and which he has woven into a distinct series. Now a sonnet is a thing very easy to produce, up to a certain quality. The mechanical rules are very simple. You must have fourteen ten-syllable lines—the first eight arranged as two quatrains, and the last six in any manner you like, except that they must rhyme somehow. (There are, of course, dogmas as to the arrangement of these final six lines, but practically there are excellent precedents for any arrangement.) As I said, nothing is easier than to produce a sonnet of a certain kind. Thus—

Stately the good ship rides the swelling wave,
From out the orient Heaven the golden sun
Arises in his majesty, and none
Shall stay his course, until in raiment brave
Of primrose, violet, and rose he lave
In the cool deep, and, all his labor done,
He sink to revel in his victory won,
Under the dome of some stalactite cave.

So might our life, in lesser blaze of light,
But equal perfectness, arise and shine,
Scatter the murky phantoms of the night,
And tinge the goblet with the purple wine.
But ah! so weak, so halting we must be,
So ever falling to the restless sea.

Sonnets of this description any one can write. But there is only one suitable receptacle for them, viz., the waste paper basket. We shall not be surprised to learn that Rossetti was a little more exacting in his requirements. Let us hear what he says himself:

A Sonnet is a moment's monument—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

This is perhaps, a little obscure, but it is possible to see that Rossetti demands of a sonnet, besides the mechanism, at least pregnancy, unity, completeness, polish; and it is these qualities of course that the mere mechanical sonnet lacks. *Prima facie* it is somewhat surprising that such a magnificent roll of worshippers should have sworn adherence to the sonnet—Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakspere, Spenser, Milton, to say nothing of others. But in their hands the

artificiality of the sonnet setting disappears in the beauty of the gem. And Rossetti is not a whit behind the chiefest of sonneteers. There are numerous isolated sonnets scattered up and down in his works, but his great achievement in this way is the so-called "sonnet-sequence," entitled *The House of Life*. It sketches the progress of life, that is of love, (for with Rossetti love was life) from its dawn to its bereavement. The first impression of the sequence is, I think, disappointing. It is one of those novel ideas which do not attract immediately. But a second reading brings out the beauties. We find there is no "common form" in the series, no slurring of the work. All the stones in the necklace are faultless in water and cutting. My own favorite is the first of the quartette entitled *Willowwood*.

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,
  Leaning across the water, I and he;
  Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,
But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell:
  Only our mirrored eyes met silently
  In the low wave; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.

And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
  He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
  Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

But there are others almost as delightful, as:

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
  And said: "The rose-tree and the apple-tree
  Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest-marshal, the year's chief,
  Victorious Summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
  Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef.

All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
  To thee I gave while Spring and Summer sang;
  But Autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise."

I have said that with Rossetti Love and Life were synonymous. And it is natural to find him the most perfect of love-poets. Even Shakspere hardly surpasses him in the beauty of his love-strains, for we feel about Shakspere, I think, that, after all, he was never very profoundly moved by passion. He understood all about it, but he never seems to be carried away by his subject. He is too supremely great to abandon himself. But, with Rossetti, things are different. He has experienced the pleasures and pains of love in all their subtlety. He studies it experimentally. And it was no poetic fiction with him, this doctrine of "all for love;" for in the full promise of artistic triumph he set aside social prejudice to marry the daughter of a working-cutler, and her untimely death plunged him into the depths of unreasonable despair. To compare him with the ordinary run of erotic poets would be to insult him. Of these, half disgust us with their coarseness, and half weary us with their sameness. But even with the great love-poets Rossetti will bear comparison. He is not so stern and intense as Dante, not so fanciful as Spenser, perhaps hardly so dignified as Milton—and Milton really could write exquisite love-poetry. But he has a peculiar and penetrative mysticism, a delicate insight and analysis, which are all his own. Sometimes this mysticism breaks out into pure fancy, as in the poem of *The Blessed Damozel*, which is surely a curious production for the nineteenth century. For it is not the work of an idle dreamer, daring as its fancy is. Neither is it the semi-orthodox twaddle of a reactionary sentimentalist. No such person could have written:

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
  Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds.

I can understand a critic disliking *The Blessed Damozel* on many grounds; I cannot understand any critic denying its power.

But to my mind Rossetti takes a higher flight when he weaves his love-poems out of simpler materials. *The Stream's Secret* is a triumph of real artistic feeling. Given a love-sick youth and a running stream—not a very elaborate outfit—what would the average rhymester make of it? Something that we should recognise as magazine verse. Hear Rossetti—

What thing unto mine ear
  Wouldst thou convey—what secret thing,
  O, wandering water, ever whispering?
Surely thy speech shall be of her.
Thou water, O, thou whispering wanderer,
  What message dost thou bring?

Say, hath not Love leaned low
  This hour beside thy far well-head,
  And there through jealous hollowed fingers said
The thing that most I long to know—
Murmuring with curls all dabbled in thy flow
  And washed lips rosy red?

He told it to thee there,
  Where thy voice hath a louder tone;
  But where it welters to this little moan
His will decrees that I should hear.
Now speak: for with the silence is no fear,
  And I am all alone.

* * * * *

But she is far away
  Now; nor the hours of night grown hoar
  Bring yet to me, long gazing from the door,
The wind-stirred robe of roseate grey
And rose-crown of the hour that leads the day
  When we shall meet once more.

Dark as thy blinded wave
  When brimming midnight floods the glen—
  Bright as the laughter of thy runnels when
The dawn yields all the light they crave;
Even so these hours to wound and that to save
  Are sisters in Love's ken.

Oh! sweet her bending grace
  Then when I kneel beside her feet;
  And sweet her eyes o'erhanging heaven; and sweet
The gathering folds of her embrace;
And her fall'n hair at last shed round my face
  When breaths and tears shall meet.

Beneath her sheltering hair,
  In the warm silence near her breast,
  Our kisses and our sobs shall sink to rest,
As in some still trance made aware
That day and night have wrought to fulness there
  And Love has built our nest.

And as in the dim grove,
  When the rains cease that hushed them long,
  'Mid glistening boughs the song-birds wake to song—
So from our hearts deep-shrined in love,
While the leaves throb beneath, around, above,
  The quivering notes shall throng.

Till tenderest words found vain
  Draw back to wonder mute and deep,
  And closèd lips in closèd arms a silence keep,
Subdued by memory's circling strain,—
The wind-rapt sound that the wind brings again
  While all the willows weep.

In what I have said in this paper I am aware that there has been a sad lack of originality. As a matter of fact I have not tried to be original. I have been thinking for many days of a story and its application, both of which I have read in the pages of a great modern critic. "Certain travellers of the eleventh century relate that they saw at Teneriffe a prodigiously lofty tree, which, from its immense extent of foliage, collected all the vapors of the atmosphere, to discharge them when its branches were shaken in a shower of pure and refreshing water. Genius is like this tree, and the mission of criticism should be to shake the branches." * I have attempted only to effect a little shaking of branches.

* Mazzini – Essay on Byron and Goethe.

EVENING.

THE red rose-flush fades slowly in the west;
  And Austral Como, basking in the light,
    From gold and amber pales to silver white.
The velvet shadow of that flame-crowned crest
Lies dark and darker on its shining breast,
    Till lonely mere and isle and mountain-height
    Grow dim as dreams in tender mist of night—
Tranquil as babe in mother's arms at rest.

So still! So calm! Will our life's eve come thus?
    No sound of strife, of labor or of pain—
      No ring of woodman's axe—no dip of oar—
Will work be done, and night's rest earned, for us?
    And shall we wake to see sunrise again?
      Or shall we sleep— to see and know no more?

A. C.

MINUET
DANCED IN the 2nd act of WILLS & GRUNDY'S PLAY
"THE Pompadour"
at the Haymarket theatre, London, 1888
Composed by
Hamilton Clarke.
Andante
with
Grace & dignity

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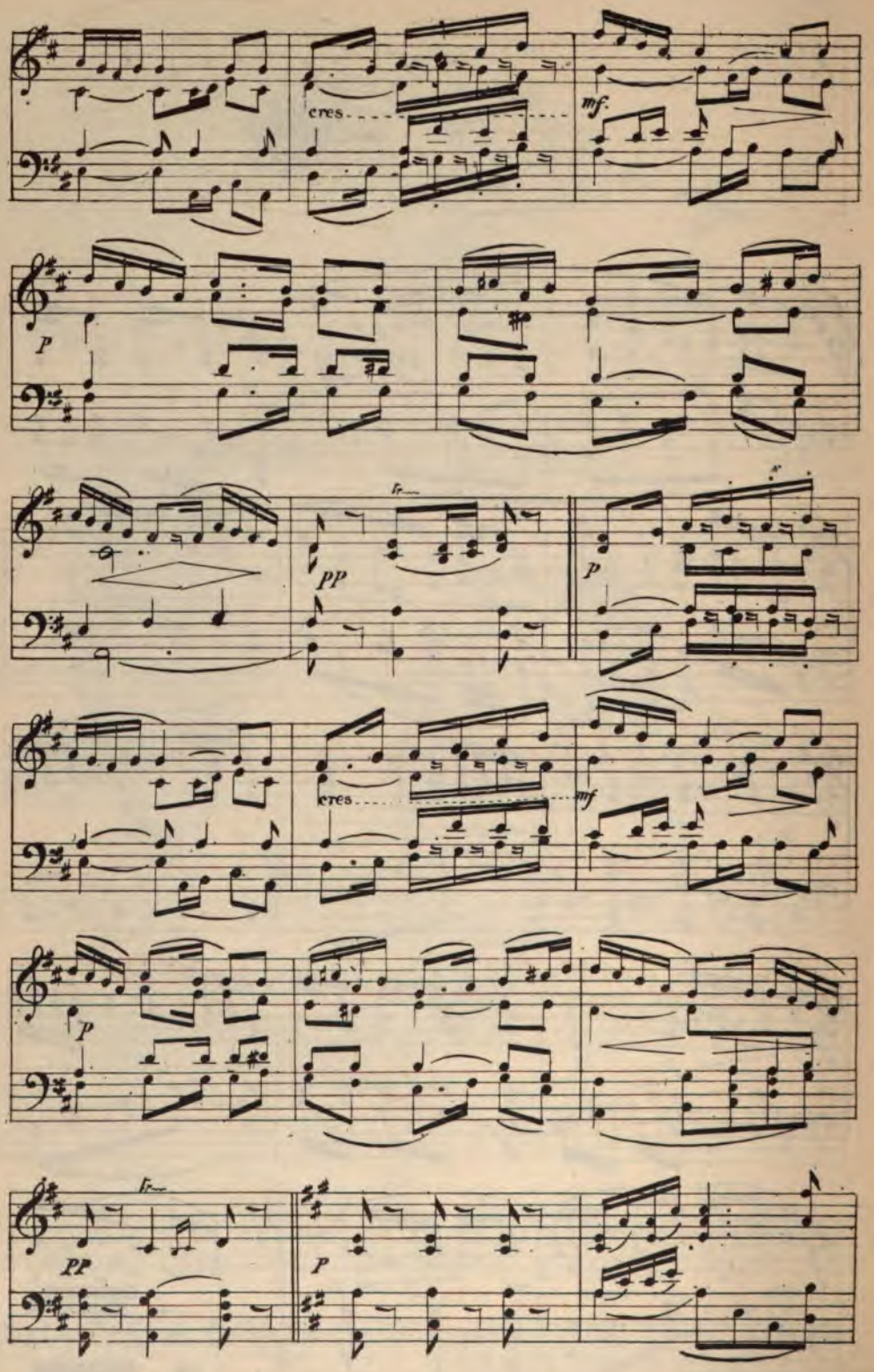
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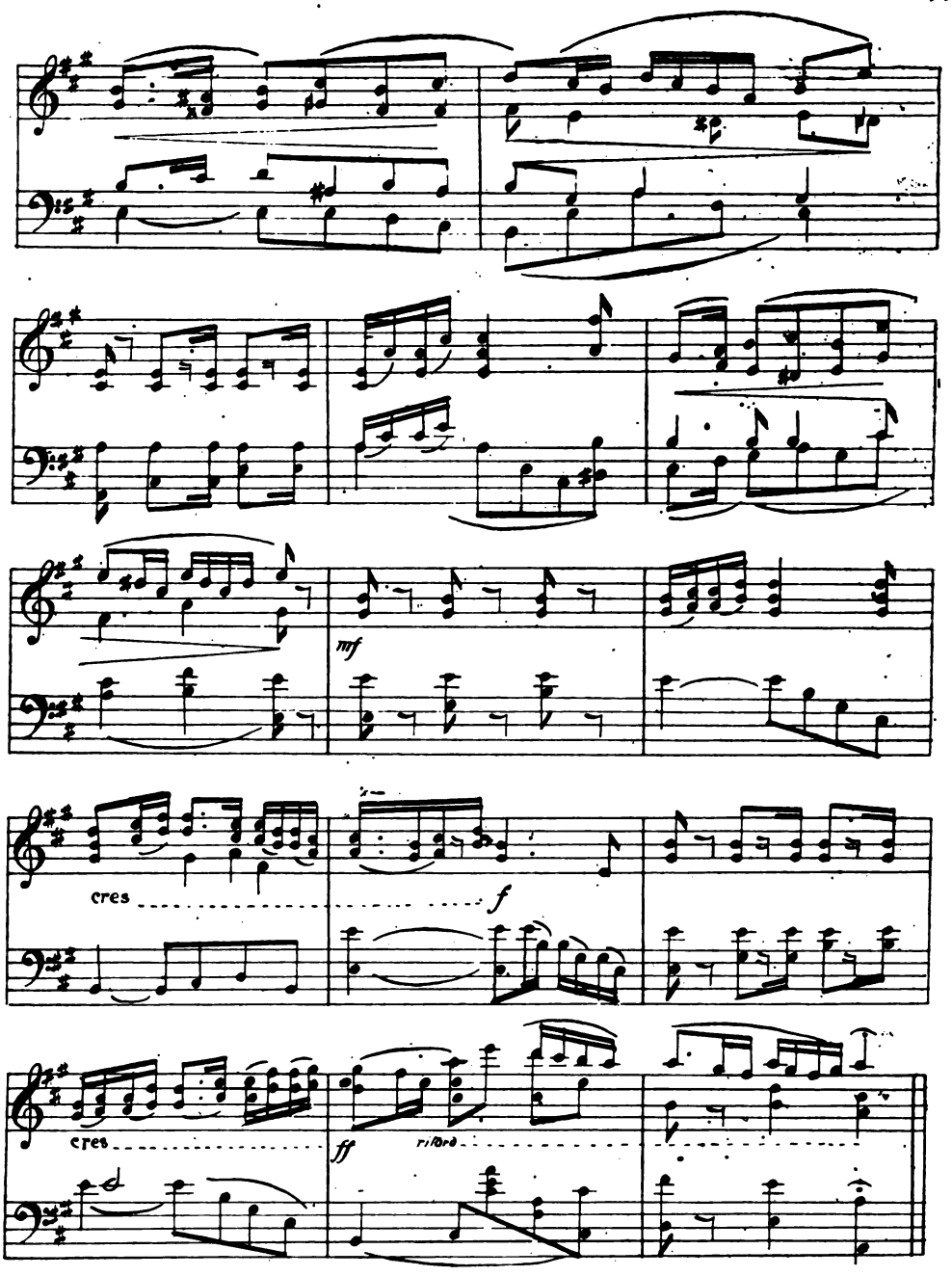
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THE SORROWS OF AUSTRALIAN AUTHORS.

A REPLY TO MR. G. B. BARTON.

BY C. T. CLARKE.

MR. G. B. BARTON has written a series of articles attacking the Government, the publishers and newspaper proprietors of New South Wales. All these, it seems, are in arms against struggling genius. If it were only Mr. Barton who spoke, I scarcely think these articles would be worth serious notice. Mr. Barton does not appear to be possessed of that knowledge of his subject or to have given it that careful consideration which would entitle his words to be received with any large amount of respect. Many of his arguments are not at all to the point, his ignorance is painfully apparent, and, generally, he displays a want of grip of the whole question. Mr. Barton, however, is not speaking for himself. Undoubtedly he represents the feelings of a great number of authors and of a large portion of the general public. Authors have always been loud in their lamentations, so that it has now become a settled belief with the public—the public who will not read their books—that they have a real grievance, and, further, by almost universal consent it has been decided that the one cruel enemy of the poor author is the wicked publisher. Mr. David Christie Murray, who really should know better, has recently been encouraging our local authors to form a society for the publication of their own works, and his sympathy has cheered many hearts and infused fresh life into those who are in search of a publisher. A correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald* is specially vigorous in his condemnation of the publisher, who, he appears to think, has earned the contempt of the entire community. The discontent being so general, it cannot be considered out of place if some comments are made on the subject by one who looks at it from a different standpoint from that of Mr. Barton and the authors. I do not propose to take up the cudgels on behalf of the Government or the newspapers, who are well able to take care of themselves. Having had considerable experience of the results of publishing in the colonies, I venture to put in a plea for the maligned publisher.

The case, no doubt, from the author's point of view is sufficiently hard. Filled with the desire of seeing in all the glory of printers' ink the work that has cost him hours of thought, and that is to bring him fortune or fame, he seeks the local publisher. At the outset he meets with a serious rebuff. He has, probably, imagined that if he can only convince his publisher of the beauty of his work all his hopes will be realised. To convince his publisher of this will be an easy task. He will read a few passages from it—he will even read many if asked—and the thing is done. But the publisher, he finds, does not wish to hear any readings from the work, but proceeds immediately to pour icy-cold water on the notion that it should be published. With more or less tact he tells his visitor that no matter what may be the merits of his book it cannot succeed, and he declines to take any of the risk of publication. If the author is persistent he, perhaps, agrees to issue the work, providing that before publication there can be secured a sufficient number of subscribers or of advertisers to meet the cost of production. The author is not willing or not able in most cases to find the necessary guarantee, and leaves the publisher office an aggrieved man. The fault, however is not the publisher's. It is his business to sell books, and if there were any probability of a sale for any locally-produced work, he would be eager to take it up. Indeed, it is not quite correct to say that publishers *never* take any risk, for there are many instances in which our leading booksellers induced by the undoubted merit of the work presented to them, and by a worthy desire to be associated with it, have risked a good deal. It must be said, too, on their behalf, that in those cases where an author decides to publish at his own cost and seeks their co-operation in selling his book, it is always cheerfully granted. An immense amount of trouble is taken, although the bookseller is morally certain from the commencement that no good

results will follow. He is the more to be praised, because he knows from experience that his author will hardly give him credit for his exertions, and possibly, may even blame him for the book's failure. The veteran bookseller, Mr. George Robertson, could no doubt by exhibiting his publishing ledger repel the charge that colonial publishers *never* take any risk, and moreover could probably give instances where risk of loss had proved dismal certainty. However, not to dwell unduly on these exceptions, it may be accepted as an axiom that publishers do not take risks. To justify this attitude I cannot do better than mention certain well-known books and give the results of their publication. Perhaps the finest work of any Australian writer is the powerful novel by the late Marcus Clarke, "His Natural Life." If success could be anticipated for any Australian book, surely in the case of this one a large sale might have been looked for. Yet on its first publication in Melbourne there was no prodigious result of the kind. A moderate degree of success it certainly achieved, but not of a kind to make either author or publisher jubilant, and it is probable that if an English publisher had not taken over the book it would have languished and perhaps died like so many other of the same author's works—works too, which deserved a much better fate. If a work by an author of established Australian reputation (as Marcus Clarke had at the time of publication), a work with a distinct local flavor, a work, moreover, of fiction and therefore appealing to the largest class of readers —if this produced no rich results, is it wonderful that publishers should receive coldly the poems, essays, scientific and theological treatises of unknown writers? I dwell specially upon this instance because "His Natural Life" is pre-eminent amongst Australian books, but scores of other cases might be quoted. Indeed it is difficult to mention any publications that have been thoroughly successful. Messrs. Edwards, Dunlop & Co. published some time back a volume by Mr. Kenneth Mackay, entitled "Stirrup Jingles." These poems of the bush and turf had the genuine ring, they were well received by the press, they were issued at a low price and in an attractive form, they were well advertised, care was taken by the publishers that every bookseller had copies for sale, and yet in spite of all these advantages, although the author may justly claim his work to be a success, yet he has no reason to be satisfied with its pecuniary results. Messrs. Turner and Henderson published a year or two ago, a "History of Australian Exploration," by Mr. Ernest Favenc. The subject is, or should be, one of the utmost interest to an Australian; the author was excellently qualified to write upon it; the press, too, in this case bestowed high praise, and yet I understand that although the work has been a success, it has been that limited success to which Australian publishers are so well accustomed, and which puts money in no man's purse. I might quote numerous other cases but probably these will suffice. I am informed by a member of a well-known firm of booksellers who have issued a great number of volumes during the last few years that they have not made five pounds profit out of any one of them. Indeed I think he said they had not reaped that amount of profit from the combined whole.

The foregoing will perhaps be considered sufficient proof that the publisher is not to blame for his so-called want of enterprise. It is not altogether right either to blame the public for the non-success of Australian publications, but there are certain facts in connection with the public and with authors, consideration of which will throw some light on the subject. There is, first, the fact that the population of Australia is scattered and comparatively small. No book has much chance of being circulated outside the colony in which it is published. Secondly, the mechanical production of Australian books is frequently of an inferior description. This, of course, is principally noticeable in books which the author has himself revised for the press without experienced assistance. With some notable exceptions booksellers, printers and bookbinders do not appear to have carefully studied the style in which English books are issued. There are many details constantly overlooked, inattention to which gives a book the appearance of having been produced by a second-rate provincial printer, and so repels the possible buyer. An English book that is badly "gotten up" (as Americans would say) is generally poor, regarded from the literary standpoint, and the public here are apt to apply the same reasoning to Australian books. Thirdly, there is the prejudice against native talent felt by Englishmen of recent arrival in the colony, and on the part of natives themselves a kind of incredulity as to the genuineness of this talent. Perhaps the English prejudice referred to is not always strong, but I think it must be conceded that it is always present in some degree. It is not hard to understand that there should be a temptation to despise those who are often

without that gloss which distinguishes the European. Australians themselves are sufficiently enthusiastic when their compatriots have gained distinction, but they, as a rule, are apt to think lightly of those who live in the same street with them. It is hard to convince them that their native-born novelist is the genuine article. They do not of course suppose that a native is the inferior of the dweller in more aged countries, but until their Australian writer has received the stamp of European approval they scarcely give him the credit that is his due. "His Natural Life," as I have shown, is a case in point, and I think it is extremely likely that if Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms" had been locally published the result would have been similar. (That "familiarity breeds contempt" is rather amusingly exemplified in connection with the visits to the colonies of well-known writers. We hope it will not be Mr. Christie Murray's experience, but it is a curious fact that the popularity of very many of our literary visitors has waned immediately upon our making their personal acquaintance. So long as they remained in the neighborhood of the British Isles we paid them all the homage they deserved, but as soon as they were discovered in George Street or Collins Street attired as ourselves and looking like ordinary mortals, our power of finding amusement or instruction in their works vanished). That we possess strong national feeling is certain, but we have not yet quite outgrown the modesty of youth, and are only commencing to boldly assert ourselves. It is probable that before many years are over, when the first or second generations of born Australians have reached that period of life at which they can grant themselves leisure and recreation, that they will then seek that which is Australian in literature simply because it is Australian. By that time, too, they will probably have gained a confidence in the native writer which will render them sufficiently bold to proclaim his merits even in the teeth of European disapproval. Perhaps I am too sanguine in hoping this, for I observe that the same complaint of neglect of native authors is made in America at the present day. Mr. Maurice Thompson, in the *North American Review* for July, says:—"In a word we present the curious condition of a nation reading more books than any other nation in the world, and at the same time paying to its own writers of high merit the smallest incomes offered to such authors within the limits of civilisation."

Another reason for the failure of Australian publications is that this is not a literary community. We are certainly voracious readers of novels, but a habit of novel reading scarcely implies the possession of literary taste any more than does the habit of newspaper reading. A reference to our leading booksellers will verify this charge against the public of New South Wales. I refer to New South Wales in particular, because that is the colony of which I can speak from personal knowledge. On the publication of new volumes of poetry by Swinburne, or Lewis Morris, of volumes of essays by Andrew Lang or R. L. Stevenson, twenty-four copies of each would be ample to meet the demand of the whole colony. Of a new book of travel such as Joseph Thomson's "Through Masai Land," twelve copies would probably be sufficient. There would be a larger number required of a new poem by Tennyson, but that would be to a large extent because society would demand that each of its members should at least have seen the book. Occasional volumes of poetry, history, or essays might possibly have a larger circulation than I have stated, but the extra demand would simply be the result of some special circumstances, and not of any love of literature pure and simple. It may be objected that these small numbers apply only to new volumes which are perhaps published at a high price and about the merits of which the public may be uncertain. But if we turn to standard works of unquestionable merit, we do not find any great increase in the number of readers. Volumes of poetry are asked for almost altogether in attractive bindings, which is pretty conclusive proof that they are required for the purpose of presentation to friends and are not intended to be read. The "Spectator" and Boswell's "Johnson" should be sold in hundreds, but that is far from being the experience of booksellers. Of late years English publishers have issued series after series of books of world-wide fame at prices ridiculously low. "Morley's Universal Library," the "Camelot" series, the "Canterbury Poets," the "Great Writers" series, each at one shilling the volume; the "Minerva Library of Famous Books," at two shillings a volume; "Cassell's National Library," and "Routledge's World Library," at threepence and sixpence a volume, may be mentioned as containing amongst them perhaps all the greatest books the world has known. They are excellently edited, neatly bound, and many of them eminently suited for the bookshelf. They should be sold in thousands, but they are not. At the commencement of a new series there may be considerable demand, but it soon falls away, not because

the series is degenerating, but because the interest of the public has flagged. That these facts argue a lack of literary taste cannot be denied, though it might be easy to find reasons for it. With this, however, I am not at present concerned.

It must be said in justice to those amongst us who are book readers, or who would from motives of patriotism encourage Australian authors, that there is another and quite sufficient reason for the cool receptions given to the writings of our local authors. It has to be said that these writings are, as a rule, very poor stuff. The book-buyer who may have devoted himself to the encouragement of native literary talent should be forgiven if he soon grow weary. Of *published* Australian books a large proportion is of very inferior quality, and of those that exist in manuscript only, so far as one can ascertain, this proportion is equally large. The feebleness and imbecility of many of the manuscripts offered to publishers is scarcely credible. Men, who in business, or other walks of life, are rational beings, appear to take leave of their senses when they commence to write. Mr. Christie Murray, with every desire to speak favorably of us has not been able to say much that is high praise. Speaking of Australian poets he says "the main characteristic, as yet, is that which distinguishes the race of *smaller poets*, everywhere." It would have been simple nonsense, indeed, had he gushed over our literary productions. The circumstances of the country are such that it is foolish to expect that we could produce writers who can compare with the great authors of the old world. There are thousands who can write respectable English and who are endowed with common sense, but we cannot call them literary men, though some of them, doubtless, would like to claim the title. Literature demands from those who wish to make a mark in it, an undivided worship; it will receive nothing less, and, unfortunately the race for wealth, peculiar to a new country, has not permitted this.

It must not be forgotten that there are many Australian books that do succeed, but they are principally what Charles Lamb would call "books that are no books"—educational works, practical manuals, and the like. It must also be placed to our credit that we have nobly upheld Adam Lindsay Gordon. He is, perhaps, the solitary instance where without outside assistance we have recognised merit, and rewarded it so far as we are able. We may fairly lay claim to having accepted Gordon's writings purely for the poetry that is in them. Brunton Stephens, Harpur, and Kendall have all had their successes, but none of them have been of the permanent character of Gordon's, and, to this day, Gordon's poems have not been issued by any but an Australian house.

It has been suggested to me that if booksellers—retail booksellers as distinguished from publishers—were to display some energy and intelligence, the cause of literature would be considerably benefited. Very good stories are from time to time told, all exhibiting on the part of the bookseller a happy ignorance of the wares he has to sell. Mark Twain in his novel of "The Gilded Age," thinks it worth while to devote a chapter to a bookselling incident of this kind. He, apparently, has not found it an uncongenial chapter, and as it is sufficiently vigorous and amusing, I will quote a portion of it:—

"In due time Laura alighted at the book store, and began to look at the titles of the handsome array of books on the counter. A dapper clerk of perhaps nineteen or twenty years, with hair accurately parted, and surprisingly slick, came bustling up, and leaned over with a pretty smile, and an affable—

"Can I—was there any particular book you wished to see?"

"Have you 'Taine's England?'"

"Beg pardon."

"Taine's 'Notes on England.'"

The young gentleman scratched the side of his nose with a cedar pencil, which he took down from its bracket on the side of his head, and reflected a moment.

"Ah! I see" (with a bright smile) "Train you mean, not Taine. George Francis Train. No ma'am, we—"

"I mean Taine—if I may take the liberty."

The clerk reflected again; then—

"Taine! . . Taine! . . Is it hymns?"

"No! it isn't hymns. It is a volume that is making a deal of talk just now, and is very widely known—except among parties who sell it."

The clerk glanced at her face to see if a sarcasm might not lurk somewhere in that obscure speech, but the gentle simplicity of the beautiful eyes that met his, banished that suspicion. He went away and conferred with the proprietor. Both appeared to be nonplussed. They thought and talked, and talked and thought by turns. Then both came forward, and the proprietor said—

"Is it an American book, ma'am?"

"No, it is an American reprint of an English translation."

"Oh! Yes—yes—I remember now. We are expecting it every day. It isn't out yet."

"I think you must be mistaken, because you advertised it a week ago."

"Why no—can that be so?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. And besides, here is the book itself on the counter."

She bought it and the proprietor retired from the field.

Then she asked the clerk for the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and was pained to see the admiration her beauty had inspired in him, fade out of his face. He said with cold dignity that cook books were somewhat out of their line, but he would order it if she desired it.

She said, "no, never mind."

Then she fell to conning the titles again, finding a delight in the inspection of the Hawthornes, the Longfellows, the Tennysons, and other favorites of her idle hours. Meantime the clerk's eyes were busy, and no doubt his admiration was returning again, or may be he was only gauging her probable literary tastes by some sagacious system of admeasurement only known to his guild. Now he began to "assist" her in making a selection, but his efforts met with no success—indeed they only annoyed her and unpleasantly interrupted her meditations. Presently, while she was holding a copy of "Venetian Life" in her hand and running over a familiar passage here and there, the clerk said briskly, snatching up a paper-covered volume and striking the counter a smart blow with it to dislodge the dust:

"Now here is a work that we've sold a lot of. Everybody that's read it likes it," and he intruded it under her nose. "It's a book that I can recommend—'The Pirate's Doom,' or 'The Last of the Buccaneers.' I think it's one of the best things that's come out this season."

Laura pushed it gently aside with her hand and went on filching from "Venetian Life."

"I believe I do not want it," she said.

The clerk hunted around awhile, glancing at one title and then another, but apparently not finding what he wanted. However, he succeeded at last. Said he:

"Have you ever read this, ma'am? I am sure you'll like it. It's by the author of 'The Hooligans of Hackensack.' It is full of love troubles and mysteries and all sorts of such things. The heroine strangles her own mother. Just glance at the title, please—'Gonderil the Vampire,' or 'The Dance of Death.' And here is 'The Jokist's Own Treasury,' or 'The Phunny Phellow's Bosom Phriend.' The funniest thing! I've read it four times, ma'am, and I can laugh at the very sight of it yet. And 'Gonderil'—I assure you it is the most splendid book I ever read. I know you will like these books, ma'am, because I've read them myself and I know what they are."

There is much more to the same effect. I am not prepared to say that there are not any booksellers of this description. Indeed I am sure there are, and if ridicule of this kind will prompt those booksellers to take a greater interest in their calling undoubtedly it will be a great benefit to literature and to the booksellers' own pockets. But those who are so witty at the poor bookseller's expense should not forget that his business is a very difficult one. In other professions and trades a man who has once gone through his course of apprenticeship has little more to learn. When he has once acquired a thorough knowledge of his business he knows it for all time. Of course he becomes more expert as he gains experience, and there are discoveries and inventions and new facts and laws to be assimilated, but all these are not very considerable. With a bookseller the case is very different. Every day, nay, every hour, brings before him new books by men whom he never heard of before and often on subjects which it is impossible that he can take any interest in. If a bookseller is absent from his business for a month he has much to pick up on his return. Is it wonderful in these circumstances that there should sometimes be found a bookseller who hardly knows what he has on his shelves? The ideal old-fashioned bookseller—who sat quietly in his shop, who knew the contents of almost every volume he possessed, and to whom the advent of a new work was a rare incident—has vanished, supposing he ever existed. On the modern bookseller new publications pour, and he is almost lucky if he is able to read the title-pages of all of them. It would probably be to the advantage of booksellers to have a staff of highly-educated assistants, but the profits of the business are not so large that they can always see that this is to their advantage. Hence it comes that in bookshops are sometimes found young men who look upon a book as though it had no more in it than a tin plate!

I have shown that the lack of encouragement to local authors is no fault of publishers, but there nevertheless remains the hard fact that there is no encouragement, and authors will to that extent consider themselves aggrieved. Mr. Barton proposes a remedy, that of a society of Australian Men of Letters. Members would pay a subscription of five guineas annually, and would have the right of submitting to the Council of the Society

their manuscripts, which if approved of, would be printed and published in London. It does not seem to me that this idea would prove workable. The Society would most likely consist chiefly of authors, and these authors would no doubt promptly cease to pay subscriptions if their works were not accepted. To seek outside support would be a humiliation to literature, which will, we trust for its own sake always maintain its existence without appeals for charitable assistance. It is easy to contrast the money lavished upon sport with the death from starvation of the unhappy poet, but such will probably be the condition of things to the end of time. If the public can be impressed with the notion that every shilling they pay for books is so much relief to poor authors, no doubt they will respond to the appeal. But very properly they have at present no such idea. Literature should, and does, stand on its own merits. Again, the position of member of Mr. Barton's proposed Council of Selection is not one that any sane person would covet, even if it carried with it a large salary, which is not proposed by Mr. Barton. The prospect of struggling through reams and reams of more or less illegible manuscript is sufficiently appalling, irrespective of the anger which would be aroused by rejection. A Boston correspondent of an American literary magazine writes that there has been a "little ripple of talk" about the formation of an Authors' Protective League in Boston. Some of his remarks will bear application to Mr. Barton's scheme.

"The guild of authors contains so many people of lively fancy and so many of minds that are quick rather than logical, that the quarrels of the League would be as numerous as the days in the year multiplied by the square of the membership. By which I mean no disrespect to my guild; I only recognise that the author is so closely brought in companionship with the muses that he is very apt to have something of the feminine in his composition, and a band of authors is generally as difficult to manage as a band of women. It is to be remembered, moreover, that prominent among American authors are so many women at the start that there would be no lack of quite enough feminine illogicalness to make trouble in any organisation whatsoever, even if the men did not furnish any.

"Moreover and lastly, it is by no means clear what the League could or would do if it were in running order. Manifestly, it could not make the public buy unsaleable books, and after all that is what most of us authors would require at its hands. The popular books are able to take care of themselves, and it always seems a little as if a scheme of this sort were an attempt to make the successful books drag the unsuccessful ones along with them. However, as the whole talk is likely to be nothing more than talk, it is really of no great consequence whether it would or would not be desirable."

When all is said, is the state of affairs described so very unsatisfactory? Are these authors' troubles peculiar to Australia? There is no doubt that all the world over authors have had to struggle and starve while writing the works that have made their names household words. And while it is to be desired that their lot should be less severe, it is only in the natural order of things that the road to immortality should not be easy. In many cases the very hardships suffered have wrung from them truths which the world would have lost had authors all been satisfied and sleek. "They learn in suffering what they teach in song." Harpur, Kendall, and Gordon suffered, but so did Johnson and Goldsmith, and so do English authors of our own day. It is surprising to learn, as we occasionally do, of the poverty and straits to which authors of reputation are reduced in London, even at the present time. I am not so cruel as to desire that suffering should be the lot of the man of genius, but it would almost seem as if the lines written in gilded *salons* were hardly ever worth preserving. I do not think that Australian literature suffers from the circumstances dwelt upon. Books—supposing Mr. Barton's scheme to be carried out—might be published, that have no chance of it in the present condition of matters. They might be voted "very clever," and have some sort of success, but would they form a portion of our permanent literature? I think not; and think, moreover, that no works of Australian genius have ever yet been lost. The author has his outlet. Our newspaper editors are willing to turn an ear to him who asks admittance to their columns. Mr. Barton speaks slightingly of the remuneration offered, but if the work is good, so, in time, also, will be the reward. By means of newspaper publication an author has the opportunity of making himself known, and if he produces the best work, that work will certainly be presented sooner or later in the form desired—that of a book. "Robbery under Arms," and "His Natural Life," were both discovered by English publishers, and there is little fear that works of similar or greater merit will be overlooked. If the work is not of the highest order then it really does not matter if it never appears.

A BUSH YARN.

BY E. H. IRVING.

IT was on a warm summer's afternoon in the month of January that having done what I considered a hard day's work in town, I determined to run down to St. Kilda and take pot luck with my uncle. Perhaps the thought of my youngest cousin's pretty face and laughing eyes had something to do with my resolve, though to be sure I don't think a dearer old man than Uncle James ever walked this earth. From the time when, a few years before, I landed in Melbourne with very little money in my pocket and considerable haziness as to my future prospects, he had treated me more like a son than a nephew. It was he who got me articled to a good firm of solicitors and gave me a kindly welcome to his house, and to him I owe it that I am now a full-blown solicitor myself with every prospect of making my way rapidly. And for this reason, to say nothing of the other hinted at above, I am a pretty constant visitor at the "Laurels," as my uncle's house is called, and on this particular evening I came to be sitting with him on the verandah, as we lazily smoked the post-coenal pipe, sweetest of all to the smoker's palate and dearest to his heart. "Yes, indeed, my boy," said my uncle in answer to a casual remark of mine, "one does see a lot of change in forty years of a new country. Why, when I first came here, in '49 it was, there was hardly any Melbourne at all, and now, by Jove! it's something wonderful to look back upon the old times, and see how things have altered!"

"I don't suppose," I said, "they would have moved so fast if it had not been for the gold discoveries. It has always seemed to me that Hargreaves was the real founder of colonial prosperity."

"Well, I don't know so much about that," replied the old gentleman, as he took a meditative pull at his pipe, and poured himself out a second glass of claret cup. "The gold finds certainly made this place grow more rapidly than it would otherwise have done, but the colonies have got so many resources that they were bound to have come to what they are even without that stimulus. I don't think gold was half such an important factor in the making of Melbourne as wool. I should say I had been on every goldfield in the colony in the early days, and had as much to do with mining as almost any one, but when all's said and done, I made my pile off the backs of my sheep, and not out of any hole in the ground. You ask the rich men about Victoria how they made their money, and I'm pretty sure they'll say the same. For one man who has done well out of mining there are hundreds who have done badly, if not worse."

"That may be," I argued, "but surely the effect of the gold discovery here was precisely the same as in California? It brought population, and by so doing must have materially enhanced the prosperity of Victoria as a whole."

"Perhaps it did," he said, "but talking of the population that then came in, it was a most extraordinary gathering of all sorts and conditions of men. Some of them were decent folk enough, but some," and he shrugged his broad shoulders with an expressive gesture, "were the very scum of other countries, the outcasts and outlaws of society, who could not make an honest living where they were, and thought they saw a chance to gain sudden wealth without that which alone can win it, good hard work. Of course the majority of them went to the wall, and it's just as well for us they did. But there were others whose advent it was pitiful to see, people whom the vision of fabulous riches to be had literally for the asking induced to give up good positions and good prospects not only at home, but here, and risk the labor of years at the gold fields, as the gamester stakes his all upon one cast of the dice. How many of these were fitted by previous education and training to endure the hardships of a digger's life in those early days of toil and privation? How many succumbed to want and exposure, and lie rotting in nameless graves in every gully and by the banks of every creek in Victoria, or heart-broken and despairing turned from their visionary dreams of fortune to any work that would bring them enough to keep body and soul together? And if by any chance Dame Fortune smiled upon a man, how often the

very facility with which he had acquired his wealth led him to squander it all in a few short months of riotous extravagance. Very few of the early successful diggers—few, that is, comparatively speaking—kept their money and made good use of it. They generally let it slip through their fingers, and found themselves in the end worse off than before they shouldered pick and shovel, and joined the crowds that flocked to some new rush. Ah! I've seen some queer things in those days, all more or less the result of that mad race for gold. There was poor Charley A—, one of the most brilliant men at Oxford in my time—a fine scholar and a great athlete—a man with a distinguished future before him. What was the end of it? I came across him in '56—an ostler at a small country hotel, drinking himself to death as fast as he could. And when I spoke to him the poor fellow first denied it was himself, and then implored me for God's sake to say nothing to his people at home, for they thought him dead long since. I wanted to do something for him for the sake of auld lang syne, and I had known him well for a much better man than myself then. But he refused everything, and bitterly told me that he had made his bed, and must lie on it. Twice he had made his fortune on the gold fields, and twice thrown it away in play and other excesses. Not long afterwards I heard, indirectly, of his death, and a merciful relief it must have been to him. He was only one of many victims I have known to the *auri sacra fames*. Contrast his miserable end with what he might have done with his talents and his chances. I think the gold fever has killed more men out here than typhoid ever did."

"Why uncle!" I said, "you ought to write a history of your early experiences in the colony; it would make most interesting reading, and I am sure it would be instructive too."

My uncle shook his head, but smiled a gratified smile as he did so. No man was ever displeased to hear it hinted that he might become a successful author. "No, no," he said, "I can spin a yarn sometimes, but as for writing it down, that's not in my line. I've been too busy all my life to try anything of the sort, and I am certainly too old to start now. However, as we are on old memories of the fifties, just help yourself, and pass the bottle, and I'll tell you a queer thing I saw once, pathetic, too, in its way: I can remember it now after more than thirty years, as well as if it happened yesterday."

I complied with his request, and, lighting his pipe again, my uncle settled himself more comfortably in his easy chair, and thus began:—

"When I first landed in Melbourne I took up a run with another man away up north by the Murray, and, in the course of a few years, we found ourselves doing remarkably well. In the August of 1856, however, I got letters respecting other business, which determined me to sell out my share of our station to my partner, and travel down to Melbourne. I had plenty of time before me, and so elected to ride down to town, taking it easy, and stopping here and there with friends along the route. Well, I spent the night of the 29th at Henderson's place, by the Murray, and left after breakfast the next day to ride about forty miles on to Clark's homestead, where I reckoned on putting in a couple of days. As you may imagine there were not many roads in those times, and the bush tracks were none of the easiest to follow. A man had to know something of bushcraft to find his way about, especially in the swampy country through which my course lay. However I had full directions from Henderson, and such an idea as losing myself never entered my head. It was a lovely day, the sort of day we sometimes see in August, when our bush scenery is at its very best. The winter rains had made all the vegetation fresh and green; the wild flowers were beginning to peep out in the opening spring; the rays of the sun, shining overhead from a cloudless sky, were tempered by a light south breeze. About mid-day I stopped by the bank of a small creek to eat some sandwiches I had with me, and give myself and my horse a short spell. I don't know how it was, perhaps I had sat up rather late the previous night, yarning with Henderson, but I dozed off, and when I woke with a start and looked at my watch, I found it was nearly four o'clock, and I reckoned on being still about twenty-five miles from my destination; so I untethered my horse and rode off at a good pace, feeling so certain of my way that I hardly thought of Henderson's directions. I had gone some four miles at a smartish trot, winding in and out among the trees, but keeping generally about an easterly course, when I noticed that the ground was getting swampier, and perceived from this and other indications that I must be approaching the Murray. Now, about the last thing Henderson had told me was that Clark's homestead lay a good way back from the river, so I called a halt to consider whether I was heading right. After delibe-

rating I thought I must be, and so rode straight on, but with considerably less confidence than before. At last I reached the bank of the Murray and at once realised my error. Instead of flowing east and west at the spot where I struck it, the river was running nearly due north—a rapid stream between low grassy banks from which, as far as the eye could see, stretched sparsely wooded and swampy country. Obviously, on leaving Henderson's I had steered too far towards the north, and had got well within a large bend of the river instead of passing south of it. Clark's place must lie round on the other side of the bend, but how far I had no idea. There was nothing for it but to turn at right angles to my former course, and follow the stream up southwards, trusting that at no great distance I should again be able to fetch round to the east. It was not pleasant riding either; the floods had been out not long before, and the further I rode the swampier the country became, till at last, in the gathering twilight, I was forced to proceed slowly and with great caution to avoid getting hopelessly bogged. I had just arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that I should have to camp out all night when suddenly I came upon a narrow foot-track leading away from the river into the scrub. It ran exactly the reverse way to that which I wished to go, but as I had given up all hope of reaching Clark's that night I determined to follow it, as it must surely bring me to a dwelling of some kind. Anything was preferable to camping out in that miserable wet ground, without a bite to eat, and with the prospect of unlimited rheumatism in the morning. So I turned my horse round, and rode slowly along this providential track, the country getting dryer and more thickly wooded as I left the Murray behind me. After about a mile's ride I came out on a clearing some thirty yards square, and my eyes were greeted with the welcome sight of a human habitation. This was a small hut built of rough-hewn logs, the interstices filled up with clay, and which only differed from the ordinary shepherd's hut of the period in being apparently rather more carefully and symmetrically constructed. At the left hand end was the chimney surmounting a large fire-place tacked on to the wall, and built on to the side nearest me was a small lean-to shed. I rode up to the door, dismounted, and with one hand in my side pocket holding a revolver ready for use if necessary, I knocked sharply with the other. Receiving no answer I turned the handle and entered. There was no one inside, but a cheery wood fire burning merrily on the hearth and tea things spread ready on the table gave evidence of the tenant's speedy return. So I brought my saddle and bridle into the hut, tethered my horse in the lean-to, and strolled up to the fire to make myself comfortable till such time as the owner of the hut should appear upon the scene. Probably I had got back to one of the outlying shepherd's hut on Henderson's run, but I felt considerable surprise as I looked round the place. The bush shepherd as a rule was not conspicuous for general cleanliness and tidiness, but the hut in which I found myself was a perfect picture of neatness. From floor to ceiling it was beautifully clean. Against each of the side walls was a low bunk, but only one seemed to be used for sleeping purposes. The bed was made with the most scrupulous care, and covered with a counterpane of spotless white. Over it hung a splendid double-barrelled shot gun as clean as the proverbial new pin, with powder horn and shot pouch accompanying it. Carelessly thrown upon the other bunk was one of the most magnificent 'possum rugs I ever saw—it made me break the Tenth Commandment on the spot. Close to the fire was drawn a small deal table covered with a white cloth, and upon it in addition to a large open book and an unlighted oil lamp, were all the utensils necessary for tea—plates, cup and saucer, knives and forks, and electro-plated spoons that would not have disgraced any table. On either side of the fireplace were built cupboards of plain deal, but very neatly made and fitted. Two or three cane-bottomed chairs completed the furniture of the hut. Not quite, however; there was another object which more than all the rest excited my astonishment, and made me wonder what sort of a shepherd lived in this bush cottage so different from the ordinary run. Over the bunk on which lay the 'possum rug was a small bookcase of polished blackwood containing several books—some new, some old, but all in excellent preservation and very neatly arranged. I idly took down one of the largest, and found it to be—what do you think? Why, a copy of Homer's Iliad—a good edition and bearing marks of study, too, to judge from various underlinings of words here and there and variant readings inserted in the margin in neat Greek characters, the ink now somewhat faded with age. Well, I thought, here is Arcadia with a vengeance, transplanted from the Peloponnesus into the Australian bush! I turned with some curiosity to the title page to find the owner's name, but was disappointed. There had been a

name once, plainly enough, but it had been carefully cut out. I found the same thing in all the other books I looked at. I don't remember what they all were, but I know there were several other classics among them —an Æschylus, I recollect, a Virgil, a Catullus, and a Horace—some standard English works—a Shakespeare in two volumes, Byron and Chaucer were amongst them—and a few books in German, which I am sorry to say I could not read. The volume on the table I found to be a Bible. All these strange discoveries—so unlike anything I had expected to find, increased my anxiety for the owner's return, more especially as I felt by now distinctly ready for my tea, and was prepared to eat whatever he might have to offer. I went to the door and cooee'd, but got no answer. I thought of exploring the cupboards for provender, but found them locked. I strolled out and round the hut, looked to my horse, saw he was all right, cooee'd again, and this time to some purpose. A tall form stepped out from among the trees opposite to the door, stood for a moment within the clearing, as if in indecision, and then slowly approached the hut. I waited by the open door, and as the new-comer advanced towards me I saw that he was a man about six feet high, slightly bent, but of powerful physique. He was dressed in heavy boots drawn nearly up to his knees over corduroy trousers, a dark grey flannel shirt, and a thick pilot jacket of some rough blue cloth. His head was bare; his hair and beard—now turning grey—were long and gave him rather a wild appearance. He was followed by a splendid collie of large size, that growled ominously at me, and seemed only restrained from further hostile demonstrations by a sign from his master. As he came close to me I saw that his brows were knitted in a frown, and he eyed me with an air of suspicion and distrust.

"Good evening, friend," I said. "I have lost my way riding over to Mr. Clark's, and am afraid I must ask you if you can put me up for the night?"

The frown on his face deepened, he looked irresolute for a moment, and glanced enquiringly up at the sky where heavy clouds rising slowly to the south gave promise of speedy rain. Then, seeming to make up his mind to the inevitable, he shrugged his shoulders slightly, and said rather roughly, but not unkindly: "Well, come in, then. It isn't much I can give you; but, anyhow, there's a shakedown and some bread and meat in the place."

We entered the hut, followed by the dog, and pointing me out a chair he proceeded, without speaking, to unlock one of the cupboards, and deftly lay another place at his table. Then he produced a large piece of bacon and several eggs, some bread and butter, a pot of honey, tea, and a kettle for boiling water, which last he took out and filled at a small spring I had noticed at the back of the clearing. Very soon after his return he had an excellent repast upon the table, the bacon and eggs cooked to a turn, and the tea drawing in a large earthenware teapot by the fire. While he had been making his preparations I had been quietly taking stock of him, and I thought his face a wonderfully powerful and good one. The look of distrust had disappeared, and his whole expression had become markedly softened from what it had been when he first realised my presence. His head was well-shaped, and his face rugged and with the lines strongly marked was a very striking one, and must have been singularly handsome when he was a younger man. The forehead was high and broad, giving evidence of great mental power, the eyes rather deep set, but large, clear, and penetrating, of a deep brown, almost black; the eyebrows in strange contrast to his grey hair and beard were jet black. His nose was aquiline and rather long, the nostrils delicately cut; his cheeks were deeply lined and furrowed, as with great suffering or care; his jaw was square and massive, and the whole lower part of his face expressed a power and determination that was in thorough keeping with the pose of his head, and the general aspect of his deep chest and strongly built frame. Such a man, I thought, must have a history; what strange chance can have placed him in this lonely hut, out here in the Australian wilds?

Judging by his books he was a man of education; judging by his aspect he must once have been in a much higher position of life; there was about him that indescribable air of good breeding which is the prerogative of an educated gentleman, and which never wholly leaves him however much he may have come down in the social scale. My speculations led me into a kind of reverie, from which I was roused by his saying "Now, sir, if you are ready," and jumping up I drew my chair to the table and sat down facing him. Rather to my surprise he said a short grace —you didn't often hear grace said in shepherd's huts, I tell you—and then did the honors of his simple board and frugal fare just as if he had been a gentleman entertaining at his table a man socially his superior. His manner was independent without being assertive, respectful without being obsequious.

My curiosity regarding this recluse, who read Homer and washed his hands before sitting down to tea, was very strong, and I had made up my mind to find out something about him by a little judicious questioning. On his part I am perfectly sure that he had noticed my curiosity, and was resolved not to gratify it. Our meal at first promised to be a silent one; I began the conversation by saying:

"You must have rather a lonely time of it here?"

"Yes," he answered. "Shepherding is lonely; but I prefer to be alone."

"You're on Henderson's run, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes," he replied, shortly.

"Long?" I asked.

"About three years."

"Are you often up at the station?" I continued.

"No," he said, "once a fortnight perhaps, just to get rations, and then I don't see much of anybody."

"Do you get many visitors up here?"

"No," was the short reply, "and I don't want any."

This did not seem a promising beginning towards arriving at anything of the history of this strange being, so for the present I desisted from any questions, though resolved to make after tea a further attempt to thaw his reserve. Meanwhile I conversed on general topics, the weather, the likelihood of rain, the daily routine of a shepherd's prosaic life, the latest Melbourne news, and so forth. He answered for the most part in monosyllables, and showed no desire to become communicative on any point. But I saw that as I rattled on the natural instinct of social intercourse was gradually asserting itself, and that he evinced a readiness to talk more freely. It was only, however, when we had finished tea, and lighting our pipes, drew our chairs closer to the fire, that I really managed to rouse his interest, and that in the simplest way. Between us, right in front of the fire, lay the dog, the firelight glancing on his glossy black coat; I casually put out my hand to pat him, and as I did so made some trite remark about the well-known fidelity of sheep dogs to their masters.

"Faithful, sir, you may well say so," he said, "Here, Spot!" The dog sprang up and placing his head on the old man's knee, gazed up into his face with that wistful, pathetic look in his deep brown eyes that speaks more eloquently than words of true and devoted love.

"Ah, yes!" he continued, as he softly stroked the sheep dog's handsome head, "I would not change the companionship of this dumb creature for that of any human being—no, not one! The love of a friend, man and woman alike, depends on interest, and dies with it; I've learnt *that* at any rate. Was not Samson betrayed by Delilah? Did not David say his own familiar friend had lifted up his heel against him? I tell you, sir," and as he spoke his face set in sterner lines and his voice grew harder with a ring of deep but restrained passion, "it is a hard thing for a man when his enemies are those of his own house, when his own people cast him off and would sooner see him rot in a ditch than own kinship with him, and all because a friend, yes a friend! has basely betrayed his trust. My God! are there not wrongs a man can never forget and never forgive? To lose at one blow all that made life bright and happy, place, fortune, hope and love, was it not too cruel?"

He sat for some moments, his hand pressed upon his eyes, and continued in a musing tone, as though addressing some invisible person, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord; and I would not now change my lot for all your stolen name and wealth!"

A violent shudder shook his frame, he seemed to wake suddenly as from a dream, and addressing me in his ordinary tone, he said, "I beg pardon, sir, I was thinking of—of things that happened long ago, and forgot that anyone was here. Pray forgive me."

"Nay," I said, "there is nothing to forgive. Your words aroused my interest, and, let me add, my curiosity. If I may judge by them your life has been a strange one, and" I added sympathetically, "I fear a sad one."

"You are right," he replied, "I've not had too much happiness in my life, but after all, if a man does his duty I don't suppose it matters much whether he is a lord or a shepherd. You asked a little while ago if I was lonely here," he went on quickly, as if desirous to turn the conversation into another channel, "Well, I may not see many people, but I have my friends. My dog is one, and if you like I'll show you some more." As he spoke he rose, methodically cleared the tea-things from the table and replaced them in the cupboard, then he crumbled some bread all over the table, and standing by it clapped his hands and whistled softly in a peculiar manner. Instantly, from the walls of the hut and from the floor and from the ceiling there came out an immense number of spiders, and crawling up or dropping down they swarmed upon the table and began to eat the bread crumbs. It was one of the strangest sights I ever saw. There were spiders of all

sizes, large and small, and of all colors, black and grey, striped and spotted. Most of them were harmless enough, but some I knew to be, if not absolutely poisonous, at any rate not the sort of spider you would like to encourage about a house. The old man quietly put down one hand, and dozens of them at once crawled up into his open palm, and seemed delighted when with his finger tips he gently touched their backs. He turned his hand, and they scuttled off again to resume their feast. Again he picked up now one, now another, and placed it by itself on his hand, where it sat perfectly still while he stroked and caressed it. Presently he clapped his hands again, and the whole army took their departure as swiftly aud silently as they had come, and buried themselves once more in the crannies and hiding places of the hut.

"Well!" I said in utter amazement at this extraordinary spectacle, "I once read about an old prisoner in the Bastille, who managed to tame one spider, and how the Governor of the prison cruelly murdered it before his very eyes, and I must confess I used to be rather sceptical as to the truth of that story. I shall believe it henceforth, most implicitly; and, indeed, if spiders can be tamed like this, I should think anything could be. How on earth did you contrive to do it?"

"I don't know," he answered, "I think if a man gives his mind to it he can tame any animal or any insect by patience and kindness. I know nearly all my spiders by now, just as I know all my sheep."

"Well," said I, "it would be a task beyond my patience, I imagine. Did you not find it very hard?"

"No!" he answered, "not particularly. Perhaps it was not very easy at first; but I persevered, and succeeded. It gave me something to do in the long evenings by myself, when I was tired of reading, and it kept my thoughts from brooding on the past."

His words gave me the opportunity I was waiting for.

"Do you read much?" I asked. "While I was waiting here, before you came in, I had the curiosity to look over your bookshelf, and it was quite like meeting old friends to open some of your books. Here's an old fellow that I haven't set eyes on since I left Oxford."

And while thus speaking I strolled to the shelf and took down the Homer. He was evidently not aware of my preliminary investigation, and looked slightly disconcerted at the extent of my acquaintance with the contents of his library. He put a good face upon it, however, and replied as he shook his head somewhat sadly, "No, I cannot read much now. My life is a pretty hard one, and when I have finished my day's work I am more ready to turn in than to sit over the fire reading. My Bible is almost the only book I open now. There was a time indeed —but that's long past and gone. Past and gone," he added with a sigh. "You may not think it, sir, but I was at Oxford once myself. What a grand old place it is, and how often since in the changes and chances of a wandering life have I looked back to the days spent there as the happiest I have ever known! Could I then forsee the troubles that were to come upon me and banish me for ever—an exile from my home! And so I left old England, and shall never see her smiling fields and pleasant woods again; and in this new land I have buried myself and my dishonored name, waiting for the time when death shall bring me rest,"

The fire that during this impassioned speech had shone in his eyes died slowly out, and, as he finished, his voice sank almost to a whisper; he seemed to lose himself in a dreamy reverie, and to be once more unconscious of my presence. At last with a deep-drawn sigh he raised his head, and we smoked for a time in silence. At last I broke it.

"You must have suffered some great misfortune or some great wrong; have you had no chance to right yourself?"

"Sir," he replied, speaking deliberately, and with an accent of quiet determination, though it was with a visible effort that he did so, "I have experienced at the hands of a man—whom I thought my friend—greater treachery than any of which an enemy could have been guilty. I could not exculpate myself then; I could have done it since; yes, I had the proofs, and I would not use them, for by so doing I should have brought ruin and sorrow upon some whom I loved more than myself. And it is better as it is, far better. Let them be happy, and I am content to be dead to them, to live as I am; it will not be for long. They, at least, shall never know my fate."

I made a few more indirect attempts to get some further information about his past life and the circumstances connected with it; but he baffled my curiosity, and I could draw from him no more allusions to the time before he reached the colonies. Of his life in Australia he spoke but guardedly, and in such a way that I could not possibly have traced his carreer if I had tried. He seemed to have had a varied experience of the ups and

downs of pioneer life, and he often surprised me by his shrewd remarks upon past colonial history, and by his prognostications as to its future. I have often noticed since how accurate his judgments were. Presently he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and remarked :—

"I must turn in now, sir, as I have to be up early, and I daresay you will want to make an early start, as you have lost so much time to-day."

So saying, he got me out some blankets and sheets and made me up a bed in the bunk below his bookshelf, spreading the rug on top ; and then turning into his own was soon fast asleep. I followed his example so far as going to bed was concerned, but lay awake for some time listening to the rain that poured down steadily, and indulging in all sorts of speculations on the causes that had condemned a man of his obvious capabilities to such a humble life. I marvelled how he could have come to adopt it, and why he had not left it long ago, and fell asleep while weaving all kinds of fancies round him, not one, I dare say, near the truth. When I woke in the grey of the following morning I found that he was up, and had just finished his preparations for our breakfast. I rose and dressed quickly, for I knew he would be anxious to get out to his work, and I wanted to ride on to Clark's as speedily as I could. During our meal he did not talk much, and that mainly to give me directions as to my course ; but when he had finished he looked at me in a half-hesitating, half-wistful way, and said :

"I don't often see anybody here, sir, and, as I told you, I don't care to see anybody. Up at the Home station they call me the "Solitary," and shun me as much as I do them. Nor do I often meet with anyone I take a liking to, or who will speak to me with sympathy as you did last night. You must forgive me, sir, if I received you rudely. Now, I daresay, you wonder why I choose to live on here ; indeed, I read as much in your face last night. I lived here with my wife before Mr. Henderson took up this run, and I was happy then, far happier than I dared hope to be when I left the old country, and if you will come a few hundred yards with me I will show you why I stay here now, and you will understand better than I can tell you."

He left the hut, and I followed him by a narrow, well-worn track to the edge of a small lagoon. Here I saw a little mound of earth covered with green grass and fair bush flowers, and in the centre of it a damask rosebush. At the head was a plain wooden cross, the single word "*Resurgam*" carved upon it. Round the grave—for such it was—ran a low wooden fence, half-hidden by some creeping plant. He gazed upon it lovingly and said :

"My wife is buried here, and my life is buried with her ; and so I wait here till the time when I trust to meet her in a happier world than this. And now, sir, you know your way. Leave me here, where every night and morning I come to pray beside the resting place of her who loved me and gave up all for my sake. Good-bye !"

I stretched out my hand and grasped his, I felt almost too moved to speak.

"Good-bye," I said ; and if I can do anything ——"

He interrupted me quickly. "No, sir, thank you all the same, but I am better as I am. I shall remember your visit with pleasure, and may, perhaps, see you again. If not, the best thing you can do is to forget me."

I wrung his hand again, and walked away towards the hut. At some distance off I turned, to see him standing by the little grave, his form bent, his hands clasped before him. Our eyes met, I waved my hand, and next moment the bushes intervening hid him from my sight.

I never saw him again. When I reached Melbourne I found that business necessitated my staying there, and it was many years before I visited that part of the country again. When I did so, the whole scene was changed. A flourishing township had risen on the very spot where once stood the hut and the lonely grave, and I could find no one who remembered anything about that solitary shepherd. What his history was, God only knows. A strange one, no doubt, like that of many an early pioneer ; and a very pathetic one, I am certain, from the man's appearance, and the accent of truth in every word he said.

"Now, Arthur," concluded my uncle, "I've spun you my yarn ; suppose we adjourn to the drawing-room, or the girls will think we have deserted them."

OUR HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY JAMES SINGLETON SPALDING.

THE High Schools are doing excellent work for the State." "The High Schools continue to do the work expected of them." "In the country towns the High Schools do not receive such measure of public support as their efficiency merits."

Such are the opinions expressed by Ministers and Inspectors in their annual reports. They suggest a few not unimportant questions. Those who are interested (and who is not?) in the education of our children, will want to know what work is expected of High Schools. They will not unnaturally inquire whether it is the best work which these schools can do, and whether, if so, we are at all approaching the ideal state when every pound of the money and every moment of the time expended on them shall be producing the maximum of results. And they will not omit to notice the reference to the comparative apathy of the public, and will endeavor to discover reasons and remedy.

The subject is a great one, and I can do little more at present than point out under each head of the inquiry a few of the ideas which most obviously suggest themselves. I leave to abler and more experienced writers the task of giving to the needs, the aims and the value of these schools that full consideration and adequate expression which they deserve.

What is expected of High Schools? Mainly, according to an official report, that they should connect the Primary Schools with the University. Up to a certain stage in their education, says this theory, young Australians may rely on the ordinary teaching in Public Schools; the University takes them up at a stage further on; between the two, were it not for the High Schools, they would have to depend on private enterprise for their improvement. This function of stepping-stone may be useful, but it is scarcely a dignified one, and hardly justifies the establishment of a new class of school specially to fulfil it. Surely, one might say, now that the Superior Public Schools are supposed to have extended their range of instruction so as to include preparation for the Junior Public Examination, and the University takes certain passes in that examination as sufficient grounds for the admission of students, no separate class of "stepping-stone" schools is worth keeping up. But the facts are better than the theory. As feeders for the University the High Schools are no doubt useful; but their chief use lies in the special kind of education which they themselves ought to supply, quite apart from any *arrière pensée* concerning the future training of their pupils. It is an axiom of modern politics that the State is advantaged as a whole by supplying to every child in it a good primary education at the smallest possible cost. It is no less an axiom, though one not so generally recognised in practice, that the State is still more advantaged by supplying to every bright child in it a good secondary education at the smallest possible cost. Whether or not the clever boy or girl is to proceed to the University, it is a matter of great importance that he or she should receive during youth, the most thorough training possible, and that this training should differ in kind from the merely elementary tuition which suffices for the mass of Public School children. This is the real aim of our High Schools, the best work which they can do. How far is it being done, and what hindrances are still to be overcome?

A good primary education has been lately defined to the British Parliament by a Royal Commission on Education. It includes the following subjects:—

"Reading, writing, arithmetic, linear drawing for boys, needlework for girls, singing; English – so as to give the children an adequate knowledge of their mother-tongue; English history, taught by means of reading-books; geography, especially of the British Empire; lessons on common objects in the lower standards, leading up to a knowledge of elementary science in the higher standards."

It would be hard to lay down a better programme for the use of our Public Schools. It corresponds, in fact, very closely with the subjects supposed to be taught to the fourth class; and if they are taught to the children thoroughly, conscientiously, and intelligently, little is left to be desired. But the additional subjects prescribed for a fifth class take us at once into new regions. Simply to extend the child's knowledge in the direc-

tions which it has already taken, and to get full educational value out of the teaching of English literature and history, would be no light task for the best of teachers; but such really useful and pre-eminently sensible work is in the present *curriculum* thrust out of its place by an intrusive attempt to impart a smattering of Latin and French to pupils who know little enough about their own mother-tongue. However, it is no part of my argument to discuss the failings of the Public School course. I mention them for a very different reason. Briefly, it is this: We are told that High Schools should connect the Primary Schools with the University, and that Superior Public Schools supply in a great measure the place of High Schools. When we compare these statements with the list of subjects prescribed for the entrance examination to High Schools, we see at once the assumption upon which the whole system rests. It is supposed that the teaching in (1) an ordinary Public School, (2) the fifth class in a Superior Public School, (3) a High School, (4) the University, is essentially one continuous course, and that a pupil has simply to go on from one to the other as long as he can. And this supposition unfortunately is so dangerous a fallacy as to imperil the usefulness of our High Schools, and render it doubtful whether on such terms their existence is justifiable. I speak strongly, but strong language is a necessity of the case. As long as we confuse the end of a primary education with the beginning of a secondary, so long will our primary schools be distorted in a striving after unsound results, and our secondary schools be stultified by the work which they have to undo. Gratify, if you will, the shallow instincts of a show-loving proletariat by cramming its children with the useless rudiments of a new language as a *finale* to their school life, but at least acknowledge and make very clear the distinction between this dishing up of *élèves farcis de* Smith and Schneider, and that sound and careful training in the principles of other languages which should be bestowed upon the bright child in our High Schools at a much earlier date in his career. Many a parent, more sensible than his neighbors, is willing to pay the higher fees if only his boy may enjoy from the first the benefits of a rationally-conducted secondary education. Give such wise men the chance they want, and do not force them to see their boys' minds unnaturally strained by the conflicting claims of rote and reason.

It was well said in a recent number of the *Westminster Review* that "a child who is to go on to the higher branches of education should be caught young, and should not remain at the elementary school beyond the age of ten or eleven." A good secondary education should, from the start, insist on principles and on reasoning to an extent which the dullness of the average Public School boy cannot grasp; it should at an early stage include at least one language beside English, and deal with mathematics on the more general lines laid down in algebra; and it should habituate the pupil, while his mind is still plastic, to wider views of history and literature, natural science and general questions, than are either necessary or possible for the majority of our school-children. The cleverness, in short, of the clever child should be acknowledged and appropriately dealt with as soon as it is really fit for work, instead of being barely tolerated up to an age when its young enthusiasm is beginning to die out. For it is easily seen that if the teacher of the fourth or fifth class in a Public School is compelled simultaneously to instruct clever and plodding boys, he must either starve the one or neglect the other; indeed, it is quite possible that to their constant and hopeless struggle to gratify at once the wants of two opposite sections of their hearers is due the ill-success of many otherwise able teachers. Nothing demoralises a bright boy more than working among companions who are far from being on a level with himself; and the probability of such a case, great enough under any circumstances, is much increased by the indiscreet and over-rapid promotion which appears, from a good many inspectorial reports, to be a common practice in the schools of the colony.

We may conclude, then, that the questions propounded at the beginning of this paper will be answered shortly somewhat as follows:—

I. High Schools are at present expected by the Department which controls them to take children from the higher classes of the Public Schools, and to continue their education to a point at which the University can usefully admit them to full enjoyment of its privileges.

II. Their proper work is to take charge of the cleverer children in a community, and to give the state the advantage of that cleverness by educating it with appropriate methods and on more extended lines than are suited to the mass of less clever children.

COROLLARY.—The High School is a necessary part of every useful system of State education, whether it is supplemented by University teaching or not.

III. This work of secondary education is hampered by the restrictions which are imposed on these schools under the influences of the mistaken ideas mentioned above (in I), especially by those which delay the admission of pupils.

The fourth question yet remains to be noticed. Why are the public so apathetic in their support? In the same article from the *Westminster Review* which I have already quoted, it is laid down as a certain truth that "one at least of every fifty children who leave the elementary schools is worth an extended education, and at the same time unable to pay for it." Two per cent., that is, of the poorer children in England are fit for a secondary education. Now look at the educational statistics for New South Wales: one hundred and forty thousand children, on an average, were enrolled in the Public Schools of that colony during each quarter of last year; six hundred and two children, on an average, were enrolled in our High Schools. That is, ·43 per cent., or rather less than one in two hundred and thirty, of the total number of our children were getting secondary education. And when we have made all allowances for the recent birth of the High Schools, the difficulties of reaching a scattered population, and every other excuse we can discover, it still remains a startling and a not wholly creditable fact that scarcely one child gets a High School training out of every five who deserve it. Even to make the figures as low as that we have to assume that the average cleverness of all our children is only equal to that of the poorer English children, an assumption hardly flattering to Australians. And what is the cause of this? It can scarcely be poverty. It would be folly to suppose that four-fifths of the parents of our promising children are too poor to pay eight guineas a year for their education, and too proud to demand the free tuition for which the State provides. But there is a reason only too apparent to those who have been connected with the private schools of the colony. It is a common complaint that, when droughts or losses have straitened even in the smallest degree the means of the average parent, the first move towards retrenchment is to cut short or to maim the education of his children. Education, in fact, is undervalued, is looked on as a luxury rather than as a necessary of life; its cost is grudged, its progress is hampered, its usefulness is minimised. We think too much of our own pockets, and too little of our children's brains; and year by year the future rulers of the country grow up more self-opinionated and less intelligent. If any form of government demands a high average of intelligence among its people, a democracy certainly does; if on any form it is imperative that such brains as the people possess should be trained, expanded, and utilised to the greatest possible extent, on a democracy it is most imperative; yet our people are content with the smallest modicum of that training, and our system carefully provides that such training as there is should be administered under circumstances which make half of it rather the rectification of a deformed mind than the regulation of a healthy one. And so the foolish parents are apathetic, because they know not how valuable education may be; and the wise ones are not tempted to energy, because they know how valueless a good deal of our education is.

Let us turn our attention to the practical side of the question. We have seen what High Schools are, and what they ought to be; there remain for consideration the improvements which are required to make them most useful. And I may point out, parenthetically, that I have nothing to do with comparisons between High Schools and other systems of secondary education; we have the High Schools, and we want simply to make them as efficient as possible. First among the improvements comes one on which I have already laid stress—the necessity of lowering the standard, and the age, for entrance. The child who is really to benefit by the instruction given in these schools should be brought under that instruction by the time he is eleven years old. Instead of leaving the fifth class of the Public School, he should leave the third, and proceed at once to enjoy all the advantages for which his natural ability has fitted him. His teachers, able to adapt their instruction freely to the superior capacities of the pupil, and receiving his mind under their influence while still unshaped by Procrustean rules, will find their work of tuition easier, its progress smoother, and its results more valuable and more certain. The boy himself will learn speedily to use his mind in friendly rivalry with his picked equals in intelligence, neither overstrained by extra meals of what the French so well call *études indigestes*, nor dragged back into lazy habits by the necessities of duller comrades. And as these desirable results are obtained by early admission, so they are rendered harder of attainment by undue delay; wherefore, while theoretically the admission of children above the age of fourteen or thereabouts should be prohibited as unduly increasing the teacher's work if he is to produce the same results, it would be at

least wise policy to increase the fees, say to three guineas, for any children admitted after they have passed that limit of age.

It is equally important to obtain a sufficiency of energetic and able teachers; and, what is more, having obtained them, to give them large discretionary powers. We must have no counting heads to decide how many teachers a school shall have. In High Schools we cannot expect to get a very large number of equally advanced children, and the question to be asked is not How many boys can one teacher keep in order? but How many grades can one teacher instruct simultaneously? The same teachers who can teach fifty boys can teach one hundred, if the grades of advancement are numerous and the same for each number; and conversely, it will take just as many to teach fifty properly as to teach one hundred under the same conditions. And while in some subjects a good teacher can, if necessary, take two grades at a time, in others each grade must be taught separately if good work is to be done. Does this seem to lead to expense? A school of talent may well cost more than a school of industry, and the very care bestowed upon the pupils will tend to bring more pupils in.

Above all, let us have the best procurable teachers, genuine educators, and not task-masters—men and women who have given some better proof of their genius for the work than a mere examination-pass. Let them, if possible, be qualified not only by a University training, but by experience in other countries beside our own: use every possible test to prove them worthy of our trust, and then trust them. If we have men of our own who can worthily fill these high positions, let us use them; let us do all in our power to establish such a system of education as shall produce them; but in the meanwhile we must not let any embryonic national prejudice endanger the efficiency of our schools. Every squatter knows the baleful results of persistent in-and-in-breeding, and the analogous policy is no less harmful in education. We shall not find our High School teacher in every chick that may be hatched from the Department's incubator; we must take him wherever we can find him, and be glad to get him. Then, with men of proved power and experience at the head of each school, we can fill the subordinate positions with less experienced teachers of the same stamp, fit and ready to take example by their chief: and we can leave in the hands of such a staff a great deal of discretionary power, and abolish a great deal of unsuitable routine, while handing over the supervision of the whole High School system to men acquainted with the needs, methods, and excellencies of secondary education, and uninfluenced by a lifelong drilling in the routine requirements of Public Schools.*

The concession of both these essentials—early admission, and the appointment of a staff suitable in number as in qualifications—will soon draw into the High Schools the brighter children of all those parents who are not hindered either by straitness of means or poverty of understanding. But the State has need of all clever children, and we must have some means of enabling the poorer and enticing the more foolish parent to give his child proper training. For this a generous system of scholarships and bursaries is wanted—bursaries to be obtained at entrance, and scholarships to be granted, not as at present by the entrance examination (a system which favors cramming), but during the school life of the pupil (when the method of working is entirely under the High School master's eye) for the rest of the school career, subject to diminution or abolition after unfavorable reports from the teacher. Scholarships which shall take the pupil from school through his University course will also be an essential part of the system.

Having thus attracted into our schools the cream of the colony's brains, and having provided for their intellectual progress and welfare, it is equally incumbent on us to cultivate also the *corpus sanum* by encouraging all kinds of healthy physical exercise. It would be a great mistake to make the High Schools merely places of training for an incoherent aggregate of young minds. In a large Public School the mere number of the pupils prevents anything like unity of feeling; but among the smaller numbers and more homogenous intellects of a High School this unity should be specially sought after. School games, school gymnasia, school museums and libraries, every means for bringing the school together outside working hours and establishing a strong *esprit de corps* among its members, should be introduced as soon as possible and fostered with all favoring care.

I know that this is a very imperfect and inadequate attempt, so far as exposition goes, to deal with a most important topic. I sincerely hope that its deficiencies will be supplied by the deeper thought of some more talented writer. But I believe that the main

*It may be as well to say here that I am dealing entirely with the ideal High School staff, without considering the staff that is in existence. I know very few of the present teachers, and should be loth to drag them into a discussion like this, which deals entirely with principles. But I am told that, as a matter of fact, the principles here laid down have largely prevailed in their selection.

recommendations of this article will be endorsed by those who try thoughtfully and impartially to consider the question, and I hope some day to see them carried out—a hope rendered more possible by the fact that they are based on principles which the Department of Public Instruction already to some extent recognises. We may even arrive in time at a rational scheme which shall include all branches of education, by which, while the majority of school-children depart into the world equipped with a thorough elementary training of fourth-class standard, some shall pass through the fifth class (with a revised *curriculum*) into the realms of the Technical Board, and others from the third class shall pass into the High Schools, and, may be, from these into the University. One thing, at any rate, is certain; under the influence of the present theory, High Schools will never return to the State full value for the money spent on them. They are young yet, capable of better things, worth improving. They are still in some degree, as they were in 1884, just "opposition establishments" to the Superior Public Schools. But let us once acknowledge their real use, equip them for their real work, free them from their clogs, endue them with their responsibilities - let us make them the training ground of our young thinkers and writers and workers, not only in literature and science, but in all broad views and noble feelings and that earnest public spirit which is the patriotism of every self-respecting man—and we shall have at our command such an engine of national advancement as will more than justify the dreams of the wildest optimist among us.

TO CALLISTA.

I BADE a master-hand pourtray
  My Queen beyond compare,
And fondly watched as day by day
  He wrought with loving care;
But when I saw the face again
  I felt with glad despair
That Art must strive to paint in vain
  The beauty written there.

I twined sweet roses in a wreath
  To deck my lady's hair,
And fondly deemed the face beneath
  Could seem more passing fair;
But when I saw the face again
  I crushed the flowers rare—
Their perfumed petals but profane
  The beauty written there.

I heard a peerless poet's song
  In sorrowing tones declare
That earthly grace must fade ere long
  That Time will never spare;
But when I saw that face again
  I braved what Death might dare—
Nor Time nor Death himself could stain
  The beauty written there.

W. LEWERS AND F. C. COWLE.

MEMORIES OF THE PRESS ROOM.

BY HOWARD C. COGHLAN.

IT is strange, but nevertheless true, that in no catalogue, record, or other official puzzle, published in connection with the great Centennial Exhibition, did there appear any "notice" of the most important machinery exhibit on view over the whole thirty-five acres. I mean "the Archimedean lever which moves the world." It is owing to this omission that one, who has occasionally assisted in oiling the cranks and straightening loose screws in that gigantic piece of mechanism, now puts pen to paper for the purpose of supplying in some measure a decided want in Exhibition literature. And what medium more suitable than THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE?

During the first two months of the Exhibition very few persons knew where the Press Room was situated, although it had been a more or less fixed institution for weeks before the opening ceremony. Even the exhibitors—British and other—were often grievously at fault in this respect, and were compelled in despair to leave their all-important packets of "information" with the most intelligent of Mr. Skinner's Hebes, accompanied by strict injunctions to give them to the little dark gentleman of the *Argus*, and not to the tall fair gentleman of the *Age*, or *vice versa*. This course, it will be readily understood, was productive of much delay and inconvenience, inasmuch as these gentlemen, in common with their *confreres*, only visited the bars, upstairs or downstairs, at intervals of, say, a fortnight. As time wore on, however, it became pretty generally known that the Press Room was stowed away in a *cul de sac* between the Post Office and the Queensland Conservatory, and the fair sex somehow learnt in addition that the Press Room window commanded a view of the interior of the Conservatory, whereupon the latter at once became a popular promenade with—

> The fairies and goddesses
> In pink and white bodices.

"Oh! I see," says the reader, "extensive mashing used to be done from the window by the young bachelors of the Fourth Estate." By the *young bachelors!* My dear reader, you were never more mistaken in your life. It was the old——. But to resume. The room, which had been the office of a leading official, was fitted up by the Commissioners with some very gorgeous furniture, including a card-rack, a notice-board, a tip-up washhand basin, a skylight and a messenger boy. These things were not given to us all at once, but we appointed a committee who suggested them to the authorities, breaking our wants gently, one by one. Ornaments there were none, save the aforesaid messenger boy. He was re-named Mercury with no little ceremony, but an abnormal appetite rendered his winged feet comparatively useless. His post was a cane chair outside the door, a situation in which he was frequently tempted to wander from the paths of duty by visits from kindred spirits. He was thus continually thrusting his head into the room with a hurried, "I'm going to lunch (or dinner, or tea) now, Mr. Smith." We calculated one day that Mercury had demolished three luncheons, four dinners, two teas, and one "something to eat." He was taken from us finally with no ceremony at all. Rumor had it that an indisposed scribe sent him out in search of ideas, and it being one of the few slack days of the show, Mercury—like Noah's third dove and the ship famous in ballad literature—"never returned." His successor, whom we generally called "Boy!" was of a very different type. He would come in and make himself at home with us—which was sometimes awkward. He despised the daily papers, but devoured the bulkiest weeklies, planting himself at your elbow and blowing your slips about the floor or through the window as he turned over the leaves. Protest was useless. He never *said* that we were there only on sufferance, but he often looked it. He, likewise, disappeared at last, but left his cap of office behind him.

I referred above to our committee. There were four members, one from each of the Melbourne dailies. From the outset they had only three important duties to perform, viz., to decide whether strong drinks should or should not be kept in the room, to make all necessary arrangements for Press banquets, and to post notices convening committee meetings at 9.30 p.m., at which none of them ever intended to be present. The chairman

did come in by chance one evening at the specified time, and seeing his own notice, at once constituted himself a meeting, opened the proceedings, moved, seconded and carried a motion for adjournment, thanked himself for his attendance, and then dispersed. But apart from little eccentricities of this kind, in which they but followed the example of larger public bodies, the committee of "The Centennial Exhibition Press Club" did some really good work, and this is all the more wonderful when it is remembered that they undertook to make things comfortable for pressmen from all over the world. For, while any outsider on being introduced to the room by a pressman was made heartily welcome by us all, it devolved upon the Melbourne pressmen to afford every assistance to their guests, the scribes from other colonies and countries. One or two of our intercolonial brethren thought that in view of their positions in their own land they should have been members of the committee, but this was voted undesirable, and, as I have said, the four men representing the four Melbourne dailies at the Exhibition carried out their duties as hosts and general burden-bearers admirably. The question as to the advisability of keeping a supply of liquid refreshment in the room was very wisely answered by them in the negative, although, of course, every man was free to keep his private flask hidden away in any corner that he deemed likely to escape the eagle eyes of his bosom friends.

The afternoon when most of us met together for the first time will be ever memorable. Our most illustrious visitor on that occasion was Dr. Kertikar of Bombay, who throughout his stay in Melbourne was immensely popular with pressmen. It was at this meeting, too, that we first made the acquaintance of "our dear brother from America," who introduced himself as "representative of the *Kansas State Fighter*, you bet!" To him we owe many a hearty laugh and a much-increased knowledge of American history. His political experiences in the States—including his hairbreadth escape from the fiery Hibernian who "would have ye remimber that the great hift an' boolk of the Oirish party doan't ate mate of a Friday"—were often repeated by special request to large audiences, but can never be narrated with the same effect by anyone else. When Harrison of Ohio was elected President of the States, our friend burst upon us in the faultless raiment of a bridegroom and the vigor of a Prohibitionist giant refreshed with ginger ale.

I have told you that our window—which was generally kept open for ventilating purposes—looked into the Queensland Conservatory. One morning a certain scribe, who had enjoyed but scanty sleep after a hard night's work, curled himself for forty winks upon the table under the window, and was soon "in the arms of Murphy." While he slept there came the periodical request from the keeper of the Conservatory that the window might be shut as he was about to water the plants. This was done and the Yan Yean from his hose was soon streaming down the panes, for all the world like a heavy thunder-shower. There was no sound in the room (save, of course, the scratching of busy pens) for some ten minutes, when suddenly the sleeper sat up with a start, and gazing at the streaming panes, exclaimed in terror-stricken accents: "Great Heavens! how did I get into the Morgue?" A burst of laughter dispelled his fears, but he slept no more until the afternoon.

The "Press Supper," held in the Governor's dining-room on the 29th of September, was remarkable as being the first event of the kind in Australia. It was also remarkable in its exemplification of the *dictum* that not even the absence of reporters, as such, will restrain some people from talking "to a finish." One gentleman, not entirely unknown in the political world, we were compelled to hammer down in order that the rest of the party might get to bed at a fairly respectable hour on Sunday morning. Monday's papers referred to his speech as "characteristically humorous." But the chief feature of the evening was the very evident enjoyment of the venerable Comettant, art critic of the Paris *Siècle*. The old gentleman was booked for one speech, but so heartily did he enter into the spirit of the gathering that he refused altogether to be tied down by any irksome rules, and, consequently, whenever the enthusiasm, with which he was bubbling over, became irresistible, he jumped up and held forth for five minutes, with all a Frenchman's force and fire, on the pleasure it gave him to be present, on the glorious future in store for Australia (which seemed anything but a "chestnut" when foretold in French), and on the power of Australia's Press. "In France," he said, "the Press was the Fifth Estate; in Australia it was the First!" M. Comettant received frequent *and well-timed* applause. For that night, at least, every pressman's knowledge of French was unlimited.

But to chronicle all the memories of convivial gatherings in our own room and elsewhere would be impossible in these pages.

All the officials and everybody who was anybody at the Exhibition were our guests at one time or another, and we theirs. Among ourselves many friendships were formed, often between men who are now driving their several quills at different ends of the world. The Exhibition served, too, to develop or discover in many men talents of which their "chiefs" had never known—perhaps had never cared to know. It brought men together who, by reason of those too often fallible, first impressions, had previously taken some pains to steer clear of one another, and it certainly brought some men out of the very decided shells which they had hitherto preferred should remain impenetrable even to those who knew them best. Rivalry between our different papers might never have existed, so entirely was any trace thereof absent from our dealings with, or labors of love for, one another. The oft-repeated reminder of one "brother" at every conceivable opportunity, public or private, that he represented the "oldest journal in Australia," was one of our pet jokes, and when sometimes he indulged in the higher flights of oratorical veracity and dubbed it the "oldest journal *in the world*," we only laughed the louder and congratulated him upon his promotion. And if we did photograph him one day asleep in the Press Room it was not with the intention of giving his assertions too decided a *negative*, for, indeed, the photo. was a failure—and such a flattering failure that he passed it off as a likeness of the General Superintendent to those who knew not that the latter gentleman never slept. But we never forgot to look serious whenever he prophesied that Melbourne or Sydney would celebrate the commencement of the twentieth century by another Exhibition. As a rule we scorned the camera as a means whereby to perpetuate passing events, and anyone who visited our retreat will remember those pen-and-ink sketches of "Celebrities at Home and Abroad" that adorned the notice-board in such profusion. The artist who was responsible for most of them was reprieved times out of number, but the genius of satire was strong within him and we had at last to sit by and see it run wild. He perpetrated some excruciating burlesques of the more popular works in the picture galleries, with the result that the number of our lady visitors increased somewhat *per diem*. The amateur musician, also, was as rife in the "Press gang" as he is in the suburbs on a Sunday morning. One of that ilk, who had been mercifully spared in the Soudan that he might fill Centennial nights with music, was always applauded for his rendering of "Killarney" upon the flute. Another was born in Pianopolis and inherited all the traditions of his birth-place. A third sang "Little Brown Jug" with deep feeling, until the mysterious loss of a little gift of butter and cheese cast a cloud over his maturer years. Then we had an Irish orator who made *al fresco* stump speeches in broken Spanish. He left for the Paris Exhibition and we long to know how his harangues fell upon the ear of the impressionable Gaul.

On the last night of the Exhibition a banquet was tendered to us and others by our best-known caterer. It was, perhaps, the most enjoyable *reunion* at which we had assisted. Speeches were prohibited, and the programme of music, etc., was very attractive, but those who were responsible therefor will never know how much they missed by boycotting that "funeral oration" on the Centennial Show. True, they have since somewhat relented and have asked for copies of a production known (to humorous sympathisers with the author) as "The Success of the Evening." As we left the building at 12 o'clock that night, some fifty of us sang "Auld Lang Syne" on the threshold, and thus formally closed the "big Show."

The practicability of a Press Club in Melbourne was often discussed in all its bearings, but the voice of the majority was against it. The general opinion was that when the novelty had worn off the club would be deserted. The very nature of our work would militate against the success of such an institution. A quarterly dinner, however, was suggested, and may yet come to pass.

And here my "Memories" must end—say, rather, this incomplete record of them. For the "Memories of the Press Room," M.C.I.E. are lasting and must provide pleasant food for reverie in the intervals of dull routine. Everyone of the brethren who reads this sketch can name a hundred omissions, but we all met once in the most delightful *social* intercourse, we were all treated with so much kindness and hospitality by everyone connected with the Exhibition and—we very probably shall not all meet again. Therefore, I resolved to chronicle, if only a few, "Memories of the Press Room." "If we *do* meet again, we'll smile indeed."

STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN THE NEW CENTENNIAL HALL, SYDNEY.

(Designed by Lucien Henry.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2. DECEMBER. No. 5.

RAFE RIDALL.

FROM buckwheat fields the summer sun
Drew honeyed breezes over
The lanes where happy children run
With bare feet in the clover.

The school-house stood with pines about
Upon the hill, and ever
A creek where hid the speckled trout
Ran past it to the river.

And rosy faces gathered there,
With rustic good around them ;
With breath of balm blown everywhere,
Pure, ere the world had found them.

Behind sweet purple ambuscades
Of lilacs laws were broken ;
And here a desk with knives was frayed,
There, passed forbidden token.

One slipped a butternut between
His pearly teeth ; a maiden
Dove-eyed, caressed her cheek ; 'twas e'en
With maple sugar laden—

A flock that caught at wiles because,
The shepherd's hand that drove them
Reached little towards wise human laws
And less to God above them.

With eye-brows bent and surly look
He only saw before him,
The rule, the lesson, and the book,
Not nature brooding o'er him.

One day through drone of locusts fell
The wood-bird's fitful tapping,
And in his chair at "dinner-spell"
The teacher grim sat napping.

An urchin creeping in beholds
The tyrant slumber-smitten,
And in his pocket's ample folds
He thrusts the school-yard kitten.

At length the master waked and clanged
His bell with anger fitting,—
His sleep had made it double-fanged
And crossed like needles knitting.

Slow to their seats the children file
And wait "Prepare for classes,"—
A score of lads across the aisle
From twice a score of lasses.

But two within the throng betray
A mirth suppressed; the sinner,
And Rafe Ridall, the chief at play,
At books the easy winner:—

The wildest boy in all the school
In mischief first and ever,
His daily seat the penance-stool,
Disgraced for weeks together.

Just sound of bone and strong of heart,
Staunch friend and noble foeman;
In life to play the kingly part
True both to man and woman.

Joe's secret now he holds; a deed
With just enough of danger
To win his—ah! what's that? 'Tis freed,
The pocket-prisoned stranger!

A moment's riot laughter-filled,
Then fear white-visaged follows;
And through the silence there is trilled
The shrill note of the swallows.

And now a fierce form fronts them all,
Two fierce eyes search their faces,
Then flash their fire on Rafe Ridall,
Whose mirth no peril chases.

"You did it, sir!" "Not I!" "You did!"
"No!" "You've one chance for showing
Who in my coat the kitten hid
Or be well thrashed for knowing!"—

The master paused, the birch he grasped
  Against his trousers flicking;
Rafe said, with hands behind him clasped
  "I'd rather take the licking."

When after school hours Rafe stood still,
  His aching fingers viewing,
Joe came and said with eyes that fill,
  "He whipped you for my doing!"

"I ought to owned it, oughtn't I?
  I was afraid; I'm sorry—"
Rafe gently gave the quick reply,
  "Now look here, don't you worry,"

"It aint the pain I'm mindin', Joe,
  Not one way nor another,
But swelled like that them hands can't go
  And milk the cows for mother."

Full many a year has passed since then,
  The lilacs still are blooming,
Awaiting childish hands again,
  But they are long in coming.

Now wandering swallows build their nests
  Where doors and roof decaying,
No more shut in the master's zest,
  Nor out the children's playing.

All, all are gone who gathered there;
  Some toil among the masses;
Some, overworn with pain and care,
  Wait Death's "Prepare for classes.

And some:—the sighing pines sway on
  Above them, dreamless lying;
And 'mong them sleeps the master, gone
  His anger and their crying.

And Rafe Ridall, brave then, brave now,
  Amid the jarring courses
Of man's misrule still takes the blow
  For those of weaker forces.

And no regret yet does he know
  In suffering for a brother,
Save that which said "Them hands can't go
  And milk the cows for mother."

If in that far-off land some day
  He pause, these lines descrying,
He'll know that Joe has kept alway
  His memory-signals flying.

JEAN.

THREE times round has the sun gone, Jean
Since on your lips I pressed
Mute farewells; if that pain was keen
Fair were you in your nest.

Smiling, Sweetheart, I left you there;
You had no word to say;
One last touch to your brow and hair,
Then I went on my way.

Time it was when the leaves were grown
Your rose-color, my Queen;
Ere the birds to the south had flown,
And yet the grass was green.

Eyes demure do you ever yearn,
Bird-wise to summer lands;
Is it to meet your look I turn,
Saying "She understands;"

Saying "She waits in her quiet place
Patient till I shall come;
Just the old grace in her dear face
That made a Heav'n her home?"

No! She is there 'neath Northern skies,
And no word does she send;
But near my heart her image lies,
And shall lie to the End.

Come what will I am not bereft
Of memory of the time,
When in her hands my heart I left
There, in that colder clime.

World-wide places my feet have trod,
Strange lands have oped to me
Ancient gates; I have walked the sod
Where tribes barbaric be.

But to my eyes no face is fair
For one face comes between;
And if a song hath low sweet air
Through it there whispers "Jean."

Better for me the world would say
  If I had broke the charm,
Set in the circle you one day
  Made by your round white arm.

Never a king in days of eld
  Gathered about his throat
Such a circlet ; no queen e'er held
  Necklace so clear of mote :—

It sufficeth, the charm was set ;
  And if it chance that one
Still remember though one forget,
  Then is the worst thing done—

Done and I still can say " Let be ;
  I have no word of blame ;
Though her heart is no more for me,
  Mine shall be still the same."

I have my life to live and she—
  Well, if it be so—so ;
She may summon or banish me
  And if I go, I go.

Friend, I pray you repress those tears,
  Comfort from this derive,
I am a score and—more, of years
  And Jean is only five.

THE CHILDREN.

(Written in 1881).

LO, the faces of the children
  Flooded with sweet innocence!
Sunshine on their foreheads glistens
  Ere their heartstrings have grown tense;

And they know not of the sadness
  Of the palpitating pain
Drawn through arid veins of manhood;
  Or the lusts that life distain.

Little reck they of the shadows
  Fallen through the steep world's space;
God hath touched them with His chrism,
  And their gladness is His grace.

And the green grooves of the meadows—
  They are fair to look upon;
And the silver thrush and robin
  Sing most sweetly on and on;

But the faces of the children—
  They are fairer far than these;
And the songs they sing are sweeter
  Than the thrushes in the trees.

The swift tears that sometimes glisten
  On their faces touched with pain
Weave a rosy bow of promise,
  Like the after-glow of rain.

The soft, verdant fields of childhood,
  Certes, are the softer for
The dissolving dew of morning,
  Noon's elate ambassador.

Looking skyward, do they wonder —
They, the children, palm to palm —
What is out beyond the azure
In the infinite of calm?

Though they murmur soft, "Our Father,"
Angel wings to speed it on
Past the bright wheels of the Pleiads,
Have they thought of benison?

Nay! the undefiled children
Say it bound by ignorance,
But the saying is the merit,
And the loving bans mischance.

O, the mountain heights of childhood,
And the waterfalls of dreams
And the sleeping in the shadows
Of the willows by the streams.

Toss your gleaming hair, my children,
Back in waving of the wind!
Flash the starlight 'neath your eyelids
From the sunlight of the mind!

See, we strain you to our bosoms,
And we kiss you, lip and brow;
Human hearts must have some idols,
And we shrine you idols now.

Time, the ruthless idol-breaker
Smileless, cold iconoclast,
Though he rob us of our altars
Cannot rob us of the past.

Dull and dead, the Gods' bright nectar,
Disencrowned of its foam;
Duller, deader far is any
Childless hearthstone in a home

Smile out to our age and give us
Children, of the dawn's desire;
We have passed morn's gold and opal,
We have lost life's early fire.

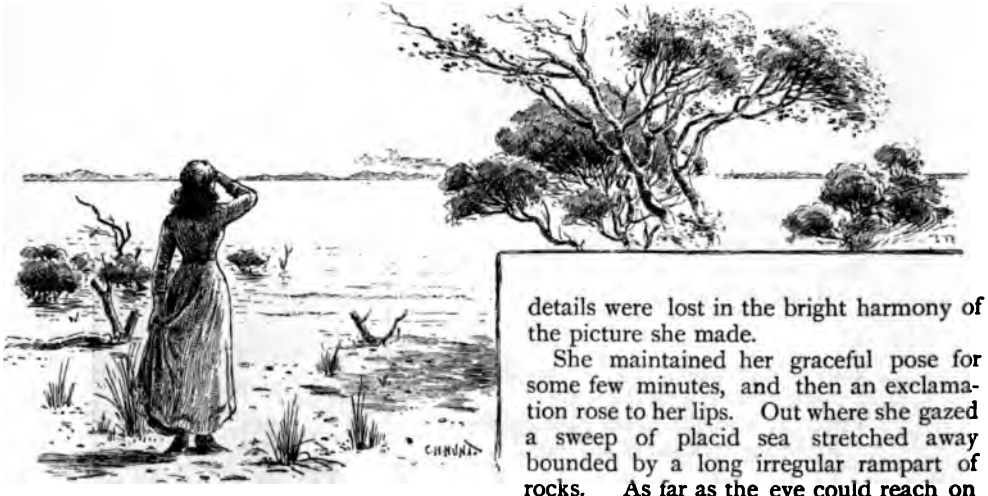
GILBERT PARKER.

THE CASTAWAY OF THE BARRIER.

BY DAVID G. FALK.

Author of "From Choice," "Bush and Camp," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.



A YOUNG girl stood on the sea-shore, shading her eyes from the rays of the slanting sun and gazing intently seaward.

It was a brilliant spring morning—such a morning as is perhaps only known in Queensland in the winter and early spring months. The sky, serenely cloudless from zenith to horizon, was sapphire blue; the sea, hardly rippling, reflected its brilliance with a yet deeper tone. A breeze blew in gentle puffs barely strong enough to bend the crooked twigs of the few mangroves that lined the beach, yet sufficient to temper the sun's warmth and give to the day a delicately-suggested charm of freshness. The morning air was buoyant and pure, with a lightness born of the near mountain range and a purity of ocean breezes; through its bright medium distant objects were outlined with marvellous clearness.

And the girl, standing solitary and motionless on the shore, had reflected on her in some measure the beauties of the day and the season. Her dark waves of hair may not have been beautiful, but glorified by the sunshine they were. Her face may have been too colorless, her figure untrained, her red gown ill-fitting; but as she stood there, mirrorred against the sapphire of the sea, all details were lost in the bright harmony of the picture she made.

She maintained her graceful pose for some few minutes, and then an exclamation rose to her lips. Out where she gazed a sweep of placid sea stretched away bounded by a long irregular rampart of rocks. As far as the eye could reach on either hand this barrier of rocks extended, enclosing a lake-like expanse of placid sea and hiding from view the outer ocean.

Aye! north and south for hundreds of miles further than the eyes of the watcher could pierce extended this fringe of rocks, for it was the Great Barrier Reef, that follows with more or less regularity the long sweep of the Queensland coast from Port Bowen to Torres Straits.

But the particular object that attracted the girl's observation was a light cloud of smoke that darkened the blue of the sky down near the horizon.

"It's an A.S.N. boat," she murmured with a half-sigh. "It'll be in at Cairns in three or four hours."

Many and many a time had she watched those passing steamers sail up the long lake of blue past her home on towards their ports of call, and never without a sigh and a half-felt sense of pain, for they were to her so many birds of passage from happy realms of cities and civilisation. They came from places she had but heard and read of—places full of interest and romance to her,—from those great southern cities overflowing with life and excitement, where there were majestic buildings, busy crowds, wonderful streets, great enterprises, large enjoyments. But they never touched in at her lonely

home; they brought her no greeting, no token from the wonderful places they came from. Majestically they sailed by, indifferent to her and her longings, and she knew that she had nothing in common with that larger life they typified.

Her nature was a romantic one, ardent with the latent fire of her tropic growth, chastened by life-long association with the mystery of loneliness. She was child of the bush and the sea; they had formed her kingdom during her short experience of eighteen years. She had grown up fostered by both, loving both; all else in life outside them and her lonely home, with its monotonous round of duties, was as a closed book to her.

She gazed long and silently at the distant cloud of smoke, and then slowly dropping her hand with a half-uttered sigh, turned her gaze to the barrier of rocks in front of her.

"I'll take the dingy out and go for a long row," she murmured. "Father and Dick won't be home till sundown, and I've done all there is to do in the house."

She turned from the sea and walked with a slow but graceful step towards a weather-board cottage that stood some hundred yards back from the beach, half-hidden in a tangle of tropical vegetation. In the fenced-in garden palms, aloes, orange, lemon, and fig trees, growing in the greatest profusion and disorder, formed a green rampart round the low cottage, which of itself was half hidden by a thick screen of bourgainvillea and passion creepers trained along the whole length of the verandah.

Stopping for a moment to glance at this living wall of flowers and leaves, the girl entered the low doorway and disappeared inside. Soon she returned carrying in one hand a water-bag and in the other a small hand-basket. Outside the house she paused and uttered a loud "cooey." An answering shout came back almost as promptly as though it were an echo, and a moment later an old man hobbled out from behind the cottage.

"I'm going for a row, Jimmy," said the girl. "It's terribly dull in the house. Will you fill the water-bag for me?"

"Are you going fur then?" he asked leaning on his stick.

"Well; I might get out to the rocks. But it'll be warm rowing, and besides I'm taking dinner with me. You can come and give me a hand to push off the dingy, if you like."

"All right, Jess," he answered. "But mind you're home before your father, or he'll be angered."

"Yes; I know," she said with a drawl. "I'll be back before they knock off at the mine."

Five minutes later, with the filled water-bag hanging to one of the thwarts and the dinner basket stowed away, she was on the water, pulling with long easy strokes towards the nearest point of the reef, some two or three miles distant.

"She's a good 'un, and no kid," said the old man, left standing on the beach. "A sight too good to be left running wild in this 'ere place with her father and brother away all day. They ought to give a young gal like her a show to see something of life. But not they. They stick at the blooming mine, and that's all they care for," and with that he hobbled off to his work about the house.

It was true indeed that Jessie Neale's life was one wholly unfitted for a young girl, and more particularly so for one of her warm and imaginative temperament. Her father—Malcolm Neale—a hard-headed obstinate Scotchman, was manager and part owner of a gold mine distant some two miles from the lonely cottage on the beach. There he labored all day long with his son Dick, returning only to his daughter and his home when work had been struck for the day. How long they had lived thus Jess could not remember, but it had been for years—almost since she was a child. She could hardly recollect any other life; even her mother—long since dead—was but a memory to her.

Her lonely home was situated on a headland of Trinity Bay some ten miles from Cairns, remote enough in all conscience, the mountainous bush behind and the sea in front surrounding it and isolating it remorselessly. Her father was no companion to her, her brother even less. The gold mine they were developing—the "Great Australian" it was pretentiously called—was their one thought and inspiration. She saw nothing of them during the day, unless she paid the mine a visit; even the miners—white men and Chinamen—she saw little of, for they lived in huts near the scene of their labors.

And so she had grown up to woman's estate. Year after year had passed by and brought no new experience to her. The boundless bush and the land-locked sea were her only companions. Like them she had grown up, wild, untrained, undisciplined—a child of nature, beautiful with nature's own touch.

She rowed along in the bright sunshine over the glassy blue sea, and no thought of her loneliness or her wasted young life came

to her. For the moment she even forgot those half understood longings that seemed to have grown part of her very existence. Even the cloud of smoke away down the narrow belt of sea failed to attract her then. The mere physical exuberance of her strong young life filled her with delight as she pulled her light boat with steady strokes. She broke into a gay bush song, singing with a voice of marvellous strength and sweetness and keeping time with the oars, her lissome young body swinging backwards and forwards, her dark hair streaming freely down her back.

The sun had shot higher up the cloudless arch of blue by the time she neared the Barrier Reef, and the breeze had almost died away, but there was such strength in those rounded and sunburnt young arms, that their owner never seemed to feel fatigue. Her light dingy shot through the sparkling water with a speed that never lessened, save when she looked round to observe her course. As she neared the rocks they assumed a bolder aspect, until what had appeared from the shore to be a mere low fringe opened out into a wall of high precipitous cliffs. It was in all parts as far as the eye could reach irregular and broken in the extreme, the rocks and bluffs of unequal height with tortuous channels of various widths between. The place was evidently familiar to the rower, for she guided her boat deftly between two overhanging cliffs, and grounded it on the sands of a little cove. Then springing lightly ashore she made the boat fast and looked critically up at the sun.

"It can't be near twelve yet," she said aloud, "I've plenty of time and I'm not hungry. I won't have dinner yet awhile."

She took a drink from the waterbag, replaced it in the boat, and then, holding up her skirts, commenced to climb the rock at the base of which she stood. Her movements were wonderfully light and agile, and it did not take her long to reach the top.

Then a glorious sight burst upon her. In front of her, and extending right and left as far as the eye could reach, stretched away the broken outline of the Great Barrier Reef. From the height at which she stood the great framework of the reef was visible in all its tremendous detail, a network of rock, an endless labyrinth of cliffs, islands, atolls, promontories and bluffs, fantastic in outline, illimitable in extent, majestic in disorder. And everywhere was the flash and gleam of water, here in wide blue lakes, now in broad sapphire bands, now in narrow opalescent ribbons that shimmered in the sun's rays and vibrated with light and life and color. Far ahead of her gleamed the open sea, deepening to the horizon until it became lost in the sky; away out on the blue shone one white speck, the sail of some passing vessel keeping far out from the dangerous Barrier.

Jess looked long and silently at this marvellous scene, shifting her gaze from point to point of the vast rocky panorama, taking in its grandeur with her whole soul. It was a scene long familiar to her, and one she never tired of. She knew it so well, she loved it so dearly. It seemed somehow to belong to her alone; there was none other who shared her delight of possession.

But all at once, as she stood in absorbed admiration, a quick exclamation broke from her. She had shifted her gaze slowly round until her eyes rested on the rocks immediately facing her. Here they were more open, lower, and with shelving sandy beaches. At one point immediately opposite her a wide gap formed the mouth of a large bay that extended to the rock on which she stood. At the opening of this bay, and distinct against the whitish-grey of the sandy beach, a black object attracted her gaze. Shading her eyes, she gave a long, sailor-like look, and then dropping her head, exclaimed sharply, "Why! it's a boat."

Without another word she scrambled down the rock to where she had fastened the dingy, and guiding it by means of the painter into the bay, stepped lightly in and began pulling in the direction of the black object. As she neared it she saw she had not been mistaken. It was an ordinary rowing boat, lying half canted over on a strip of sandy beach facing the open sea. Grounding the dingy close to it, she stepped ashore, and as she did so a second exclamation rose to her lips. It was not a cry of fear, but of surprise, though dismay might have been warrantable under the circumstances, for at the bottom of the boat lay the figure of a man, to all appearances dead.

But to Jess fear was unknown. If her heart beat at all quickly, it was with pity and distress more than terror. She bent over the canted boat, and looked shrinkingly into the face of the man lying huddled up at the bottom.

"He isn't dead," she said all at once. "Thank God! He is breathing."

He was lying in a little pool of water that had collected at the bottom of the boat where the blue ripples of the sea washed up, and her first action was to drag him out and lay him on the warm dry shingle.

As she moved him he opened his eyes and murmured faintly,

"*A boire.*"

" He isn't dead,'" she said all at once. "'Thank God! He is breathing.

Though she did not understand, words were needless. Her first thought had been of the waterbag. She ran to the boat and then knelt down beside him and lifted his head. As she did so he opened his eyes and murmured feebly again—

"*A boire, pour l'amour de Dieu!*"

When she held the waterbag to his lips, supporting his head on her arm, he gulped at it eagerly, until she drew it away in fear lest he should drink too much.

"*Un ange!*" he muttered, and turned his eyes, filmed and glassy, upon her.

She laid back his head gently, and with a shawl she had used to cover the seat of the dingy, formed a pillow. Then she gave him another drink from the waterbag and opened her basket of food. Under the revivifying influence of the warm sun, which had not reached him in the boat, the man soon showed signs of recovery. A little color came into his cheeks, and he stirred uneasily. In Jess's basket was a tin pannikin, and when she crumbled some bread in this, moistening it with water, he swallowed it eagerly. She gave him this in small quantities at frequent intervals, and each time he took the food more readily.

In less than an hour he was recovered so far that he could sit up and speak. Then for the first time Jess questioned him.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"*Un naufragé?*"

"What?"

"*Un*—wrecked," he answered, slowly.

She nodded and looked at the battered boat lying alongside. His eyes followed hers, and then he turned towards her, and taking her hand before she knew what he was about to do, feebly raised it to his lips.

"I perished—I died—of thirst, and you, an angel from heaven, saved me."

At his words, at his gesture, an unquiet look came into the girl's face. She was wholly unused to any display of the emotions; in her undeviating bush ethics it was in a sense derogatory. Her nature, as yet untouched by any great sentiment, was peculiarly self-contained; any extravagance of action or speech in another surprised and displeased her

She looked at the castaway curiously and without embarrassment. He seemed to be neither very young nor old, and though hollow-eyed, haggard, dirty, and with a bristly beard, was not otherwise ill-looking. His clothes were wretched, mere rags, and along one arm, where both coat and shirt had torn away, the cicatrice of a long, jagged wound was visible.

"How were you wrecked?" asked Jess, after a pause.

"It was terrible," he answered, speaking slowly, and as it seemed, with difficulty. "I was alone—in the boat, and then came the storm."

"Storm!" she repeated in surprise. "Along the coast, here?"

He looked at her dully for a moment before replying, and when he answered her his voice sounded weaker than before.

"No; out—at sea. But I cannot speak about it. I am faint. Let me rest."

He laid back his head with a wearied gesture, but Jess rose from her seat on the rock and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You can rest in the boat," she said. "We've a long way to go."

"Where—where would you take me?" he asked quickly, raising himself again to a sitting posture.

"Home."

"Home! Where?"

She pointed in the direction of the mainland.

"I live with my father and brother over there. They will give you shelter until you are stronger."

"A town?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No; we live alone near the sea."

"You are an angel sent to me from Heaven," he said with great earnestness. "I will go with you. The poor shipwrecked starving sailor you have saved from death trusts in you."

He made a movement as though he would kiss her hand again, but she drew back abruptly.

"Can you walk to the boat?" she said. "Try; I will help you."

He was yet so weak it took all her young strength to get him to the dingy. He clung to her heavily, bearing his full weight upon her. But her slender frame was vigorous and strong, and though she had almost to carry him she succeeded in laying him gently at the bottom of the boat. Then she pushed off, and springing lightly in, took up the oars. The weighted dingy, urged by her practised hand, cleft the blue waters of the bay steadily, then through the channel and out into the open waters of the land-locked belt of sea that separated the reef from the mainland.

As they left the rocks further and further behind, and their altitude became lessened by distance, Jess gazed at them with a new interest. Never before had she met with living thing there save the gulls and sea-birds, and now they had brought her—what? She gazed down at the tattered figure lying still and quiet at the bottom of the boat, and a strange feeling moved her. The great rocks she loved so well had been his refuge; there in her lonely kingdom she had found him and rescued him from death. It was as though a new bond had arisen between her and them; henceforth in her memory, in her thoughts, he and she and they would be for ever indissolubly linked.

As she gazed, the sun dipped behind a projecting bluff, and the face of the reef fronting her was cast into shadow. The long wall of rock lowered gloomy and forbidding, and a sudden chill seemed to pass over the rower.

When she again looked down at the quiet figure in the dingy the face of the man, too, was hidden in shadow.

CHAPTER II.

Jess awaited the return of her father and brother that evening with unaccustomed anxiety. They were in the habit of riding to and from the mine, and varied little in their time of putting in an appearance for tea. But this evening they were late, and the delay served to increase her impatience.

Too restless to stop indoors she went into the garden, and walking slowly to and fro, listened anxiously for the sound of hoof-beats.

Early as it was, the moon was already rising and pencilling the thick foliage with a delicate yellow tracery. The still air was heavy with the perfume of flowers and langorous with the odor of the large flowering mimosas that stood sentinel-like on either side of the cottage. No sound was audible save the low breathing of the sea; even that sounded far distant and unreal.

Under the quiet influence of the night Jess's restlessness passed away, and she paced to and fro, gazing in silent reverie at the star-jewellery of the sky. Her imaginative mind was afloat on a sea of conjecture. Who was this man who had been tossed to her by the capricious sea? What was he—where had he come from—what was his history? Little as she had yet seen of him she knew by some occult intuition that he was not of their kind;

that his past had not been as hers; that he was one of those moving in a world unknown to her. And her father—her brother; what would they say to having a stranger share their home, if only for a time? They would want, perhaps, to send him down to the men's camp at the mine. She would lose sight of him; he would disappear from her life, and this mystery of the sea would pass away from her as though it had never been. But should it be so? No; she must guard this new interest that had come to her; her life was too empty to let it escape her.

She was in the midst of an imaginative train of thought, when the quick sound of galloping hoofs aroused her from her reverie.

"It's father and Dick at last," she said. "I must tell them before they go into the house."

After a pause she went round to the stable at the rear, where the lame old man Jimmy was unsaddling the two horses, and greeted father and brother with her accustomed "Good evening."

"I've made you up a bed in father's room for to-night, Dick," she said quietly. "There's a stranger in your room. He was cast away on the reef, and I brought him in and gave him shelter. He's ill."

"A stranger!" said her father. "Who is he?"

"A stranger!" said Dick Neale surlily. "We don't want any strangers here."

"Come in and I'll tell you about it," she said quietly.

They entered the cottage by the back, and went into the small room that served as both sitting and dining room. It was plainly but prettily furnished; the straw matting on the floor, the light cane chairs and lounges, the open French windows reaching to the ground, and the glowing flowers scattered about in profusion, giving it an air of cheerfulness and brightness. A lamp standing on the tea-table drawn into the centre of the room, shed a subdued light through the apartment, and toned down any sense of bareness there might have been.

"I went out for a row to the rocks this morning" said Jess with her slow, quiet mode of speech; "and I found a man cast ashore in a boat. I brought him in."

"How did he get there?" asked her father. She shook her head.

"Some loafer or another, I suppose," said Dick Neale with a customary growl. "Let's go and have a look at him."

"Tread soft," said Jess. "He's asleep."

The two men went out, and she heard them in the other room. When they returned she glanced at them with a look of enquiry, but for some time neither spoke. The younger man seated himself at the table and commenced eating, her father pulled up his chair too, but paused and said:

"He looks mighty bad, and starved to death. He's sleeping sound though."

Jess nodded, and silently poured out the tea. Her father commenced his meal, and for a time said nothing more. Then after a lengthened pause he laid down knife and fork, and asked abruptly:

"What did you want putting him in Dick's bed for? Do you think of keeping him here."

"Yes," she answered. "We couldn't do anything else to a sick man and a stranger."

The younger Neale rattled impatiently with his knife and fork.

"We don't want any strangers loafing round here," he growled. "Send him down to the camp if he's bad."

"No;" said Jess firmly. "He's not a common man, and it's our duty to give him the best we have."

"Rot!" the young man retorted. "You've always got some maggot in your head."

"It would be a disgrace to us all if we turned him out, and you know it," said Jess quietly.

"Come now; let's have no more barneying," interposed her father irritably. "Give me another cup of tea, my lass. Maybe he'll be all right in a day."

Nothing more on the matter passed between them at the time, for the elder Neale began to talk about the mine, and he and his son were soon deep in discussion about a certain "jump-up" they had in contemplation. Jess waited for a little to see if the subject would be mentioned again, but as father and son, with lighted pipes, seemed to be absorbed in their talk, she quietly cleared away the tea-things, and then stole out into the moonlit garden.

She had gained her point, she knew, for in their stolid bush fashion both men had by their final silence acquiesced in the arrangement. She had reckoned more than anything else on their want of interest in aught apart from the "Great Australian," and she had not reckoned in vain. Though neither her father nor brother had signified approval, she knew that she had nothing more to fear from their opposition.

As she walked softly to and fro in the moonlit garden, inhaling the night air heavy with perfume, a feeling almost of exaltation stirred her. Would she have been so moved had she known what her victory would cost her in the end?

The morrow dawned bright and pleasant, and she was up and about early, preparing breakfast for her father and brother. They ate their meal without again referring to the castaway under their roof, and less than an hour after sunrise were on the road to the mine.

Left to herself, Jess first carefully tidied the apartment, added a few fresh flowers here and there, and then betook herself to her patient's room. She had installed the lame old man, Jimmy, as nurse; but she saw he was busy at work outside. As she entered the room no thought of impropriety occurred to her; with a purity of mind and intent born of the bush, she never for a moment dreamed of feminine scruple or hesitation.

He was lying awake, one arm bent over his head, and she looked at him without embarrassment, only with a glance of grave enquiry.

"Are you better?" she asked, gently.

"I am a new man," he answered, and she noticed how much stronger and more musical his voice sounded. "Thanks to you, my good angel. Another day and I shall be myself again."

He stretched out his hand as though to take hers, but she stood by the bedside with her hands quietly folded in front of her, and made no movement.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "I'll send you in something to eat. Only be careful. Don't take too much yet."

"But I famish. I have eaten nothing for days."

"I know."

"Ah! only for you, my saviour, my brave preserver," he commenced, energetically, raising himself in the bed.

But her self-contained voice interrupted him.

"I will send you in some breakfast," she said, and turned to the door.

He watched her retreating form with a curiously intent expression, and as she shut the door quietly behind her, he muttered in his beard:

"*Un ange—un ange de bonté et de beauté.*"

That day he stopped in bed, but late the next morning he dressed himself and joined Jess in the little sitting-room.

As he entered, the young girl could not repress a start of surprise, for he was entirely altered. He was dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes that the old man had found for him; they fitted him admirably. His beard was carefully trimmed, his hair cut short, the wild and haggard look in his face was gone. In appearance he was younger by ten years. He was no longer the tattered wretched-looking castaway she had so strangely found, but a tall, muscular man, still young, and handsome in a bold, striking way.

Jess rose as he entered, with a strange feeling at her heart.

"You are better?" she said.

"Yes; thanks to you," he answered, and his voice sounded very musical in the girl's ears. "I am almost myself again. Ah! only for you I might have been lying on those rocks yet. Either the fishes or the cormorants would have had me."

He took her hand whilst speaking, and pressed it strongly in his, looking boldly in her eyes.

"Ah! what I have to thank you for," he said. "My life is henceforth yours."

"I will get you breakfast," she answered, disengaging her hand. "My father and brother have had theirs and gone to the mine."

"A mine! Tell me. This is Queensland, I know. But to what part has my good fortune taken me?"

"This is Trinity Bay, about ten miles from Cairns."

"It is quiet, then, here?"

"Yes."

"And you live in this place alone with your father and brother, who are miners? But the old man—the lame old man?"

"That is Jimmy, who helps about the place, and then there's Ah Chin, the Chinese cook. That's all."

"And, excuse me, but I take an interest—the mine is far away?"

"About two miles."

"A gold mine—naturally?"

"Yes."

He stood silent, thoughtful for the moment, and Jess slipped out of the room to fetch in his breakfast.

She sat watching him as he ate, noting with feminine quickness his correct use of knife and fork, contrasting his manners with the rough ways of her father and brother at table. He ate hungrily enough, but not clumsily and noisily, as they did. Perhaps he was aware of her covert observation, and assumed a greater air of delicacy; perhaps, too, he was desirous of impressing the young girl, but, whether or no, as Jess watched him, a latent feminine instinct of refinement and concinnity stirred within her, and caused her to glance at him with a new and delicate interest.

The day passed, Jess hardly knew how. It was as though a new epoch had opened up in her life—as though, up to now, all had

been barren and wanting in interest. Her untrained imagination, her warm fancy, her very innocence invested the stranger with a halo of girlish romance. It seemed to her that her ardent longing for that unknown something that was to break into her life with new and delightful experiences had met with realisation. Already, even at that early stage of their acquaintance, his companionship proved dangerously pleasant to her. Poor Jess! Unsophisticated, untutored, ignorant of the world and its ways as she was, it was an unequal fight between her and the handsome, bold-eyed man who tried to win her favor.

The day waned, and the sun began to cast slanting crimson rays through the open windows of the little sitting-room, before Jess gave a thought to her father and her brother. Then the idea of their return, and their probable resentment of the stranger's presence, came to her with a sudden chill. She dreaded some uncouth expression of unwelcome or displeasure; already, in her mind, she was taking the castaway's part against them.

But her championship was not needed. During the day he had made many enquiries concerning them and their doings, and when the sound of galloping hoofs apprised him and Jess of their return, her uneasiness seemed to be quite unobserved by him. He rose as the two men entered, and without giving them time to speak, addressed them with outstretched hand.

"I have to thank you both for the shelter you have given me," he said quickly, with a ready smile. "Only for you and your daughter, it would have gone hard with me. I hope I shall not trouble you for long, and I am sorry to inconvenience you, even now. But a shipwrecked man, you know, my friend, who has lost everything, can only throw himself on the goodness of his fellow-men."

Before his outstretched hand and ready tongue the two men stopped in awkward silence. Whatever might have been in their thoughts, they were by nature too unready to give it utterance. Malcolm Neale hesitated for a moment, and then limply took the outstretched hand; his son, with a furtive glance and shuffle of his feet, did likewise. Neither of them said a word.

"Yes, I shall not have to trouble you long," continued their visitor, glibly; "I am almost myself again, now—I owe my life to your daughter, I shall never forget that, nor your kindness."

Father and son eyed one another and then the speaker with the same embarassed look, and when, after a pause, the elder man spoke, it was to say inconsequently—

"You were wrecked."

"Yes! We were bound for Port Darwin first, and then for the pearl-fishing ground off Thursday Island. It was only a small lugger. There were six of us. A squall came on—a terrible storm. Two others and myself managed to get our only boat out. Then a great sea broke over us. They were swept away. I heard their shrieks; it was horrible; but what could I do? Nothing! I clung to the boat, and was saved; but I suffered—God! how I suffered. I don't know how long—how many days I was tossed about. I woke to find your brave daughter bending over me, like an angel from Heaven."

His story was told with a good deal of demonstration, and he eyed both men narrowly as he spoke.

All at once Dick Neale shuffled with his feet, and found his voice.

"There's been no storm along the coast for a fortnight," he said, in his sullen way.

"No!" responded the other quickly. "Surely you are mistaken. I could not have been tossed about for so long. But we were far out; perhaps it did not come so close as this."

The younger Neale gave vent to something between a growl and a cough, and the other continued—

"I lost everything, for I had a half-share in the lugger. We were going pearl-fishing—my partner and I. I knew him in Sydney, and invested all I had with him. It is hard to lose everything—almost one's life at one blow."

Jess had listened with strained attention, and as her *protege* spoke, a feeling of she knew not what rose within her. His account now seemed to differ from what his broken words on the reef had first conveyed to her. But then he had barely recovered sense and speech. Perhaps he had not remembered —. But her father's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"Aren't you going to let us have any tea?" he said, breaking up the colloquy in his usual irritable way. "We're not going to stand talking all night."

He seated himself at the table and commenced his meal without further parley. Dick Neale followed suit, and Jess silently motioned to the visitor to take his seat. He nodded to her with a smile, and as she poured out the tea, the girl felt with a strange thrill that already a secret understanding had arisen between them.

The man had tact and a certain power of pleasing that he exercised to the full that

evening. He did all in his power to impress his two uncouth hosts favorably, and Jess saw with delight, as the evening progressed, that he seemed to win his way more and more into their good graces. Dick Neale indeed, hardly relaxed his usual sullenness, but his father gradually unfroze, and fell into talk with the visitor about the "Great Australian," and the work going on there.

As they were parting for the night Neale said abruptly:

"You haven't told me your name. What is it?"

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Henry—Smith."

As he spoke he saw Jess's gaze fixed on him, and smiling, he turned and eyed her fully.

"Yes, !" he said again, smiling in her face. "A good old English name—Smith."

CHAPTER III.

A week passed, one short week, and to Jessie Neale came the awakening to a new life.

It came to her she knew not how or when, in the sough of the wind, in the breathing of the sea, in the glamor of the moonlight, in the radiance of the tropic sun. Her warm nature during that week unconsciously imbibed a new life, quivered with new emotions, trembled to a new influence; and before she in her ignorance knew what this freshly-awakened feeling was, she loved, and loved with all the undisciplined force of her nature.

No other result could have been expected. Her restricted life, her ignorance of aught beyond her narrow home, her innocence, and the vein of romance there was in her, all helped to make her an easy victim to the wiles of the man she had saved. From the first she looked upon him as she had looked on no one else. She had found him in her lonely kingdom by the sea, she had snatched him from the jaws of death. He was hers, his life belonged to her. And gradually this feeling of romantic fancy increased until it culminated in the one overpowering emotion of love.

How could it have been otherwise? Her father and brother, after their first expression of disapproval, had not raised any further objections to the stranger's continuing his stay under their roof until such time as he should be fit to move on. Either wilfully blind, or more probably selfishly indifferent to what might result, Malcolm Neale had left his daughter, and Dick Neale his sister, to the sole companionship of the man whose life she had saved. Love! In their loutish insensibility they never thought of such a thing; it was in all probability a word unknown in their vocabulary. And so these two had been left together, the young, untutored bush girl and the man, and the natural result had come about.

Poor Jess! her dream was a happy one while it lasted. The very depths of her intense nature were sounded at this first stirring of her young love. She lived in a world of romantic dreams; she hardly wished for an awakening.

But it came with a hot palpitation one evening, at the end of that first week. She had tried, with girlish pride, to hide her secret; she thought none knew of it—least of all he. But to him the workings of the young girl's heart were patent as the day; he saw the struggle—he knew his victory.

And he, on his side, was deeply, passionately interested. With returning health and vigor came the man's gratitude and appreciation, and quickly enough the love-light that slumbered in her eyes aroused a responsive fire in his.

He knew his power and he used it.

One evening they were together in the garden, the Neales, father and son, smoking inside. The night air was heavy with perfume, the thick tropic growths of tree and plant gleamed with a delicate lustre in the moonlight, hardly a breath broke the quietness of the night. They had moved away from where the light of the lamp streamed out through the uncurtained window, and stood together in the pale moonlight.

They had been talking, but the spell of the night and their love was on them, and they relapsed into silence.

All at once the man took the girl's hand in his and raised it silently to his lips. He felt it tremble in his, and then he bent down and kissed her lips.

"Jess," he said, deeply, "I love you."

He had his arm round her, and she made no effort to escape; only as he drew her to him, he felt the violent trembling of her whole body.

"Come!" he said again. "My life—my love is yours, my brave one. Yours must be mine."

He knew it was his already. As he bent down and kissed her again, he felt in every palpitation of her form the assurance of his victory. She lay on his breast like some helpless bird, her face hidden, her strength gone. Then, with all the art at his command, he set himself to soothe her. She was as a reed in his hands. Gradually her wildly

fluttering heart beat to one consciousness only. He loved her. He—her hero—the man whose life she had saved—the man she loved. Knowing that now, she wanted nothing besides. His very kisses fell unheeded on her lips as she lay trembling in mute ecstasy in his arms. The intensity of her emotion was so great at that first mighty revelation that the man himself wondered.

"Speak," he said. "Jess; you love me?"

"They were always together in the house or garden—out on the water—or wandering through the bush."

Then she looked up in his face for the first time, and he saw that her eyes were bright with tears.

"Yes; yes;" she murmured, wildly. "Oh! yes."

They remained locked in that passionate embrace for some time, and then, after a pause, went slowly indoors.

The elder Neale greeted them with a surly exclamation, and Dick Neale shot a suspicious glance at them from under his bushy eyebrows. But Jess's lover had regained his customary composure, and the girl, afraid to trust herself to their scrutiny, passed on to her room with a hurried "Good night."

She felt that for that one night, at least, she must be free from their observation. This new thing that had come to her was so sacred, so precious, that only in the solitude of her own room, face to face with her own heart, could she receive it. Her whole mind was in a curious state of exaltation. There was even on her face a look of absolute rhapsody. To love—and know that she was loved in return—to feel this new consciousness in every fibre—to thrill with this strange exalted feeling of her woman's nature, was such a new experience, that at first she felt conscious of nothing but the tumultuous delight of the awakening.

A week fled as though in a dream, but by the end of that time she had grown more to realise her new position. Nothing had been said to her father or brother; for some reason she could hardly have explained to herself, she shrank from telling them of her love. The secret was her's and her lover's. She was happy in the present—she did not think of the future. And the man gave no sign. Whether he was afraid of the effect a disclosure might have on his hosts, or whether he waited a more favorable opportunity, he showed the greatest discretion in the presence of the two Neales, and the utmost ardor and devotion behind their backs.

And so those seven days of their love-making passed. They were always together in the house or garden—out on the water—or wandering through the bush. Nobody interfered with them—nobody came near them. The very loneliness, the wild beauty of the surroundings, the lack of outside interests, all conspired to foster their passion.

One afternoon they were alone in the little sitting-room, her head on his breast, when Jimmy's limp outside disturbed them in their confidences.

Jess raised herself at the sound, and took a seat at some distance from her lover, her eyes still humid with emotion.

"There's Burke, the trooper, coming along the road," said Jimmy, thrusting his head without ceremony through the open window, "Will I get him something to eat?"

"Yes, of course," said Jess.

As Jimmy limped away, Jess's lover rose from his chair with a disturbed look.

"Being out in the sun all the morning has given me a dreadful headache, Jess," he said, hurriedly. "If you're going to have a visitor, I think I'll go to my room and lie down."

He kissed her softly on mouth and cheek.

"You needn't mention anything about me, dear one, I don't want to be troubled with strangers. If he stops to-night I shall, no doubt, see him in the morning. If not, it doesn't matter."

"Not tell him about your being here?"

"No, Jess," he answered softly, kissing her again. "You and I are here together—alone. It might lead to talk, and I am delicate in these matters."

A bright blush mantled the girl's face, and without further words he quietly left the room.

A few moments after the trooper entered. He was an old friend, and greeted her cordially.

"Well, Jess, alone as usual? How are you? You look blooming. They say Queensland's bad for the complexion; but you're looking like a picture. Father not home?"

"No, Mr. Burke, he's at the mine with Dick."

"Ah, he'll strike it rich some day, and then we'll hear of you as the belle of Brisbane or Melbourne. But I wanted to see your father, and I haven't much time."

"Jimmy's just getting you some dinner, you'll stop, of course."

"Thanks! I'm a bit peckish after my ride, and I won't say no to dinner. But I can't stop to-night. I'm on my way to Thornborough, but I've come this track round, though it's a bit longer, because I want to see your father."

"Is it anything important?"

"Well, we've been wired up from Brisbane to keep an eye along the coast here. It seems the "Calédonien" on her last trip from Noumea brought news of the escape of three convicts. The Sydney authorities sent it on to Brisbane, and they have wired up to all the stations along the coast. A nice trouble these French *recidivistes* give us. They're always escaping, and making across here. It's a regular curse to this country. The home Government ought to do something to stop it."

"Yes," said Jess, absently.

"So I thought I'd enquire of your father if he'd seen or heard of any strange boat or any strangers knocking round. I was told in Cairns that the lighthouseman at the Bluff, further down, said he thought he saw a boat making in a few days ago, and I'm going over to interview him when I return. I have to be in Thornborough to-morrow over some Court business, so I'll call in here and see your father on my way back down the coast. And then, I dare say, I'll stop the night."

"Yes," said Jess, in the same pre-occupied manner.

By this time Jimmy had laid the table, and the trooper drew up his chair and commenced eating.

"These New Caledonian convicts are regular devils. They don't seem able to cope with them at all at Noumea," he continued, with his mouth half full. "But I have a description of these fellows, and if the lighthouseman at the Bluff has any real news, I daresay we'll be able to put our hands on them. If it's them," he said, "they can't have gone very far. There were three of them," he went on, laying down his knife and fork, and taking out a paper from his pocket-book. "An old man, named Raffé: a fellow with one arm, named Bejan or Bedan: and a younger man named Henri Laroche."

Whilst the trooper was speaking—eating away all the time—a strange deadly feeling overcame Jess. There was no wholly-formed suspicion in her mind—no horror-fraught interpretation of his news, but a chilling prescience of evil swept over her, she knew not why, she felt not how. When he spoke again she hardly heard what the man said, part of his meaning was lost to her.

"From what I can gather they were at work on the breakwater at the Ile Nou. They stabbed a warder—killed him, I think, and managed to steal a boat and get clean away. They were pursued, of course, but those French fools couldn't find a trace of them, and let them slip. I expect, by now, they are either drowned, or dead of thirst, or else knocking about the coast somewhere. If so, we're bound to find them sooner or later."

Struggling in the grasp of that numbing terror, battling with that deadly feeling at her heart, Jess was conscious of a slight movement behind the partially closed door. From where he sat the trooper could see nothing; where she was she caught a glimpse of a man's foot. Instinctively, but with a sickening sense of conviction, she knew that her lover was behind that door, why, she dared not ask herself. It seemed to her then that her very heart stopped beating, as though the horrible thoughts that whirled through her brain must cause her to shriek aloud.

The vague prescience of evil had taken form. With the trooper's words in her ear, with the consciousness of that listener behind the door, suspicion was changed to certainty. Her eyes remained fixed with a horrible fascination at the motionless heavily shod foot; her mind conjured up a sickening picture of a listening face and a stealthy, bent form.

But the troopor went on with his meal, oblivious of the girl's agony.

"That's a fine piece of beef, Jess," he said, pausing after a time in his eating, "and I'm making the most of it, for I won't get anything more this side of Thornborough. Tell your father I called, will you, and ask him to make inquiries of the men down at the mine. They may have heard something. We musn't let those wretches escape. Two of them were lifers for murder, the one-armed man and the old fellow named Raffé. I don't know what the third one, Laroche, was sent out for, murder too, perhaps, or something as bad. Anyway they're three desperate men, and it wouldn't do to let them loose here. So tell your father, and mention that I'll be back to-morrow or the next day at latest Well, I must be off now," he continued, rising from the table, and taking pipe and tobacco from his pocket, "I've a long ride before me."

It was all Jess could do to rise from her chair. Power of movement as of speech seemed almost to have left her completely. As she held out her hand, her straining ears caught the sound of a soft footfall outside. It was so faint it escaped the ears of the trooper altogether, but she knew whose it was.

"Well, do you know, Jess," said Burke, "when I came in I thought you were blooming, but I've changed my opinion. You look pale. Perhaps I've frightened you telling you about those villainous convicts. But you needn't be afraid. It's a thousand to one they don't come here. They'd make off inland directly they struck the coast; but its long odds they perished at sea. So you mustn't feel timid at all, you know."

She shook her head mechanically, and her lips framed the word "No."

"All right. Well, good bye, and thanks for the dinner."

He went out whistling merrily, and then a moment afterwards, when she had heard him canter off, a low cry of anguish broke from her, and for the first time in her life she fell to the ground in a dead faint.

CHAPTER IV.

When she came to, it was to find herself in her lover's arms.

"You are better, dearest," he said softly, kissing her with great tenderness. "Tell me you are better."

At the sound of his voice, at the sight of his face, memory came back to her with an overwhelming rush. With a cry of despair she pushed him from her, and strove to raise herself to her feet.

"Leave me," she said in tones of agony. "Leave me."

"No," he answered passionately, drawing her yet more closely to him. "You are mine. You love me. Why do you repulse me?"

For a moment she lay helpless in his embrace, but then, as strength returned to her, she struggled from him and sank panting on the sofa near by.

"Leave me," she muttered again brokenly.

He stood there for a minute speechless, gazing at her with a look of dark apprehension.

"Why Jess," he said at length, slowly, "What has come to you? Has that man frightened you? But there, he is gone. It is only I—I who love you so. Come, smile

on me again, little one, or I shall think it is me you are frightened of."

He made as though he would embrace her again, but rising weakly to her feet, she held him off with outstretched arm. There was such a look on her face that he stopped short with quickening breath, and a half-uttered oath rose to his lips. They stood thus, face to face, for over a minute, she with outstretched arm, he with gradually paling face.

Then her arm dropped wearily to her side, and she said, "I know—all."

"All! what?" he asked, never shifting his gaze from her face.

She put her hand to her head with a listless gesture.

"Oh! why did you deceive me?" she cried in tones of despair. "Why did you come here and talk to me of love? Oh! why, why? What harm had I done you?"

"Jess," he exclaimed, interrupting her passionately, "I swear by all that's holy I love you as man never loved before."

"Why did you come?" she said hopelessly. "I never wronged you. I believed in you, and now—and now—"

"And now," he repeated deeply, "you cast me off."

"I know what you have been—what you are," she said in tones of hopeless despair. "Oh! it is all too terrible even to think of."

He recoiled with a savage imprecation. Up to the very last he had made himself believe that she had not actually discovered his secret. Suspicion he could have dealt with, but that look, that despairing tone, meant certainty. He gazed at her terror-stricken and mute, pale as a ghost, trembling violently, strong man as he was.

But it was only for the moment. He was cunning and merciless, and his hardihood rose to the occasion. She loved him still. It was not too late yet for victory. Come what might he could not—would not—give her up. He loved her now with all the passion of his nature.

He took his course at once boldly, unshrinkingly.

"My beloved one, you have discovered what I am," he said in tones that trembled with emotion, "and you shrink from me. But hear me, Jess, for I swear to God I am not what you think me. Yes; I am an escaped convict. But I have committed no crime; I swear it by my hopes of Heaven. Hear me out, beloved, and you shall judge. I was sent to New Caledonia for forgery—a forgery I swear I did not commit. But I could not prove my innocence, and the evidence all went against me. My tongue was tied too, for the forger was—my brotl Oh, God! that terrible time. What agoı I suffered! what shame! what torture! (Jess, you would pity me if you knew wh went through—I an innocent man suffering the crime of another."

He paused for a moment, for he l almost lost control of himself. The stood pale and motionless, her heart t with anguish and despair—despair all greater for an awakening sense of pity t moved her.

"I was sent out to New Caledonia," continued with passionate earnestness, "s out like a dog to herd with dogs. T horrors of that time, how can I tell them y I was amongst the vilest of the vi amongst outcasts without hope of salvat in this world or the next. Oh! that voy —that horrible voyage. How I lived throı it I hardly know. Then I was put to hardest labor. I was a beast of burthen. was forced to work harder than any gal slave. Then came the end. I was innoce I was suffering for the crime of another—a I escaped. That trooper told you h But it was not I who struck the blow t gave us liberty. I swear it by all I h most sacred. It was Raffé! Then we the boat. Pursuit was in vain. We escap Then came more horror—more suffering more torture. We suffered hunger and thi we were frozen by night and scorcl by day. How long we were tos about at the mercy of the sea I cannot t It may have been weeks or only days- remember nothing of that awful time. was as one dead. My companions in n fortune perished—how I hardly know. P haps, mad with thirst, they threw themsel into the merciless sea; perhaps they w swept away. Then you came like an an from Heaven and brought me back to li Oh! Jess—Jess, my beloved one. Do y turn away still from the wretched castaw whose life you saved? Oh! believe me am innocent. I have done nothing but suf for the crime of another."

She did believe him. Her love spoke p sionately for him; her innocence a trustfulness made her credulous. She cou not reason calmly; her mind was in a whi He was innocent—he had suffered unjust That thought alone seemed to possess h mind—all else was banished.

She turned to him with swimming eyes.

"Oh! it is too terrible," she murmur brokenly.

"Terrible, indeed," he answered eager his eyes blazing at her signs of surrend

"You cannot understand what I suffered. And now I had pictured another life. Safe in this country I thought to make myself worthy of your love. You, my beloved one, you made life glorious to me, and for the first time I knew what it was to love. And now," he continued more passionately still, "must I give up my one dream of happiness? Think of what I have suffered—think of how I love you. Oh! Jess, Jess, you cannot send me from you. I love you. I love you."

Quite carried away by his own vehemence, he laid his hand on her shoulder and drew her to him. She was powerless to resist. Her heart was on fire; all the undisciplined force of her nature was rebellious within her. She was as a reed in his hands.

He drew her irresistibly to him, kissing her passionately again and again.

"You will fly with me," he muttered, "I cannot stop here. It is dangerous. That man is coming back; when he sees your father he will hear about me. I must be far away before that. But I swear I will not go alone. You must come too. You love me—you are mine. Nothing shall separate us."

She shivered in his embrace, and muttered wildly, "No! No!"

"Yes, it shall be. You are mine now, and for ever. What are father and brother to you? What have they done for you? What do you owe them? Love is stronger than they are. And this place, what is it? Come with me. I will take you out into the world. You have seen nothing. We will go south—to Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne—those places you dream about. And not only them: there is England—France—Germany—the whole of Europe. You have not lived yet. A new life shall commence for you—a life of love and pleasure. Henri Laroche and the past are dead. It is Henry Smith who loves you—whom you love."

He paused for a moment in his vehement pleading, and drew her to him in a yet closer embrace. Jess lay on his breast with closed eyes and heaving bosom. There was such a sense of mastery in the man, her love for him so dominated her that all powers of resistance were dead within her.

"Ah, Jess" he commenced again. "You are beautiful, and you do not know it. Who is there in this dog's hole to tell you what you are? You are a queen amongst women. With me you could become anything; with you by my side I could win fame and fortune. We must go together. Nothing shall stop us now—nothing. Oh, my love! my life! my queen! promise me you will entrust yourself to me."

His arms were round her; his hot breath was on her face; his lips touched hers.

"You will be mine. You will fly with me," he said again, thickly. And, alas for poor Jess and her innocence, she murmured, brokenly, "Yes!"

"We will fly this very night. There are horses. We shall be far away before they look for us. Oh! my heart's beloved, your life shall be one dream of pleasure with me. And you will not fail me now? Swear it! Swear to me that you will come."

The fatal promise had passed her lips already. It was too late to retract now. She was as one distraught, and she murmured faintly—

"Yes! Yes! I—will—come."

"You promise me that, solemnly, beloved. By all you hold sacred."

"Yes! Yes!" she said. "I love you. Oh! I love you."

He rained passionate kisses on her upturned face, and she lay crushed and broken in his arms. Then all at once he drew himself away with a startled oath, for a sudden noise sounded outside.

They both stood waiting with bated breath, and a moment later Dick Neale abruptly entered the room.

He eyed them suspiciously, casting an evil glance from one to the other. Then he said in his usually surly tones:

"There's been an accident at the mine. They're bringing him down now. He's hurt pretty bad."

"Who?" cried Jess, trembling with a vague fear.

"Who?" he snarled. "Father."

She uttered a low cry, and put her hand to her heart. Was it a judgment on her?

"Don't stand there like a fool," said her brother, roughly. "See as his bed's made ready. I'm going to ride into Cairns for a doctor."

"Is he very badly hurt," asked the other man, with an eager look.

Dick Neale glanced at him surlily, and turning on his heel, muttered—

"Aye! Smashed up."

As the young man left the room, Jess's lover laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, and turned her face to his.

"Your father helpless in bed—your brother away; we have nothing to fear now; we shall be a hundred miles off before that trooper can learn anything."

She looked at him in sudden horror of amazement. In the overwhelming revulsion

of feeling caused by the news of her father's danger, his words made her shudder. She shivered with a newly-awakened feeling as she looked at his face, lighted up with a crafty triumph. As by a sudden revelation her eyes were all at once opened to the real nature of the man. At the same time, like an instantaneous flash of light, the picture of her father—lying crushed and bleeding—shot across her brain. It gave birth to a rush of new emotions. With it filial love, duty, devotion, sprang up into existence. Her temptation had passed.

She glided from the man's hold—all trace of passion gone from her. At the door she stopped with a low cry of anguish, for outside stood four of the miners carrying between them a stretcher, on which lay the mangled body of her father.

* * *

In the early grey of the next morning a light tap sounded at the door of the room occupied by the Frenchman. With the instinct of the felon he sprang up, awake and intent on the moment.

"Dress, and come out at once."

It was Jess's voice, and, half-expectant, half fearing, the man rose and dressed himself. When he entered the little sitting-room she was standing in the centre of the room—a grey, slender figure in the half-light. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes swollen—as with weeping—and he could see that she had not slept or rested during the night.

He would have taken her hand, kissed her, embraced her, but there was a something in her looks that stayed him.

"Jess!" he said imploringly. "My love!"

She turned on him her large pathetic-looking eyes, dry now, with their passion wept out of them.

"You must go while there is yet time," she said wearily. "Take my horse, I give it you. It is in the stable; and here is money."

He drew back with a cry.

"And you?"

"My duty is here with my father," she answered in the same repressed way. "It was all a mistake. I cannot go. I never could have gone."

"But you love me."

"Yes. I—I—love you. But it is all over now. You must escape while there is yet time. Go now."

"No. By God No. I will not go without you.'

"You must," she answered placing her hand on her heart. "I can never go with you. I must nurse my father. He is dreadfully injured, but he will live. And I have thought it all over—through the night. Go. I can never be yours."

"Jess. Jess. I love you. Remember your promise."

"Yes," she answered, speaking more hurriedly now and trembling slightly, "but it was wrong. I was mad. It cannot be. Take this money and go. You know where to find Dick's saddle. If you are here when my brother returns, I must tell him all. Go now, while there is yet time."

He gazed at her with all his soul in his

"And Jess stood motionless and rigid in the centre of the room—a pathetic haggard-faced figure in the grey light."

eyes to see if there was any sign of relenting. But there was none. That pale face, that listless pose of the frail body, those quiet tones, impressed him more than any vehemence or passion could have done. He gazed at her long and imploringly; then, with a low cry, he sprang forward and folded her in a wild embrace. For one brief moment she yielded herself to him, shuddering slightly when his lips met hers; then she thrust him from her and murmured the one word, "Go."

He left the room softly, nor looked behind again. He knew she had escaped him—he knew there was nothing left for him now but to seek safety in flight.

And Jess stood motionless and rigid in the centre of the room—a pathetic haggard-faced figure in the grey light. Then a few moments later, as the sound of hoof-beats broke on her ear, she sank back on to the sofa, and burying her face in her hands, murmured brokenly through her blinding tears, "Thank God! Thank God!"

POSTSCRIPTUM—Being an extract from the *Argus* of August 22.

"*It will probably not be easy for the Government to obtain very accurate information as to the exact number of escaped convicts from New Caledonia now in the various Australian colonies. But it should be possible at any rate to ascertain whether there has been such a startling increase in their numbers as mentioned by Mr. Service in the Legislative Council the other night . . . . The most disquieting thing of all, however, if the statement is correct, is the increase shewn. The French Government must, of late years, have been carrying out the system of transportation on a much larger scale than hitherto; or much greater laxity must now be shown in looking after the transported. . . . . This is a possibility which the Australian colonies cannot afford to pass over. It was only by making their voices very loudly heard on a former occasion that Australians were saved from an extension of the objectionable system. And it is by the same means alone that the system will be put an end to, if this desirable result is ever brought about.*"

THE END.

APOLLO.

IT was the fair Apollo god,
He stood by a garden walk;
The young barbarians went and came
With ceaseless clatter and talk.

The maidens coyly glanced aside,
The youths they stopped and chuckled,
And thought how well his lyre was done,
How neat his sandals buckled.

But Sundays it was worst of all,
For all the crowd turned out,
And solemn and glum, grim-featured and dumb,
Paraded slowly about.

"O Signor, Signor," sighed the god,
"Why did you chisel me?
A statesman of note in a long frock coat
Much better for them would be.

"O good bishop Heber I think of you,
And your words on Ceylon's isle,
For every prospect pleases here
And only man is vile."

F. ARMSTRONG.

MELBOURNE IN THE FIFTIES.

BY JAMES SMITH.

THE number of those who remember Melbourne in the early fifties is rapidly diminishing, and these remnants of what are now regarded as the old times walk about a city thronged with new faces, and metamorphosed out of all recognition. The broad thoroughfares remain, but everything else has "suffered change." In the year 1854 the place had only entered upon the third year of its civic life; for, up to the end of 1851, it was nothing better than an overgrown village, sprawling over a large area of ground, and making ambitious efforts to pose as a capital. It had its Government House in William street; its cathedral hard by; its Supreme Court-house; its theatre; its Legislative Council Chamber; and its Town Hall; but the public buildings of that period besides being miracles of ugliness, were so small and incommodious that most of them have been long since swept away or converted to wholly different uses. The old Protestant Cathedral is hidden away behind stacks of warehouses, built upon the glebe land; and these not only conceal but dwarf that unattractive structure. Inside the shell of the Queen's theatre, in Queen Street, where Catherine Hayes transmuted her silvery notes into gold, and where Gustavus Vaughan Brooke thrilled enthusiastic audiences with his Lear, Shylock and Othello, a coachbuilder has set up his factory and show-rooms. A Mint covers the site of the official residence of Governor Latrobe; the first Town Hall has been torn down and replaced by a civic palace, which is already overshadowed by the surrounding edifices; the original Police Court has vanished; and so has a small gaol which stood at the south-eastern angle of "Paddy's Market," which was then, in all other respects, an open space, fringed on the north side by the tents and stalls of fruit sellers, potato dealers, hay and corn chandlers, vendors of sweetmeats, and retailers of cheap haberdashery, and those miscellaneous commodities commonly known as marine stores; and bounded on the west by a row of one-storey shops tenanted by dealers in poultry, pet-dogs, song-birds, and dairy produce.

The years I speak of were years of political excitement and turbulence. Among the new-comers were combative Chartists from Glasgow, Clerkenwell, and Chelsea, brim-full of schemes for the reformation of mankind in general and of the people of Victoria in particular; and the Eastern Market was their forum. There were not many amusements in those days for the crowd of people which sauntered along the south side of Bourke Street East, after nightfall, and any political adventurer who wanted to bring himself before the public had only to mount an empty hay-van, illuminated by cotton wicks burning in tin dishes of tallow, and to commence a noisy harangue on the wrongs of the people, accompanied by suitable violence of gesture, in order to gather round him an

amused and amusing crowd, some of whom would reward him with cheers and with cries of "Go on, old man! give it 'em hot;" while others would banter the speaker and interrupt him by sarcastic interjections. I am afraid I have been answerable for unseasonable remarks of this kind, myself, as I listened to the turgid declamations of the present Agent-General for Victoria, Sir Graham Berry, who was at that time the occupant of a small grocery store at the corner of Chapel Street, Prahran, and posed as a Tribune of the people, in the Eastern Market. He was celebrated in those days for his sins of omission and commission with respect to the letter H; and many years aftewards, when he had succeeded in getting elected to a seat in the Legislative Assembly, Butler Cole Aspinall excited a roar of laughter by one of his prompt and incisive repartees. Mr. Berry had risen to a point of order: "Mr. Speaker," said he, "There is nothing before the 'Ouse." "I beg the honorable member's pardon," said Aspinall, rising on the instant, "H is before the 'Ouse." Such a burst of merriment ensued, that it was some minutes before the Chamber recovered its decorum sufficiently to proceed to business.

Another orator who figured in the Eastern Market was the late Charles Jardine Don, a working stonemason of more than ordinary natural ability, a rugged but effective speaker, with a vein of Doric humor running through his homely yet forcible deliverances, and obviously a man of honesty and sincerity in his political views; warmly espousing the interests of his class and making it his boast, when he was elected to the Assembly a few years later, that he hammered bluestone all day and pounded the squatters at night. For the pastoral tenants of the Crown were at that time the objects of popular animadversion and contumely in Melbourne, on the ground of the opposition they offered to the growing demands of the people that the lands should be "unlocked." But the most imperative of its self-constituted tribunes was a man named Osborne, who had been assisted to emigrate from Clerkenwell, and came out glowing with indignation against the "upper suckles" of society. Finding no peers of the realm and no hereditary statesmen in Victoria to empty the vials of his wrath upon, he invented a local patriciate, "the aristocracy of kid gloves and shirt collars." All such persons were Anathema Maranatha, too wicked for the life that now is, and too depraved to expect anything but eternal perdition in the life to come. On one occasion, I remember, he "sharked up a list of landless resolutes," got together by tack of drum and blare of trumpet, to sally forth and take possession of the "people's patrimony," some eighty millions or so of broad acres. He and his followers actually set out for that purpose and got as far as Flemington, where, perhaps, some dim perception of the exquisite absurdity of the whole proceeding dawned upon his mind, and he and his valiant henchmen quietly returned to the city under cover of the darkness, leaving the people's patrimony in the hands of the wicked lessees who were feeding sheep and cattle on it. A few years afterwards, as chance would have it, I was seated opposite this friend of his race in a suburban omnibus. He had blossomed into a pernicious "aristocrat." He wore a shirt collar of the finest linen, his hands were covered with spotless kid gloves, his hat was the orthodox chimney-pot, his apparel was irreproachable, and he was the happy possessor of a silver-mounted walking-stick. I learned upon inquiry that he had opened two houses for what the old dramatists called *bona robas*, had made money, and that he eventually returned to England with a competence. He was one of many gaseous bubbles which rose to the surface of society in a state of chronic ferment. The human microbes by which this fermentation had been engendered were somewhat remarkable in their way. Many of them had been conceived in the revolutionary movements which had agitated Europe in 1848. You met men who had fought in the streets of Paris; political refugees from Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, and Buda Pesth, and Carbonari from Italy. Mostly young, ardent, enthusiastic, and animated by more or less Utopian visions of reconstructing the political and social institutions of civilised mankind so as to bring about an era of universal peace and prosperity, these heterogeneous exiles flung themselves heartily into the popular movements of the day. They combined to resist the arbitrary exercise of authority on the part of the gold fields officials at Ballarat, and spoke and fought bravely in the affair of the Eureka stockade. My occupation as a journalist, and a warm liking for Italians, dating from an early visit to Italy, brought me into friendly relations with Carboni Raffaello, who had taken a prominent part in the riots. He was a Roman and a true Trasteverino, but better educated than the inhabitants of that quarter in general. A poet in feeling and temperament, impulsive, courageous, rash, sympathetic, hot tempered and impatient, he had the virtues of his race and the defects of its qualities. He was known as "Great

Works," because the phrase was so often in his mouth. He wrote and spoke with equal impetuosity, and to read his narrative of the events of November and December, 1854, is like listening to his conversation. He was *aide de camp* to Peter Lalor, who was afterwards Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and was in the thick of the fight on that memorable Sunday, when fifteen of the insurgents were shot dead and eight were mortally wounded. Raffaello seemed to bear a charmed life, and escaped without a scratch; but he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Melbourne. "On passing through the Eureka," he writes, "I got a glance of my snug little tent, where I had passed so many happy hours, and was sacred to me on a Sunday. There it lay, deserted, uncared for. My eyes were choked with tears, and at forty years of age a man does not cry for little." He and his companions were acquitted, and years afterwards he returned to Rome in order to fight for her independence.

There was quite a little colony of Italians in Melbourne at that time, and among them an ex-officer in the Sardinian army, and a member of the Sardinian Parliament, who became an exile after the hopes of the renascence of Italy appeared to have been extinguished by the disaster of Novara. Years later I had the honor of co-operating with him and with one of his compatriots in organising a subscription to present Guiseppe Garibaldi with a sword of honor. The hilt was of Australian gold, from a design by Nicholas Chevalier, and represented a beautiful Amazon, who typified enfranchised Italy. When a visitor from Victoria sought out the Liberator in his island home at Caprera, the lion-mettled but gentle-hearted old man used to point with pride to this tribute to his valor and patriotism paid by admirers in a far distant country.

People who have studied the phenomena of animal magnetism go so far as to assert that the atmosphere of a city, or of any large congregation of human beings, is affected by their emanations, so that in times of great emotion this emotion runs like an electric thrill through the whole community, just as the strong sentiment of fear, occasioned in the minds of a few, by the occurrence or an alarm of fire in a theatre, is transformed as by a sudden flash into a universal panic. I am not prepared to argue the point, but I can confidently assert that there was something wonderfully infectious in the atmosphere of hope and cheerfulness, of buoyancy and joyful expectation, which enveloped us in the early fifties. We were all young. We had escaped from a densely-peopled country in which the conditions of life were so hard and the struggle for existence was so fierce, that even those who were successful could not help feeling grieved and compassionate for those whom they had elbowed aside or trodden under foot in the conflict for standing room. Moreover we had left behind us a climate in which four months of summer offered but a precarious compensation for eight months of depressing gloom, sleet, sludge, rain, fog and marrow-penetrating cold. We had gained a land of blue skies and almost perpetual sunshine. To natives of the sullen sombre north these "skiey influences" were more than exhilarating; they were intoxicating. Besides which, everybody was prosperous and fulfilled the Scriptural injunction to "take no thought for the morrow." Why should we? Had not nature been engaged for a few millions of years, more or less, in secreting a few feet beneath the surface of the soil thousands of tons of the precious metal, the possession of which is coveted by all civilised nations? You had only to dig a grave in order to find a fortune. A single stroke of the pick-axe might reveal a boulder of solid gold, and sometimes it did. The population of Victoria in 1853 was just about one-half that of Melbourne and its suburbs in 1889; and the yield of gold in the former year was of the value of £12,600,000, without reckoning what had leaked out of the colony unnoticed and unrecorded. This gave £60 per head for every man, woman and child in the community. There seemed to be no limit to the subterranean supplies, and the more especially as an experienced geologist had estimated the auriferous area of the colony at not less than twenty thousand square miles With such magnificent possibilities before us, what wonder if we were light-hearted and elated? Looking back upon the prevailing tone of feeling in those early days I am reminded of the description by Polixenes of those which he and Leontes spent together:—

> We were, fair queen,
> Two lads that thought there was no more behind
> But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
> And to be boy eternal.

An open-handed hospitality was the rule, and I am afraid that the habits of conviviality which then prevailed were not such as an austere moralist, much less a total abstainer, would have approved of. You could not walk for a hundred yards along Collins Street between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon without receiving half-a-dozen pressing invitations to go in and

"have a nobbler." If you entered the bar of the Criterion Hotel, which has long since disappeared and was famous in those days for its amber satin bridal chamber, you would see customers standing three deep in front of the long counter and a continuous shower of silver falling on its metal surface. Frontages in the thoroughfare upon which that popular place of resort abutted were then valued at so many tens of pounds a foot, and not at so many hundreds as at present. One of the best sites in the city—that upon which the National Bank now stands—was occupied by a spacious carrier's yard, and opposite to it was the only four-storey building in Melbourne. It was relatively so lofty that it attracted the attention of the new arrival as he approached the anchorage of his vessel in the bay. It was a draper's shop, and is, at this present writing, a heap of ruins, blackened and charred by fire. The Port Phillip Club occupied shabby and incommodious premises on the site of the Bank of New South Wales on the southern side of Collins Street, and I think some of the older members of the club witnessed the evacuation of their earlier place of rendezvous with a pang of regret, for when the community was smaller the intimacy of its individual units was closer, and the relationship in which men stood towards each other assumed somewhat of a family character. When you went to the theatre in the evening, you knew every face in the dress circle and a good many in the stalls. Now, an old resident in Melbourne looks round the house with the same feeling of strangeness and curiosity which he experiences on entering a play-house in a foreign city. The audiences were more critical and the performances much finer in those days than they are now. The former were composed of men and women who had seen the greatest actors and actresses and had heard the most famous vocalists in all parts of the civilised world, and this made them exigent. The scenery and the stage appointments have since been excelled, but the acting and singing have not been approached; I mean in regard to the *ensemble*. "Since I quitted Australia five-and-twenty years ago," said Mr. Harry Edwards to the writer a few days ago, "I have had plenty of experience of the stage on both sides of the Atlantic, but nowhere have I seen a theatrical company comparable with that of which the late G. V. Brooke was the head and chief at the old Theatre Royal." And we have certainly had no operatic performances to equal, much less excel, those presented by the late W. S. Lyster during his earlier seasons in Melbourne. And before his time we had Catherine Hayes and Anna Bishop before their organs had become impaired by use.

GREAT COLLINS STREET LOOKING WEST FROM RUSSELL STREET—1856.

Among the places of amusement in the fifties the Salle de Valentino occupied a conspicuous position. It resembled a small circus, circular in form, with wooden supports and a wooden roof, standing on a block of land now occupied by an hotel on the north side of the eastern extremity of Bourke Street. The entertainment combined a promenade concert and a ball. The visitors were more numerous than select, and the contrast presented by the rough garb of diggers who had

come down to Melbourne for a holiday, and the often costly and generally gaudy attire of the "ladies" with whom they waltzed in a more or less grotesque fashion, was somewhat startling. Not far off, in Spring Street, was Astley's Amphitheatre—the frailest and most combustible of all the theatres in Melbourne, and the only one, with the exception of the Queen's and the Prince of Wales's in Lonsdale Street, which escaped destruction by fire.

Betweeen Spring Street and East Melbourne stretched a bare and dreary waste, upwards of a hundred acres in extent, with no herbage on its hard surface but a fair sprinkling of indigenous timber. It was not a pleasant place to cross at night, more especially as the wayfarer had to clamber down the rugged and water-worn sides of a deep gully, and clamber up again, with the possibility of finding himself face to face with a footpad on the other side. This miniature desert has long since undergone a complete transformation. The Treasury and Fitzroy Gardens, and the various Government offices have replaced the sterile wilderness.

On the other, or southern, side of the Richmond Road there was a pretty bit of bush—a sort of natural park, which had been purchased and enclosed by Governor Latrobe, who had built an unpretending cottage-residence there. It was over-run with creepers, and surrounded by a flowery and fragrant garden. Not more than ten or twelve minutes walk from the city, you felt, when you had reached it, that you were in the country, and from the gentle eminence on which it stood, you looked across the Richmond paddock, with its cricket ground, to the hill on the other side of the Yarra, up which climb the green lawns and bosky avenues of the Botanical Gardens. The place bore the appropriate name of Jolimont, and was as rural and retired a retreat as a tired functionary could desire to spend his evenings in. To-day it is a closely built and populous suburb, upon one side of which four-hundred railway trains rush past between early morn and midnight, while upon the other tramcars are fired off as regularly as minute-guns during eighteen hours of the twenty-four.

At the other end of the city was a mound bearing the name of Batman's Hill, upon which one of the founders of Melbourne built his house and opened a store, depasturing some sheep and having a shepherd's hut on the side of St. James's Cathedral. The hill was carted away many years ago, and the railway terminus in Spencer Street covers the space it occupied. Somewhat to the northward of this, arose another bare eminence, sufficiently remote from the city which now envelopes it to cause it to be regarded as the goal of a country walk in the summer evenings. Not that there was anything attractive in the Flagstaff Hill, itself, but it commanded a tolerably extensive outlook, and it was crowned by a semaphore station, so that there was always the chance of a sailing vessel bringing later news from England being signalled from the Heads—to be followed a few hours later by the issue of an "*Argus* extraordinary." And in those days there was a good deal of home-sickness in the community. We had been transplanted, but had not yet taken deep root in the country. The

GREAT BOURKE STREET EAST, LOOKING FROM QUEEN STREET—1856.

ties formed in early life were still numerous and powerful. Men and women could not lightly forget the place of their birth, the village church, with the yew-tree casting its dark shadow over the tombstones which "name the underlying dead," in the surrounding grave-yard; the schoolhouse—every beam of which was deeply incised with the initials of old form-fellows; the green lanes in which the blackberries grew; the ousel-haunted copses, in which you went nutting in the autumn; the hop-gardens that looked so lovely when their far-stretching avenues were garlanded with leafy vines and aromatic flowers; the mill stream where speckled trout sported and fattened; the orchards white with blossom in the spring, and ruddy with their abundant fruitage in the fall; and the glorious lime-tree avenues in the fine old park, up and down which, in the twilight when the nightingales were beginning to fill every grove and glade with their delicious music, so many generations of lovers have walked and whispered. It was not in human-nature to forget these things, or to watch for the arrival of a monthly mail from England with other than eager expectation. The old semaphore station is no more; the hill, itself, is an umbrageous public garden, and presents a green oasis in the midst of a wilderness of brick and mortar, with tall chimneys vomiting soot and smoke in all directions.

Close by is the old cemetery, in which rest the mortal remains of numbers of the earliest settlers. It was in the country thirty years ago, but is in the midst of a populous neighborhood to-day. Batman's Swamp will soon be a tradition of the past, and the Melbourne of 1900 will no more resemble the Melbourne of 1854 than the London of Queen Victoria's Jubilee year resembles the London of Queen Elizabeth. It cannot be said, however, of the Victorian as of the English metropolis: that it has lost its picturesqueness by the change. In the early fifties there was not a single building in the nascent city upon which the eye could rest with the slightest feeling of pleasure. Every public edifice was so ugly as to occasion a positive feeling of pain and repulsion—and people had not come to look upon the place as their permanent home—so that domestic architecture was completely neglected. It was only here and there, in the suburbs, that a flower garden was to be met with. Although Canvas-Town had disappeared, and the citizens slept under roofs of corrugated iron and shingle, Melbourne was really an encampment. Few of us regarded it as our permanent abode. Everybody was going to "make his pile," and to do so in a very few years, after which he would return "home," and fulfil a good many of the visions of his youth. But, with most of us, this expectation of returning "home" with a fortune was the most visionary dream of all. Better so, in all probability, than otherwise. For each of us has been able to contribute by the labors of his head or hand, in however small a degree, to the building up of a prosperous commonwealth —to the transplantation of English ideas, principles, and modes of action—and to the foundation of one of innumerable homes, in which the conditions of life are easier, and its enjoyments more accessible than they possibly can be to the great bulk of the people in a country so densely populated as the United Kingdom.

ONE ALONE.

BY EDITH LAMB.

THEY were all very kind to him, and yet he was so lonely.

Poor little fellow! He couldn't help it although he tried hard to be grateful, and grew so tame that in time he learnt to feed from the hand of his kind-hearted little mistress when she brought him those special dainties which she knew he loved. But he felt it was all very different to what he was used, as he roamed about the garden or flew across the sloping paddocks to dip his wings in the pond under the tall gum-trees, where here and there a swamp oak sighed. The cattle and horses that came down to drink alarmed him by the splashing of their great hoofs and the swishing of their long tails as they chafed beneath those tormenting flies throughout the hot summer days. He was one by himself, and so small amongst them all that it was no wonder he felt over-awed by those huge four-footed beasts, and, until he grew more accustomed to their strange, uncouth ways, seldom came to the pond when he saw any of them there. The birds too, that flew about this new inland home of his were strangers to him—for he was only a little seagull. "A baby gull" the young man who brought him from the Illawarra coast told the little girl with the long fair hair, as she stood on the front step to welcome him, with the bright rays of the afternoon sun kissing her streaming locks until they shone golden as the yellow sands of his seagirt home.

"How pretty he is? How soft and white his feathers are?" she cried, as she kissed and smoothed gently his little trembling head and carried him in to show her grandmother, who helped her to make a cosy nest for him in a cage where a young sugar-squirrel had lived, until drooping and pining in captivity, it grew so sick they let it out to find freedom and life among its native gum-trees again. The little gull was very young, and the child took great and tender care of the small grey and white stranger, so that bye-and-bye he grew accustomed to his new life; but still he longed for the winged companions of his home, where the breakers dashing and foaming in white-crested grandeur sent the salt spray high as the cleft in the rock where his mother had made her nest. Often as he ran about the lawn his tiny graceful figure, with its white head and breast and soft grey wings standing out against the short green grass that only partly hid his pretty orange legs, the child would sit watching him with her chin resting in both hands and the small black and white kitten in her lap, till putting the kitten down she would coax him with some of his favorite dainties to perch on her wrist and feed from the hand he had grown not to fear.

He loved his gentle little mistress very much—more than anything else in his new home. The dogs that played round her were rough rude creatures, for ever capering and tumbling over one-another, and the fowls she fed in the morning, though not quite so bad, quarrelled sometimes over their food, while the prize turkeys that were allowed to roam about the back garden always grabbed at the meat that she threw to the little seagull, until he came to dread those huge grey birds exceedingly, and the child seeing how small and timid he was amongst them all, took to feeding him alone. He was very grateful, and he loved her dearly. Somehow her yellow hair floating round her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes, always made him think of the blue waves and golden sands of his far-off home. Yes! he loved her dearly, but for all that he was very lonely, and sometimes as he looked into her eyes that seemed to gaze so far away, he thought she must be lonely too—for, like him, she was the only one. No other childish figure played about the old-fashioned garden, and no child voice answered the clear treble of her own as she sang scraps of the songs taught her by the mother who, dying, had left her to the care of the gentle-faced old lady dressed in black, whom the little seagull saw every evening—just before he went to bed—sitting on the verandah, watching the sunset while she stroked with a withered hand her grand-daughter's golden head as it rested against her knee.

He was sure the child must be lonely, she was so young, and the other was so old, besides the grandmother had grown-up son

and daughters of her own, some of whom still lived in the old house with her; but the child had no one to join in her games with Max the great St. Bernard pup, or share the sweet fancies of her childish imagination, as, tired with his gambols, she would throw herself on the grass to gaze over the wide-spreading paddocks to the far off hills, beyond which, the seagull knew, the great sea lay in its deep, dark beauty, like some grand thought, the depth whereof cannot be sounded, save by the thinker alone.

Time passed, and the golden hair grew longer, and the little figure threw a larger shadow on the path in the hot summer days as she and the old woman, late in the afternoons, walked round and round the lawn, where the seagull stood and watched them.

It had been a terribly hot summer, and the child had drooped and grown so pale and thin that her grandmother took her to a little cottage on the coast in hopes that the fresh sea breezes would bring back the faint pink, so like the color of the delicate shells, to her cheeks. They took the little seagull with them, for the child said she was sure he must long for a breath of his native air; and though she was warned that he would surely fly away and join the other gulls that covered the rocks below where the cottage stood, she still persisted in leaving him free.

For a little while he only took short flights across the beach to dip his wings in the rolling waves, always returning to where she stood waiting for him. But one day late in the afternoon as she knelt at an open window with the seagull in her arms, there flew past them a beautiful white bird whose wings were still wet with the salt sea spray. And the white bird looked upon the little seagull with tender luring glance, singing, "Come, come, with me and I will show thee a free fair home on a distant cliff where the waves dash the sparkling spray, and the salt air gives us life."

For a moment he nestled yet closer to her breast, and through her yellow tresses that fell over him looked up into the eyes of the child. As in those deep blue eyes he saw reflected the depths of the great mysterious sea, his wings grew strong with desire to flee away across its restless waves and learn the secrets of the surf thundering on some far off shore. "Come, come, and I will show thee all," sang the bird, and the seagull spreading his wings they were soon two white specks on the darkling sea, while the child turned to weep in her grandmother's arms.

And the stranger bird! What did she teach him? Much, that in that quiet inland home he would never have known; and though for a time he revelled in the free ocean life among the wild sea birds that flocked in myriads about the great bare rocks and dotted with white the shell strewn sands, there was not one for whom he cared as for that golden haired child with eyes that had long ago whispered to him of all this wild sea life when far away from it among the flowers that grew in the garden round her home.

Those dreams of his were so fair in the dreaming, he thought only the reality could be fairer; but something was wanting and he knew not what it was.

The child had always seemed to understand him, and when he felt sad and lonely her soft hand touching his white feathers brought consolation that not even the beautiful stranger who had lured him from her could give; for in spite of his free untamed life, in spite of new bird-joys he had never known before, the seagull often felt sad and lonely, for of all that world of birds he was the only one who knew something of another life than this life of the wing, and in that knowledge he was alone. His companions cared nothing about the child dwelling on the other side of the hills, and seldom stopped to listen if he told of the time when, as a little captive bird, from the depths of her blue eyes the memory of his parent home grew with the strength of the feathers in his

wing, and though at last those wings themselves bore him away from her and his young bird-dreams, his heart still longed for the comfort of her gentle presence and the touch of her tender hand. He loved his wild bird life by the rolling waves. He loved his beautiful mate. Yes! and yet he longed again for the child.

Years passed. Day after day the sun rose and set upon the heaving billows, and the pale moon waned ere it returned each month to lighten the dark waters with its silver glory.

One evening, as the daylight dying in amber and gold across the sea blushed rosily at the sun's last kiss, the seagull saw walking upon the beach a young man and a girl. Something in the gleam of the golden hair underneath her straw hat made him fly nearer. Fluttering above her he looked into her face and knew it was the child. For though the face was that of a woman now, the old child-spirit was in her eyes and the haunting beauty of their blue depths was still the same.

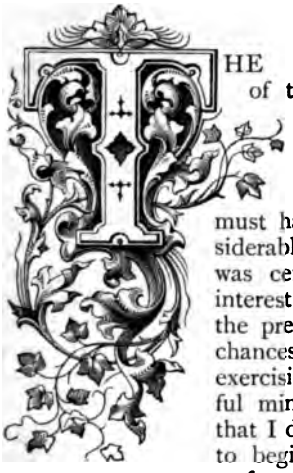
The strange cry of the bird as he recognised his mistress of former days awoke no echo in her heart. She thought him but one of the many gulls and seabirds that inhabited the surrounding rocks, and though she wondered a little at the temerity of this one in approaching so close she gave no further heed to his presence, and turned with her husband to climb the hill to the cottage on the cliff.

Ah! how forlorn he felt! Alone on the beach while the seabirds flew wheeling across the water to their nests in the rocks! He could not follow them—his home in the cleft of the huge headland standing out in the twilight against the darkening sky had lost its charm to him, and his mate waited in vain for his coming. A half-veiled moon rose slowly on the grey horizon and the night winds came moaning over the sea to blow chilly upon the desolate bird. Then as the rain began to fall the seagull saw through the cold and the mist the blue eyes of the child of long ago, and heard as in a dream her voice calling to him across the sands. Spent with weariness and the bitterness of the dreary night, on feeble wings he flew up to the window of the cottage from whence a bright light shone. Inside, husband and wife poring over a book that rested upon his knee heard no sound but the sound of the pouring rain and the moaning of the wind. But presently the girl raised her head to listen. Surely something more than the rain beat against the window, and leaving their book together they opened it and looked out. Fluttering feebly with wet drooping wings, a dying bird flew into her arms, and nestling against her breast, looked with a mute appeal into her eyes. Drenched with rain his dripping feathers soaked her thin white dress, but she shook her head as her husband would have taken the bird from her.

"He reminds me of a little seagull I had when I was a child," she said as she kissed him, touching his feathers, as of old, with a gentle pitying hand. And communing once again with the blue mystery of her eyes, the seagull felt that in dying he was not alone.

THE CHURCH AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY H. L. JACKSON, M.A.



THE October number of this magazine contained an article on "Artisan-Scepticism and Empty Churches," which must have attracted considerable attention, which was certainly read with interest and care by the present writer. The chances that it is still exercising many thoughtful minds are so great that I deem it expedient to begin a paper which professes to treat of "The Church and Modern Thought," with a personal explanation. Its very title may give rise to a misapprehension of its purpose. It may possibly be regarded as a reply to the weighty, if somewhat rhetorical passages in which the failure of the Church to reach and to influence "the masses" was described by Mr. Hebblewhite.

I would have it clearly understood that it is not my intention to enter the lists with Mr. Hebblewhite, or to combat any of his assertions. Some are, I think, unfounded; others again, seem based on misconceptions; it must at the same time be admitted that many of his remarks are nothing short of true. If he will allow me to say so, he deserves (and so indeed does every one who frankly and courteously states his convictions on matters of such importance) the hearty thanks of all who repudiate the policy, too often adopted, of contentedly ignoring facts. He has forced his readers to realise a state of things which some of them may never have realised before, and thus far at any rate he has done good work. But I repeat that the following pages are in no way intended as a rejoinder to his paper; they were substantially in existence before the magazine which contained it came into my hands.

I am to say something about "The Church and Modern Thought," and in order to clear the way I must try to answer two questions: What do we understand by "The Church?" And "Modern Thought"—what do we mean by it? The former question will occupy us for some time; our consideration of the latter may for the present be postponed.

What then are we to understand by "The Church?" There is of course the notion—a pretty general notion—that "The Church" is identical with the clergy; I mention it only to dismiss it as a false notion. Far better is that definition which makes it consist of the Laity *plus* the Clergy. But again, Arnold Toynbee (Schöne Seele), has spoken of it as "the organised expression of the Spirit of God working through the whole people," and I would make his words my own. It does not, however, surprise me when I find in existing organisations much that speaks of imperfection; there is the thought that the Spirit of God works slowly, gradually. "We are disposed to say the true Church is not yet come."

But still no definition which exactly suits the present purpose. It is by no means easy to suggest such a definition; the difficulty would to my thinking vanish, were I writing within that State Church which is still to me a home. In that case I should say again with Arnold Toynbee, that the Church is "the State in its spiritual aspect." Shall we say out here that the Church is an institution which exists for promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind? The definition doesn't satisfy me, but for want of a better I let it stand.

The function of this institution being then to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind—for the sake of clearness, say the welfare of a nation or people—there will naturally be some sort of organisation. In other words the Church will have its officers, its forms of worship, its standards. There is such organisation. Putting aside denominational differences as likely to confuse, we may say at once that a ministry, worship, creeds, are actually there.

Here there meets us a very important consideration. It being conceded that the Church's function is to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of a people, we must go on to say that such function will be unfulfilled unless there be an organisation adequate in all its details to the work which has to be done. And further. Assuming that at some given time the Church's organisation

was adequate to the particular needs and circumstances of that time, we must not therefore assume that it will be just as adequate at another and a later time. The possibility is that it will be no longer adequate.

Now I am bold enough to affirm that there are certain well-defined periods at which the Church's organisation was fairly adequate; when it satisfied, on the whole, the particular needs of those periods. We find this, in fact, recognised by leading historians. It is readily admitted by some who regard the Church, its teaching and action, with no friendly eye. Alluding to a creed which inspired Luther, Cromwell and Milton, Mr. S. Laing writes thus in "Modern Science and Modern Thought":—"Although responsible for a good deal of persecution and fanaticism, it must always be spoken of with respect as a creed which has had a powerful effect in raising men's minds from lower to higher things, and has, on the whole, done good work in its time." I would say precisely the same thing myself, neither less nor more.

But however interesting it may be to recall memories of the past, our business lies with the present. The question for us is not whether the organisation of the Church was adequate in days gone by, but whether it be in respect to all its details adequate now—adequate to present needs. Is it in every way capable of promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of the men and women of the nineteenth century, or is it not? Is their moral and spiritual welfare being promoted by it at all?

To this last question we may safely answer yes. My readers will very quickly see that I am alive to those features of modern life which Mr. Hebblewhite has so graphically depicted, but there seems to me no ground for denying that the Church is doing a certain amount of good. Sufficient evidence at any rate to make me say without hesitation that the Church is very far from being altogether useless.

This is, however, an answer to one of the three questions proposed in the above paragraph, and to one only. Two others remain to be dealt with, and it is not my intention to shirk either. They demand an honest, straightforward, thoughtful answer. To the best of my ability they shall have it.

My answer to both is in the negative. Speaking as one who has given some little thought to these matters, I can only state my conviction that the Church's organisation is by no means adequate to present needs. Bishops and Church dignitaries and ecclesiastically-minded laymen may talk glibly of the rapid strides which the Church is making; it only makes me regret that the mutual-admiration-society tone is so generally adopted where there ought to be heard tones significant of more and deeper reflection. For my own part I cannot see that the Church's function of promoting the moral and religious welfare of the people is being adequately fulfilled among us. I go further: I am quite sure that it is being fulfilled most inadequately.

Upon what grounds do I base these convictions which are such very strong convictions? In attempting to answer this question it were, perhaps, wiser to confine myself in the main to matters which come more particularly within the range of personal experience as a member of the Established Church of England. I shall therefore speak almost exclusively of that branch of the Church which is known as the Anglican Communion. My remarks will have special reference to its position and condition in the place where I am at present living; if it be necessary to offer some excuse for adopting such a course it may almost be said that Mr. Hebblewhite has furnished me with a precedent. No one can read his paper without feeling that the Church of England was prominently in his thoughts as he penned it. I proceed however to give my reply in detail.

To speak first of the attendance at public worship. Were I to say that the churches are empty I should be over-stating the case; it is no over-statement to say that they are, many of them, far from being full churches. Special attractions of one kind or another may occasionally draw crowds, but the normal state of things is quite different. The male element in the congregation is generally in the minority. An idea of conventionality is not infrequently suggested by the "respectable" church-goer. Go where one will, there are plenty of vacant seats. We look for the members of what are termed the working classes, and we often look in vain.

I notice, in the second place, the extreme difficulty which exists, in many places, in raising the necessary funds. There is frequently the painful struggle to make both ends meet, the result being that the purely commercial element becomes predominant. Moral and spiritual influences are lost sight of as the working expenses exceed the receipts—as the aim becomes that of "running the Church" so that it will "pay." The end is often held to sanctify the means; the methods adopted are not always of the most savory kind.

Again. The persons who take a practical interest in what is known as "Church Work," are few in number, and they not always characterised by, to mention one point only, the highest intellectual powers. Some wretched ritual dispute may lead to large and noisy gatherings; the attendance at meetings connected with the weightier matters of Christian duty is but scanty. Nor can I help remarking that the standard of morality which obtains in so-called "religious circles" is—to put it mildly—hardly superior, in every case, to that which obtains outside.

Once more. It may not, I think, be said of the clergy that they are, as a body, distinguished for much else than zeal and piety. In point of education and intellectual power there is much to be desired. Some scholarly and thoughtful men there are among them, but of those who can rise to really great questions how few! Popular preachers and devoted parish priests there are, no doubt; are there any who may be regarded as leaders of thought? I fear not many, the list of names would be but small.

This may, in part, explain another feature which is, I think, noticeable. The clergyman is accepted, tolerated, sometimes petted; he is hardly respected. His opinion on any given subject may be a perfectly sound opinion; the fact that it is the opinion of a clergyman is often deemed sufficient reason for distrusting it. He finds himself regarded as though he belonged to a third sex. He may be thought capable of acting as a "spiritual director to women and children," hard-headed men prefer other counsellors.

Such, then, are some of the features which here force themselves upon our notice, and which lead me to believe that the Church's function is being inadequately fulfilled and its organisation defective. Other features, features quite as unpleasant, might be mentioned, but these will be enough for the present purpose. How are they to be explained?

One or two points to notice first. I am not surprised to find one feature, that to which Mr. Hebblewhite has called attention. It would, to my mind, be nothing short of a stupendous miracle were we able to say that the Church had, in the comparatively short period of eighteen hundred and odd years, completely accomplished the work of bringing "the masses" to a recognition of that which constitutes their highest moral and spiritual welfare. While I deplore the fact that the Church has done but little, I must also refuse to expect evidences of any vast improvement at this comparatively early stage. "If it has taken man centuries to win liberty, how many more centuries must pass away before he learns the right use of liberty!" These words have a present application. To put it briefly; the time when the Church shall have succeeded in doing its work thoroughly is a time which lies in the far distance. Meanwhile the Church's duty is to go on working; working vigorously *and working rationally*. It won't do to forget that each age "hath new needs."

This with regard to the state of affairs in England. Remember that the Church at home has all the advantages of tradition; for long centuries it has been part of the national life, and its influence great accordingly. In spite of these favorable circumstances its work is very far indeed from being accomplished. I have said that it does not surprise me to find that such is the case; it surprises me still less to find that signs of the Church's success are few and far between in the colonies. The traditional hold upon the people is wanting. And besides. The characteristic features of a young country are such as to make the Church's work more difficult. Youth and thoughtlessness go hand in hand. Maturer years must come before frivolity and fickleness give place to seriousness and fixity of purpose. Life under comparatively easy conditions is pretty certain to be a gay and a careless life; stern, sharp discipline is ever needed to mould and to toughen the national character. At the same time there are some grounds for encouragement. There are more than the beginnings of an intellectual life, there are evidences of its growth. But as for the spiritual life! we look for traces of it—as yet they are very few. There is a painful apathy, an apathy which leads me often to think of the well-known lines in Faust:—

> Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen:
> Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt.

That an awakening will come I don't doubt; there is already promise of its coming. At present I can only repeat that it does not surprise me to find here but little evidence of the Church's progress.

Another point deserves notice. There is the difficulty so constantly experienced of getting "lay helpers" of the right sort, and in sufficient numbers, to take part in Church work in its various branches. We must remember, however, that there is an enormous amount of "Church work" being done to-day outside the purely ecclesiastical organisations. The *parish* library and the *parish* concert and the *parish* alms are thus no longer the necessaries they were in earlier days; the work they involved upon the clergyman has been

taken up largely by other hands—the hands not of amateurs, but of those who may be called professionals. It is, probably, being done a great deal better, and the Church has cause to be thankful. But this does not, of course, explain everything.

The question of an Establishment will be entered into later on, but that feature which relates to the qualifications, position, influence of the clergy, suggests a passing reference. The voluntary system will never induce a supply of other than "tame Levites;" it cramps, it paralyses, anything in the shape of independent thought. And again. Speaking as an English Liberal and Broad Churchman who owes much to the teaching of Arnold and Stanley, I would give one reason here for my decided preference for a State Church. Dismissing all thought of any social advantage which may be enjoyed by an Established Clergy as not worth spending time over, I would emphasise the fact that they are brought perforce into contact with all that is bound up in the national life—their connection with the State is a safeguard against that narrowness and tendency to the pettifogging which may be noticed in voluntary organisations of a purely ecclesiastical nature. Let it be enough to say on this point that the views of Mr. Matthew Arnold in his preface to "Culture and Anarchy," and of Professor Seeley in his essay on "The Church as a Teacher of Morality," are, in the main, my views. And if I be charged with "the Erastian heresy," such charge will not cause me much distress of mind; I shall find myself in the inspiring company of the greatest and the noblest Dean of Westminster.

But, turning aside from these matters, I am at once confronted with other and deeper questions. Some of those features to which allusion has just been made may, possibly, be accounted for by the foregoing considerations. There remain others. And, putting them all together, they are evidence (to those, at least, who do not care, ostrich-like, to bury their heads in the sand) of a disposition to stand aloof from the Church and its affairs, to take up positions which, if not actively hostile, are, at any rate, negative. Whence comes this disposition? This question brings us to the subject of "Modern Thought."

What do I mean by the phrase; mean by it, that is, for the purpose of the present paper? We find it often used to cover a multitude of sins. The empty-headed youth—guiltless of anything in the shape of earnest study and reflection, and ignorant of life's deep problems—picks up a few catch sentences, and parades his shallow infidelity under the high-sounding style of "Modern Thought." To others it serves as a convenient excuse for an indifference which has its root in sheer materialism, but such as these need hardly claim our attention. There are, again, the attacks which are levelled against the Church from the so-called "Freethought" platform, attacks too often characterised by a superabundance of coarseness and profanity. I do not, however, intend to concern myself greatly with "Modern Thought" in this guise; it may be enough to remind ourselves of one of Pascal's pregnant sayings, "Where there is need to employ a little raillery, the spirit of piety will take care to employ it against error only, and not against things holy; whereas the spirit of buffoonery, impiety, and heresy, mocks at all that is most sacred."

No. My subject connects itself with "Modern Thought" of a very different kind, and of a far higher and nobler form. There is, to my mind, a marked resemblance between the age in which we are now living and the opening years of the sixteenth century. It is impossible to read that masterly chapter in which Mr. J. R. Green speaks of the rise of the New Learning without noticing the resemblance. Again the world is passing through "momentous changes." Fresh discoveries are being made in the region of physical science. The slumbering intelligence of the people is, again, being "quickened into a strange curiosity," and the "narrowness and limitation" of, say fifty years ago, is being broken up. The spread of education has been attended by a more than corresponding spread of literature, and men are reading and thinking for themselves. And as it was then, so it is now. The old faiths have been rudely shaken, and men are seen testing and examining before believing. The days of simple and unquestioning faith are gone, there are signs of unrest everywhere:—

> Die Welt war damals noch so wöhnlich,
> Und ruhig lebten hin die Leut'.
>
> Doch jetzt is Alles wie verschoben,
> Das ist ein Drängen, eine Noth!
> Gestorben ist der Herrgott oben
> Und unten ist der Teufel todt.

We would not wish those peaceful, but stagnant, days back again. Restless and sad as, in many respects, our day is, there is abundance promise of a bright future. Like Arnold, we may "feel confident that every time Truth is purged with a careful and loving hand from the defilements wherewith the exhalations of the world are continually

crusting her over, her form and features will come out in greater glory and beauty." It is being purged even now.

Meanwhile, we notice this: There are numbers to whom the voice of the Church speaks in an almost foreign language; there are also many thoughtful, earnest, deeply religious minds who find themselves drifting further and further away from what they hold to be the Church's teaching. Not only do they find strange contradictions between the Church's theory and practice; they find in the Church itself that which will not harmonise with the New Learning of the present day. They are not confined to any one particular class of society. Sometimes they are to be found within the Church's ranks, more frequently outside. Their attitude may serve to illustrate what I mean by "Modern Thought," and in this Modern Thought I find one reason for many of those very unsatisfactory features which have been already mentioned.

Mr. Hebblewhite has spoken somewhat scornfully of the reluctance or inability of "the Church" (he evidently means the clergy) to rise above matters of detail and to grapple with questions which are really vital questions; he illustrates by reference to the Congress held in Sydney early in the present year. This is very far from being the case in England; his remarks were mainly devoted, apparently, to the state of things in the Colonies, and he is, in my humble opinion, not so very far wrong. He may, perhaps, be interested to hear that there was at least one clergyman at that Congress who did not shrink from expressing an opinion almost identical with his own, an opinion formed after some four years experience of colonial life. May I be pardoned for repeating a passage from a paper read by me on that occasion: "It is my firm conviction that the clergy, as a body, know next to nothing of the thoughts which are working in the minds of many thoughtful men and women," (not only of those who stand outside the Church while characterised by the *mens naturaliter Christiana*, but of those) "who regular in their attendance at the public services, would shrink from giving their formal assent and consent to every single statement in the Book of Common Prayer. For one reason or another, the clergyman is the last person in the world to whom they open their hearts." Practically the same thing was said by the Bishop-elect of Christchurch, Archdeacon Julius:—"Not a few of the clergy know more of the Jews in Babylon than they do of the Gentiles under their nose." The conclusion is forced upon me over and over again, now in one way and now in another. The atmosphere of a purely ecclesiastical gathering is stifling; one looks for breadth of thought and finds stagnation. Review the proceedings of those Synods in which there are two laymen for every clergyman, and there must come feelings of disappointment if not disgust; there is the constant tinkering up of "ordinances," sometimes frantic excitement over a piece of carving or ecclesiastical millinery in its various shades and patterns; attempts to deal with the really great questions how rarely! The mint, the anise, and the cummin are duly tithed—so far so good, but there are other and weightier matters demanding an attention which they seldom get. "This ought ye to have done, but not to leave the other undone." And even on those rare occasions when really great questions are touched, they are touched but gingerly; the discussion hardly ever gets below the surface, and the decisions arrived at are too often the decisions of "nerveless, anxious minds." The voice of the purely ecclesiastical assemblage may make itself heard, and sometimes heard noisily, on questions of moral and social importance, but frequently in such a way that "it is hardly listened to by men of the world except on the ground that Anility and Puerility after all are forces, and might do untold mischief if they were needlessly provoked."

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. Now and again one comes across clergymen of a more reflective sort, laymen (as much a part of the Church as the clergy) with higher aims and desirous of nobler work; here and there there are the true prophets. But in the ecclesiastical gathering they are in the minority; they are well nigh swamped by a more or less "Philistine" majority. Nor need we hope for any marked improvement; Philistinism will ever characterise the purely ecclesiastical institution. It is the price we must be prepared to pay for having (as we were told recently) "succeeded in uprooting the Upas tree of Union between Church and State." A "noble example," truly; will the mother-country follow it? *Di Meliora*! The results here have been scarcely encouraging, the position is scarcely a pleasant position. "The freedom of the Churches" has given us the narrowness of the sects.

But to get back to our subject. There is the growing tendency to stand aloof from the Church and its affairs, the scanty attendance at public worship, the painfully small number of "lay helpers" of the better sort, the difficulty (conspicuous here, while, at present, little felt at home) of recruiting the ranks of

the clergy from the better educated and more highly intellectual classes; features which strike the eye of every close observer. They may be—they, doubtless, are—capable of several explanations: to find one such explanation we need not go far. It is at once suggested by the phrase "Modern Thought." Modern Thought, which again is reaching out in all directions, which has found fresh fields of knowledge, which is busily questioning and criticising, which does not hesitate to deny when there appears good grounds on which to base a denial. The absolute truth of old convictions is no longer taken for granted, "the idoloclast" is "demolishing the reigning idols," but he is not always characterised by mere destructiveness; not a few are "animated with a reverent love for the ideas which those idols carnalise and stifle." But the earnest truthseeker often finds himself obliged, or thinks himself obliged, to stand alone. Many who are characterised by that "real religiousness" which, too often, unfortunately, "does not pass with the religious world for religiousness at all," are taking up attitudes of active or passive resistance to what they hold to be the Church's teaching. In a word, a great revolution is going on among us; a revolution—not only in matters political and social, but also in matters connected with religious thought.

Again I find myself touching upon the question of an Establishment. Without here (or indeed elsewhere in the present paper) expressing any opinion as to the particular form of religion a particular State should adopt, I would allude to another point which may serve to shew that an Establishment is not without its value. It is, I think, an undeniable fact that many who shrink from identifying themselves with a voluntary ecclesiastical institution, may find (and do find) a congenial home within a State Church; may do good work as members of it. There is no small difference between remaining where one is by right, and a deliberate act of association. The latter is not without its difficulties; they may be very grave difficulties. Some of those difficulties I have been made to realise myself since I left England; they are not, all of them, difficulties which have gone.

In speaking of those who for reasons above stated are occupying a negative position, the following words were used: "What they hold to be the Church's teaching." Those words were used for a purpose. They were made necessary by certain expressions which I come across, either in conversations or in the course of reading, which I have heard used *on public* platforms. To speak plainly, I cannot help thinking that the Church's teaching, and that which is sometimes *held to be* the Church's teaching, are two very different things. It may be well to illustrate.

Not unfrequently do we come across instances of deliberate misquotation. "The Church," say some, "bids people stick where they are; the idea that they should rise is contrary to its first principles; look at the words in the Church Catechism:—you are just to do your duty in that state of life into which it *has* pleased God to call you!" Need I remark that the Catechism says nothing of the kind. If people choose to place "has" where the Catechism says "shall," they only display thereby their own ignorance.

But instances of misquotation need not detain us longer. We are, I think, justified in saying that critics who allow themselves to be guilty of such gross carelessness and inaccuracy are hardly worth attention; it were kind, perhaps, to suggest to them a little careful enquiry as a preliminary to the next oration. I turn to other illustrations.

"The Church," it is said, "would have us regard the Bible as an infallible book, its every command as binding now as in the days when it was first issued, its every statement scientifically correct and literally true, its every syllable equally inspired."

Now to say that this view of the Bible is part of the popular theology, that it is part of the teaching which may be heard from many pulpits, is to say that which is, beyond all question, perfectly correct. Whether, however, it be the Church's view of the Bible is quite another matter. For my own part I say unhesitatingly that it is not. Were I to attempt a statement of the Church's view of the Bible I should be travelling outside the scope of the present paper; it would be doing the same thing were I here to volunteer a statement of my own opinions. All I would say is this, it is hardly fair, it is somewhat rash, to judge the Church's teaching by the teaching of the rank and file. It were, I think, wiser to go by the opinions of its foremost scholars (lay and cleric), its thoroughly representative men.

Again, and to speak more briefly. There is the Doctrine of the Atonement. Here again there is need of discrimination. It is equally rash to form a judgment based solely on the popular theology. No wise man will form his opinion by those presentations of this, and other, doctrines which emanate from the unlearned and the ignorant—those statements which, possibly, run counter to the first principles of morality. The Church's teaching is not to be confounded with that teaching,

it must be looked for in other and higher quarters.

It were easy to go on illustrating, but I forbear to do so. The fact is that I find myself here confronted by a question suggested, not only by the two illustrations which have just been given, but by every illustration of a similar kind. An important point is raised, and we must consider it without delay.

I have said above that the Church's teaching is to be found, not in the popular theology, but in the works of its leading scholars and theologians; also that the teaching of these latter may be found very different to what is often *held to be* the Church's teaching. And having said this I can imagine myself at once met by the following objections. It will probably be urged that, so long as the Church's formularies remain as they are, the opinions of its representative men are, after all, only the opinions of individuals. As such they must count for nothing, although they may be, in themselves, scholarly, liberal and rational. It may be urged further that, in so far as they appear at variance with the Church's formularies, they are scarcely *justifiable* opinions. Those who maintain them may, perhaps, be charged with evasion, disingenuousness, dishonesty. It will be said, "is not the Church's position very clearly stated in the Articles and Canons, do we not find its teaching laid down in black and white in the Book of Common Prayer? Must not these things be regarded as binding?"

Here we stand face to face with a difficulty which is keenly felt by many. It hinders some from assisting in Church work and from taking any part in public worship; from taking any step, in fact, which—implying their literal acceptance of the Church's formularies—might place them in a false position. It occurs to young and thoughtful minds, with the result that many who might do good service as the Church's ministers, find themselves turning, perhaps reluctantly, to other professions. It gives us the reason why some who once were loyal churchmen are now seen standing aloof; they have found themselves on the horns of a dilemma. There appear to them but two alternatives, acceptance of, or dissent from, the Church's formularies. Dissent is painful, acceptance by no means easy. Hence the difficulty.

Is it a real difficulty? There is no doubt whatever that it was a very real difficulty once, or to speak more accurately, that it would be a very real difficulty were the position to-day same as it was, say five-and-twenty years ago. Were the tests at that time prescribed by law still in force the would-be candidate for the Ministry might find himself beset with grave scruples. I, for one, could never have taken orders. I could not subscribe as then required to subscribe. to "*all and every*" the XXXIX Articles. I could not declare my "*unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book intituled the Book of Common Prayer, etc.*" But no such stringent form of subscription is required at the present time. It was abolished by Act of Parliament in 1865, and a simple declaration of general assent has since replaced it. Whether such a remnant of subscription be worth keeping "depends simply on the question whether it keeps a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry." I should like to see it swept away by Parliament; it need not, however, be a cause of difficulty to the most conscientious mind.

The clergy enjoy freedom. Not less free are the laity. The difficulty of which I have just been speaking vanishes as one examines and begins to realise the position. Enough to enter into the spirit which breathes in all the Church's formularies. Of that spirit they are but the embodiments, the shell. There is no need to be in bondage to the letter.

In an earlier portion of this paper there came the frank admission that the Church's function of promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of the people was being fulfilled inadequately, and that its organisation was, in many respects, inadequate to present needs. The relaxation of tests and subscriptions above spoken of, is, to my mind, a practical recognition that what I have myself admitted is, in the main, true. The State Church of England has, in effect, confessed that "its system is full of survivals, its text-books have been left too long without revision, its teaching is so archaic as to be in great part scarcely intelligible without the aid of "ancient history." It has, at any rate, admitted that this is a period of transition. And confession means one step taken in the direction of amendment. Amendment may not be far off, may come, perhaps, sooner than we think. True amendment: amendment effected by the Parliament of the Realm in that Church which is "the State in its spiritual aspect." I should be terribly afraid of any alterations which might be brought about by a voluntary ecclesiastical institution; they might be disastrous in their results. There would be a tendency in the direction of narrowness.

But the word amendment is a rather vague word. Used in the above connection it

merely suggests the idea that certain changes are to take place which will render the Church's organisation more adequate to present needs; it leaves the nature of such changes undetermined. It will not do to incur unnecessarily the charge of vagueness, and I therefore proceed at once to details. If I confine myself to a few points only, it is not because I fail to realise the importance of the many others.

The following words are from the pen of Professor Robertson Smith:—"True religion can never be the affair of the individual alone. A right religious relation to God must include a relation to our fellow men in God, and solitary acts of devotion can never satisfy the wants of healthy, spiritual life, which calls for a visible expression of the fact that we worship God together in the common faith which binds us into a religious community. The necessity for acts of public and united worship is instinctively felt wherever religion has a social influence." How true those words are! I quote them for a two-fold reason. They emphasise the need of common worship. They recognise the necessity for a common faith.

Now common worship pre-supposes the existence of some form of worship which commends itself to all. To say this is very far from asserting that there must be absolute uniformity, absolute perfection; so long as there are various classes of minds, higher and lower orders of intelligences to be provided for, so long will it be impossible to satisfy all alike. Some must remain (if I may make the distinction) unsatisfied—not dissatisfied. And again, how powerless is human language to express the infinite.

And a common faith assumes the existence of some symbol of belief. There are those who deny the necessity for any Creed at all; I cannot. The more I think the matter over, the more fully persuaded do I become that abstractions can never satisfy, that there is need of something in a concrete form. There must be a Creed. It must be a Creed so simple as to be within the grasp of all. It must give expression to man's highest thought. There must be nothing in it which is calculated to repel. So far as possible it must be a Creed to satisfy. If some are still unsatisfied, none must be dissatisfied.

What shall we say about the formularies of the Church of England—its forms of public worship, its creeds? They satisfied at one time; members there are whom they still satisfy, who find in them all they need. But can it be said that they are in every way adequate to satisfy the many who ought to be satisfied? Modern Thought, in its highest and noblest forms, seems on the whole to answer that they are not.

But Modern Thought may, of course, be quite wrong. Perhaps it is. There are however some grounds for the belief that the answer it gives may contain not a few elements of truth. For notice this: The Modern Thought of to-day is but saying the same thing that the Modern Thought of the sixteenth century said then. Had it been quite wrong then there would hardly have followed the Reformation. Shall we say that what that Reformation accomplished was sufficient for all time? It were truer to say that what it accomplished was sufficient for its age. Three centuries have rolled away since then; may not the time have come for another Reformation?

It was remarked of Robertson of Brighton that he made men feel the life which runs through the doctrinal portions of the Prayer Book. To put it in somewhat different words, he drew out the spirit which breathes in the old formularies, and made it live in the hearts of his hearers. He did a work which needed doing. Far be it from me to say that his work is without a present value. But like every true prophet, Robertson spoke in and for his own times, and his times are not our times. Great changes have taken place during those forty years which have passed away since he spoke out that portion of truth which he had received; the position is in many respects an altered position. Other work needs doing now, and other prophets will arise to do it. There is the "new wine" coming; well, there must be the "new wine-skins!"

But can we say that the "new wine" is as yet running clearly? To put aside metaphor, is our perception of new truth so clear that we may safely cast about for new embodiments? The old forms are there. Neither now nor at any future time may they be spoken of as "false forms;" they were once (and to many they still are) "the expression of true and fervid feeling." It is a question whether they are as fully that to-day as they ought to be; it won't do simply to let them go—not at any rate until they have been replaced by others. And if our perception of new truth be so clear that there is no longer need to suspend our judgment then the sooner the work of replacing them (where such replacement may be necessary) is taken in hand the better.

It may be that there are some who would be quite ready to let them go at once. I

cannot place myself among their number. Here and there we find others—solitary individuals working, each one on his own lines—who are endeavoring to fashion new systems. I cannot follow them. To do so were to cut myself adrift from the main current of the Church's thought and action. God forbid that we should use one harsh word about their efforts or themselves. It may be that they will be able to give us real help; their work will not be unfruitful if it serve only to shew the things to be avoided. But for my own part I am still content to suspend my judgment; to regard the old formularies as, under present circumstances, the best "expression of true and fervid feeling" which it is possible to have, and to wait patiently for a better. In the meantime I would take my place among those who "hate obstruction, finality and every sort of unnatural constraint;" who would do ample justice to the truths which may underlie the opinions of those from whom they differ; who turn their eyes to every quarter whence there comes promise of clearer light and fuller knowledge; whose ears are ever open to the manifold voices of God.

For as there were prophets in the olden times so there are prophets now. Sometimes the prophet is found among the clergy; more often perhaps he comes from among the laity. His sphere of action is a wide sphere. Physical scientist, politician, sociologist, economist, divine, are equally "striving for the light;" now one and now another comes forward with a message which may be, and often is, a voice of God. Modern Thought is busy in the search for truth, and there is not one single truth-seeker whom the Church can spare; not one for whom there should be no room within the Church's ranks. Only notice this: Amid the many voices there are some discordant notes.

I speak as one who is profoundly impressed with a sense of the limitation of his own knowledge, who shrinks from offering an opinion on subjects which lie, many of them, outside his own ken. It cannot, I think, be said, that there is perfect agreement among physical scientists. Politicians, inspired by the same motives, arrive at opposite conclusions. The aim of Mr. Henry George is a very noble aim. It is equally the aim of some who disapprove his methods. How lofty the thoughts which inspire the author of "Natural Religion!" Not less lofty are those which inspire England's great statesman-theologian, Mr. Gladstone. Pusey and Stanley were alike truth-seekers, and yet how different their line of action! The anonymous, although well-known author of "The Kernel and the Husk" has lately told us that a time may come "when a belief in miracles will be found so incompatible with the reverence which we ought to feel for the Supreme Order as almost to necessitate superstition, and to encourage immorality in the holder of the belief." The equally well-known Headmaster of Clifton is found on the other hand writing thus: "We must treat it as a historical certainty that Christ possessed, whether he exercised or not, extraordinary powers over the minds and bodies of men, and therefore to throw aside the miraculous parts of these (the Gospel) narratives, one and all, as of course incredible, and as 'children of mendacity,' is entirely unsound and unscientific criticism." But further instances of the divergences of thought which manifest themselves around us are unnecessary, it must be enough to say that there is abundant evidence that ours is a period of transition.

Assuming that such is the case, is it possible to ascertain the precise stage which has been already reached? For there are many stages. A stage which is marked by the flashing forth of fresh light. Criticism is followed by destructiveness. Then comes the reaching out in all directions to find something to replace that which may have passed away. At last comes reconstruction. So far as it is my power to determine it seems to me that the "Bahn-brecher" has, for the time being, nearly done his work; that we are slowly emerging from the stage of destructive criticism—poorer by the loss of old idols, richer by the sense of new needs. But whether it be the case or not that there has been a sufficient clearing away of that which, useful once, may have become mere lumber, there are good grounds for the belief that the constructive stage has yet to come.

If this be so, and I think it is, it would seem to me that any immediate attempt to give fresh expression to true and fervid feelings would be ill-advised—might be, indeed, mischievous in their results. The time for replacing existing forms of worship, creeds, and articles has not yet come, the chances are that it is not so very far distant. For the present I, for one, am content to wait patiently, to remain satisfied with that which I find to hand. At the same time I heartily re-echo the words of Mr. Newman Smyth:—"We would not, then, be understood to hold our creeds as perfect ecclesiastical fortifications, or even as complete statements of theological truth."

Shall I venture to indicate some of the things which must be aimed at whenever the

work of reconstruction shall be taken in hand? Perhaps one or two, not more. May it be a true humility, not a cowardly dread of facing difficulties, which leads me with respect to the deeper questions to remain silent.

There must be something more than the desire for comprehension, there must be the efforts to accomplish it. Speaking of my own country, there is need "to ponder the wants of all classes of the people, Nonconformists as well as Churchmen, and anxiously to consider the best means for including the whole nation within the National Church." "The State in its spiritual aspect" must be brought abreast with the times.

And here!—Well, I can only speak as a looker-on, and as "an Erastian heretic" into the bargain. I cannot hope much from "a religion provided by individual interests, which is liable to become what is popular at the moment, which accentuates and multiplies divisions, which perpetuates obsolete forms, and has no assurance of universality of teaching." It is, to my mind, the business of the State to see that the religious welfare of the people is not left to individual enterprise; if it be so left, then, sooner or later, State and Church must come in conflict; the tone of neither will be a healthy tone. The one will be irreligious, the other will become immoral. And it therefore seems to me the duty of every thoughtful man to rise above petty differences; to consider the practicability of founding an Australian Church.

It may be that I am only an idle dreamer. Sir Thomas More was regarded as such by many in his own day, but, as we read the "Utopia" we notice that some of the things he dreamt of have since come true. Perhaps there may come a day when his dream of a Universal Church may become realised.

But second: A distinctly national element must pervade the new formularies. "The Bible of every nation," said Carlyle, "is its own history," and his words contain a profound truth. I do not mean that we are to discard that grand old English Bible which helped to form the English language, which has inspired (and will inspire) the minds of generations; God forbid that we should do so. But there is no reason for refusing to trace the Divine hand in our own history; for refusing to recognise a continued inspiration. We shall recognise it by giving a place in our public worship to the poetry and prose literature of later days. The strains of the g English poets must be heard as well as songs of Israel's psalmists. The deeds great English statesmen and warriors mus recounted, and not those alone of Joshua Samuel and David. The voice of the g English prophets must sink into the hear the assembled worshippers as well as voice of seers of ancient times. They n be made to listen to the words of wis which have fallen from deep thinkers, only of past ages, but of the modern wo Every great national event must rec its due commemoration. And so shall t be more enthusiasm; there will be no of reality in that grand sentence which o falls to-day upon listless ears, "We h heard with our ears, O God, and our fat have told us, the noble works that T didst in their days, and in the old time be them."

But I must speak my closing words. has been said that in respect of its formul the Church's organisation is inadequat present needs. Leaving other points touched (and they are many) I have affir that the embodiments of the Church's teac and worship must be replaced, so soon as may be safely replaced, by other embodim embodiments which may more fully sa because they express more adequately higher thought of the age—because t language is more generally intellig to the people at large. And as I st the New Learning of this Nineteenth cen in its rise and progress, as I compare period with earlier periods, I cannot lose he I find every reason for encouragement hope. There are not wanting the s which tell us as plainly as they can that are on the eve of another Reformation.

That Reformation once accomplis what then? Why, the first steps will be ta in the direction of further progress. We not say that the new embodiments will alv retain their freshness; they, in their t will become obsolete—will cease to sat If they replace others now, they, themsel will one day have to be replaced by oth Each age "hath new needs"; each requires new helps. The helps will co but they will leave men still unsatisfied.

> Our little sytsems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

"'Swear the witness!' said the Magistrate as the book was placed in her right hand, 'and will she be pleased to remove her veil.'"

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XI.

"CATHARINE LAWFORD!" Thrice was her name called outside of the Court as by law directed. As the echo of the last summons died away, a tall woman closely veiled issued from a side door and walked composedly over to the witness box. Every eye was directed towards her; no sound was audible save some involuntary exclamation as the most sensational character of the *corps dramatique* appeared on the stage. Quietly and becomingly dressed, *bien ganteé* and in all respects accurately finished as to each personal detail, she moved forward with an air of haughty indifference to her surroundings, including the Court, prisoners and spectators. These last might have deemed that she was some interesting stranger, an eye-witness by chance of deeds concerning which she was compelled to testify.

"Swear the witness!" said the Magistrate as the book was placed in her right hand, "and will she be pleased to remove her veil."

Thus admonished the girl threw back her veil with a half petulant gesture, and touching the sacred book lightly with her lips, as the solemn formula was recited, gazed around the Court with an air of insouciance apparently as unstudied and natural as if she had come direct from Arcadia.

For one moment her clear grey eyes, unheeding every other creature in the crowd of

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spectators, rested on the two men in the dock. Those who knew her—and there were many such in the congregation—looked eagerly for some softened expression—some sign of regret, as might any woman wear beholding her lover and her brother in the place set apart for felons, who knew them to be charged with a serious offence, and liable to years of degrading imprisonment from which, perchance, a word from her lips might save one—might even alleviate their lot—so great is the sympathy felt for the power exercised by a handsome woman, even in the temple of justice.

Those who thus reasoned were doomed to disappointment. Her gaze passed coldly over her brother's lounging form and tranquil features, but when she encountered the stern interrogation which was written on the frowning brow and set lips of Lance Trevanion, she drew back for an instant and then slightly raising her head and drawing herself up, an action which displayed to perfection the symmetrical moulding of her figure, returned his regard with a glance as fierce and unfaltering as his own. For one moment only did the mental duel appear to last, for one moment was each antagonistic electric current propelled along the mutual course. Then with an impatient gesture, she turned half round and awaited the official questioning.

The oppressive silence which up to that moment had pervaded the Court ceased as by a broken spell, and comments were audible to those immediately around the speaker, more than one of which went as follows:

"She's going to swear up, you bet your life. Never saw a woman look like her that didn't. Sooner have her on my side than against me, that's all *I* know."

"Dayrell's been working a point to set her against him, that's where he'll score the odd trick, you'll see, observed his equally philosophic friend." "She's been dead nuts on that new chum, that's why she's thirsting for his blood now. I think I knows 'em."

"What is your name?" commenced the Sergeant, who in the preliminary examination was as the Police Officer in charge of the case permitted to officiate in Courts of Petty Sessions as Acting Crown Prosecutor. "Catharine Lawford!" This answer was given in a low but distinct voice. "You are the sister of Edward Lawford, one of the prisoners now before the Court; and you have been residing with him at Balooka, and recently at Growlers' Gully."

"Yes. We have all been living with him *since father died.*"

"Just so. And you know the other prisoner Launcelot Trevanion. Here the Sergeant feigned to examine his note-book, ostensibly to refresh his memory, but really in order to afford witness and prisoner opportunity to look at each other. Also that the Court, the spectators, the Magistrate, and lastly he, Francis Dayrell, might appreciate their mutual discomfort.

This mephistophelean design was set at naught by the self-possession of the witness, who after one glance brief as the jagged lightning and as scathing, answered deliberately—"Yes, I do know Lance Trevanion, *I know him well.*"

There was not much in this apparently harmless Saxon sentence, chiefly monosyllabic, but those who were close enough to hear the last words, thrilled for long days after as they recalled the concentrated venom with which they were saturated.

"When you say you know the prisoner, Trevanion, well," queried Dayrell, with an air of respectful interest, "you mean, I suppose, that he was a great friend of your brothers and of the family generally. Your brother Dan, your cousin Harry, and his sister Tessie. You are rather a large family, I believe—were all friendly towards him, as he to you?"

"Yes; very friendly; we all thought no end of him."

"Of course, of course; most natural on your part and his. He was often at your camp, at Growlers'. Used to play a game or two of cards sometimes with your brothers—a little euchre—eh?"

"Yes! I believe so."

"You believe so? Don't you know it, Miss Lawford? Were not the stakes rather heavy sometimes?"

"They may have been. I never played for money. The boys may have had a gamble now and then."

"Really, your worship," interposed Mr. England, "I can't see what these trivialities have to do with the case. The witness is an extremely prepossessing young woman—outwardly. We admit at once that she exercised a certain fascination over my client. Why shouldn't she? '*Nemo omnibus horis sapit, &c.*,' particularly on the diggings. But the Sergeant, apparently, will proceed to ask her if she ever sewed on a button for my client, and I appeal to your worship, if we are to sit here all day and listen to this mode of examination?"

"I must ask your worship's permission to conduct the case in my own way," returned the Sergeant. "I guarantee that these appa-

rently trivial details are of material importance to the case.'

"You may proceed, Sergeant Dayrell. I trust to you not to encumber the depositions with needless details."

"I shall bear in mind your worship's directions; and, now, Miss Lawford please to attend to me, and be careful in answering the next question." Here he fixed his eyes meaningly upon her countenance.

"You remember the evening of Monday, the 23rd of this month, when I saw you ride into your brothers' camp, at Balooka, in company with the prisoner Trevanion?"

"Yes, I do."

"Had he been with you and Ned at Balooka for some time previously?"

There was a pause after the Sergeant's measured and distinct words sounded through the court, and the witness trembled slightly when they first reached her ear. Then she raised her head, looked full at the two prisoners in the dock, and answered:

"Yes! he had."

As the words left her lips the face of Lance Trevanion worked like that of a man about to fall down in a fit. His eyes blazed with wrath and unrestrained passion. Wonder and scorn —anger and despair struggled together in every feature, as if in a stage of demoniac possession. Placing his strong hand upon the rail of the dock he shook the stout structure until it swayed and rattled again.

"You lie, traitress!" he said, in vibrating tones. "I never saw Balooka before that evening, and you know it. Your words—like yourself—are false as hell!"

"I submit, your worship, that the witness must be protected," Dayrell made haste to interpose. "If she is to be intimidated I cannot guarantee her most important evidence."

A curious phase of human nature—is it, well worthy of the attention of physiologists, but none the less known to those in the habit of attending criminal courts—that you may, with tolerable certainty, detect a man deliberately swearing falsely when giving evidence on oath. Villain as he may be—scoundrel of the deepest dye—even *he* does not altogether enjoy the sensation of, in cold blood, committing perjury before a crowd of comrades, every one of whom knows that he is foreswearing himself. Thus feeling, there is generally some token of uneasiness or shamefacedness by which the experienced magistrate or judge, and most certainly his friends and fellows, can perceive his perjury.

But strange and mysterious as it may seem, *it is not so* in the case of a female witness. She may be deposing to the truth of the most atrocious falsehood—to what the greater part of her hearers, as well as herself, *know to be false*—and not the quiver of an eyelid, not the tremor of a muscle reveals that she has called upon the Supreme Being to witness her deliberate betrayal of the truth. For all that can be discerned in the countenance—in her mien and manner she may be clinging to the truth with the constancy of a martyr.

There was a murmur in the court from more than one voice as Lance Trevanion's heart-felt exclamation burst forth. This being promptly suppressed, the magistrate, with a more sympathetic tone of voice than he had as yet used, "requested the prisoner not to injure his case by intemperate language. Possibly the outburst of conscious innocence the Bench admitted, but he would warn him, in his own interest, to reserve his defence till the evidence was completed." Lance apparently saw the force of his argument, for after one withering glance at the witness box, he bowed his head without speaking and resigned himself apparently to listen unmoved to all further statements.

"Did you—now consider carefully and *make no mistake*"—here the Sergeant fixed his eye sternly, even menacingly, upon the girl, who stood calm and resolved before him, "did you know of your own knowledge that the prisoner, Trevanion, met your brother Ned at the Swampy Plain tableland and assisted him to drive certain horses into the yard?"

The girl looked again across to the figures in the dock, neither of whom apparently saw her, as they, by accident or otherwise, had averted their faces. Then a mysterious darksome look of pride and revenge came over Kate Lawford's face as she coolly scrutinised them both, slowly she answered.

"Yes! I was at home when he and Ned came in from Swampy Plains with ten horses and put them into the yard."

"You swear that?"

"Yes," looking her interlocutor full in the face. "Yes, I swear that."

Her face as she pronounced the words grew fixed and more intense of expression. She changed color, then gasped for breath, staggered, and before any man near her was quick enough to intercept her swaying form, fell, as one dead, her full length upon the floor.

"The strain has been too great for her, she has fainted," said the Sergeant. "The witness is unable to bear further cross-examination at present. Your worship must see that. I pray for a remand of the

prisoners, and will undertake that the witness appears to-morrow at 10 o'clock and submits herself to the cross-examination.

"No doubt," said the Magistrate, "the position is most distressing, but I shouldn't have expected Miss Lawford to faint on any occasion. However, she is certainly not in a state to bear more of the witness box to-day. The prisoners stand remanded to to-morrow morning at 10 oclock."

The unwilling crowd gradually left the building, when much various comment arose as to the guilt or otherwise of the accused.

"Wait till England gets at that Kate Lawford," said a digger, he'll turn her inside out. I don't believe half of what she says. She's gone back on Trevanion for some reason or other, now she'd hang him if she could. That's a woman all over."

"Serve him right for havin' no more sense than to go runnin' after a bush filly like her instead of minding his business. It'll learn him better if he gets lagged over the job; it looks bad for him, now, don't it?"

"It's dashed hard lines I say," answered his mate, "that a fellow should get jugged just for a bit of foolishness-like, as none of us are above now and then. I'll never believe he knew that bay horse wasn't square, and it'll be a burning shame if he gets into it."

* * * * * *

The day and the hour arrived. Again the crowded court—friends, foes, strangers and acquaintances, all were there. Lance's friends from Growlers' mustered in force, Mr. Stirling, Jack Polwarth, Mrs. Polwarth and poor Tottie, who stretched forth her little hands with a piteous gesture and then burst into tears as she saw her friend Lance placed in the dock and shut in. The crowd was visibly affected by this little incident and more than one woman's tears flowed in unison with Mrs. Polwarth, who bent her head down and sobbed unrestrainedly. When Kate Lawford, pale but composed, appeared and took her place in the witness box a menacing murmur ran through the crowd, and sounds ominously like hisses made themselves audible. These were quickly repressed as Mr. England, stepping forward, commenced his cross-examination.

Fixing his eyes searchingly upon the girl's defiant face he thus began:

"You said, I think, in your examination in chief that you knew the prisoner, Trevanion, well."

"Yes; so I did."

"Now, when you say you knew him well do you mean us to believe that you were only ordinary friends and no more?"

"I mean what I said; we were very friendly — all the time we were at Growlers'."

"That's all very well, but I must have more. You know something of life, Miss Lawford, though you've lived in the bush all your days. Now didn't this unfortunate young gentleman make love to you?"

"Well, I suppose he did."

"And you returned it, or gave him to understand that you did?"

"I did like him very much. There was no reason why I shouldn't, was there?" Here Miss Kate looked coolly at the barrister, who, trained gladiator as he was, doubted whether he had ever had to deal with a keener antagonist.

"I am not here to answer questions," he said very gravely. "You are to reply to mine, as his worship will tell you."

"Then I am to understand that you and he considered yourselves sweethearts (as the familiar expression goes) when you were at Growlers'?"

"Yes, and afterwards."

"And you have had no quarrel or misunderstanding?"

"No; none at all."

"You wish his worship to believe that?" said the barrister in sterner tones. "To believe that you come here prepared to swear at the dictation of Sergeant Dayrell everything that he puts into your mouth which can tell against this unfortunate young man—your sweetheart, as you have admitted?"

"I don't care whether you believe it or not. It's the truth."

"And your feelings have not changed towards him? Will you swear that?"

The girl hesitated. Her face flushed, then paled, her bosom heaved. She placed her hand upon her heart as if to still its beatings.

"No!" she answered with a changed voice. "I won't swear that."

"Thank you, Miss Lawford. I will not trouble you with further questioning. That admission gives the key to the more important points of your evidence."

As the girl moved back from the witness box she was stopped by one of the constables and requested to sign her deposition. It was noticeable then that her hand trembled so that she could hardly hold the pen. She made this an excuse for requesting the clerk to write her name, to which she affixed her mark, as in such case made and provided.

The case for the Crown being closed, Mr. England proceeded to call the witnesses for the defence. The first name was that of Charles Stirling. He came forward with a firm, confident air tempered with respect to

the Court. Placed in the witness box his evidence was to this effect :—

"My name—Charles Stirling, manager of the Growlers' Gully branch of the Australian Joint Stock Bank. Have known the prisoner, Trevanion, intimately since his occupation of Number Six claim. Have a high opinion of him as a man of honor and a gentleman. Remember him purchasing the bay horse now proved to have been stolen from Mr. Jeffreys. Was consulted as to the purchase. Advised him then to be careful about Lawford's receipt and to satisfy himself from whom he (Lawford) had purchased the animal. Trevanion was unwilling to believe anything against the Lawford family, and was not a man to be guided by others. As far as he knew he was scrupulously upright and honorable. He (Stirling) was never so surprised at anything in his whole life as when he heard that Trevanion was in the hands of the police. There must be a mistake somewhere. Prisoner had a large balance to his credit in the Joint Stock Bank. There could be no motive for saving a paltry fifty pounds by purchasing a stolen horse. If it was sworn that Trevanion had been seen at Balooka on the 19th September or previously that statement was false as on that day he had been all the morning at the Joint Stock Bank disposing of a parcel of gold, seeing it weighed and the money placed to credit.

Cross-examined by Sergeant Dayrell: "He was as certain that Trevanion was at his bank at Growlers' on Thursday as that he himself was at Court now. Anyone who swore otherwise was deceived or else had reasons of their own for committing perjury. He did not intend to be other than respectful to the Court, but felt so strongly in this matter that he could scarcely control his words. Was not aware, of his own knowledge, that Trevanion was in the habit of gambling with the Lawfords for heavy stakes. May have heard something of the sort. Most of the young men at the diggings played a little; it afforded a relief to the monotony of their lives, and they (as far as he knew) never went very deeply into it. Was a friend—he might say a particular friend—of prisoner's. He and his mate, Mr. Polwarth, were customers of his bank. Neither had ever owed his bank money, they were always depositors."

John Polwarth, sworn: "Was mate and partner in 'Number Six, Growlers'' with Mr. Trevanion. Had known him in England. Came out in the same ship. Could swear that he never knew the horse 'Pendragon' was stolen. He was a gentleman, and couldn't steal a horse if he tried ever so hard; or buy a stolen one, knowingly. He had been with Mr. Trevanion at the bank all the morning of Thursday, 19th inst. Mr. Stirling was there, and a clerk."

"Was he sure it was him?"

"Was he sure the Judge was on the Bench now?

"How did he explain the fact of prisoner Trevanion being seen at Balooka on Wednesday 18th, and previously?"

"Only by believing it to be 'a straight lie,' or that the witness saw someone very like Trevanion."

"Very like Trevanion?"

"Very like."

The witness appeared to be recalling something in his mind.

"Ar hev it, noo, boys," quoth he, suddenly looking towards the Bench, "I humbly beg your worship's pardon, but this terrible business has put things out of my head like. I see how it's all come about. There was a chap aboard the 'Red Jacket,' about a year older than Mr. Trevanion, then, as like him as two peas. Danged if I doan't believe it's he as have been riding about with Ned Lawford here, and all the while he's been taken for Master Lance. The name of the man he meant was Lawrence Trevenna; came from North Devon, he did, though he had a Cornish name. Had never set eyes on him since the day they landed in Melbourne. Never liked him; thought it was a case of good riddance of bad rubbish."

"Was a friend of Mr. Trevanion's; he wouldn't call him prisoner—not for no man; anyway he wasn't committed for trial yet; always would be a friend—in gaol or out of it; but would not swear to a lie for him or any other man—not if it was his own brother."

Gwennyth Polwarth was then called, and up came the poor woman—sore abashed and troubled—with Tottie clinging to her, and refusing to be separated from her mother.

"Yes, she and her husband had come out with Mr. Lance. When in the 'Red Jacket' had made it up to be mates. Mr. Trevanion, though he was a grand gentleman at home, worked as hard in the claim as any man on the field; would never believe that he had aught to do with a stolen horse. It was that Ned Lawford, there, and his bold gipsy of a sister. I say it to their faces, as I have often warned him against, that's got him into this trouble."

"Could he have been at Balooka on Thursday, or Wednesday, 18th, as was sworn by one witness?"

"Not unless he was a spirit. He came round to the claim, and said 'good-bye' to me and the child on *Thursday evening*; would swear that to her dying day."

"As to his being at Balooka, or any place a hundred miles off, it was a thing impossible. There were people in the Court as wanted to swear away his life, anyone could see. But there's Cousin Jacks enough at Growlers' to smash the gaol and the Courthouse, too, if these things are to be carried on, and it would be seen yet (the witness said in her excitement) what would come of it."

"Sergeant Dayrell would ask the witness no questions. The Bench would perceive the animus which colored all the evidence."

Mrs. Delf was next called. "Her name was Mary Anne Delf; she had no call to be ashamed of it, and was the wife of the landlord of the 'Diggers' Rest.' Know that gentleman?" pointing to Lance, "Well he always stayed at her house. Dined there with Mr. Stirling, Mr. Ross (of Bundalong Station), and Mr. Polwarth on Thursday the 19th of September last. Remembered the day particular, because there had been a wash-up at 'Number Six' the day before, and they had sold the gold to the bank, and had it weighed and settled up for."

"Was she a friend of Mr. Trevanion's?" "Yes! And she was proud to say so. It was a pity all his friends weren't as straight, though she said it herself. But he was as innocent of all this duffing racket as Tottie Polwarth there."

Here poor Tottie, hearing her name, turned her eyes away from the dock, where they had been resting sadly for a long time, and said audibly—

"Isn't Lance coming, mammy?"

This pathetic appeal, joined to a solitary glance from the prisoner, proved too much for Mrs. Polwarth's self-possession, and, seizing Tottie by the hand, she hurried from the Court. Upon which Mrs. Delf, though unused to the melting mood, had recourse to her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud, as did various like-minded female sympathisers.

"Have you any other witnesses to call for the defence?" said the Police Magistrate addressing Mr. England, as who should say, the case has lasted long enough.

But one, your worship, but one. Call Esther Lawford."

Again the densely packed assemblage was visibly moved. Here was another of those Lawford girls; and what evidence was she going to give? Surely an *alibi* had been fully proved in Trevanion's favor already. What could shatter the evidence of Mr. Stirling, and Polwarth, Mrs. Delf and Mrs. Polwarth? However here she comes.

Tessie Lawford had not been so prominently before the public of Growlers' as her cousin Kate, but, none the less, from the extreme rarity of young and good-looking women at the earlier diggings, had she been an object of curiosity and admiration. Hence she was well known by sight and reputation, and her appearance in Court was consequently of the nature of a romantic incident.

"Your name is Esther Lawford, and you were residing with your cousins, at Growlers', recently?" began Mr. England, with the suave deferential manner by which counsel are wont to placate the feminine witness, "where you knew the prisoner, Lance Trevanion?"

"Yes, certainly, I know Mr. Trevanion. He was often at our camp."

"He was on friendly terms with all of you?"

"Yes! Too much so for his own good?"

"Why do you say that, Miss Lawford."

"Because my cousin, Edward, was not honest in his dealings, and I thought Mr. Trevanion might be drawn in, unwarily, as he has been, I am sorry to say."

"Can you say anything as to the purchase of the bay HJ horse, stated to have been stolen from Mr. Herbert Jeffreys?"

"Yes! I wrote out the receipt which Edward gave Mr. Trevanion when he bought the horse for fifty pounds from him. He was then described as purchased from Henry Jones, of Black Dog Creek."

"How did you come to write the receipt in your cousin's presence?"

Here the witness paused for an instant, as if hesitating what to answer. Then she said, I was always in the habit of doing any writing that was necessary."

"But why; for what reason?" persisted Mr. England.

"*Because none of my cousins can read or write.*"

"As this announcement was made evidently with reluctance by the girl, over whose ordinarily colorless countenance a flush rose as she spoke, all eyes were turned towards Kate Lawford, who was sitting upon a bench reserved for witnesses, and afterwards in the direction of Ned. The latter celebrity smiled faintly, as if the higher education thus implied was comparatively unimportant. But on his sister the effect of the disclosure was widely different.

She turned her face quickly, and, as she did so, her eyes sparkled and her set lips expressed—if not anger, malice, and all uncharitableness—at least a far from benevo-

lent intention towards the speaker. Making as if to rise, but repressing herself with a strong effort, she assumed a scornful attitude, as if prepared to listen with resignation.

"Do you remember any conversation with reference to the horse?"

"Yes! Mr. Trevanion asked where Henry Jones lived, and whether he had any more horses of the same breed? Ned answered that he lived at Monaro, and that he would have some more to sell when he bought his next draught from him."

"You believe, then, that Trevanion had no idea that the horse was stolen?"

"No more than you had. He said over and over again that he must get another or two from Jones."

"Yes! No doubt he did."

"You must excuse my asking you, but it is necessary to come to a correct understanding; was there any rivalry or jealous feeling between you?"

"Not the slightest. He was polite—he couldn't be otherwise; but he never cared two straws about me, or anyone but Kate, though I was his real friend; but he never knew it."

"Was there not a letter from Kate Lawford sent by your hand to him, after she had left for Balooka?"

"Yes! But she had to get someone to write it for her. I had a great mind not to deliver it. I wish now that I never had, and all this might have been saved.

"'Isn't Lance coming, mammy?'"

"Now, Miss Lawford, you need not answer this question unless you like. *Did you know* that the horse was stolen?"

"No, I did not, or I would have warned Mr. Trevanion. I may have doubted whether everything was quite square about him: but I never thought for a moment that he was stolen."

"May I ask you, also, what reason you were likely to have for warning Mr. Trevanion."

"Merely that I had a friendly feeling for him, and did not wish to see him taken in."

"A very good reason, too. Now there has been evidence to the effect that Mr. Trevanion admired your cousin Kate; that he paid her a good deal of attention, as the phrase goes."

"That will do, Miss Esther. Stay—one more question. You had never, of course, seen Mr. Trevanion in company with your cousins before you came to Ballarat?"

It occasionally happens that an advocate, in putting a question which he believes to be perfectly innocuous, makes some fatal mistake which damages the whole of his previous evidence. The witness changed color, and hesitated, then appeared to wish to avoid answering the question.

Mr. England divined the situation. "It's of no consequence. The witness is not strong. You can go down, Miss Lawford."

But it was too late. Dayrell was not the man to overlook a false move. "I request that the witness' answer may be taken."

"As the question has been asked, Mr.

England, I think it should be answered," said the Magistrate. "I will put it myself from the Bench."

"Have you at any time, witness, seen the prisoner Trevanion in company with your cousins, before the family came to Ballarat?"

Esther Lawford stood erect as she fixed her eye with a troubled gaze upon Mr. McAlpine's countenance.

"Must I answer this question, your worship?" said she, "is it necessary in the case?"

"I think you had better," said he, not unkindly. "I am sure you will tell the truth"

"I would not swear falsely to save my own life," said the girl in a low but distinct voice, "I can only speak the truth while I stand here. I *did* see him riding with Ned one day before we left the Eumeralla."

At this admission, which apparently astonished the greater number of the spectators as much as it did Mr. England and the Magistrate, both prisoners turned their faces towards the witness with undisguised surprise. On the countenance of Lance Trevanion there suddenly arose a look of complete bewilderment. Abandoning his pose of scornful indifference, he beckoned hastily to Mr. England, who came over to the dock. After a whispered colloquy, he again addressed the witness.

"I do not wish in any way to lead you, or to induce you to alter any part of your evidence which you feel certain of, but I entreat you, as you value the liberty, perhaps the life of an innocent man, to reconsider your last answer. I will repeat my question. Are you prepared, upon your oath, to state that you ever saw the accused Mr. Trevanion in company with your cousin before you left New South Wales to come to Ballarat?"

The witness looked upward for a moment and clasped her hands. She shuddered, and essayed in vain to reply, but finally with recovered firmness of mien said, "I wish it were not so, but I cannot be mistaken. I saw him once certainly, and I believe once again, but I did see him once, if I can believe my eyes, near Eumeralla."

A keen observer who had watched Kate Lawford's countenance, might have marvelled at the mysterious smile which stole over her features at that moment, might have noted also a look of conscious triumph mingled with sudden wonder. For an instant, as she glanced towards the dock, her eyes sought out those of her brother, they met hers with one swiftest glance of sudden meaning.

On Lance Trevanion's countenance a despair sombre and terrible commenced to settle. His attitude expressed utter hopelessness, the deepest disappointment. When Esther Lawford, after a sudden burst of tears was permitted to leave the court, he did not raise his head. Mr. England made one of the brilliantly exhaustive speeches which had opened the prison gates to so many enterprising or unlucky personages. The Court was charmed, captivated, convinced, by the overpowering rush and flow of his persuasive eloquence.

But Lance neither stirred or looked up. The presentiment was about to be fulfilled. He was prepared for the worst.

The case was closed. Then Mr. McAlpine gave his decision:

"He had heard that day some of the most extraordinary and contradictory evidence that in his varied experience he had ever listened to. In view of the prisoner's high character and independent position, attested by so many witnesses, he had been on the point of discharging him, but, after hearing the witness' last answer, which amounted to an admission that the prisoner had been an associate of the Lawford family, even before they had migrated to Ballarat, he could not entertain a doubt as to a committal. It was incontestably a case for a jury. It was for them to decide as to the credibility of opposing witnesses."

Then came the concluding formula, after which the prisoner was asked if he desired to say anything?

"Only this," said the erstwhile proud scion of an ancient race, stainless in honor, flawless in blood, of whom he alone—oh! hard and bitter fate!—had ever linked hands with disgrace! "Only this: that I am as innocent of all thoughts of wrong or dishonesty to any man, as my mate's little child. I never knew or thought that the horse was other than honestly come by. I have been deceived—by man and woman—both. But the knowledge has come too late. The witness, Catharine Lawford, has lied foully. The other witnesses, particularly Esther Lawford—who is good and truthful—have been deceived by the resemblance borne to me by another person. I never was at Balooka before, and never in my life saw the Eumeralla district—never heard the name even! I protest my innocence of this and all other charges. I can say no more."

Mr. McAlpine paused in thought for a while—an unusual course with him—then, amid the almost unnatural silence of the court, he said: "I feel compelled to send the case for

trial. Launcelot Trevanion, you stand committed to take your trial at the next ensuing Quarter Sessions, to be holden at Ballarat, on a day to be named. Bail refused. Sergeant Dayrell, call up the witnesses to be bound over to appear."

"This Court stands adjourned."

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

THEY stood at eve upon the sands
And mark'd the kiss of sun and sea—
A sailor bound for distant lands,
A maiden weeping silently;
And rosy blushed the heaving tide
When by the Lord of Day caress'd,
But, trembling on her lover's breast,
The maiden laid her head and sighed—
"Ah! no delight
In Love's caress
When follows night
Of loneliness."

The sun went down; his parting ray
Across the waters lay no more;
The light died out of all the day,
And night fell over sea and shore:
'The dawn must break," the sailor said,
"And chase the shadows from the sea,
And I, dear heart, return to thee,
To live in joy, by true love shed—
Oh! no delight
Like Love's caress
That follows night
Of loneliness."

A long year passed; upon the sands
They mark'd the kiss of sun and sea—
A sailor home from distant lands,
His true love weeping joyfully:
From off the sea the blushes fade,
As sunset wanes and daylight dies,
And lifting skywards streaming eyes,
The young wife clasp'd her hands and pray'd—
"Oh! Lord of Light,
The weary bless
Whose lives are night
And loneliness."

HOWARD C. COGHLAN.

AUSTRALIAN GHOSTS.

BY W. O. HODGKINSON.

AT THE CLUB.

THE first week in June, the Derby just over. Callow youths with as the claimant said, more cash than brains, dolefully comparing notes and mourning how Anton and Saunterer went down as the mare, with a thousand to forty going begging, came up the straight full of running, and put the blue ribbon of the turf into the pocket of astute W. I. Anson ; the Oaks a pendant thereto.

It had been a great season already. Ascot and Goodwood promised closing glories. The weather was charming. The Queen, comparatively speaking a young woman, held a real Court. The Prince Consort, though not popular, in high esteem. The Princess Royal not translated to the perilous splendors of Berlin. Albert Edward full of promise. Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Russell and the parliamentary giants of the time in vigor. Bright's sonorous Saxon yet to be heard. Irish rents paid sometimes. Parnell and Pigott unsuspected joys. Interest in the Crimean campaign paling before the throbbing excitement of the Indian Mutiny. Ada Swanborough and the "*jeunesse doreé*" giving very amateurist renderings of Bulwer Lytton's "Money" at St. James's. A hot sultry afternoon. The commissionaires leave their posts furtively in search of beer. A bright-eyed ragged hoyden lies in the shade arranging the remnants of wilted bouquets. No one, even she can dub captain, saunters along the street as if the west end were his normal beat. A long perspective of lordly buildings casts a grateful shade. It is clubdom, a region sacred to the mysteries of the white marble.

A few bearded, sun-burnt veterans haunt the Rag, but not from that meretricious pile emanate the fiats of the social world. The soldier's heart is in distant Ind., at the sacred well of Cawnpore, hovering round the Alumbagh, noting Bernard's Delhi trenches, beating in pulsation with the march of Lawrence's levies from the staunch north west.

The Imperial throne still stands secure. Haussman's improvements add to the charm of fair Paris. They also aid the march of *troops and use of* cannon. But no muttering is heard from cold Berlin. Magenta has yet to confer a title and baptise a tint. Mexico has not revealed the tottering stand of Cæsar. Versailles is undefiled by Teuton camp or Uhlan lance. All these things have yet to come.

In the meantime a carriage rolls slowly down the street and supplies a topic to two clubmen gazing from the fatal bow window.

"It's a clear case of bolt."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, by Jove!"

And so it was.

One of the most charming *debutantés* of the season was Lady Ermyntrude Beaujòlais, the only daughter of a peer rich in little save noble quarterings. The Lady Ermyntrude's lot in life had been marked out with the white pencil of prosperity. Poor, as for his rank, was her father—peers in those days managed to live without posting the name of a Campbell on a tea warehouse, even with the privilege of supplying a Royal sister-in-law with best family mixture at low rates. To a perfect person combining the island charms of complexion with, from a Gaulish strain of blood, French *espieglerié* and grace, the Lady Ermyntrude added all that perfect training and domiciliation in the best bred society could confer. Tall, stately but not cold, Royalty itself had passed a warm verdict of approval of her port on the trying occasion of presentation. In due time a marriage was to follow with a lover from childhood, heir to a great name and fabulous wealth, the present holder of which was a sexagenarian invalid.

Charley Verscourt, the lucky man in question, had not sufficient certain income to pay his cab fares, but he never wanted cash and his paper did not require a good man to get up behind it. In one, five, say for certain ten years, old "Springs" would pass away and Charley would enter into possession. Meanwhile the old man recognised his heir by a sufficiently handsome allowance, and if the favorite ran crooked, or unforseen demands arose, were not Jews still in the land and money to be bought?

So things went gaily on and life for Charley so far had been an unchequered sunbeam.

Tall, good looking, devoted to his love, not viciously fast, with no share in a knowing stable or darker tie to suburban villa, Charley so far had sipped the sweets of life with mighty small dregs of bitterness. A pet of his dame and tutor at Eton, skilful with the bat, a perfect Captain Webb at Surley Lasher, good all round, not too clever or too dense in form, Charley entered the Guards with the best of social passports, and having dimmed the gloss of bearskin on Alma's heights and in the gloomy defiles of Inkermann, returned to bask in the baleful fame accruing after forty years of peace.

So the horizon was clear, not a cloud cast a shadow, not a ripple flecked the stream. The future of these two young lives was assured until disturbed by a paragraph in the *Times*, which announced, with due pomposity, the birth of a son and heir to "Spring's," better known in Debrett as "Earl of Chalcot."

A thunderbolt from a clear azure summer sky. A black squall rushing from the hazy autumnal mist of Southampton waters. Hermit winning the great race in a snowstorm at 50 to 1. And the cause a puling infant, the Avatar of a new order, coming after a quarter of a century of wedded childless life. Charley's paper fell to zero. His business man—really money never was so scarce, and there's a good bit of your paper out, Sir, nothing, of course, but for this accident—pressed for settlement, and then to fulfil the social hypocrisy of gratulation to "Springs," overcome with senile joy, and to be calmly assured that no alteration would be made in the allowance, now so beggarly in aspect. Above all, to feel that the star of his love had faded, that to him the loss of money meant the loss of Ermyntrude, for, though hearts may break, the social code must be observed, and it was not for him to wed a maiden of high degree with no bower except a soldier's rough quarters in which to place her.

And the Lady Ermyntrude had a sad time. She vowed and swore with oaths becoming pretty lips, that she would never—no, never! —give up her troth! But the Lady mother told a little tale of as sad experience, and in courtly tones that impoverished peer, her sire, spoke plainly, that poverty was no meet bedfellow with high-born love, that, in fact, as he testily observed, there'd be the deuce and all to pay if she would be so self-willed and ruin the man she professed to be so fond of, for a month's egoism and a life-long repentance. Besides Charley's career would be cut off. He must send in his papers. Old "Springs" would behave decent if Charley did not ruin his future by hampering himself by a marriage; and, my dear, continued the wily old diplomatist, there's a strawberry wreath waiting your acceptance. Polwarth, very handsome, on my honor, renews his offer. Barcombe's a fine place, £100,000 a year, no debt, good town house, private key to everything, old man, young widow in a few years—who knows what may turn up?

So there was one tearful interview, in which honor held one silent and maidenly reserve tied the other's tongue; an authoritative announcement, a wedding of funereal solemnity, for were not young hopes buried, and Charley became a cynic, while Her Grace of Polwarth developed a sudden and violent fancy for ritualistic worship and old women.

It was the Duke of Polwarth's empty carriage passing down Pall Mall that attracted the notice of our two club men and led to the conversation recorded.

Alas! it was true, neither Ritualism, high-priced lap dogs or old women filled the aching void of the Duchess of Polwarth's heart. Beneath her jewelled corset, most of all when called by some State function to meet Charley on guard duty at the Court, beat a heart; the duchess lay wrapped up in the performance of graceful nothings, but the Lady Ermyntrude with "maiden" love unfettered by the legal chains which bound her to her palsied, pompous spouse, regained existence and looked with such loving memories as drove poor Charley mad. And he looked back, not with a recreant unknightly thought, but with a mute pain borne as warrior should bear a wound, in uncomplaining silence.

A day, an hour, a minute, the instant neither knew, but this very day these club sages spoke the great world rang with a real sensation. Her Grace the Duchess of Polwarth had fled, forsaking home and honor. Captain, Verscourt of H.M. Grenadier Guards, was also missing, and for nine days a genuine sensation lived until put out of joint by a prematurely wise youngster convulsing White's by exposing with *naivete* severity a long-suspected patrician card sharp.

"Springs" died, "Chalcot" was worn by his son. Polwarth buried himself alive beneath underground chambers hewn at vast expense beneath his park. Silent obedience was his demand. To speak to him unaddressed or save in scantiest verbiage of reply was instant dismissal to the oldest or most faithful of his servants. The father of the

Duchess passed away from pure chagrin. The Duchess wandered in that outer void of lost social souls.. Of Charley and herself nothing was known but that sin and poverty had bred ill-temper. After ceaseless quarrels they had separated and gone, whither no one knew.

But the club tattle was true, a bolt had taken place, and the coach which bade fair to travel through life on pleasant roads had been upset.

THE GHOSTS.

"Away, away go we, along the shore away, along the shore away, along the shore away. We see no fresh water, along the shore away, along the shore away. A long distance we go. I see Binya's footsteps ascending a sand hill, a sand hill ascending. I see Binya dead. I dig his grave with hand and stick, his grave with hand and stick I dig. For three days I watch the upturned sand, the loose upturned sand I watch. I watch for Boyl-yas, for Boyl-yas I watch. They come and speak. I am an old man. My wife is dead. I have no son. I soon shall go away. To the shore from whence no back track is seen I go. You Neinya, you Tarbutta, and you, too, Booroodoorook, go there fast. The Boyl-yas wait, in patience wait, on that shore always.

What is a Boyl-ya? An Australian Afreet, Djin, sorcerer, in human guise who can assume any form and whose tracks are anxiously sought after burial upon the mound piled on a corpse. No Australian black believes that death results from natural causes. It must be the effect of magic, and so for some time after burial a close watch is kept upon the grave, and the first track of an animate creature, be it bird, insect or beast, points out the Boyl-ya who has been the cause of death and indicates the direction in which to look for him. For though when engaged upon his deeds of death or gloating over the effects of his power, the Boyl-ya assumes varied forms; he is after all a man, gifted with dread supernatural power, but known as a man attached to some neighboring tribe and prime agent of their hostility to bordering clans. Time and space are of no import to the Boyl-ya. He can render himself invisible, and like a ghost hover over the camp of his victim and feast upon his flesh without disturbing his slumbers. The haunted one pines away; in vain the Boyl-ya of his own tribe seeks to counteract the fatal influence. The magic of the hostile Boyl-ya is more potent, ghosts surround the victim and he dies.

There are many of these Boyl-yas in the bush, as also in Australian towns. The lives which fall before their fell hate meet no record in the bills of mortality, yet they sometimes claim birth and talent, hope and energy, high endeavor and frequent lapse, wasted springs of human life diverted to unworthy channels because the Boyl-ya of remorseless fate has worked to their destruction.

But Binya's body has been found with one small perforation in the breast, so small and yet large enough for life to fly. And the body has been borne to the camp and rests upon the knees of a withered hag whose flaccid pendulous breasts hang upon the face of the corpse, while other women seated round with heads verging to a common centre, weep, wail and cut themselves with sharp flints until the blood streams down. The air resounds with mournful cries, while ever and anon breaking the monotony of the dirge some fearful Sycorax steps forth in front and harangues the circle of attendant warriors who stand in gloomy silence intent upon the scene, or grasp their spears and breathe forth vengeance.

The grave was dug with hand and stick, all the earth thrown carefully in heaps, the loam and sand and clay distinct; due east and west the trench was drawn, and while all were watching the progress of the work some small burrowing insect crawled to light and struggled to escape. Boyl-ya! Boyl-ya! resounded through the air, and pointing in the direction towards which the beetle crawled a deep gutteral cry proclaimed the quarter in which revenge was to be sought.

The burial was completed. At each end of the grave, with foreheads bowed and resting upon their clasped hands, sat an old man, the younger warriors busied themselves in pointing off their spears, the beldames of the tribe recounted all the deeds of the departed, the younger women chaunted mournful songs; night fell, the fires died out, the camp was wrapped in slumber. But the Boyl-ya had come from a distant stream which coursed through wide plains, and his weapon was the fire the white man carried."

East and West, North and South, lay a huge plain clothed in bush grass. Just piercing the sky-line to the east, towards the coast line and forming in the light of the setting sun a purple horizon, rose the castellated cliffs of a low sandstone range, marking where in bygone æons waves had rolled and surf had vexed a rock-bound shore. A wide river coursed through the centre of the plain. Its

turbid flood rolled towards the sea in resistless might, bearing in careless haste such flotsam and jetsam as chance had cast upon its waters. On either bank gnarled stubby trees threw distorted limbs abroad, while here and there at long intervals some nobler shaped scion of the forest with lightning-shattered crest reared up towards Heaven in proud defiance. And growing within their protection as it were, clinging to the bases, or hiding with loving pity each sad wreck, in silent sympathy, bright blossoming bushes lent light and color and the odor of their flowers to the scene or clustering tendrils hid the ravages of storm and time. But despite the waving grass, the flowerets and the vines, the outlook was sad, sombre, and funereal in its import. Thick clustering dusky clouds presaged coming woe.

The rolling careless river, emblem of cruel impassive Fate. The rich luxuriant grass, in a few days at most to be wilted by a fiery sun. The petals of half-opened buds to die before maturity. Yet all this life, these crumbling cliffs, that never ending plain through which the river ran, the sea of grass, the stunted trees, the mutilated monarchs of the grove, the modest bushes at their feet, the vines flinging luxuriance nourished by decay, all paled before a thin white curl of smoke which rose in spiral wreaths from a hut close by.

How old is this world? Shall one take the records of the Hindoo sage, or pin faith to the marvellously circumstantial story of that great race whose nationalism is as unchanged as the pattern of their willow plates? Can Moses be relied upon or safety found in Job? Or the lore of childhood laughed at, must sermons be found in stones and chronology in rocks? This particle of earth adhering to a rootlet from the soil forms but an atom of the rich alluvium beneath the foot, wherein is hidden hope and suffering and crime. See yon gigantic shell, now a whitened dull white rock. Examine it closely. See the eidolon shaped in stone of the huge carapace. Once it breathed and crawled and swam and had its little life—say perhaps a thousand years—of hope and pain and death as it lay crunched between the jaws of a monster greater than itself. I see them in my dreams. Those mountains lifting to the moon. This plain a vast merry marsh. That river flooding many a thousand leagues. Those wretched trees the remnants of gigantic forest palms. Those bushes, paltry symbols of a myriad form of ferns. And breathing seething hot life courses through the procession of the hours. Wide paths are trodden down through forest, marsh, and fern. Strange gigantic forms loom through the mists of night, and overhead in the starry sky float monsters with silent waving wings who shriek and hasten with the dawn to caves and haunts within the lofty hills. But the marsh has dried and the ferns have died. The palms, lacking moisture too, have perished. The waters, reduced within a river's banks, flow forgetful of the past. Rain and storm, sun, wind and ever active decay have sapped the lofty hills and reduced their height to what now stands. But the missing caps have made this plain. Each hollow has been filled, while fathoms deep lie buried the bones of that primeval world wherein the savage man cowered before the rival beast, and bore as sole Promethean spark, fire, from which now springs that smoke with all the added wisdom of the long drawn past.

A hut, the home of some recluse, weary with worldly cares, philosopher enough to rest content with simple needs. Fenced from the savage waste around with sweet-scented memories of a cherished past, good store of books, a wife, a child, a faithful servant, or, at worst, a self-contained, but not repellent, man.

And yet, this cannot be. It is some one lost to present life. A student wrapped in solution of some inconstant problem. A miser hoarding—bottles. For bottles lie on every side, with half-defaced yet wholly lying brands. And theft, and murder, and the veriest vileness of the vile speak in no uncertain accent from their gaping mouths, for the Boyl-yas of every horror and vice lurk around, and the sepulture of every good maintains its constant rite. Yet, no women mourn, or warriors call for vengeful fight.

But man, in the image of his Creator, stepped forth, an Adam of the waste, with one fair ministrant—his Eve—to bear him company. The produce of slow recurring ages. Heirs to all the fatness of those crumbled hills, administrators to the vanished bygone world of mere and noisome beast. No longer cowering before living shapes with fangs, and teeth, and claws, but rejoicing in the light of progress, armed with modern might, yet haunted by the Boyl-yas of the past. Who prey, and raven, and tear the living soul, as their ruder prototypes, the flesh. An Ingomar and Parthenia of cloying solitude.

The man, a coarse embodiment of every evil passion in our poorest human nature. A border ruffian of the lowest frontier life. His Eve, a slattern; yet, amid all the lines of dirt, and care, and low-surroundings, in air and gait, and speech the wreck of a different

distant day. Appertaining to the pair, a child: bare-legged, with tangled unkempt hair and ragged, ill-made, tattered dress; a very fairy sprite, planted like a floweret in uncongenial soil; a Cinderella goddess, the star of her mother's obscured life! With pensive piquant face and violet deep-shaded eyes—an exotic on an unkind soil.

But, along the serpentine track that hugged the river bank, a traveller draws nigh, and all the household wait for his approach. Though bearing a heavy burden on his back, the free, agile step, planted in regular cadence, the upright gait and well-set figure bespeak one who has borne arms; while, as he throws his gear beneath the low bark porch and greets the inmates of the house, even its beetle-browed lord owns his social master. But few words pass:

"Shake-down and feed?"

"Yes!"

And so they enter.

And the sun sinks in one red ball of fire below the horizon; the winged torments of the night start forth; the quavering wail of the curlew resounds; the fruit-eating bats sail with noiseless flight seawards; the querulous quail chirp restless in the grass; ever and anon a shrill hoot is heard.

"I ain't seen no blacks lately or I'd say them cries was signals," remarks Ingomar.

"Shouldn't be surprised," said the traveller. "I had to pot one yesterday; nearly let daylight into me with a spear."

And while they talked, and the traveller noted the incongruous adornments of the hut, its decorations of honor being a print of the portal of St. James's with a *debutanté* for presentation stepping from a carriage, and a scene of a church with beneath "Wedding at St. George's," the cries of the night-owl grew nearer and more clear, for the avengers of blood were on the track, and here and there beneath the grass sparks of fire dropped from torches gleamed like fireflies sporting beneath the kindly cloak of night.

"Begad," muttered the guest, looking at the print of the *debutanté*, "that's the old shop; mounted guard there many a time; wonder who the filly is—thoroughbred beyond a doubt. Well, bearskin's heavy wear sometimes." And he sat and smoked and thought.

And the woman looked startled, for their thoughts, strange as it may seem, ran in closely-touching lines; she of happy childhood without a wish ungratified, with lineage and wealth, with station and the fatal dower of beauty; he of boyish sports and feats, of a soldier's honor won, of gallant friends and comrades not forgotten, of the fierce clash of arms and the proud trophies of the fight, of misplaced love and flight and ruin, debt and drink and fretful search of black nepenthe; she of the giddy height from which wild passion dragged her down, until tied to a brutish clown she calmly waited death.

And the child, drawn by some tendril of love, drew near, and by her artless prattle won the guest's attention.

Nearer and nearer still came the Boyl-yas of revenge. In all the painted panoply of war with close-clutched weapons they drew nigh.

And the little maid listened while the stranger guest told her of the far distant land where nature lay dead for half the year and the earth was wrapped in angels' robes of virgin snow, where waters bore upon their frozen surface ponderous wains, and birds sung carols with returning spring. He spoke too of courts and camps and great ones of that inner world which issues social laws.

"Did you know that grand lady in the print and that soldier by her side?"

"Many grand ladies, little one, have I known, and many soldiers too. But that one out of so many!"

"I was her, and you?" Parthenia said.

"Come, come, my lady," growled Ingomar, who sat sullen in a corner of the room.

"I *was* her—my God—and you?"

"Am Charley Verscourt!"

Yes; titled dame and gay *sabreur* had met the Boyl-yas of their sin, falling—falling as only brightest stars can fall to that nether hell of listless care where surroundings are but nought.

"Well, Charley this is my husband vice those exchanged, resigned or with their papers in. I think we parted in Paris at L'Ambigu, the piece if I remember right was "Virtue Triumphant," and so she always is so long as she keeps her twin sister closely hid. Shall I mix you a Badmintin, just for old times, His Grace my present worthy Lord is deft as Ganymede and carries all the drinks of his ancestral halls within one paltry keg of rum."

"The child!"

"The child is the child, my child, your child, anyone's child that likes to own her. Go you little devil, go, bring a bucket of water from the river before you go to bed."

And the child went to certain death. Happy fate for one bound to such ties. For stepping down the path and keeping her courage up by lilting some simple song, a fleeting glimpse of the moon illumined all the track and a Boyl-ya met her and she died.

Then after some time Ingomar grumbling at the toil went in search, and did not return.

So Charley and his hostess spent the time in recalling all the past, for Charley had been the guardsman in the cherished print and Parthenia was once the *debutanté* and duchess.

And the stains of dirt and sin and low degrading life fell from the pair as hour by hour they talked and mourned the bitter past.

Then just as the first grey streaks of dawn mantled in the eastern sky, blood curdling cries disturbed the startled air, dark warriors crowded round the hut and hurtled spears within.

"We swore we'd die for each other," sobbed poor Parthenia.

"We'll die *with* each other now."

And so they did.

The bald prosaic record of the day quoted from the local press relates: "That the stockman of Bolinga station being in search of strayed cattle called at the 'Dead Finish' shanty, a well-known low bush house kept by a man intimately connected with the criminal classes, who lived with a woman passing as his wife, of superior education and evidently fallen from a higher station. Upon arriving at the site of the hut he found it had been burnt to the ground and that as he thought, the charred bones of the man and woman lay amid the ashes. Assuming that in some drunken quarrel one or other of the pair had set fire to the place and that both were too much overcome by liquor to escape, the tockman would have contented himself with reporting the matter. Knowing however that there was a little girl, an unusually intelligent and bright looking child to be accounted for, and seeing the ground thick with blackfellows track, he cautiously prosecuted a search and found about a hundred and fifty yards from the hut, on the track leading from it to the river, the body of the proprietor of the "Dead Finish" lying upon the face as if fallen when running, bristling with spears and with the head battered almost out of recognition by clubs.

Proceeding still along the track, and halfway upon the slope dividing the outer from the inner bank of the stream was a sight more sad, the corpse of the poor child. Her death had been attended by circumstances of even greater horror, and there is reason to fear that the brutal fiends, not content with murder, perpetrated nameless atrocities upon the unfortunate victim. Her mouth was tied with wisps of coarse grass, serving as a rude gag, and her body was frightfully mutilated. At an enquiry subsequently held the persons of the shanty-keeper, his assumed wife, and the child having been satisfactorify identified, interest mainly attached to the burnt remains of the male body found in the hut. These were proved to belong to a traveller of a reserved disposition, who, after spending some time in a moody carouse at Port Pirie, left the beach in search of employment, as he said, up country. On his way he seems to have provoked the hostility of the Nemurka blacks, one of whom he shot in self-defence.

In revenge, after the customary ceremonies, the result of which was to indicate the offending Boyl-ya as coming from the "Dead Finish," a numerous contingent of the Nemurkas followed the traveller's track to that spot, waylaid the host and child as they went to the river for water, slaughtered the woman and the offending cause of the onslaught, and finally set fire to the premises in the vain hope of concealing the outrage.

Then followed the usual *jérémiad* touching the dangers of frontier life, the uselessness of border police, nay, it was hinted the cowardice of the officer in charge. This taunt drove the latter out on a foray of punishment, when having with great assiduity rounded up (*vide* official reports) a big mob of myalls, he found when too late his zealous troopers had shot three inoffensive station blacks, and would have won glory by the death of an old gin had she not appealed in comminatory Anglo-Saxon by the cherished memory of sundry washed shirts to the Sergeant engaged in the patrol.

But the mystery of the fallen star lay hid forever, and the fate of Charley Verscourt was unknown except to the Boyl-ya who wrought it and to myself, who in the fumes of the contemplative pipe have seen many Australian ghosts peopling many scenes marked by the extinct fires of regretted passion.

And the river flows sullenly onwards to the sea, and the Boyl-yas in the form of crows have glutted their hatred in a foul repast, and the sun rises and sets, while Australian ghosts ever haunt the silent bush.

THE SHEPHERD'S BLESSING.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. "AUSTRALIE" HERON.

THERE is a wide plain on the far West; scarcely a tree to be seen; only here and there patches of scrub or salt bush; and the grass growing green along the chain of pools which marks the line of the water course. But near one bend of the creek two English willows cast grateful shade upon the sun-baked earth, and seem as if they had strayed by chance from out the older world. Nine years ago as mere sticks they were brought from a distant homestead and planted by a lonely man in memory of days of joy and love forever gone. In the virgin soil they have grown apace, and now *they over-shadow* a rough bush hut where dwells a shepherd who has care of the flocks on the outer station. What those trees have been to him no one can tell who has not lived alone in a barren land and watched each branchlet grow to a sinewy bough, and measured the seasons by the reddening buds, the joy-giving green of the spring foliage, the full summer depth, and the autumn yellow.

It is December now; the scorching sun has glowed upon the plains with pitiless power through the hours of the longest days, and since four o'clock in the morning Donald Murray has been astir, and has come in to take his evening meal of milkless tea and beef before starting for a last round to see that the sheep are safe for the night. He has lighted a fire outside to boil his billy—it

is cooler beneath the trees than in the hut—and sits down there to eat and smoke. A pumpkin vine is growing in front of the window essaying to climb up the slab walls, and Donald counts the great yellow flowers and measures each evening the size of the young gourds. It is the only fresh interest in his solitary life. No companion has he but pipe and dog through all the live-long months, no human face he sees, save when once a week the boundary rider flings his bag of rations at the door, or the master comes round to inspect the flocks.

"I cannot bear it longer," he murmurs to himself. "Only last month Macpherson, shepherding on Morton's station, went off his head."

Man cannot live alone and keep his reason, unless he be a stolid clown, and Donald, weather-beaten and shaggy as he is, has a look in his eyes which tells of an unquenched soul that yearns for human sympathy. Sometimes the longing for the sound of a voice rises to a passion, and did he not talk to his dog and sheep it seems as if the power of speech would be lost to him. Often as he toils around the boundary strange fancies flit through his brain. Is he indeed going mad from very force of solitude? As he lies in half-waking sleep what eerie dreams mingle with memories of childhood's years! What wild thoughts followed by the low murmur of his mother's voice! Is it any good to exist? Is there an end in life?

The sun has set like a flaming ball in the West; the windy clouds in amber streamers glow in the evening sky, and above the horizon is a sea of pale green ether. Gradually the golden light fades, the Southern Cross comes out, and the crescent moon in the west mingles her light with the twilight hues. A cool breeze sweeps over the plain, on the edge of which stands a clump of white armed trees. Like ghosts they seem to the overwrought senses of Murray.

Suddenly the collie-dog pricks his ears and gives a low bark. In the distance sounds the low wail as of a child's voice. Can it be another delusion of his distraught brain? But no, there comes also the moan of a woman, and the dog speeds on to the trees whence come the sounds. Quickly the shepherd follows. There stretched upon the ground lies a woman, her features pinched with hunger, her poor feet bleeding from long travel.

Help has come at last, too late for her, but not for the child, who clings to her side crying, "Munna, munna, more, more," hungering for the food she cannot give. The woman raises her glazing eyes to the shepherd's pitying face and murmuring, "Thank God—Ailie—my bairn," lays her hand upon the famished babe.

It is the mother's last effort; for days she has wandered on, lost in the bush, starving herself that she might give the crusts to the child whose father she was seeking on a distant settlement. For herself she is weary and glad to go from a world of care and sorrow, but then there is Ailie; her life has only just begun. In the agony of despair she has struggled on, praying for succour until at last she sank exhausted, to rise no more.

Tenderly Murray lifts the dying woman, and, taking off his coat, places it beneath her head. He strives to draw away the clinging child and soothe it in his arms. For a moment a grateful look overspreads the mother's face, and it seems as if she would gladly yield her babe to his sheltering care. Then, with a last impulse of maternity, she clasps it to her breast, gives one loving look, a long-drawn, weary sigh, and passes to her rest.

"Munna seepy, munna seepy," sobs the orphan child, nestling closer to the heart that has ceased to beat, and turning wilfully from the lonely man.

Perplexed, he stands, wondering how to separate the living from the dead, when the murmur, "Ailie hungry," reminds him of a piece of damper in his pouch. He draws it out, but hesitates to offer so poor a morsel to the little maiden. With starved eagerness she holds out her hand, he will not give it till she comes to his arms. Swallowing the food, she now cries for a drink, and carrying her to the stream he dips out the water with his horny hand and moistens the parched lips. Satisfied at last, she falls asleep, her head on his shoulder and her fair hair mingling with his grizzly beard.

One sad office still remains. Laying the little one on the ground some space away with tear-wet eyes turned so that she may not wake and see, he bids the collie guard her while he digs the grave. With dumb sympathy licking the baby hand as she moves it in a dream, the faithful Turk keeps his guard. Donald lifts the woman into her last resting-place. He would fain say some prayers but has forgotten how, so with a reverent "Peace be with you," he bids farewell, and on the morrow will bring a willow-cutting to grow upon her mound.

The last glow of twilight has faded, the wind whispers softly, and the star of evening arises as on another Christmas Eve in a far eastern land, while the shepherd trudges over

the plains, his new found darling nestling close and bringing a glow of warmth into his heart. Heavy with weariness, she slumbers, and stirs not till he lifts the latch and enters his bare rough hut, now home indeed for the first time, for a child-angel has entered therein. As he looses the tattered frock and draws the old shoes with fumbling man's fingers from the tender feet, she wakes and murmurs, "Ailie go a-bed." He feeds her first with sweetened bread and water and then lays her on his own straw bed, only a little better than that manger in Bethlehem. But ere the head is laid upon the pillow, she puts her tiny hands together and lisps dreamily "Gentle Jesus," then smiles and falls asleep with the prayer unfinished—unfinished by the child, ushering in a new life for the man to whom Ailie has come to

save by light of love and joy, the mind but erewhile trembling on the balance of unreason. Those two words—the whirl of memories they have wakened! As Donald Murray lies upon the earth-floor, only his thread-worn plaidie for a pillow, and listens to the baby's gentle breathing, there comes before his soul's eye the vision of a mother calling him "wee Donnie," in soft Scotch accents, and holding his folded hands between her own as he murmurs his evening prayers. Far away from that childhood's faith he has strayed—oft forgotten had been her counsels. She had passed away too soon and left him, a hot-spirited boy to fight a cold world in defiant poverty. Fate had gone against him from the first. In the Old World there *seemed no* opening for adventure, and he had worked his way before-the-mast to Australia. With talent and spirit there surely must be some outlet in the New World. But no!—regular employment was hard to find. He tried the inland towns, and, led away by the vile habit of shouting drinks, spent his last penny, and was thankful to take a shepherd's place on an outlying station. Nine years of solitude had well-nigh changed him into a misanthrope—hating man and believing in no god. His few books were read to tatters, and in the long silent hours his heart would have turned to bitterness but for the dumb love of his dog and horse.

And now the whole face of life is changed, and thankfulness is born once more within his soul. Yea, love and thankfulness, the dawning of that peace which comes to him who cares for something other than mere self. Truly there is a Father who leaves not one poor mortal forgotten and alone. Just in the darkest hour of need comes ever some star of comfort; in the bitter waste of self-wrought ill some sunrise-hues will beam at last. "No life is waste in the Great Worker's hands."

Joyful is that Christmas morn far off in the wild west, where never bell is heard, as the stars are paling before the light of dawn, and the rosy glow of the noel sunrise is lighting the eastern sky; happy children in a thousand city homes are waking in joyous hope, and looking to see what gifts good Santa Claus has brought to them. There are no comforts in the rough bark hut, but never, methinks, was gift so deeply prized as by the shepherd who now stands beside the humble bed and looks upon the face of his Christmas blessing.

Softly he moves, fearing to disturb the child, and lights the fire to prepare the food ere she shall wake and hunger. Soon the blue eyes open, there is a gentle plaint for "Munna," and Donald lifts his darling up. Frightened at first she turns away, then gently won, laughs as they two together try to put on frock or stockings, and comb the tangles from the golden curls. Upon his knee she sits and eats her breakfast, then whispering, "Tank oo, God," a simple grace, slips down to play, bubbling the while with childish laughter, as she trots on a tour of inspection round her new father's home. How he longs that it could be more cosy, that he could give her dainty food and pretty clothes. But nothing cares the tiny damsel, who feels herself a queen, as mounted on his shoulder while he goes his morning rounds she crows with joy at the sheep, and persists in being lifted down to pet the lambs. Tired at last she is brought home and laid within

the cottage, the good collie taking his stand by her side. Whether Turk considers that his new charge is a prize lamb of a new breed requiring his most constant attention, or whether the dog-affection for children alone prompts him, cannot be told, but, however it might be, he assumes the duties of nurse and guardian, and little Alice pokes his eyes, and pulls his tail, and rolls over him until the patient hound whines with pain.

"Turt dot too varm a toat on. Take it off, Turt—me pull it off. Turt, tum an ave oo's bekish wit me all by meselfs. Dare now, don't mess my fock—'ie down."

And Turk soon understands the pretty prattle, wags his tail, and lifts his upper lip by way of smiling.

"Donny, vy oo dot a tail on oo's chin? Turt dot it on 'is back. I likes it—let me pull it," and pull his beard of course she does until Donny has to say, "Oh dear, dear!" Then the little hands go up to his face and stroke his cheek, while the tiny red lips murmur, "Poor, poor Donny, better now?"

"What in the name of the saints can I do with her?" says Donald to himself.

Yet the hours go by, and the little maiden is done with in some fashion. He dares not lose sight of her at first for a moment, and in order to carry her more comfortably, makes a small hammock out of a piece of sail-cloth, and slings it across his shoulders like a knapsack with a mosquito net over it. Then when he finds a shady place he trices it up between two trees and leaves her thus with Turk to guard her. The little woman soon understands that she is not to get out and lies talking all sorts of rubbish to Turk until Donald returns.

"Ont tum tweeties," she says on his return one day, "and Turt onts tum—buy dem."

"Sweeties, my bairnie, I wish I could give you some. To-morrow I'll try."

"Mollow day? Velly vel."

And on the morrow, says the baby, with her big eyes wide open, "Mollow day tum, vere's de tweeties?"

Sometimes when "bale is highest, boot is nighest," and so it happens on this occasion.

The boundary rider appears at the critical moment, and seeing the child, roars out, "Hullo, Donald, got a baby angel down on a visit? How did she get here? Where did she spring from? Pretty little beggar as she is."

So Thorp hears the sad story. He is a married man, and urges Donald to let the child go home with him to his wife, but the shepherd catches hold of his pet and kisses her while she gently pulls his "tail on oo's chin," and firmly declines.

"It ain't no sort of use, Thorp; I can't let her go. She saved me from going sheer mad, and though I know I oughtn't, I must keep her. I tell you what you could do for me; send me out some clothes. I don't know the names of the things, but I've got pretty well up in buttons and hooks and eyes, though at first I was terribly mixed and got all the under dimity hind afore and upside down. And then let me have some sweets for her, and send me a few towels. I haven't drawn my money this several months. I'll give an order for you on the manager, and your wife can spend what is necessary."

"Donny no 'ave no tweeties," says Alice, "and mollow-day tum."

Thorp goes up to speak to her, but Turk strides in between them and growls.

"Good dog that, Donald, but call him off. I want to say how d'ye do."

Thorp soon makes friends, but when he asks her if she'll go home with him, she burst out crying and calls out for "Donny," whilst Turk once more shows his teeth.

But the man has a child-touch in his hands, and at length establishes a friendship, leaving with a promise to send out his son specially with such things as his wife should buy.

Miss Ailie is a terror in the hut so far as it can supply her with objects of interest, and during the shepherd's absence, putting on his boots, giving Turk jam, and squeezing him into a bag occupies some of her time. She dresses up the dog in her things, and on one occasion he turns out after some wandering sheep in a confidential garment of red flannel, much to the terror of his charges, who break away and give much trouble to their decorated keeper.

And so the summer days pass on, the once dreary hut now full of laughing glee, and the hardened lines in the shepherd's face softening with love and tenderness. The winter creeps on, and he wonders how Ailie will fare in the wet cold days when he can no longer take her on his rounds. But she is a sturdy little maiden and only laughs as the frost crackles under her rosy feet. Ere spring comes she is as nimble as a 'possum, climbing up the branches of the budding willow-tree gathering catkins, and from some high-bough cooeying to her guardian as he appears far off upon the plain. From time to time the boundary rider brings divers new baby-clothes and unwonted dainties, and once he brought a pair of shoes, which the child indignantly declined. "Turt no wear shoes, why Ailie hab 'em? Got nice foots to run

about on—take 'em away!" In vain old Thorp remonstrates, and declaring that this wild life is "No gude for a wee lassie," proffers his wife's guardianship, till Murray almost misdoubts his right to keep her.

And all goes well, until one day, the man having gone out to chop down fire-wood, Alice and Turk are left in sole possession, several pipes lying about on a table.

"Tum and moke, Turt," and the two each equally interested proceed to the attack. Putting as much tobacco as she can find into two pipes, after some difficulty the child makes her companion hold his in his mouth, then she puts the other in hers and begins to puff. Suddenly she remembers that Donald lights his pipe with matches and unearthing a box, "Donnie tikes 'em and I know how," she proceeds to strike her first match "all by meeself."

"'Tum and moke, Turt.'"

"Donnie won't mind, Turt; me good, not naughty." Conscience says, "me good," the woman nature says, "not naughty."

Fizz goes a match and so startles Ailie that she drops it on a heap of paper-packages that lie near the window. The flame catches the lining canvas, and in a moment a great blaze shoots up the dry wooden wall of the hut and smoke in volumes fills the room.

Ailie screams in wild terror, "Turt, Turt, put it out, me so sorry; "dump on it, dump on it." Poor Turk barks and howls. The hut is on fire, the fumes suffocating, and the childling and dog cower in the corner.

Thicker and denser rolls the smoke round the room, and the failing cries of "Donnie, tum 'ome, tum 'ome," show that she is almost suffocated. Turk yells and howls piteously, and as she falls prostrate on the floor he seizes her clothes and drags her out of the house. The voices grow silent. The whole cottage is a mass of flames.

Murray has ridden his hardest and is returning. Dusk has set in, and as he comes across the plain a lurid glare lights up the sky. Divining at once the cause, but with a feverish hope that it yet may not be, he dashes forward and comes upon the full view of what has been his home. The last portion of wood-work is burning out its flames, and the rest of that happy nest is either charred ruin or smouldering embers. Speechless and agonised, he leaps from his horse and rushes to the wreck, then in a scream of agony he calls Ailie's name—no answer comes, no sound but the roar of the final burst of flame.

The distracted man tears round and round the heap, he sees Ailie's hat lying half burnt near a fallen rafter. It is hopeless thinking of reaching it. He stands crushed and silent, and then with his desolation staring him in the face and unmindful of all else but his acute misery, he moans, "Why did she come? Why did I live only for this? I will follow my darling."

In the silence which follows he hears the faint whine of a dog. He listens, and shortly another whine reaches his ears. He springs towards a cluster of bushes from which it seems to issue, and after a moment's search he comes upon poor Turk, burnt and quivering, lying with bloodshot eyes and lolling tongue.

"Turk, where is she?" he pleads with the suffering beast. Beside the wounded animal is thick grass, and in the darkness it hides Ailie's body, over which he, dying, still mounts guard. The man, however, at length perceives his child's form. He casts himself beside it, weeping, and then raises it up to

bear it somewhere—where he knows not. Laying the little face to his, oh, joy, he finds it warm, she is not dead. Ere the morning she has opened her eyes and murmured as she nestles in the shepherd's arms, "Donnie tum 'ome, no Ailie tike a match any more," and moaning, falls asleep. But Turk lies cold upon the ground, his faithful guard for ever over. And there the man must wait and watch, with flickering hope, till some chance horseman rides across the plain.

* * * * *

Twelve years have passed. The great willows still wave in the western wind, whispering of bygone hours, and the child-fairy, who erewhile was wont to flit among their branches, but the old hut is gone, and only one geranium is left—a gleam of scarlet on the yellow downs.

A hundred miles away, at the door of a selector's cottage, amid cultivation-paddocks, with bright flowers in the trim garden and banksia roses climbing over the verandah, stands a comely maiden. There is a quaintness in her dress, for the blue skirt is surmounted by a crimson shirt, over which still strays the golden hair. It is Alice Murray. She watches for her foster-father who has gone to the neighboring township to dispose of his farm produce. Donald has ceased to shepherd and become a prosperous farmer. Alice has grown into a careful housewife, with a dainty instinct for neatness. She can cook, and dairy, and ride like a young Arab, and muster cattle as well as any stockman. It is only in her dress that the absence of feminine training is discernible, yet an intuitive taste results always in picturesque effects that suit her far better than would the costumes of the country-store. Queer and miscellaneous has been her education, with her Bible and Robinson Crusoe as a perpetual resource, and books of history, and geography, and old-fashioned tales picked up at odd times, and read aloud in the long winter evenings. Oh! how, too, perched in solitary hours, high in a waving bough, has she dreamed over poetry, and learned from a tattered copy of Wordsworth to note every changing beauty of earth and sky. And now, in simple innocence, she stands on the threshold of womanhood knowing nought of love save for "Father," Nature, and her pets.

There is the sound of hoofs. It cannot be Murray who is coming; his horse trots brisk and firmly, while this one halts as if guided by a weary hand. Before the gate the rider stops and asks for water, and worn out with long travel, leans on the verandah while with ready smile the girl runs to fetch it, then, struck with his tired look, she begs him to come in and rest.

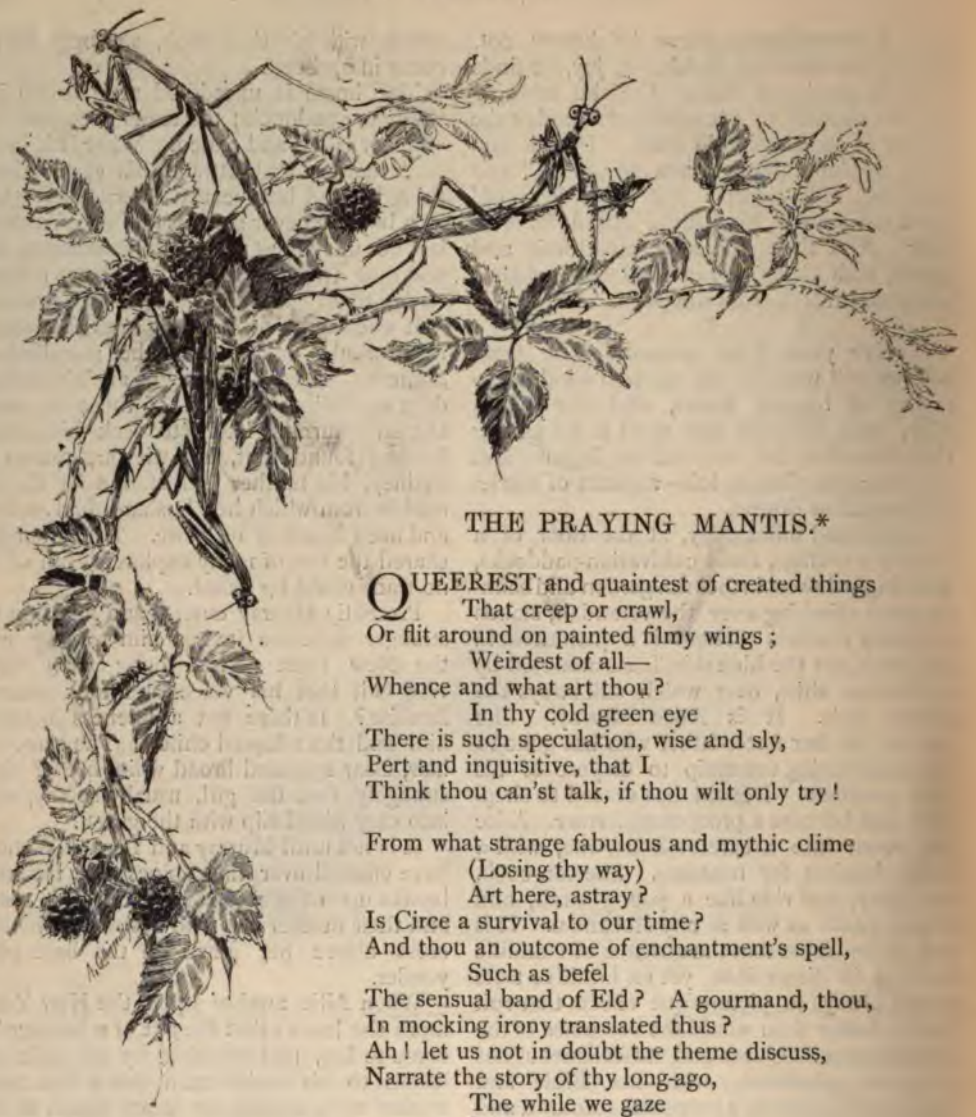
The horse is unsaddled and turned into the home paddock; the tea is prepared; the stranger is fed and rested. What is it in the bush maiden that attracts his eye? Something beyond her beauty. Sent to England as a boy, he never saw his mother afterwards, but her image rests warm in his memory still, and now it haunts him as if it were but yesterday that he left her, soothed with promises that when father came back from the interior they would join him in the grandfather's Somerset home. Through all his school-days no tidings had he of those he loved, but on returning lately to seek his parents he had found that, left without means in Sydney, his mother had started for the last station from which her husband had written and been heard of no more. His father had shared the fate of many explorers, but of her no trace could be found.

Presently Murray enters, and bidding the stranger welcome invites him to stay over the New Year. The young man stays. Why is it that his voice and look seem so familiar? Is there not a likeness between him and the adopted child? The same fair hair, clear eyes and broad white brow? And strangely too, the girl, usually so shy, slips into easy friendship with the guest?

It is not until Murray and Lenard Wynton have chatted over their pipes that the truth breaks upon them. Alice is the lost sister, and their mother it is who lies with a wooden cross above her grave on the bare plain yonder.

When Ailie awakes upon the New Year's morn she knows that the gift of a brother has come to her, and nestling by his side she listens to his boyish memories of that sweet mother who, ending her weary march of life, left her babe to save a soul from bitterness and despair. And ere two Yuletides have passed Lenard's friend, Guy Norton, has won and wed sweet Alice Wynton, and now another golden-haired babe sits on Donald's knee within the home that glows with happy love.

And so while the old world rolls on, sweet child-flowers bloom to brighten weary hearts, each little one bearing its message of love straight from the Father's home. And still to earth-bound lonely souls, as once to a darkened world that cared not to receive it, comes each Christmas the Everlasting Child, the emblem of new-born life which can vivify the dust and self of human nature with that peace and goodwill which are the key-notes of the new Evangel.



THE PRAYING MANTIS.*

QUEEREST and quaintest of created things
That creep or crawl,
Or flit around on painted filmy wings;
Weirdest of all—
Whence and what art thou?
In thy cold green eye
There is such speculation, wise and sly,
Pert and inquisitive, that I
Think thou can'st talk, if thou wilt only try!

From what strange fabulous and mythic clime
(Losing thy way)
Art here, astray?
Is Circe a survival to our time?
And thou an outcome of enchantment's spell,
Such as befel
The sensual band of Eld? A gourmand, thou,
In mocking irony translated thus?
Ah! let us not in doubt the theme discuss,
Narrate the story of thy long-ago,
The while we gaze
In droll amaze
On thy odd face, that turneth to and fro
Watching with cat-like vigilance, the fly
Which, all unconscious of thy fatal greed,
Calmly around meanders aimlessly,
Then nearer comes. Ah! stroke of lightning speed
Too swift for eye to follow! Now thine arm
Impales the victim in its trap-like grip
Irrevocably doom'd. And thy moist lip
And active mandibles its life-blood sip,
As 'twere a feast of turtle rich and warm
(Tempting and rare
Fine Civic fare);
Steaming beneath thy well-pleas'd nostrils, when
Thou too, disportedst thee 'mong well-fed men.

LOUISA A. MEREDITH.

* The more descriptive prefix were "preying." It has been objected that this would be an incorrect rendering of the scientific title *Mantis religiosa*, but carefully considered it scarcely appears such.

THE ART OF WOOING.

BY W. LEWERS AND F. C. COWLE.

IT is impossible to conceive a more arduous or brain-rending profession than that of a lexicographer or encyclopædist. The difficulties in the way of a satisfactory definition of anything are almost insurmountable. It is only the mind of a genius that could stumble upon such definitions as that of "nothing"—"a footless stocking without a leg," or "luncheon"—"base ingratitude to breakfast and premeditated insult to dinner." As our modesty prevents our accepting the title of genius which public opinion is anxious to confer upon us, we decline the responsibility of defining and differentiating an art and a science. We remember countless conundrums of our youth beginning: "What is the difference between, etc," but when we came to man's estate we put away childish things from us, and object to worrying our brains with riddles. Logicians themselves have not quite settled at what precise period of its development a study becomes a science. We are not logicians; after a long and unremunerative career at the Bar we have been reluctantly convinced that as a failure we were a complete success, like the milkman who advertised that henceforth he would be prepared to supply his customers with milk of the first water. Many thinkers conceive that when a study is so far advanced as to admit of trustworthy prediction it is entitled to rank as a science. For instance, meteorology has recently entered the charmed circle, for it is perfectly safe to prophesy that the Melbourne Racing Carnival or any other godless pastime will be attended with flawless weather, while Hospital Sunday and the Gala Days of the Saints are invariably accompanied by a falling barometer and storms of rain. We have not then arrived at a decision as to whether love-making (a careful distinction must be made between lovemaking and falling in love) is a science or an art It is a matter for the exercise of individual judgment; but at all events the pursuit may be said to be guided by fixed rules. Many conservatives still fondly cling to the notion that falling in love is the product of instinct. It is no such thing; it is merely a matter of skill which all may attain if they will.

Though we are now falling into the sere, the yellow leaf, and though we say it who should not, we have been a gay Lothario in our time and are still no despicable competitor in the race for female favor. As our late esteemed friend Mr. Horace would put it, *Vixi puellis nuper idoneus et militavi non sine gloria*, which being interpreted means, "I have hitherto been a bit of a masher amongst the girls and have been able to boast of many a scalp." Therefore it would not be meet to deprive the youth of the present generation of the opportunity of sharing the stores of experience we have garnered up. It galls us to see the young man of to-day wasting his precious opportunities and advantages instead of reducing the business to an exact science and entirely eliminating the element of chance from his love-affairs. We would therefore advocate the institution of a College or training-school where lessons in the art of wooing might be daily dispensed. Our scheme is not yet complete, but the public will not be deprived of its fruits in due season. It may be as well to premise that this article is written for male perusal only, and that our College when established will only be open to male students. The art of alluring is inherent in woman; she requires no arduous course of training to fit her with the tricks and graces which captivate the masculine fancy, and it would be impertinent as superfluous in us to offer any suggestions on the point. But man, as the ancient philosopher tells us, is a cooking animal, and it is therefore perhaps only natural that he should make a hash of his love-affairs. Our scheme is accordingly intended to supply a long-felt want, and deserves at least as great a share of success as missions to provide crush opera-hats for the Samoans or a suitable system of government for Ireland. The following are a few scattered ideas which will be dealt with at greater length in our prospectus, and the prospectus itself will be published as soon as the details of our undertaking have been definitely settled.

The teaching staff will consist of experienced professors, and the course of study will

include lectures on all subjects which tend to make the course of true courtship run smooth, with practical demonstrations by the lecturers. It is only after careful consideration that we have rejected the proposal to select the professors from the crowded ranks of young and pretty women in Australia. No doubt they could best teach us how to woo them, but the experiment would be inconsistent with our principles. Such a course would inevitably lead to a fatal confusion of precept and practice; the professors themselves, be they chaste as ice, could not escape imputations of gross favoritism; and the emulation amongst the scholars to obtain a high degree in their teachers' good wishes would be altogether too keen. Worst of all, there would be a danger of dissension spreading through the professorial board when the lectures of the young brunette, Professor X, were thronged whilst the more intellectual but less comely Professor Y was discoursing to empty benches; and should any youth as attractive as we were in our younger days submit himself for instruction we shudder to think to what lengths mutual jealousy might drive the susceptible preceptresses. The staff will be restricted to men of tact and experience, so that the institution may be like sweeps on the Melbourne Cup above suspicion, and nervous mothers need not hesitate to entrust to its tender mercies their unsophisticated sons of twenty-four.

Truisms are proverbially untrue, and one of the falsest of them is that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. The simple dairymaid costume is all very well in theory or at a fancy dress ball, but it is rather out of place in a modern drawing-room. A society beauty knows only too well how much she owes to the skill of her fashionable *costumière*. It is true that fine feathers do not make fine birds, but they make glorious trimmings for hats when selected with due regard to taste and without due regard to cost. One is taught in copy-books that he should not judge by appearances, but up to date no other test has been even suggested as a substitute. If Perdita generally looks best when decked out by Worth, it may be laid down as an equally general rule that Florizel's fine figure loses none of its manly beauty when decorated by Poole. So our curriculum will include lessons in dress from the most experienced and artistic tailors and outfitters in the Southern Hemisphere. It is not sufficient to have one's clothes made at the most expensive shops, but the whole costume must be in harmony, a poem in itself. A story is told of a dissatisfied customer rushing into Heath's, and in the gloom of the evening mistaking a distinguished surgeon, who was at the counter, for one of the attendants. "I say," he shouted excitedly, "look here, this hat doesn't fit." The great surgeon looked on him more in pity than in anger and calmly replied, "So I see, sir; neither does your coat." A belltopper and yellow boots are irreconcilable, and a white vest clashes with an ulster. Thus a man who is faultless as to one or more of his garments may come to grief over the remainder. We know it is not the coat that makes the gentleman, but it's the hat, the collar, the tie, in fact the *tout ensemble*. Brummel perhaps was the only hero who has achieved true greatness in this sphere, and we may live to see the time when his greatness will be recognised and a tablet raised to his memory in the Westminster Abbey of the future.

Sentimentalism has had its day. It is therefore unnecessary to engage a professor to instruct the students in amatory epistles and the art of writing verses. The art of writing cheques is of more importance. The good round signature of Gorgius Midas, junior, to a good fat cheque would be of more value in a modern maiden's eyes than the delicate penmanship of an Orlando beneath a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow. But when face to face with one's quarry a duly modulated voice can often be used with good effect in spite of the decay of romance, and to that end we will have a skilled elocutionist and a successful insurance agent to teach respectively the proper regulation of the voice and the choice of persuasive language. The eloquence of silence will be dwelt upon and the faculty of listening most carefully trained. The proper occasions and symptoms will be pointed out whereby one can judge whether his companion will regard his ceaseless chatter as sparkling conversation or as unmitigated inanity, and will class his dumbness as sensibility or as stupidity. Our pupils we trust will soon become proficient in whispering with proper emphasis the soft nothings and airy persiflage of the modern ball-room—"Awfully jolly dance, don't you know!" "Awfully fond of dancing? So'm I. As Shakspere or some other fellow says, 'Two heads without a single thought,' haw!" "Haw! So you're going to have a box with your sister at the opera to-morrow night; never box myself, with anybody; don't care about fighting; joke, eh?" We ourselves will descant upon the management of the eyes and the pressure of the hand. Killing glances should not be wasted. Every expression has a certain effect and must only

be used to secure certain results. Every phase of wooing has its appropriate clasp of the hand—too vigorous a grasp may untimely crush everything, too timid a pressure may not leave its mark. The thrill of a touch may mean little or nothing—or much.

Lawn tennis is an accomplishment worthy of the attention of the student who desires to acquit himself with honor. With dancing and other drawing-room amusements it will be expounded by experts. Standing with elegance, sitting with dignity, and lying with ease will also be properly inculcated. It is no longer necessary to actually participate in such brutal sports as cricket, football, rowing or shooting in order to win fair lady's esteem, since the said fair ladies have ceased to patronise these baser exhibitions of manly prowess. It is so much less trouble to *talk* of your prowess therein, and it serves the purpose just as well. The element of danger is at once excluded from boxing and hunting if you refrain from personal indulgence and content yourself with imagined exploits, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. So as to betting and other manly accomplishments, a reputation is to be acquired without lavish expenditure if only the tongue can run glibly enough. Always look annoyed at the end of a race; always back the second horse —verbally only, *bien entendu;* always tear up half-a-dozen bookmaker's cards when the numbers go up—you can get a dozen of them on the grass in the betting-ring, whither they have been flung by their unfortunate owners as soon as they became useless; and on settling day always go about with a little pocket-book and a gloomy face, or borrow a fiver from a friend and dash about in hansoms and quaff champagne whenever anybody is looking on, and otherwise act the smitten plunger or the successful idiot. Let your lies be lies of circumstance, and let your memory alone be true, and you are safe.

It goes without saying that under our fostering care manners will be brought to a high pitch of perfection. English travellers of distinction will be selected as models, and that studied impertinence and well-bred contempt for feminine delicacy, which Australian girls find so fascinating, may in time be acclimatised and acquired by conservative colonists who are still fettered by the canons of ordinary politeness. Appropriate swagger and overweening confidence will come like grey hairs with time.

The above are a few of the attributes that will be instilled into all the students, but the basis of our system will be the creation and development of tact and *savoir faire.* The pupils will be taught to suit the measures to the maid, and to recognise that opportunities are golden and must be duly weighed. They will learn to judge by the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace. They will know the symptoms of every varying feminine mood and demean themselves accordingly. They will gauge to a nicety a woman's age, temper, and financial value, merely from a casual observance of her manners and customs. The preponderating advantages of certain seasons will be utilised as they deserve. Christmas comes but once a year, and its license for tender passages may not occur again. The sweetest mode of osculation will be taught on scientific principles, and the exact occasions for its application will be marked out with mathematical precision and illustrated by diagrams. The resolution to conquer must be firmly made, and like a crying baby immediately carried out.

One of the most serious hindrances to the successful accomplishment of the art of wooing is the illogical process of falling in love. Scott tells us that love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and men below and saints above; but we are not aware that anyone has satisfactorily defined what love is. It is certain that the present importance of love in the affairs of mankind is unnatural—a relic of barbarism which must disappear as civilisation advances. It dates possibly from the Troubadours and the chivalry of the Middle Ages, when woman was regarded either as a slave or as a piece of confectionery. What was known as "love" was the essence of chivalry. But although the modern name for chivalry would be "Assault and Battery," and would call for prompt rectification at the hands of the nearest policeman and justice of the peace, neither the name nor the idea of love has undergone very much change for the better. This is no doubt due in great measure to the permanence given to it by the art of fiction. *Litera scripta manet*; the art of story-telling in modern form may be almost said to have arisen in recording the *gestes* of the "chappie" of the Middle Ages. Fiction is stranger than truth, and it has ever since continued to treat the so-called passion of love as the motive principle of existence. "Robinson Crusoe" is perhaps the one bright and shining example of an English novel in which nature is not distorted by the introduction of love. Patriotism, emulation, ambition, desire for gain or honor, hatred, and many other motives might be mentioned which have always exercised a greater sway over the conduct of men. Michelet, the only

great writer before ourselves who has treated the subject exhaustively, lays down in his *L'Amour* the idea of the moral emancipation of society by love. He tells us that love is not a crisis, a drama in one act. If it were it would be only a burden like a counterfeit shilling, to be negotiated as speedily as possible. "In love," says Michelet, "the dramatic momentum is doubtless interesting. But it is the interest of violent fatality, where we can do nothing but assist, and can independently influence but little. It is like the torrent which we contemplate at its narrowest point, foaming and frantic." Love is therefore upon his own showing a dangerous idol, and our system will, we trust, help to dethrone it from its pedestal. Our disciples will be carefully taught to avoid its insidious snares, and if the ideas of love and marriage are carefully distinguished, the latter may at last become a national institution and the art of wooing take a permanent place among the fine arts. Marriages have hitherto been popularly supposed to be made in Heaven. Hence possibly their failure, from a want of due appreciation of human requirements. The passage of recent Divorce Bills shows that a much-needed reform is at hand. Let the marriage of the future be conducted on mundane principles and founded solely on mundane considerations, and the nations of the earth with one voice will exclaim, "Truly the work of man is greater than the work of Providence."

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

I wish to twine a posy rare
  With flow'rets sweet, my maid to tell
Of how I love her, laying bare
  The thoughts that in my bosom dwell.
To make complete this loving task
Bring me those flowers for which I ask.

Primroses—of all flowers that blow
  Few give such joy as these to me—
I first must take, that they may show
  Her sweetest charm, simplicity.
I love her for her artless wiles,
Her merry laugh, her sunny smiles.

Next, violets must be entwined
  To mark her modesty, and say
Her innocence is strong to bind
  My soul to her pure soul for aye.
Can I so soiled and sinful dare
To win a soul so pure and fair?

Add fragrant purple heath to these,
  Gathered from wind-blown mountain side;
It tells the freedom of the breeze,
  And wildness by no limits tied.
She's even thus, my maiden kind,
As wild as heath, as free as wind.

To finish all—a blushing rose
  Goes in the posy last, to speak
My earnest constant love; it glows
  Less crimson than her blushing cheek.
To her my purest maid I give
My heart's best love—for her I live.

EVERARD DIGBY.

MY WIFE.

BY MRS. PERCY R. MEGGY.

WAS just twenty when I left college and must wait another year for my fortune; so for twelve months I was compelled to deny myself all luxury, as my frugal means would only allow of the plainest fare.

On leaving Oxford my first idea was to get settled comfortably in one of the suburbs of London, where I could continue my studies unobserved and cater for myself as best I could. After strolling about one lovely April afternoon in the neighborhood of Wandsworth I turned into a small street which struck me as being the one I was in search of, and before I had gone many steps I saw in a neat looking window just what I wanted —"A Furnished Room to Let." I tapped at the door, which was soon opened by a middle-aged lady, with large dark eyes which were unmistakeably very beautiful. I asked to see the room. She hesitated a moment and then showed me into a small neat back parlour with folding doors which led into the front room. The doors were closed. I arranged to take the room and said I would return in an hour's time. According to promise I arrived with my small luggage. I was shown in again by the same lady, who hoped I would ask for anything I required. There was a cosy and home-like appearance about everything, and I congratulated myself on having found rooms where cleanliness was most conspicuous. After arranging my wardrobe and books to my liking, I turned in quite exhausted, and slept the sleep of the just. The next morning I was out early, according to custom, taking my usual walk. I breakfasted at a small coffee tavern, then returned and commenced my studies. I had been just one week at my new quarters, and on settling up asked if it would be convenient to have tea at home on Sundays, as I should find it sometimes inconvenient to go out. The lady replied, somewhat to my surprise, that she would enquire. During the week I had stayed there I had not seen a creature but the owner of those wonderful eyes, who I imagined was the landlady, and I must own that I felt rather curious, and began to think this lady a species of mystery. The following day was Sunday. I rose early and prepared myself for a long ramble, and returned about 4 o'clock, very tired and quite ready for a cup of tea. Slipping on a comfortable gown and throwing myself on the couch by the folding doors I lit my pipe, and for the first time heard voices in the adjoining room. I was attracted by a woman's voice, which was sweet in the extreme, and accompanied by soft peals of musical laughter. A sweet voice has always had a special charm for me, and as I listened I wandered into poetic reverie. In the midst of this there came a gentle tap. I opened the door and found that my friend with the dark eyes had brought tea, which she placed on a table, disappearing almost before I had time to thank her. I resumed my former position on the couch and listened again. I beg to be forgiven for eaves-dropping. I could hear no words, only the sweet tones of the voice, and fancy brought me the face to which the voice belonged, and wafted me away on fairy wings of love. I sailed off into dreams, and in the enthusiasm of my youth I fancied she was mine. When I awoke it was long past midnight; all was still; the voice had gone, and I was soon trying to dream of it again, but the charm had fled and I could dream no more. During the following week everything passed off as at first. Sometimes I would lie and listen and long to hear those musical sounds again, but no sound came and my dream was dead. Was I in love, I asked myself, had I been scorched by the light of a fire that I had never seen? And I laughed and thought myself absurd. I had a secret pleasure in thinking that the dream was mine. No one else knew it. And so the week passed slowly on, and Sunday came at last. After my customary outing I returned about the same time as on the previous Sunday with a kind of longing in my heart. I listened, but all was quiet. After taking a hurried cup of tea which had been already left in my room, I slept for an hour and was suddenly awakened by a clear contralto voice singing one of Schubert's divinest melodies put to Schiller's sad poem, "The Maiden's Lament:" —"The world is forsaken. My heart is dead. My hope and my fear for ever have fled. Great Mother, thy child from the earth would go, I've known all the pleasure this earth can

e'er know, I've loved and I now would be sleeping."

I cannot describe the effect these words had upon me as they seemed to pour forth from the very soul of her who sang them. Was this woman forsaken? Was her heart dead? Suddenly the song ceased. I heard a stifled sob, then a door opened and closed, a step passed my room and died away, and all was still again. My heart was beating fast; my brain throbbed and I wondered at myself why I was thus affected. All my feelings were unaccountable. I paced the room, sleep would not come. I felt that I must know this woman. I would ask the dark-eyed lady of her, but when the morning came I could not bring myself to speak. No, I would wait for another Sunday.

The week which followed was spent cherishing, nourishing, and then abandoning my hope. Sometimes I would attempt to ridicule what appeared to be weakness, but whatever phase of this strange fascination presented itself I felt that I must satisfy the one desire of my heart, which was to see her. So I planned and devised various schemes for the following Sunday, which seemed to be the only day she spent in the adjoining room. At last I decided on what struck me as being the best thing to do. I would knock when I heard her there and ask permission to speak to the landlady, and find out if there was any objection to my having use of the piano in the evenings during the week. I waited restlessly and anxiously for Sunday, which came at last. After my morning walk and light dinner I returned home and made a careful toilette and tried to settle my mind to read. The voice I had learned to love soon broke on the stillness of the hour, and I closed my eyes and listened. It was strangely beautiful, this sweet sad voice, and when it ceased I rose impulsively and felt that I must see her then. I knocked. In a moment more I stood before a fair and lovely girl of not more than eighteen summers, with a classically beautiful face and noticeably sad but exquisitely sweet expression. Her hair was the most perfect shade of gold, and clustered in massive ringlets on her shoulders. She was clad in white, and looked like an angel just stepped from the clouds. "Pardon me," I said; "may I speak to the landlady?" Imagine my surprise when she answered, "I am the landlady." I was completely nonplussed, and for the first time in my life felt so confused that I was lost for words. "Oh would you, could you, may I," and at last I stammered out, "Do you object to my playing occasionally in the evenings?"

"Not at all," she answered; "you are quite welcome. I am only here on Sundays."

I thanked her and hurried away. I caught up my hat and left the house with a thousand different feelings coursing through my veins. Who was this girl, why was she here? The landlady! I could scarcely believe what I heard. Two or three evenings later I knocked at the adjoining room. All was still. I opened the door and entered. There was a dim light burning and the piano was open.

I played some of Mendelssohn's sweetest songs from memory. No one disturbed me, and I played on for nearly two hours, feeling their beauty and seeming to see the vision of my landlady always before me. After this I returned every evening and played with an intensity of feeling I had never felt before. On the Saturday following the Sunday on which I had spoken to my landlady I was playing Schubert's wondrous melody "Death and the Maiden." Just as I finished the door slowly opened and she entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes had a dreamy far-away expression that I had not noticed the first time I saw her.

"Will you play that again?" she said as I rose to leave the room. "It is divine."

I did as she requested, but with nervous hands and an unaccountable beating of the heart. Suddenly her voice broke forth and she sang with exquisite distinctness the beauteous words. This gave me courage and I accompanied her with renewed power. As her voice blended with the music so our souls seemed blending into one. We had finished and were overpowered by the spell the music had wrought within us.

For some minutes neither one spoke, and then she said, "You are very kind. Come to-morrow. I should like so much to sing it again."

This was all and she left me. Every evening after this she would glide in unexpectedly when I was playing, and taking an arm-chair which stood at my back blend her voice with wonderful sweetness to whatever I played. We seldom spoke. Sometimes I would turn and ask her if she knew some song I thought of. Her eyes were often closed, and if not that dreamy look was always there. She seemed quite unconscious of my presence, and sang because she loved to sing. So the summer evenings passed. It was an ideal existence and had an indescribable charm for me.

One evening I brought with me a dainty basket of violets which I intended leaving on the piano. She was standing at the window. She turned as I entered.

"There are violets here—my favorite flower," she said.

I instantly offered them.

She held out her hand, and with eyes cast down said, "Music and flowers are emblems of one another. Come with me; I will show you my garden."

I followed her as she glided gracefully up the small staircase. At the top of these stairs was a door which she opened with a key. As we entered, the odor of the flowers was for the moment overpowering. It was a perfect fairy glen. A kind of terrace or large balcony about eighteen feet square led off from the house. The floor was tiled, and there were six casement windows on the two sides facing east and west. These were all thrown open and a delicious breeze passed through the room. Birds were flying everywhere, and one lovely white dove flew into her ams and nestled next her heart. There were creeping plants and running ivy in every nook and corner. Baskets of ferns hung from beams which crossed the room. A lovely fountain played in the centre, which was surrounded by a moss bed decorated with choice shells. In the water gambolled dainty goldfish. In every part of the room where good taste would permit were placed choice plants and flowers arranged with a grace which would have pleased the most artistic eye.

"This lovely spot seems made for you," I said. "It is like Paradise to me."

She smiled faintly, and, laying her cheek gently on the bird she still held, said, "I love my birds because they coo and sing. I love the perfume of my flowers, but I cannot see them. I am blind."

My blood chilled cold as ice. I looked at her but could not speak. I could have wept, it was so sad a thing to me.

"I am glad you like my garden," she said lightly. "I arranged it myself," and she moved towards the door as if to go.

"May I come again?" I asked with a choking feeling in my throat.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I should be glad if you would sometimes help me to arrange my flowers."

I thanked her for the privilege and left, then caught up my hat and strolled aimlessly about town, my thoughts dwelling upon what I had just heard. It was hours before I could realise that my beloved was blind. What should I do? Should I go on winding my love about her and then tell her what I had done, or should I go away and try to forget? The last thought was cowardly. No; I would guide her. I would be her shield, and protect her from the world. I would be her staff, and she should lean upon me. I loved her with all my heart and longed to tell her so.

The next morning after taking my usual walk I knocked at the conservatory. The door was partly open. She was feeding her birds. I could look now as I had never dared before. It was a pretty sight. There she stood, her birds hovering about her, unconscious of the charming picture she made. With that instinct peculiar to the blind she knew me at once.

"Come in," she said. "You are just in time to help me," and then she told me that the blind school where she was still a pupil had a floral department, and that all the flowers ordered were sent to her to make up into bouquets and wreaths. She moved about while speaking with an easy grace, feeding her birds, watering her flowers, and arranging them with a perfect blending of color which was marvellous to behold.

I answered that I should be glad to help if she would teach me, at which she smiled and said, "All musicians understand arranging flowers; they are scraps of music and only want putting together."

She soon taught me how to twine the wreaths which she did herself like one accustomed to it.

"My name is Helen," she said, bending over her work. "I am known as Helen, the blind girl."

"What may I call you?" I enquired breathlessly.

"Oh, call me Helen," she said with a gentle little laugh.

Up to this time we had ignored any pretence at formality, in fact had paid no attention to the rules of etiquette. In my eyes she soared above them. The idea of calling her Miss anybody I could not realise, and when she told me to call her Helen I could have knelt before her. Her name was heavenly and as dear to me as she was. She talked of music and of the songs she loved, and her flexible fingers moved quickly. Every morning after this I spent the time from eleven to twelve in the conservatory, and was soon quite at home in my work. I found that Helen was well read, and conversed fluently on most subjects with a command of language which was almost enviable. Her face would light up and beam with divine radiance when she became enthusiastic on any favorite topic. One day she told me how she lost her sight.

"When I was ten years old I was stricken with fever which lasted many weeks, and on

recovering I found myself blind. My mother, who was always delicate, was so shocked and grief-stricken at this calamity that she died soon after and left me quite alone. For a time my troubles were almost too great to bear. I have no relatives in England. Miss Mavin, who is keeping house for me, is an old and dear friend, and has been with me since my mother's death. I have nearly finished my education at the blind school, and they give me all the floral work which brings me a nice income."

I listened to her sad story with tears in my eyes. She talked on sometimes in a dreamy strain almost unconscious of my presence. In such moods I listened but seldom spoke. I would sit and gaze at her in silent adoration. At last I determined to tell her all. It was impossible to continue in the state of mind at which I had arrived without revealing to her my sacred thoughts.

One lovely morning when the sun was lighting up her garden with his golden rays, the birds singing their sweetest songs, and she herself looking the very emblem of love and loveliness, I told her that I loved her. She was sitting with her tresses falling like a shower of gold, and was in one of those far-away dreamy moods into which she often strayed. We had both been silent for some time.

"Helen," I suddenly began, "may I tell you a secret?" and as I spoke I knelt on a small stool at her feet and took her small white hands in mine. Her cheeks crimsoned, but she did not attempt to withdraw her hands.

"What is it?" she asked, timidly.

"I want you for my wife," I whispered. "I love you dearer than my life. I have always loved you, Helen."

Suddenly a look of pain crossed her lovely face, and hot tears dropped upon my hands. "I am a poor blind girl," she answered. "How can I be your wife?"

I kissed the tears that dropped upon my hands. They were sacred tears to me. "Light my path," I said, "and I will guide you through the world. I can never be happy without you, Helen. Tell me, will you try to love me?"

"I am afraid," she said.

"Oh! do not fear me," I pleaded. My love is true, and fresh, and green. Tell me, dearest Helen, have you never wished that you could see my face, and thought that you might grow to love me?"

She took my face in both her dainty hands, and drooped her head, and whispered low: "I know your face quite well. I've dreamed of it so often."

How blest was I! Our loving secret was soon made known to Miss Mavin. Our marriage was to take place the following 'Xmas day—which would be in three months time. I should inherit then my father's large fortune, and my Helen should live like a princess. A few mornings later she was looking more pensive than usual.

"Helen," I said, "you are sad this morning." A pained expression crossed her face.

"Oh!" she answered, as if sorry I had noticed that she was sad. "I have been thinking of something very serious."

"What is it; tell me dear?"

"There is a doctor," she began, "who says that he can give me back my sight if I will consent to an operation."

Hitherto she had never seemed to care to speak of her calamity, and I was somewhat surprised at this sudden outburst.

"I feel now," she went on, "that I ought to bear it for your sake."

"Helen," I answered, "you are dearer to me, if possible, because you are blind; but if you think that you might see again, no time nor expense shall be spared. You shall decide. It shall be as you say. Consider it well, dear, and tell me in a few days what you think is best."

I waited anxiously for nearly a week before she mentioned the subject again. One evening I was playing her favorite anthem. Suddenly she called me. I was quickly by her side.

"Harold," she began, "I have decided to try and get my sight again." I kissed her and felt glad. "Just think," she went on, "if I could only see the morning that I became your wife," and she laughed aloud, and we were both overjoyed at the thought. I soon consulted the best oculists, who examined her eyes and considered it quite likely that she would see again. A day was named for the operation. Sometimes I was glad and then sorry. She seemed always glad about it, and said a little pain was nothing now, but not worth while before. At last the day arrived and I was to take her to the hospital, where she would remain about a month. How I trembled the day I left her there, but she seemed not to realise her position. I would not see her for a week, and this was agony to me; but I was too pleased to leave her in such a contented frame of mind, and, therefore, said nothing of my own feelings. What a week it was I can never forget! I fed her birds and tended the flowers, but what a different place, now my Helen was gone! The days were long and dreary, and when at last

the time came I almost feared to go. I hastened to her at the hour appointed and found her in a room quite alone. She was reclining on a couch. Her face was distressingly white, and a painful smile greeted me. She knew me at once, and held out her hands, and pressed my face gently to her own—an endearing way in which she always greeted or parted from me since our engagement. I could scarcely speak, but she soon broke the silence.

"I am so lonely, dear, without you," she said; "sometimes I wish I had not come here."

I asked her what had been done. She did not know, but they had done something. Her eyes were bandaged and sometimes she would start, as if in acute pain. I wished she had not come, too, but did not say so. I tried to be cheerful, but felt I played my part badly.

The visiting time was one hour, and of that hour I only had fifty minutes. The other ten Miss Mavin took, as that lady preferred to go in alone. The moments passed so quickly that when I had to go I whispered: "Be brave, Helen, the time will soon pass, and just think how glad we shall both feel." I pressed her to my heart and left her. How I reached home I never knew. Once there, I threw myself on my couch and sobbed convulsively. I wished that she had never gone! I could only see her once during the week, and she might have to remain there for two or three months. The days dragged on. I went regularly, and found her always white, and thin, and sad. I saw the doctors privately. They still thought that she would see again. Life was getting unbearable. I spent most of my time writing little poems to her, which I read each week, and she would commit them to memory and repeat them to me on my next visit, and ask me in her own loving way "if I still meant every word?" I thus kept her mind from dwelling too much upon her trouble. One day I went and she told me with a little shudder that on the following day they would operate finally upon her eyes. She had gradually grown thinner, and her face looked pinched and sorrowful.

"Helen," I said, "you have done splendidly; the worst is over now and you will soon be your own dear self again. Our wedding day is fast approaching, you must get well quickly and look lovely then." She tried to smile.

Another week of suspense. On the usual day I wended my way to Helen with trembling steps. I found her looking very ill, but the operation had been successful and in another week they thought her sight would be restored.

"I fear this retirement has been too much for me," she said, "I am so weak."

I comforted her as best I could. "Come, Helen, you must not give way. Just think that when I come again we shall gaze at one another as we have so longed to do."

She put her hands on my face and kissed my eyes. "Harold," she said suddenly, "ask them if you may come again to-morrow. I think I shall want to speak to you."

"What is it?" I asked.

"No, not to-day, to-morrow, dear. I am so tired to-day," and she leaned back and fell into a gentle sleep. I soon left her, after getting permission to go the following day. The next morning I hastened there and learned that she was sleeping and had asked for me about an hour before. I was shown in. There she lay in a quiet sleep, I sat and watched her. "Harold," she murmured, as if conscious that I was there.

"I am here, my very dearest."

She took my hand. "Harold, listen and be brave; it is best for you to know that I am dying, dear. Put your strong arm around me. You love me, I know. I am quite happy but wish you could come too. You cannot save me dear, please do not try. Loosen the bandage, I want to look at you before I go."

My pulses throbbed, my heart was nearly rent in twain, but I calmed my emotions and untied the bandage as she desired. Her eyes were clear and beautiful.

"Oh, Harold! God has answered my prayer. I asked that I might look into your eyes before I died." She took my face in both her hands and gazing earnestly at me whispered, "Just as I have seen you in my dreams." Then as if exhausted by the effort she fell back and breathed away.

This was too much to bear. I remembered nothing more until the following day, when I looked up and saw a pair of large dark eyes watching me anxiously and a gentle voice asked, "Are you better?"

It was Miss Mavin. I was at home.

"Where is Helen," I asked.

"Hush, she is dead," and a stifled sob was all that followed.

"I must go to her," I said, rising from my couch.

"No," she answered gently; "you must lie still for a time; you are very ill."

"Where is she?"

"She is here in the conservatory. I brought you both back yesterday."

When Miss Mavin left the room I stole quietly up the staircase and opened the door of the conservatory noiselessly and entered. All was still. The sun was setting and threw a golden light just where my darling lay. I approached with trembling steps. Oh, God! my Helen in her wedding dress lay dead. Her pet white dove had flown and nestled its gentle little head next her heart. Her hair lay like a golden crown upon her head, and in her folded hands were placed some lilies, sweet emblems of herself. I kissed her snow-white forehead and took the tiny ring from a small silk purse which she had made, and placed it on her stiff cold finger.

"My bride, my only love, this should have been our wedding day. Why are we placed on earth to know such agony?" And then I knelt and swooned away. When I regained consciousness some days had passed. I was again in my own apartment and Miss Mavin told me that she had made all arrangements for the funeral, which would take place on the following day.

It was New Year's morning that I placed my Helen in her grave with a soul as pure and chaste as the flowers she wore. More than fifty blind children, clad in white, each one carrying a wreath of lilies, followed. It was a sad and beautiful procession as they marched in silence, with grief impressed on every brow and tears streaming from their sightless eyes. They formed a circle round the grave, and when the holy service ended each child dropped a wreath bedewed with tears of love upon the coffin of my bride.

Twenty years have passed since then, but my sorrow is as great as on that day. My hair is white and my voice trembles. The one sorrow of my life has made me old. Miss Mavin is my housekeeper, and we are still in the same house. My life and fortune have been dedicated to the blind, with whom I spend my time, teaching the young, reading to the old, and aiding them in every way that is possible. I have found that there is a sacred pleasure in living and working for those who are afflicted, and I shall go on in this labor of love till death calls me to my wife.

"LOVE AND AMBITION."

ALAS! too late—I see it now,—
Mine all the blame,
I would not love, but only sighed
To win a name.

Love or Ambition? Once the choice
Before me lay,
I wavered long, but in the end
Pride won the day.

Long hours of struggle and despair
At last are crowned,
And on my aching temples bare
The wreath is bound.

The rapid years have passed away,
My youth has fled,
The barren honors come too late
Now *he* is dead.

I hear once more the pleading tones;
They thrill me yet;
My aching heart can never still
This wild regret.

I see once more that longing face
So wrung with pain,
The haunting visions of the Past
Come once again.

I stretch my eager hands across
The empty space,
My wistful eyes the darkness scan
To see his face.

His soft voice murmurs tenderly
"My love, at last!"
And round my trembling form a hand
Is warmly claspt.

'Tis but a dream! I start and wake,
The vision gone,—
Too late! Henceforth for evermore
I am alone.

E. J. T.

MORDECAI.

BY E. MAYHEW BRISSENDEN.

DR. HAYMAN was standing with his back to the fireplace, smiling pleasantly at three fat men who sat on the opposite side of his surgery table. So bland and affectionate was the smile that you would have been ready to believe that the three broad white waistcoats presented no impediment to his skilled gaze, and that he was lovingly contemplating beneath them the incipient ravages of some exceptionally interesting complaints. With such a smile does the suburban horticulturist linger over his glass frames, amorous of the abnormal development of a costly vegetable.

"You really ought, you know, Hayman," said the first fat man.

"Such an opportunity," said the second.

"It's a dead certainty, too," declared the third.

There was another silence, during which Dr. Hayman meditatively stroked his shaven lips and caressed his fragment of red whisker.

"There will be opposition, won't there?" he said. "And I'm bound to make some enemies, Tuffin, and then my practice will suffer."

"Nonsense; not a bit of it!" asserted Tuffin. "As for this fellow, O'Brien, it's your clear duty to set up against him. He won't do at all. Come now, is it yes or no?"

"Well," said Dr. Hayman genially, "since you will have an answer I suppose I must say yes. And now that's settled we had better pledge my success in a little prescription that I always keep made up in the cupboard for these cases."

Half an hour later, when Dr. Hayman accompanied his friends to the door, their voices were husky with emotion, and they shook his hand frequently. As he stood and watched the three broad backs going down the drive, his wife came out and joined him.

"Are they patients, James?" she inquired.

"I'm afraid they will be," he answered. "If they come often I shall have to get in some cheap whisky for them."

"But what do they want?" she insisted.

"There's a vacancy in the borough council and they are anxious for me to put up for it. Taking it all round I think it will be rather a good thing for the practice, and give me a little better standing with the crowd. So you will have to make up your mind, Mrs. Hayman, to doing a little electioneering during the next ten days or so. We'll have Tuffin and his friends with a few others to dinner on Sunday to talk over the matter."

"And we might give a tennis party on Saturday afternoon," said the lady. "We could have quite a lot of people, you know, and you could talk to the men."

"Very good idea, too," said the doctor approvingly. "But here is Thomas with the cart." And Dr. Hayman was whirled away on his afternoon round in the smartest turnout that a suburban general practitioner ever possessed. Illnatured folk were accustomed to remark that it was a great deal smarter than the doctor, and that if he had used it exclusively to take him by the shortest route from one patient to another, it would not have been seen quite so frequently. But Dr. Hayman's perfectly-appointed vehicle was very tall, and if it drew upon him the envy of the crowd at least it put him in the happy position of being able to look down upon his slanderers.

Saturday came, and brought with it Mrs. Hayman's tennis party, which was declared on all sides to be a perfect success. The day was brilliant, the court not to be improved upon, and the afternoon tea delicious. The elderly gentlemen who sat on the verandah all the afternoon and discussed their host's spirits, cigars, and candidature, expressed unlimited satisfaction with them. Dr. Hayman glowed with pleasure, and modestly confessed to himself that he really had no idea that he was so popular. He felt as if he could have talked for ever on municipal matters, and might have attempted to do so if a movement on the tennis ground had not attracted the curiosity—though, perhaps, it did not divert the attention—of his audience. Both players

and spectators had left their places, and were gathered round some object on the grass, invisible from the verandah. When the seniors arrived on the spot they discovered that the cause of the disturbance was a Hindoo person, clad in the turban and cotton frock-coat peculiar to his nation, who had opened a pack on the grass, and was displaying some beautiful silverwork and curious brassware. Several of the ladies expressed their admiration, and, since nothing makes a man more generous than the feeling that he is being properly appreciated, Dr. Hayman pounced on the Indian's stock, purse in hand, and distributed a great part of it in presents. "Very foolish of me!" he declared, jocularly. "These odd little silver things are just as likely to be charms against illness as anything else."

But if the tennis party was a success, still more delightful was the harmony which prevailed at the doctor's council of war over his Sunday dinner. He had gathered about his table some of the most influential inhabitants of the suburb, who seemed to infuse into themselves additional good feeling for him every time they lifted a glass or a fork. If anything could possibly have been wanting to the social completeness of the occasion it would have been supplied by the presence of Tuffin and his two friends. "Nothing," thought Dr. Hayman—he was very near saying it, but restrained himself—"nothing sets off a dinner table so well as two or three stout elderly gentlemen suitably placed round it."

The hostess had retired with the two ladies who had kept her in countenance, and the conversation was growing animated and slightly noisy, when a servant entered and spoke to Dr. Hayman, interrupting him in a little speech. He was developing an astonishing taste for little speeches.

"Well!" he cried, "don't stand staring there, but show him in here. It is Harris," he exclaimed, turning to his convives, "though I did not expect him quite so early."

In a minute or two the girl reappeared, and, holding the door open, waited, as if to announce someone who was delaying to enter. The doctor rose, and advanced to greet the guest. "Come in, Harris!" he cried, genially. There was a disconcerting silence, a light shuffle outside, and, at the door appeared a figure, the sight of which froze Dr. Hayman's warm welcome stiff and cold. It was a thin and meagre figure, clad in a long clinging cotton coat, and surmounted by a dark and melancholy face, and a dingy red turban. In the profound silence of astonishment which fell upon the company as they stared over one another's shoulders at the intruder, he thrust out a light-brown palm containing a coin, and said, mournfully "'Sofren,' no good." He repeated this several times with variations to Dr. Hayman, who seemed incapable of reply, and then turned appealingly to the guests. The nearest man scrutinised the coin, and said, solemnly, "It's a gilt shilling. You didn't give him this, Hayman, did you?" The outstretched hand pointed to the doctor, and the sad voice said, "Heem! Heem gave it."

But the accused had by this time recovered his voice and lost his temper. "Confound you!" he burst out angrily. "What do you mean by bringing the thing here? It's a rascally imposition. Clear out of this, and hurry about it, too."

The Indian merely returned Dr. Hayman's wrathful gaze with a blank stare. Then he looked at the sovereign and repeated, as if it were an explanation which could not fail to carry conviction: "Heem gave it."

"I gave it! did I?" roared the doctor, with a very red face. "Mary, send Thomas up here. Now, look here, you scamp, if you ever come here again trying to extort money, I'll give you in charge—give you to the police—send you to prison! D'ye hear? Thomas, put this fellow outside the gate, and make him understand that if he ever comes back again, it will be very serious for him," and the groom gently laid hands upon the unresisting Oriental, who was removed, looking back and plaintively ejaculating: "Heem gave it."

"Scoundrel!" said Dr. Hayman, still warm, seating himself at the table. The opinion was endorsed by the company, several of whom, however, seemed inclined to condone the offence against their host's peace of mind, in view of the opportunity afforded them of relating with great detail various instances of Eastern duplicity, which they had observed at Colombo and other places. It is well known that these anecdotes have a peculiarly soothing—almost somnolent—influence on the mind of the hearer, and Dr. Hayman soon recovered his equanimity and forgot the disturbing incident.

It was sharply recalled the next morning, when, as the doctor drove out, he saw seated on the kerbstone no less insignificant a person than the Hindoo, who extended a beseeching hand and would have spoken but that the flashing wheels carried the doctor swiftly out of earshot. On his return he was not any more pleased to find the enemy still sitting

at his gates, and was on the point of sending for a policeman when he reflected that the matter might arouse discussion which would be inconvenient at election time.

On the Tuesday evening he had the honor of being declared by a large and enthusiastic meeting, to be a fit and proper person to represent the ratepayers. The following night an equally large and enthusiastic meeting came to the same conclusion with regard to his opponent; but he was assured by his friends that the opposition meeting was by no means representative of public opinion, and that the opposition enthusiasm was invariably hired. Acting on advice he determined to diligently canvass the borough, and for the next two days his cart flashed here and there with the erratic brilliance of a firefly, or was seen waiting for him at the doors of many men, to whom Dr. Hayman introduced himself with a smile of extraordinary sweetness. Nothing had power to disturb his smile, so fixed and constant was it, except the vision of the meagre and melancholy figure which repeated its monotonous gesture and cry every time he passed into or out of his own gate. Then Dr. Hayman scowled and cursed the fellow's obstinacy, and vowed that the whole thing was a rascally fraud. The continual presence of the Hindoo had apparently become a matter of popular remark, for Dr. Hayman often saw little knots of idlers gathered about his gate gazing curiously at the crouching figure. How much was known of the matter out of doors and what opinions were held concerning it, the doctor did not realise until he received by post one morning an issue of the local paper containing a letter headed "The Eastern Question" and signed "An Englishman." The writer informed the editor, with an attempt at humor, that the Eastern Question had assumed a new phase and had emigrated to the sunny clime of Australia. "A certain disciple of Aesculapius, in practice not a hundred miles away" owed a small debt, contracted *under peculiar circumstances*, to a Hindoo hawker who was literally starving at the doctor's door for want of the money. Were the just and generous ratepayers of the borough—inquired the writer with sinister emphasis—were they going to allow these things to be perpetrated in their midst?

It was evident that the writer had succeeded in rousing the indignation of a part of the community, for when Dr. Hayman came forward to speak that night at a meeting—his own meeting too—he was greeted from the back of the hall with cries of "*Shame!*" "*Is he* dead yet?" and the like. One elector was distinctly heard to propose that "Dr. Hayman's dark friend is a fit and proper person," etcetera; and a chorus which narrated the successive destruction of half-a-score of colored youths by an unexampled series of misfortunes was carried on with much spirit for a considerable time. Dr. Hayman ultimately managed to make himself heard and to speak his part; but, though urged to make an explanation, he apoplectically refused.

On his exasperated way home it occurred to him to see for himself whether there was any truth in the report that his persecutor was starving, and he accordingly directed Thomas to stop at the gate. It was a bright moonlight night, but the Indian was not to be seen in his usual place, and the doctor with a sigh of relief was on the point of climbing back into his cart again, when his attention was arrested by two dim points of light in the black shadow of the fence. Looking more closely he made out the form of the Indian sitting on the ground, his knees clasped in his arms, and his eyes shining like an animal's in the dark. Dr. Hayman walked up to this catlike apparition and asked roughly "What are you loafing about here for, eh?"

There was no answer or movement, and he went on "Are you hungry—want to eat? Because if you are there's half-a-crown for you." He dropped it as he spoke at the man's feet. "But as for that sovereign, it's a swindle, and you'll never get a penny of it out of me if you wait till Doomsday."

The Indian never spoke a word, but stretching out a skinny arm and clawlike hand, he grasped the coin, spat on it viciously, and hurled it out into the dust of the roadway. The silent venom of this action rather astonished Dr. Hayman, who had fancied he was dealing with a cat and now discovered something of the tiger. He retired from the field of action more out of temper than ever.

The next morning he was sitting down to his late Sunday breakfast, when a servant brought him a card with the inscription "Professor Causfield."

"Dear me!" said the doctor wearily, "what a nuisance. Ask him if he would mind coming in while I eat my breakfast. Say I was up all night and am very tired.

Causfield was a tall thin man with a straw-colored moustache and pale blue eyes, and dressed in the coolest of tweeds. "My *dear* Hayman," he said, shaking the doctor's passive hand energetically, "I'm *fear*fully sorry to have disturbed you."

Dr. Hayman mumbled some sort of

a welcome, and the new comer seated himself at the table and began to talk.

"The fact is, my dear Hayman," he said, "that I have some shadow of a reason for turning up at this unearthly hour. In the first place I came to spend my Sunday with a friend out here, in the second I thought I might as well take your Hindoo on the way, and——"

Dr. Hayman dropped a plate, and under cover of the table, as he stooped, said something violent.

"—— and as the personage down yonder did not seem very talkative, I thought I might as well run up and see you. How did I hear about him? Oh, quite a lot of people have told me. Everyone is talking about it, I believe, out here, and of course everything Hindoo has an attraction for me in my official capacity as Professor of Primaeval Law, particularly when I fancy that I have come across any genuinely ancient customs. Now, as a matter of fact, my dear fellow, you owe this man a trifle?"

"As a matter of fact, my dear sir, I don't," said Dr. Hayman with some violence, "and I don't intend to pay him a brass farthing!"

"Well, at any rate, he fancies you owe him something. And as far as the brass farthing goes, don't halloo till you're out of the wood."

"What on earth do you mean?" said the doctor.

"Just this," replied Causfield. "Your friend out there is putting the screw on you in a way that has been customary in India since the time of Mânu. In this country of County Courts and Christianity, my dear fellow, that heathen is sitting *dharna* on your doorstep."

"Sitting *what*?" cried the doctor, with his eyes open.

"There's nothing very uncommon about it," continued his friend, with the modest pride of a naturalist showing a rare specimen. "You see, he simply sits at your gate until you pay him, or until he dies of starvation; and in the latter case his ghost will haunt you persistently for the rest of your life. And let me tell you, Hayman," said the professor impressively, "that unless you have a private income of your own it will be exceedingly awkward for you to have a ghost after you everywhere; not an ordinary ghost either, mind you, but an Indian ghost. Patients don't care about these things at any price."

"Well, at any rate," said Dr. Hayman gloomily, "if he hasn't eaten anything for seven days, as you say, he can't last much longer."

"Nonsense, my dear sir," cried Causfield. "These fellows think nothing of fasting for three weeks or a month at a time, just to get into training for the longer fasts enjoined by the sacred books."

"What do you think I ought to do," inquired Dr. Hayman a little anxiously. "It will be a confounded nuisance to have that fellow dying slowly in front of the house."

"Well," said his friend, "there are two ways. You might possibly get an injunction to restrain him from further proceeding in the matter without the leave of the Equity Court. Then again you might pay him."

"I'm blessed if I do," cried Hayman, jumping from his seat and pacing the room angrily, "not a sixpence."

"Oh, yes you will though," said Causfield smiling. "The force of public opinion and your own sense of justice, or pity, won't allow you to let him starve down there. And as for popular opinion, it is getting pretty strong."

"You don't mean to say so!" said the doctor stopping short.

"But I do," replied Causfield as he rose to take his leave. "And as I understand you are a candidate for some local election or other I think you should have settled the matter before. You'll have to do it sooner or later, mark my words."

During the rest of that day Dr. Hayman was restless and irritable, and seemed not at all pleased with himself. On the Monday, which was the day of election, he continued in the same mood, refusing all entreaties of his friends that he would go out and mix in the *melée*.

Late in the afternoon he walked down to the gate. A few people were standing on the footpath staring at the crouching figure against the fence, but, scared by the doctor's scowl they moved away. When they had gone Dr. Hayman looked at the Hindoo. His face was gaunt and drawn, his limbs shrunken and his eyes glittering, and he muttered to himself as if in delirium. Moved by a sudden access of pity for the miserable being and perhaps by a sense of the powerlessness of his own will in the face of such immoveable obstinacy, Dr. Hayman drew a sovereign from his pocket and held it out. The Indian raised himself to his feet slowly and with difficulty, took the money, and silently shuffled away, swaying and tottering like a drunken man as he went, and now and then supporting himself against the fence.

When the doctor turned from watching him he saw advancing from the opposite direction two figures. One was short and

stout and hardly kept abreast of the rapid strides of his tall companion. As they drew nearer the doctor recognised Tuffin and Causfield.

"Ha!" gasped the fat man, mopping his face, "'t's all over—game's up—that damned nigger did it."

"Look here, Tuffin," broke in Dr. Hayman savagely, "I rather fancy your heart is not as sound as it might be, and if you will run about in the sun you'll be bowled over like a ninepin one of these fine days."

The fat man gasped loudly and then became very quiet. As the doctor turned away irritably he met the other man's cool smile.

"It is interesting," said Causfield pleasantly, "very interesting, to see the methods and ideas of ancient and almost forgotten peoples actually at work in an environment so utterly separated from theirs by the gulf of racial differences and alien civilisation. Don't you think so, Hayman?"

"I'm hanged if I do," said Dr. Hayman.

SUSPENSE.

MY missive sent, I sit and count
The long slow hours till it shall reach his hand
That God doth know I know—that hosts
Of angel eyes may look, and understand.
But I, who would give worlds to know,
Can only count the moments go!

The dewy morn does linger so!
She seems to think of nothing but the leaves.
The garden lies so still and sweet
The while my heart so feverishly heaves.
A rosebud there, from out its sheaf
Of leaves, uncurls one cool pale leaf.

The hours that will not haste for grief
At last bring round the large-eyed noon.
She too must listen to the leaves
Go lisping on their ceaseless slumb'rous tune—
She too, because my pulses keep
Such restless time, must stay to sleep.

At length the sky so blue and deep
Takes in the dreamier look of afternoon.
And now I count again the tale
Of idling hours—and feel my senses swoon
Beneath this weight of time before
I learn my fate for evermore!

All thro' I hear the happy shore
Receive the opal sea's long lingering kiss.
A million years when Death has come
I know the sea will look to me like this!
And I will know that I am she
Who stares wide-eyed in misery.

Sweet evening now on every lea
And deep green garden lays her cooling hands.
The fields heave one glad sigh; the breeze
Delays, upon its way to other lands,
To whisper that the sunset thro',
It hears the footsteps of the dew.

The moon will come and mount the blue,
That crescent moon that knows of lovers' sighs.
The stars will follow on throughout the night;
Then dawn again! O angel eyes!
Look grace that I (ye know the way)
Must face a morrow like to-day!

FRANCES TYRRELL GILL.

PHRYNE AT ELEUSIS.

(From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.)

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NEW YEAR'S EVE IN LONDON STREETS.

BY O. P.

THE tremor of excitement which is present, even if subdued, in English hearts when anything long expected is at length to be accomplished—a curate to be married, for instance, or an old year laid under turf—was the cause, I suppose, why on the last day of 1887 the folk of the steamer "Empress" (plying between Calais and Dover) failed to cry "all for the shore," and so was the cause too why I spent my New Year's Eve in London and not in France. Not that I was sorry for it. So long as a man's heart beats between seventy and seventy-five to the minute in normal circumstances so long is it sure to feel the influence of a powerful attraction towards London—"the magnetism of many million hearts drawing one," Nathaniel Hawthorne calls it.

When I got to London my first care was to secure a comfortable pillow, and so before I had quite shed the feeling that I was in a foreign land I was rolling along in the keen air past familiar objects, and notices and advertisements—all printed in English! The route took us past rows of goodly houses, past Westminster with its two towers looking at the Royal Aquarium opposite as two spirits of a more solemn time might look on the coarse revelry of a crowd in front of them, past Parliament Square with the statues of great Englishmen bending the tranquil eyes of another life upon the whirr and turmoil which they once shared, past the Old Red Lion into Whitehall with the stately offices of Government on one side and on the other the courtyard and palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, past Whitehall Palace where Henry VIII met Anne Boleyn and whence Charles I walked with a pace so quick that the guards could hardly keep step with him, to change a king's crown for a martyr's; and so at last to Trafalgar Square watched over by the over-lofty Nelson column, the Landseer lions and a responsible member of the force. The mobile part of the life below me seemed just the same as ever; the same special editions were being cried (or to please Macaulay, "were a-crying"), the driver was swinging his right arm across to his shoulder for warmth and was spying out the same route from under the same lacquered hat—all in the old familiar way; youth and age, strength and decay, pleasure and anxiety, floated down on the same turbulent torrent, and there with the same unspeakable piteousness poverty was treading the same painful flagstones with outstretched hand and appealing eyes—"sometimes still beautiful," as Heine says.

At Trafalgar Square I got down and made for Bloomsbury on foot. The streets were all flaring with lights from shops kept open in the hope of adding a few shillings to the profits of the year's petty commerce, and before long I was in Seven Dials where a sort of open market was being held on the pavement and in the gutter of a narrow street. The sight was utterly joyless, and contrasted sharply with the cleanliness and grace which the French—"dirty greasy foreigners" an old friend of mine always calls them—manage to throw round the most menial "functions" of sale and purchase. There was, of course, a profusion of unsteady light and harsh noise and the movement was incessant. Dealers were bawling out invitations hardly intelligible even to an English ear; slatternly women and rowdy youths of stunted growth pushed their way along amongst the crowded booths, now and then a little girl overburdened with a "baby" nearly her own size could be seen watching a chance to cross from one side to the other—a picture anything but idyllic of "Fording the Stream"—and once another gleam of amiable humanity

was shown when the crowd made way for a crippled woman. The wares for sale were of every sort, and besides the ordinary merchandise of leathery bloaters, flimsy boots, grimy vegetables and so forth, there were one or two stalls of a kind I had not yet seen. On a rough table all bespattered with blood and brains were rows of sheep's heads transfixed by a skewer for convenience of handling, and the kitchen department of the same business was doing a roaring trade close at hand. The stove was of the simplest description. Over a charcoal fire a little height above the ground a boiler full of heads were all bubbling, while on a perforated sheet of iron which did duty as lid to the boiler lay the finished dainties themselves—"boiled sheep's-'eads all 'ot and ready for eatin'." In a dark corner at the end of the street a ring of quiet people were looking on at a "Bruce auction of old clothes." Each article was taken from a pile and offered at a maximum price: "Little boy's velvet coat" (a dainty garment this, which made me wonder what money could buy the affection once perhaps stitched into the seams and pockets) "for 3s.; well, if yer so partikler yer can 'ave it for 'alf-a-crown; two bob'll take it; anyone gi'e me 1s. 9d. for it," and so on. Why this should be called an auction at all, seeing that it proceeds by diminution not by increase, I could never understand, and the famous name given it only increases the difficulty.

I had watched this sight for some minutes before I noticed that I was the only male in the crowd—a fact which was brought home to me by one of the "auctioneers" calling out to her companion, "the boy wants a pair of (well, not cuffs but certain other things), find 'em for 'im and let 'im go." My mood was too complacent just then for me to care much for the remark, but the elder woman, from whose appearance it was plain that the night's meal would go to support more than one life, made some casual defence which yet touched me not a little as showing how the approach of motherhood sets beating, even in the roughest frame, a heart of charity.

By way of Gower Street (the architecture of which, as Matthew Arnold says, "is expressive of one thing only—the utter inability of the architect to express anything!") I reached my old lodgings in a certain little square in Bloomsbury, and after a hearty welcome there and a dinner in the restaurant of Panatti, (in London the Italians have the greatest success in restaurants) I started out for a tour in the city. It was now within an hour of the New Year, and most of the shops had at length pulled on their night-caps and given themselves to the ordinary Sabbath sleep (for New Year's Day is not observed in London, and the extra Monday would not be enjoyed) and it was pleasant to overhear the cheery wishes exchanged by passers-by; pleasant, too, to see that Nature herself, forgetting her usual grudge against London, seemed to share the general wish for a fair start. The fog had lifted without waiting for sunrise—no common occurrence—and over all the streets the high moon shed an unstinted light from a clear blue heaven. Whether it was the sense that Fate seemed to have taken the direction of my footsteps out of my own control, or whether it was the rare charity of the weather, or whether it was that my welcome had been warm and my dinner good—from whatever cause, I found myself in that placid frame of mind which De Quincey describes as frequent with him after taking opium, a frame of mind full of

A MIDNIGHT MARKET.

content and kindly feeling towards the folk whose elbows I touched and whose affairs I watched.

So I walked into Goodge Street and there found another open market, less noisy and dirty than that in Seven Dials, but having much the same features. Here the price of oysters was 9d. instead of 8d. a dozen, a concession to the better prestige of the locality, the plates on which the shell-fish lay were at least within cooey of cleanliness, and the folk seemed to have more money and less time for spending than in the notorious Dials. But the stalls were of the same primitive kind, and those philosophers who extol elementary customs and the State of Nature might have seen here a transitional stage of commerce not far removed from the untold sweetness of the primæval world. Meat roughly hacked in pieces, periwinkles half dragged from their shells, oysters (nothin' extry for openin') and sun-dried herrings seemed the main articles of food.

The streets between this fair and Oxford Street were absolutely sombre and lifeless, except for an occasional policeman stalking his specified two miles per hour (do they carry pedometers?) and flashing his bull's-eye on a doorlock, or pushing the door itself to see that all was safe. Even in the immediate neighborhood of Oxford Street, except for a little distance up the side streets, there was hardly a soul, so that when the full flow of the great thoroughfare suddenly met the eye, it was as if the city was springing up from sleep with hardly a preliminary yawn.

One side of Regent Street, too, still kept its melancholy vigil, and if a man was solitary there it was not for want of proferred companionship. Professional philanthropists of every nationality strutted and swaggered about; "*Liebchen*," "*Mignon*," "*Caro mio*," fell on the passing ear amongst more numerous utterances of their English equivalent. After making a slight detour I regained Regent Street at the end of its arc, in Piccadilly Circus, stopping on my way to clear out the remaining stock-in-trade of a chestnut-vendor, a strange fellow with a horrible cough and a half-witted familiarity of speech. This man confided to me something of his daily life, which (unless he lied) begins at nine in the morning, admits a brief midday pause and then proceeds "on this 'ere ticket" till about midnight. Then he must carry home his furnace and join his family (wife and two children) taking care, however, that the coals that are thus heaped on his head are not of fire, for the policeman arrests him if the charcoal is not extinct. A man earns at chestnuts 1s. 5d. a day, "or maybe 1s. 6d." There is a certain pathos about that "maybe."

At the Circus the noise and commotion were great. A few minutes was all that remained of the old year, and it was necessary to fill them so full with uproar that enough might flow over to drown any disquieting voices (as of conscience or of regret) that might assert a feeble existence during the first hour or two of the New Year. 'Busses for various quarters were overfeeding themselves, in the Criterion hard by the soldiers and gentlemen of England were engaged in the other branch of gluttony, the police were showing more than usual indulgence to the large bevies clustered at various points—everything was wild and boisterous. I turned into the Haymarket just as the clocks struck off the year and was nearly knocked down by a drunken "young gent" whose flushed face was turned full up to the sky with the frantic roar, "I don't care a damn!" Why a solitary man with such an assurance of philosophic content should take the trouble

BAKED CHESTNUTS!

to announce the fact to all earth and heaven, is more than I can say; but on many atheistical platforms (where moreover nothing stronger than water is on the table) the like phenomenon may be seen. At this corner a couple of life-guardsmen on duty of a special sort were chartering a four-wheeler (vulgo "growler") and an incessant entry and exodus of similar coteries was kept up through the door of a fashionable café near. Sauntering in the neighborhood I heard the glorious shout of "Auld Lang Syne" (the consequence, doubtless, of other glorious shouts) and for one who was out of the

magnetic influence of the linked hands, it was odd to let the memory wander to a certain warm-hearted Scotch ploughman, whose art, joined to that of some unknown piper, could thus get a hearing, and a very audible one too, amongst a crowd of roysterers in the cruellest city in the world.

The Alhambra in Leicester Square was of course closed, and so were the doors of Cavour's, the famous supper-restaurant adjoining, but as that side of the Square was completely occupied by a line of "growlers" I had my doubts about the impossibility of getting a drink. In the centre of this Square is a statue of Shakespeare, very affected and lackadaisical certainly, and underneath is written: "There is no darkness but ignorance." A strange presence and a strange utterance to find here in the very home of foreign rioting.

Passing behind the National Gallery I reached Trafalgar Square, where the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (observe the touch of irony in the name) were rattling out their greeting of the new year—first a confused rush as of eager questionings and exclamations, and then a dominant tone as of pious and manly resolution. Here, too, there was a huge throng swarming on the steps and in the roadway, even to the pavement opposite, where in the daytime the advantages of the army and navy are explained by seductive placards and recruiting-officers. My way was now along the Strand where the jollity was higher than ever—couples waltzing on the *trottoir*, unmusical trios singing songs, and I am sorry to add, a couple of policemen keeping by playful skill of exchange a banjo from the hands of two young women who were trying to rescue it.

In Monmouth Court—which is no ancient ducal palace, but only an uncommonly dirty passage—a sort of rough, square dance was being performed to the music of a concertina; and so all along the Strand were incidents of clamor and coarse fun. Two figures stand out prominently in my recollection, one, a tipsy soldier who in saying goodbye flung out his legs and flourished his cane in just the attitude of a man flinging up his musket and reeling backwards under a mortal shot; and the other, a little match-boy with extraordinary eyes of that size and lustre often seen in child-sufferers from hip-disease, and bright and sweet enough to belong to one who can coin lovely thoughts for many hearts.

By way of a quieting finale to all this *turmoil*, I thought I would walk into Bolt Court—*where are Dr. Johnson's* old quarters—and enjoy the innocent cheat of contemplating with the eyes of fancy the great moralist lumbering up the passage—"rolling his majestic frame" is Bozzy's fond phrase—after a late sitting at the Mitre. Yet, even here was no solitude—a policeman was wrangling with a woman whose mien and tones would have been fit for high tragedy but for the single circumstance that she was obliged to hold on to the railings. This angry quean was hissing forth with great emphasis and deliberation, "You take—me—up for theft! Me! an—honorable woman! Take—me—for theft! and so on *da capo*. It was easy to effect a diversion in her favor, and this done I walked with the constable into

IN GOUGH COURT.

Gough Court—the scene of many ancient prize-fights. Here I was shown a venerable archway and a pair of stout iron-studded doors with which the Square used to be closed—doors so old that according to the constable they had been there "nigh three hundred years, about the time of the Romans."

After this, threading a confused way through silent courts and lanes, I reached the ridge or backbone of the city, which under changing names, Oxford Street, High Holborn, Holborn Viaduct, &c, forms a capital navigation-line for the stranger in London. An occasional beggar or a belated "cit" hurrying home was all that was to be seen now as I reached the sombre, decent and orderly solitudes of Bloomsbury. The whole great city had at length dropped off to sleep, and treading softly forward I seemed to hear again, higher than the jangle and din of the night's former noises, the sound of hearty English greetings for the New Year. For an instant a great sense of loneliness and

exile came upon me. It was only for an instant, the returning tide of feeling brought me the strong assurance that in my own country many faithful friends would remember the absent, and that for me, too, warm hearts were beating and loyal voices rose in prayer.

EPILOGUE—IN AUSTRALIA.

At the foot of a long gully—replete itself with the mysterious loveliness, austere and yet aërial, of our new world scenery--in the sombre region where Nature first laid her hand in mine and we knew that we were loved, stood many years ago the skeleton frame of a dead apple-tree. This often by day had seemed to us ungainly and repulsive, standing there an ever-present symbol of Death, stripped of the transitory habiliments which lend to life its warmth, grace and spirit—nothing left but a gaunt hard displeasing framework. One evening, however, as we came home together my companion showed me how against the light of the sky ever growing clearer as light faded out of the earth, the same hulk and shell was taking on again for a while the delicacy of shape that had enveloped it when alive and young, and was wearing now the clear lines—the living and growing beauty that must be present in the stems and foliage of those unknown trees that spring from the soil of the central sea.

* * * *

So, in the evening of each year we may see with true human delight how all that during the vanished daylight of the year wore an aspect of ugliness, decay and savagery is now softened when we see it against the kindlier evening sky so that we can look on it with pity, with tenderness and with the joy of anticipated repose. The harshness of men, the cruel might of fortune, the seemingly-hopeless tyranny of our own wickedness, the bitter disappointments, the reproach of wasted hours—all these we can now look at with unoffended eyes and think of with untroubled hearts.

* * * *

In our Australian soil, however, Hope grows with readier speed than memory, and I shall express briefly what it is that I most desire for my countrymen now that the New Year is upon us with its solemn suggestions for the future. I will not wish that in political sagacity we tower pre-eminent in the van of nations, nor that our repute for physique or for commerce, nor even at a more distant date for Art or Literature engage the envy of all onlookers. Of such wishes all wise men amongst us have perhaps heard enough. Let me here rather hope that now that we are on our way to be a nation we may exhibit in our national life all that is admirable in individual Character. May the braggart and the bully, the knave and the pedant, the mean man and the liar, the greedy and the slavish-minded die out amongst us in that "Survival of the Fittest," which is daily accomplishing itself not alone in the temporal fortunes of our own and other species but in the heart and nature of every individual member of the nation and of the race. The "Struggle for Existence" has its counterpart amongst the conflicting emotions and characteristics of our nature, and the Will of each man is the august power that directs progress in this sphere of Evolution. In this sense each man is to himself both World and God.

Let our New Year's wish then be that the Australian of the next and all future years may, when measured by the test of Character, be esteemed amongst the rest of his kind as an honest, noble, wise and genial type.

JULIAN EDMUND TENISON WOODS.

BY JOHN MILNE CURRAN, F.G.S.

IN the checkered history of the first hundred years of our national existence few men have risen to eminence in the domain of the natural sciences. Early in the fifties our wonderful mineral resources began to be talked about. Scientific observers were beginning to draw the attention of others than specialists to our strange and peculiar flora and our still more peculiar fauna. On every side there was spread out material new and inviting to the naturalist. But for all that the laborers were few. Occasionally a naturalist of distinction paid a hurried visit to our shores. Dana and Charles Darwin were here, and we can boast of the unselfish labors of Strzelecki. But, like the great naturalists that came and went in the early years of the century, they were never reckoned as ours, and we never speak of them as of our own. We cannot think of them, brilliant and distinguished as they were,

as we do of the Rev. W. B. Clarke, Baron Von Mueller or our late lamented Julian Edmund Tenison Woods—three names "racy of the soil" that must have a place of honor on the roll of the makers of Australia.

What Clarke and Mueller have done for their specialties Tenison Woods has done for natural history as a whole. But his fame as a public benefactor will rest more on his efforts to bring the ever-increasing stores of knowledge within the reach of the reading and thinking public. For the last thirty years his name has been as a household word "by the long wash of Australasian seas." No one in this country so enlisted the sympathies of the people in the cause of science. The public looked for his opinions, and when an opportunity presented itself showed in an unmistakable way an appreciation of his efforts. When he read in his own happy way from the pages of the great book of Nature he was listened to with an interest that never flagged. Thousands who have known Tenison Woods only by his writings or by repute will doubtless like to know something of his life, his history and his work. And many will be glad to get a glimpse into quite another side of his character—that of the priest and missionary.

He was born at West Square, London, in 1832. His father occupied a position on the literary staff of the *Times*. His mother was Henrietta Maria St. Eloy, fourth daughter of the Rev. Joseph Tenison, of Wicklow, Ireland, and Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace in the same county. He was educated at a Catholic school in Hammersmith and at the Grammar School, Newington, Surrey. Before his twentieth year he joined the Order of Passionists, but the austerities of that community so affected his health that he was compelled to withdraw to Southern France. He accepted a professorship at the college for naval cadets at Toulon. It was here that his taste for geology was first developed. During a short vacation he made an excursion some distance north of Toulon, chiefly with the view of collecting botanical specimens. His party fell in with a distinguished English geologist who was tracing southwards one of the great lava flows that poured down from the Puys of Auvergne in, geologically speaking, recent times. Much as the young naturalist loved botany from that hour geology had for him a singular attraction. Little he thought, though, how in years to come he should discover an Auvergne in miniature far away under the Southern Cross in the extinct volcanoes of the Mount Gambier district of South Australia.

After a residence of some years in France he returned to England, where he made the acquaintance of the Right Rev. Dr. Willson, Roman Catholic Bishop of Tasmania; he came to Australia with Dr. Willson in 1855. Shortly afterwards he became a reporter and soon sub-editor on the *Adelaide Times*. The habits of work of a journalist acquired during his short engagement never left him. He was a facile writer, and although the work proved congenial enough he had already decided on studying for the priesthood. He closed his engagement and entered a Catholic college at Seven Hills, S.A. He was ordained a priest in 1857. His first mission was to the south-eastern districts of South Australia. This district embraced a stretch of country extending over twenty-two thousand square miles. For years he had longed for a little leisure, which now seemed further off than ever. His taste for geology and the kindred sciences he saw would prove of service for science as well as of interest to himself. There was absolutely nothing known of the phisiography of the great country he had to travel through. There lay reefs of shells on the sea beach; could he not learn what they were? They were unlike anything he had seen elsewhere. Surely, *le belle science* is worth following thus far, for no man knows what shells are there. They might prove survivals mayhap of some far off types. Then how came the thick beds of shells and coral far inland on the limestone plains? Those craters of Mount Gambier, too, he could not help thinking, that only needed the reading for whoso that would. The whole country in fact was new, and its geology quite unknown. The strange vicissitudes of its hills from their fiery birth, to the day when they rested fathoms down in the deep blue sea all wanted telling. For all that Tenison Woods had no idea at this time of writing or investigating the geology of the country. But he was untiring in his efforts to enlist the sympathy of scientific men at home in solving the problems around him. His time was wholly taken up in the prosecution of his clerical duties. He crossed and recrossed the hundreds of miles in his vast mission. Ever whole-hearted in his work, he could not rest while he knew of one settler who could profit by his administrations, and whose home remained unvisited. "As a relaxation from more serious work" he wrote, "I am putting together a few notes on the wonders of nature in this wonder-land. It is a useful employment of time which could not otherwise be occupied when out in the far bush." Thus the materials for a most interesting

book grew almost unconsciously about him. His *Geological Observations on South Australia* was published in London in 1863. It was accorded a welcome reception, being favorably reviewed by the leading journals of the day. In its preface he says: "that its compilation was a most delightful employment when books were unobtainable, and he ventures to hope that his readers may think that the time has not been wasted that was devoted to studying the great unpublished work of Nature."

About this time Sir Charles Lyell wrote to him inviting him to continue his observations. "You will," said Sir Charles, "add in a valuable degree to the store of scientific knowledge, and for a young geologist I cannot well conceive a more inviting position. I hope to hear more of your labors, and I will be happy to render you any assistance in my power. Compare the marine life of your coast with fossils of your recent formations and you will learn more than the best of our palæontologists in Europe could tell you." Sir Charles' advice was followed up, but under difficulties that few can understand. Some of the most interesting localities he was unable to visit more than once in the year, just only as often in fact as his clerical duties required his presence, and then, hardest of all, a day was the most he could give to collecting materials for his work from the rocks around him.

A busy life my readers will agree. But let me give some insight into the methods and manner of working of one who used his opportunities to such advantage. Untiring industry and perseverance were the secrets of his success. He was never a week in any one place, and did most of his travelling on horseback. It was under such conditions that he wrote his "History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia." Indeed I have been told how more than one chapter of his charming books was recast, if not written by the camp fire, or during a "pull-up" from the scorching rays of a summer sun. Newspaper articles and popular scientific papers always took shape, he once told me, when through circumstances he could not give himself to more serious work. The more serious work was in his opinion the business connected with his priestly duties, the welfare of the teaching order he instituted for country schools, and his contributions to scientific societies. Engaged in any of these occupations he was a study full of surprises, even for those privileged with his acquaintance. When in late years he was forced to retire *from work of the* Ministry, his interest in scientific work grew more ardent. Some of his very best work was done as an invalid. His methodical style was seen to advantage when working up some of the vast material he collected on his travels in Java, China, and Japan, as well as on his journeys through every part of Australia.

Let me introduce my readers into his study. A small room plainly furnished, every table and chair laden with books and specimens, all in that healthy disorder that betokens genuine work. A Madonna and Child, of considerable merit as a painting, and a few sketches of his own hang round the walls; a crucifix with some texts in Greek from the Old Testament stand above his desk. Curios of value, and some simple ornaments in onyx and agate, are all that otherwise attracts one's attention. A paper on some scientific subject is promised to one of the many scientific societies that are growing up around us. A glance at a carefully indexed diary tells him that he has original material enough, and more to redeem his promise. Box after box of specimens are unpacked, rocks, minerals, plants, fruits, dried skins, maps, and bottles of spirit specimens. Some of the rocks are sent to a friend up country to be sliced and named. Professor Liversidge will have something to say about these minerals D. Haswell will no doubt be glad to examine these queer looking creatures in spirit. Sir William Macleay will tell the scientific world all about these vicious-looking reptiles. Father Julian himself takes up the shells and corals, and perhaps the botanical specimens. There is yet a week's work in visiting the libraries and museums. A good deal of notes have to be copied; microscopic work and drawings have to be done; and so, with an ardor that grows as the work goes on, he seems to live again on the blue Pacific in his old ship the "Pegasus," or "Flying Fish." The material is now ready, and without effort or exertion the work is committed to paper in that simple, lucid, but charming manner that has in no small degree helped to make his reputation.

There can be no doubt but his labors in the interests of science and the church to which he gave the best years of his life, shortened by many years his useful career. After twenty years of toil in the colonies he accepted an invitation from Sir Frederick Weld to spend a few months at Singapore. Finding himself in a world new to him in the Straits his love of research asserted itself once more. He soon resolved to explore Malacca and furnish the Government of the settlement and the native Rajahs with some reliable information as to its mineral resources.

On his way thither he witnessed part of the eruptive outbreak at Karakatoa. His description of the narrow seas strewn with corpses, excited great attention at the time. He traversed Java from one end to the other, and spent more than twelve months in Siam and Malacca. The native princes assisted him generously, but by this time his health had given way. Fortunately a congenial task was awaiting him on his return to Singapore. The British Admiralty placed H.M.S. "Pegasus," commanded by Captain Bickford, R.N. at his disposal, with instructions to report on the coal resources of the East, that could be made available in time of war. His reports have not been made public, but their value must have been very great for the Admiralty was munificent in recompensing him for his work. An able officer on the China station remarked that Tenison Wood's discoveries as to the coal resources of the East had increased the strength of the English Navy in that part of the world by a force better than half-a-dozen good-sized frigates. After a short visit to China and Japan, and now finding that his health was seriously impaired beyond all doubt, he determined to return to Sydney. He came back in H.M.S. "Flying Fish," a surveying vessel, as far as Port Darwin, visiting on his way some islands which had hitherto been unknown. Mr. J. L. Parsons, the Government Resident in the Northern Territory, engaged his services to visit and report upon the mineral districts of that portion of the country under the rule of South Australia. His health, by no means good at the time he undertook the task, was much damaged by the fatigues and privations which were unavoidable on his journey, and after an absence of about four years he returned to Sydney. A short visit to Queensland terminated his wanderings. His return to New South Wales was a welcome rest to him. The hardships he had undergone began however to tell upon him seriously, and partial paralysis of his hands and legs slowly crept over him. He still continued to work at his scientific pursuits with a vigor that could hardly he expected from his physical condition. His health now slowly but surely failed him. For nearly two years he was confined to his house, and latterly he was so debilitated that he was unable to see any but his immediate attendants. He suffered greatly but he bore his inflictions with remarkable fortitude, and he accepted his fate with resignation. His departure from this life was soothed by all the ministrations of that religion to which he had devoted his life, and he left the world in which his career had not been barren of results with no regrets such as might disturb a mind less evenly balanced and of religious convictions less assured than his own. Thus in the words of one of his intimate friends ended the career of the great priest and eminent scholar. He loved science for its own sake; he loved nature because 'twas all to him the handiwork of the Master he loved to serve.

Few men had a personality so striking together with the many other qualities that make a man good—so good as to be loved, as well as great. He had a happy mannerism and a great gift of making the driest facts of a so-called dismal science entertaining. He painted these scenes from nature he loved so well with a glowing enthusiasm, and with a singular beauty and clearness of expression. All his popular scientific writings have vividness and a grace about them that rarely characterise scientific writings. The following is taken from a recent work, "Fish and Fisheries of New South Wales," and will speak for itself as an example of the happy facility referred to:—"But of all the curious fishes that ever were seen *Phyllopteryx* is the most extraordinary. It is the ghost of a sea-horse, with its winding-sheet all in ribbons around it; and even as a ghost it seems in the very last stage of emaciation, literally all skin and grief. The process of development by which this fish attained to such a state must be the most miserable chapter in the history of natural selection. If this be the survival of the fittest, it is easy to understand what has become of the rest. Natural selection must have inflicted upon the family harder terms than those which were imposed on Count Ugolino by his enemies. Never did the famishing spectres of the ancient mariner's experience present such painful spectacles. If these creatures be horses they must be the lineal descendants of those which were trained to live on nothing, but unfortunately perished ere the experiment had quite concluded. The odd thing about these strange fishes is that their tattered cerements are like in shape and color to the sea-weed they frequent, so that they hide and feed with safety. Thus the long ends of ribs which seem to poke through the skin to excite our compassion are really 'protective resemblances,' and serve to allure the prey more effectually within reach of these awful ghouls. The *Phyllopteryx* is therefore, in spite of his rags and emaciation, an impostor, and like many a sturdy human beggar puts on the aspect of misery more effectually to ply his trade. The appendages to the spines are well worth a study. Just as

the leaf-insect is imitative of a leaf, and the staff-insect of a twig, so here is a fish like a bunch of sea-weed. If this is development, it stopped here only just in time; one step more and it would have been a bunch of kelp."

Tenison Woods was one of our leaders of science. But was he not a Catholic priest? I hear whispered. Has natural selection and Darwinism done nothing to make such a combination anomalous? It will interest many to know his views in this direction. Whether or not these views were in any way inconsistent with the doctrines of his Church is a question easily replied to. Anyhow, Tenison Woods held Dr. Darwin in great esteem. He admired his careful methods and admirable restraint. He often pointed out the vast deep that separates the great English naturalist from the hosts of his *soi-disant* disciples. "There is a great difference," he used to say, in speaking of Darwin, between the earnest "I don't know," and the irreverent "I don't care." The following extract from an address to the Linnean Society may be worth quoting: "Natural Science has become strangely mixed up with some of the most important questions of religion and philosophy They have been so mixed, to some extent, in every age, but never so much and so injuriously as now, and the problems are being worked out carefully and well by *those who are the* real masters of the points in dispute, and with a cautious yet most untiring spirit of enquiry, and with a conscientious determination to record facts without prejudice or favor. Of these, the most illustrious has been Dr. Charles Darwin. Differing as many of us do from the conclusions at which he has arrived, I cannot help adding my humble tribute of admiration for his philosophical methods of inquiry, in which he has set so beautiful, so illustrious an example. With such methods and in such hands the interests of truth are safe in the long run. Charles Darwin has revolutionised the science of zoology more by his ingenious and conscientious methods than by his conclusions. What the ultimate conclusions will be it would be premature to predict; but how they will be established cannot be a matter of doubt."

ONE OF THE "ORDER."

While there yet remains a little of the space allotted for this article let me say a word of another and very different work which Tenison Woods gave some of the best years of his life to effect. He was a firm believer in the principle of instilling the great truths of the Christian religion into the minds of children in season and out of season. Could he have his way, for Christian children a school should be, before all things Christian. Public opinion judged otherwise, and Father Woods on principle was forced into providing schools of his own. With this object he founded a Sisterhood, but of a type not familiar in Australia.

It was in fact to be Australian. Many of the cherished traditions of such institutes were to be dispensed with. He proposed that its members should be "of the poor and servants of the poor." They should own no property, live on charity, and their highest ambition should be to teach and to train poor Catholic children. This they were supposed to do amidst the not too-congenial surroundings that are the invariable accompanists of poverty, in the crowded city or in the wilds and wastes of the interior. The rules and instructions drawn up for this "Order" have evoked the sincerest admiration from many who do not believe in monasticism in any shape. Certainly here, as nowhere else, can be seen its founder's wonderful trust in Providence and the refinement of his spiritual nature. Modified in one way or another the Institute, as it was called, was a great success. It numbers at the present day some four hundred members in charge of schools in the various colonies. The fact that Father Woods travelled as a missionary for many years was a great help to the new Order. Everywhere he conducted a mission he enrolled new members. His great personal influence and his reputation as a preacher all helped to the same end.

He conducted missions in all the great centres of New South Wales and Queensland, and it was his invariable custom to deliver a popular science lecture or two during his visit. As preacher, and "missionary" he was head and shoulders above his Australian contemporaries, if one can form an estimate from the multitudes that flocked to hear him, or the numbers he received into his own Church. His oratory was copious and polished, and he brought to his work all the resources of a fertile imagination and a cultured mind. These qualities were used to the best advantage. He never descended to abuse or had recourse to sarcasm, and yet he was never common-place.

Of his personal character the public know little. He was a most genial companion and a sympathetic friend. There was a certain vein of sadness in his manner. The deep lines of care that furrowed and seamed his face were noticable to many who knew nothing of his inner life. Even though in latter years tedious work was for him a stern necessity, he never lost that genial affability that charmed his friends A glance through his correspondence shows that he had to bear trials that well-nigh embittered many years of his life. His sensitive nature never rallied from the hardships that induced him to leave Adelaide He was forced to learn too, that after doing his all, in giving the best years of his life to the service of Religion, he had to face actual need, or appeal to the charity of his friends. While his name was spoken of with honor and his work pointed to with pride by his co-religionists, he was himself on the very verge of want. He keenly felt the neglect or indifference of many who from their position might be expected to show some sympathy for his useful labors. But it will be asked, "Is no one to blame for this?" "Blame no one," he used to say himself, "the greatest of these is charity." This gentle forbearance was very noticable also, when, like most great men in his position, he had to face the patronising vulgarity of great nobodies. "Why don't you write something, write a book on geology, Mr. Woods? Do you really believe in the six day creation? You will be a bishop some day!" and such like suggestive observations he could bear with the sweetest patience. Shortly before his death he was given to understand that he should comply with an exceptionally exacting Church regulation. "It is very hard, very hard," I heard him say, "but I hope to practice a little of what I have been preaching." Had we more men cast in this mould there would be less heard about a Gospel for the Century. Truly he bore the "white flower of a blameless life before a thousand peering littlenesses."

Looking back on his life, one would think that his work was planned to do the most that could be done in the time. There is a certain completeness about his scientific career. The chief questions he set himself to answer, he replied to. The Institute he founded proved a great success, and he retired from missionary work at a time when devoted men, who make such work a specialty, had come amongst us. No such plan, though was ever made. He simply made the most of the present and had no thought or concern for the year to come. One step enough for him, if only the kindly light would lead. He gave his life for his fellow men. Greater love is there than this? He was never happier than when serving his Divine Master, he could teach and instruct his fellows, striving to "make a clearer faith and manhood shine in the untutored heart."

He that doth this in verse or prose
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

THE DEAD RIDE.

THIS is the story they tell—men bearded, and bronzed, and tall—
In the camp on the lonely road when darkness is over all,
When guard is set on the tired herd, the brush fire blazes clear,
And one man tells for the rest what drovers have seen and fear.

Beware how night comes down on your mob in the Old Man Plain,
Beware how you stay, for you challenge the spirit of Cain ;
For at an hour none knows, straight, swift as an arrow flies,
Wraith rides upon wraith, and recks not of mortal eyes.

None may escape, though sunk in a dead and dreamless sleep
All on the bare cool ground, save they that the night watch keep ;
Vain is the long day's toil, and vain is the hope of rest,
For his curse or his will comes one that rides an eternal quest.

A sudden horror comes, with faces tortured and pale
The sleepers spring to their feet, and shudder and blench and quail,
Around them rises the blare and rush of the thundering herd
This way flying and that by a terror like human stirred.

They that have watched lest the cattle wander and break away
Whilst in a slumberous trance their envied companions lay,
Tell with accents of awe of a shape through the gloom espied,
Ever one vision they tell who have witnessed that phantom ride.

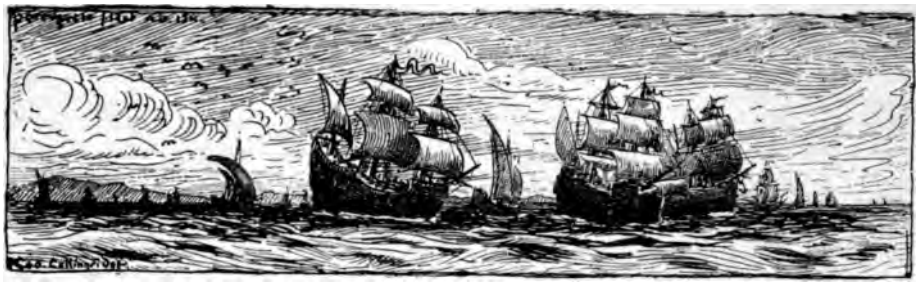
Without a thought or a sign in the mid of the quiet night
Comes a galloping horse, yet there is no sound of his flight ;
Stark in the saddle fixed, but lurching heavy and dead,
Rides never a living man, but a headless corse instead.

Right through the herd they go and plunge in the dark of the plain,
But, ere they pass, the horses are heedless of spur and of rein,
A mad stampede begins, and the scrubbers are charging out,
Away from the hideous sign, and the mob is a hopeless rout.

Old hands say, in days that are past, a deed of murder gave
To the plain its wraith of one who has never known a grave,
For foully a mate slew mate and bound him, a bloody corse,
Into his stirrups, spurred, adrift on his own mad horse.

The tale is told when day is done, and the men smoke ere they sleep,
'Twixt breakwind and the fire, and the darkness grows more deep,
The cold breeze sobs around in the gidyea and belár,
And the wild dog's baleful howl comes out of the night afar.

THOMAS HENEY.



PORTUGUESE FLEET, CIRCA 1500.

THE FIRST DISCOVERERS OF AUSTRALIA.

BY GEORGE COLLINGRIDGE.

Naõ ha segredo que tarde ou cedo naõ seja descoberto.—OLD PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

HOW rarely it is that one ever drops his short plummet-line to the bottom of human knowledge! how seldom that from his own little pedestal he can see the dust accumulating upon the white heads of other noble statues in the gallery of life! Now I am not so foolish as to believe that six months' study—careful and almost daily study though it has been—of a few old charts in the Sydney Free Library has enabled me to exhaust everybody else's information about the discovery of Australia, and perhaps lay in a private store of my own; but this I say without hesitation, that the want of knowledge on the part of those who have studied the question is only equal to the crass ignorance of the people at large, and that the mental gloom of each is surprising in the extreme. The majority of people seem to believe that Australia was first discovered by the Dutch. Some have been told this in so many words, others have inhaled it like a physical malady—because it was "in the air." They have seen bad engravings of Dutch ships with Dutch captains peering over their gunwales into the recesses of coastal forests where blackfellows were poising strange weapons, and still stranger beasts were taking in the scene with an expression of supercilious contempt for both branches of the human family; and glancing below they have been indebted to the publisher for the information that these events were in some way or other connected with the discovery of Australia. School histories confirm the artist's assurance, and he is backed again and again by authorities of a more agreeable if less respectable nature. As a matter of fact I do not believe that the Dutch did discover Australia. Indeed I am pretty sure that they did not, unless in the sense that you discovered it when you first opened your eyes at Toorak or Potts' Point, or I when from the deck of an Orient steamer I sighted the grey coastline above the waves near Cape Leeuwin. Still the fact remains that among not merely "well-informed" persons, but even among those who have actually made the subject a specialty, it is a matter of dispute whether the rightful claimants of the honor of the true discovery are French, Spanish, Portuguese or Dutch, and my object in writing is if possible to throw a little light on the question, for without presumption I may say that I have come across links in the chain of evidence that have escaped the observation of men more learned and expert than myself. When the scales are evenly balanced a few grains more on one lifts the other high into the air, when the picture is enveloped in cold mysterious grey a splash of color "warms" the whole canvas. And in the first place, to illustrate the even balance and mysterious greyness of evidence in regard to the priority of Australian discovery, let me remind my readers of what Mr. Barton in his history of New South Wales says about the varying opinions of one of the best authorities, if not the best, upon the subject in the whole world. "Mr. Major in 1859 considered it highly probable that the Portu-

guese discovered the country between 1511 and 1529, and almost certain that they discovered it before 1542; but having found a mappemonde in the British Museum two years afterwards he came to the conclusion that the country was positively discovered by the Portuguese in 1601, the Dutch being thus summarily dispossessed of an honor they had enjoyed for more than two centuries. Further researches enabled the lucky discoverer of the map to satisfy himself that it was 'an abominable imposture,' and the laurel crown was thereupon handed back to the Dutch." I might quote much more, but this is enough to explain the "doubt and despair" that have been the outcome of conflicting evidence and bewildering argument. It may be well, however, to say at once that the claims of the French are generally considered much weaker than those of the three other nations —personally I have no doubt that they were not the first discoverers of Australia—and for that reason accentuated by a desire to embarrass the reader as little as possible with unnecessary facts, I shall direct his observation almost exclusively to the wanderings of the Spanish, the Portuguese and the Dutch. And in this way I trust to carry the probabilities of Portuguese priority a little further than they have ever been carried before—almost, indeed, if not quite to the point of certainty.

What was the relative position of European nations in the arena of discovery at the beginning of the sixteenth century? Portugal was then mistress of the sea. Spain too, indulging in an awakening yawn was clutching with her outstretched hands at the shadowy treasure islands of an unfinished dream. England had not yet launched her navy; Holland had not built hers. Portugal had already buried a king whose enterprise had won for him the name of Harry the Navigator. Slowly and sadly—slowly always, sadly often—his vessels had crept down the west coast of Africa, little by little one captain had overlapped the distance traversed by his predecessor, until at last in 1497 a successful voyager actually rounded the cape. Then Portugal, clear of the long wall that had fenced her in on one side for so many thousands of miles, trod the vast expanse of waters to the east and soon began to plant her flag on trading stations in various parts of the Indian ocean. She found Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, New Guinea, the Moluccas, Java, and Timor. Meanwhile the Spaniards were pursuing their explorations westward. Pope Alexander VI had generously bestowed one-half of the undiscovered world upon the Spanish, and the other half upon the Portuguese, charging each nation with the conversion of the heathen within its prospective domains. Merely as a fact this is interesting enough, but viewed in the light of a discussion respecting priority in discovery it assumes a specific importance. This arrangement of Pope Alexander's was effected by an imaginary line passing through the Moluccas and cutting Australia into unequal parts, the larger of which fell in the Eastern Hemisphere and thus to the lot of the Spaniards who were gradually working their way from the South Atlantic to the South Pacific. In 1513 they sighted the ocean on the western coast of America, and with tears of joy Magalhaens soon afterwards passed through the Straits that bear his name. Once in the Pacific, Spain held on her westward course, and there, in the group of islands to the north of Australia, on the rather doubtful

SPANISH FLEET ON THE EAST COAST OF AUSTRALIA.

confines of Pope Alexander's line, the Spanish and Portuguese navigators began to cross each others tracks.

Now comes the question as to whether at this early date either the Portuguese or the Spanish, or both of them, actually touched Australia, or whether by some strange fluke they discovered a score or more of little islands in proximity to it and always managed to pass wide of the great continent. The conclusion at which I have arrived is that not only did the ships of both nations touch at several points on the Australian coast, but that each made rough surveys of a great portion of the continent, and that of the rival discoverers the Portuguese were first and foremost.

As I have already said, I found my theories upon certain maps in the Sydney Free Library. These charts are copies of originals in the British Museum. They bear successive dates, and are counterparts of others to be found in the Public Libraries of Melbourne and Adelaide. It is not an altogether uninteresting fact either that they were recently purchased, at a large expense, by the various Australian Governments. The oldest chart dates back to 1536, or possibly still farther—to 1530. There are no figures indicative of its age upon it, but the year in which it was drafted can be easily ascertained from a peculiarity in the coat of arms. To the mind of an expert that peculiarity appears ample proof that the chart is of date anterior to 1536. The map has evidently been drafted in France. Most of the geographical names are French; the remainder—those that could neither be translated nor deciphered—by the French cartographer, being Portuguese, or Spanish, or a mutilation of one or the other. Thus *R. Grande*, which might have done duty for *Rio Grande*, and, in that case, judging from its position on the map, probably indicated what we now know as the Fitzroy River in Western Australia; and on the East Coast the words: "*Coste de Gracal*," or "*Grajal*," which would be meaningless in either French or Portuguese, but which in Spanish would denote "the Coast of Magpies." Again at the extreme south of Tasmania the word "*Fremose*" means in either Portuguese or Spanish "Handsome," or else suggest a corruption of "*C. Friisimo*," which would mean "very cold cape;" and then in the Gulf of Carpentaria, "*Anda ne barcha*," which is undoubtedly Portuguese and signifies "no boats can go here." So much for words that have been copied by the cartographer without being first translated. As an instance of the artist's mutilation of other words, we have on the west coast "*Baye Bassa*" for "Baja Bassa" (low bay), on the north-west coast "*Terre Ennegade*" for "Terra Anegada" * (submerged land). The second map bears the date of 1550, and is therefore at least fourteen and perhaps twenty years less ancient than the first. As a work of art the production is unique, whilst viewed in the light of an aid to learning it is surely the most seductive of maps. It might indeed be called the first *Picturesque Atlas of Australia.* Where the central deserts leave uninteresting blanks in our modern atlases the artist has here introduced a profusion of animal and

CANNIBALISM.

vegetable life that is simply amazing. There are human beings of various types, some of them with dog's heads, probably suggestive of cannibalism, elephants and camels, dwellings like those of Samoa, castles like those of Germany. But that is all by the way. I refer to this map particularly for two reasons. The first is because on the west coast in latitude 29 we find the island known as Houtman's Abrolhos, or in other words Houtman's reef, horribly mangled in the spelling it is true, but sufficiently near the mark to identify it as the reef discovered by the Portuguese and charted by them;† and my second reason is that the words *Anda ne barcha* (no ships can go here) has in the course of transference become *Autane bamcha*, which means simply nothing. In the third map, a copy of one presented by de Rotz to Henry VIII in 1542, the words appear again, but this time as *Au fane bâcha*.

There is absolutely no documentary evidence of a Portuguese or Spanish discovery

* On this portion of the coast the tide rises and falls to a remarkable extent. Dampier stated that: "the sea riseth and falleth here about five fathom"—equal to thirty feet.

† The word *Arenes* really stands for *Abrollos* in this map. The mutilation could scarcely be worse. Still a mutilation of that word it undoubtedly is. The *b* has been omitted, the *o's* have been changed into *e's*, and the *ll* into *n*. To those who deem my interpretation extravagant let me say that in the same set of maps where there can be no possible doubt of the word intended, *Abrollos* has been variously copied *Abolhs*, *Alcolhs*, *Abrollo* and *Abiloio*.

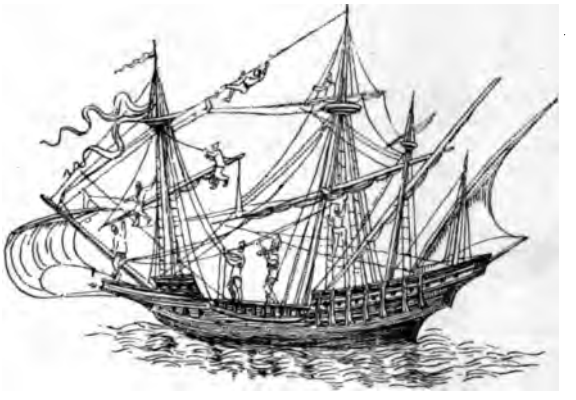
IDOLATRY.

of Australia, that is to say no Portuguese or Spanish navigator has left us a narrative of his voyages in this part of the world. That such testimony did at one time exist there can be little doubt, assuming of course, what the names on the oldest chart clearly imply, that each of those languages had been employed by men who spoke it in christening various parts of the continent. What then became of the narratives of these early voyages? Were they burnt, stolen, or lost at sea? Of course it is impossible to say, but it strikes one as a curious fact that whilst the oldest records in the form of charts teem with Portuguese and Spanish names the first story of discovery appears in the form of a Dutch romance—a romance of real life no doubt—describing the voyage of the Duyphen in 1606, when she dropped anchor off York Peninsula, and that shortly before then they had completely overwhelmed the Portuguese, destroying their ships and appropriating whatever promised to aid them in their spirited foreign policy. And that explains I think how it comes about that the Dutch have so generally been credited with priority in Australian discovery. They were a clumsy stumbling lot, envious of the honor as well as of the more substantial fruits of other people's labors. They follow up in the rear of Portuguese enterprise, awaiting their opportunity to deal a blow at the dying hero, and having robbed him of his charts and perhaps of his narratives of adventurous voyages, they appear themselves to have set about "discovering" what was already discovered. More than a hundred years after the first Portuguese map of Australia was drafted in France, viz., in 1642, Tasman's two ships set sail from Batavia, and the course they took suggests an expedition bent upon ascertaining the exactitude of previous Portuguese and other discoveries. The "Hemskirk" and the "Zeehan" sailed south-west to the Mauritius, then steered south-east evidently in search of a large island denoted in the old charts and called by the Portuguese Zanzibar. Finding no trace of the mythical continent they turn east and bear gently to the north, making almost a direct course for another previously charted landmark, and in consequence finding an agreeable haven amongst the bold and picturesque shores of the island that now bears the name of its supposed discoverer, but which Tasman called Van Dieman's Land in honor of the Governor of the Dutch colony from which he had set sail. The ships put out again in search of other charted coasts, and turning east sighted the western coast of the "*Isles de Magna*" (now New Zealand), which they re-christened Staaten Land, pushed their discoveries among the islands of the Pacific where they effected more alterations in the etymology of the places they came to, and following the northern shores of New Guinea returned to Batavia. Tasman thus described a circle round Australia without touching it anywhere, and in the charts that Van Dieman

subsequently forwarded to Holland, while most of the western shores re-surveyed in Tasman's second voyage are represented with a fair degree of accuracy, New Guinea and Tasmania are indicated as the extreme northern and southern limits of the continent.

But I am really outstepping the scheme of my paper. All that I intended to point out in the last paragraph was that there was absolutely no historic narrative corresponding in date to that of the maps to which I have alluded. Whilst apart from this reference to the Dutch adventures, I have so far merely described the nature of the evidence that may be brought in support of Portuguese discovery, it yet remains for me to consider it in the light of an argument. But first let us now very briefly examine the arguments deducible from the admitted facts of history. And that it may not appear as though I am belaboring with evidence, an obvious case, I must say at once that the testimony of historical circumstance points so clearly to the presence of the Portuguese in these seas long before the approach of any other European nation, that from that standpoint it is almost impossible to believe that they were not the first discoverers of Australia. We have already seen that they were here more than a hundred years before the Dutch; and that they where here long before the Spanish there is really no doubt, for they rounded the Cape of Good Hope twenty-three years before their rivals found an entrance to the Pacific through the Straits of Magalhaens, and fourteen years after rounding the Cape appeared as strangers amongst the islands to the north of Australia. And there the Portuguese had come to stay, establishing trading stations, renewing their Governors every three years and spending much of their time in cruising about in quest of new discoveries, beyond doubt within a hundred miles of the northern coast of our continent. Could the probabilities of circumstantial evidence be stronger? Here they were on the very confines of Australia at least eleven years before the Spanish had found their way into the island group. Surely although no narrative of the discovery has been preserved, it is unreasonable to slight the strong presumption afforded by history of Portuguese priority in the discovery of Australia.

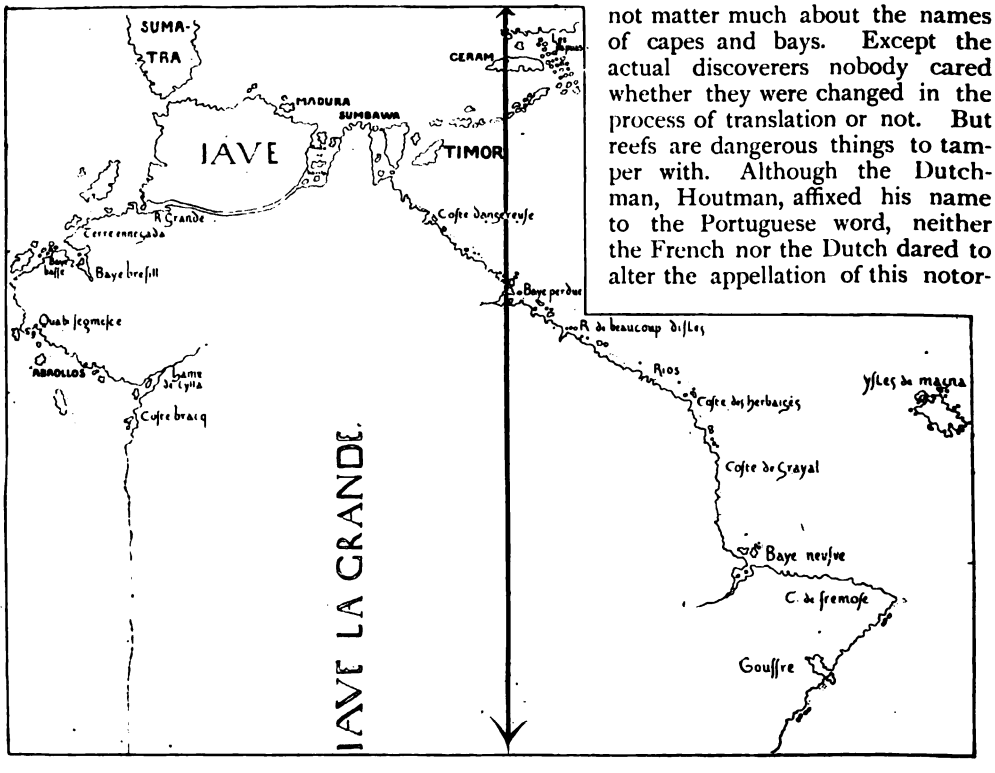
Though the narrative be missing, however, we find in the maps documentary evidence of a most curious and important nature—quite as important, perhaps, as a well-written story of successful adventure. More than one nation was in search of Terra Australis; more than one dreamy enthusiast might imagine that he had found it; but only the one who had actually braved its rugged shores and traced its thousand inlets could draft on paper the characteristics of its coast line—and this the Portuguese have done. The Spanish, too, had most probably a hand in the work; and, indeed, although we have



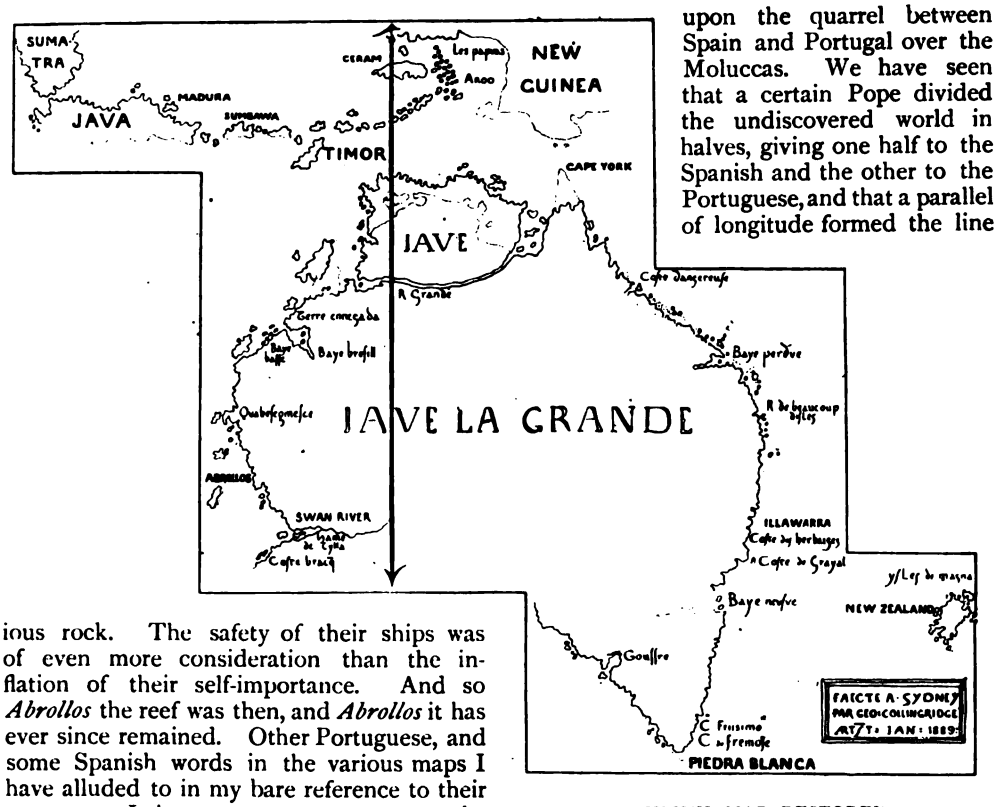
PORTUGUESE CARAVEL.

seen from admitted facts how probable it is that the Portuguese were the first to sight Australian shores, the inference drawn from the charts is. that whilst they were busy with discovery in the West of the Continent, Spain came on the scene and set about exploring the East. And now for the reasons that lead to this conclusion. Whilst the maps are of French production, probably because the French were better cartographers than the Spanish or Portuguese, (and be it remembered they are the oldest maps of Australia extant), there are many Portuguese and Spanish names upon them. If the French had been the discoverers all the names would most certainly have been French; if the Dutch, then the words remaining untranslated would have been Dutch words. If, on the other hand, the French navigators had drafted the originals, and the maps had been reproduced in Spain or Portugal, then it is fair to assume that most of the writing upon them would have been translated into Spanish or Portuguese, and that any portion of it, that for some reason or other had been left in the original tongue, would have borne more or less resemblance to French. Admitting that, it seems to follow as the charts were reproduced in France, and straggling Portuguese and Spanish words left in the original tongue, that the

maps were the result of Portuguese and Spanish discovery—and that the French words upon them were merely translations. The presumption is strengthened, too, when the mutilation of some of the words is taken into account. On the oldest map of all, for instance, we have seen the phrase: **Anda ne barcha.** Its meaning is clear as daylight: "No ships can go here." Yet in the second chart, produced from fourteen to twenty years afterwards, it is turned into a piece of exquisite nonsense: **Autane.bamcha.** whilst in chart No. 3 it has been again transmuted—this time to **an tane bâcha** and in its various forms has apparently been mistaken continually for the names of small islands in the Gulf of Carpentaria. Here is a progressive departure from the accurate rendering of a Portuguese phrase, which not even the learned Mr. Major seems to have observed, and which, had he but seen, would surely have settled to his satisfaction once and for ever the priority among Australian "discoverers." I have a theory about this legend too. The notice that no boats could go there—a notice implying an extreme shallowness of the Gulf of Carpentaria struck me as suspicious—and I reasoned thus. Assuming the Portuguese to have been the first to arrive in these parts they were probably aware of the passage south of Java, between the Pacific and the Indian Ocean, and this startling danger notice, "No boats can go here," was nothing but a "dodge" resorted to for the purpose of securing from intrusion the possessions they had already obtained. Indeed, according to their maps the only passage left between the islands was through the Straits of Sunda, that is, between Java and Sumatra, right in front of the Portuguese sentries. The suspicion is strengthened too when by a glance at the maps one sees the Eastern and Western coast lines of Australia prolonged almost, if not quite, to the icy barriers of the South Pole. Portugal was evidently deliberately blocking up the sea way. So much for my theories, you say. Now we come once more to an interesting fact. The word *Abrollos* is Portuguese for "a dangerous reef." It does not appear at all on the first map, although the reef itself is clearly there, but on the second, in a strangely mutilated form it marks the site of the rocks with which it is still and ever will be associated. It does not matter much about the names of capes and bays. Except the actual discoverers nobody cared whether they were changed in the process of translation or not. But reefs are dangerous things to tamper with. Although the Dutchman, Houtman, affixed his name to the Portuguese word, neither the French nor the Dutch dared to alter the appellation of this notor-



DAUPHIN MAP, CIRCA 1533-36.



DAUPHIN MAP RESTORED.

upon the quarrel between Spain and Portugal over the Moluccas. We have seen that a certain Pope divided the undiscovered world in halves, giving one half to the Spanish and the other to the Portuguese, and that a parallel of longitude formed the line of demarkation between the two. But the science of navigation was still in its infancy, and parallels of longitude were less demonstrable than post and rail fences. So it came to pass that these two nations began to quarrel over the Moluccas. Spain claimed them as being in her hemisphere, and Portugal as being in hers, and it was to settle this interesting question that the council on the shores of the Guadiana was convened. Pope Alexander's line would divide Australia unequally between the disputants, Spain coming off with by far the larger half. But the Portuguese were first in the field, and if they chose to plant the great continent 20 degrees or so to the west of its actual position their wealth, on paper at all events, would be materially increased. Spain had, however, surveyed the eastern coastline, and Spain could not be cheated out of that; so that as a matter of fact, or perhaps I should say as a matter of theory, what Portugal did was not to alter the position of the whole continent, but, whilst leaving the most south-easterly portion of Australia in its true place, to set down the western coast just 20 degrees farther out in Indian Ocean than it really was. And this

ious rock. The safety of their ships was of even more consideration than the inflation of their self-importance. And so *Abrollos* the reef was then, and *Abrollos* it has ever since remained. Other Portuguese, and some Spanish words in the various maps I have alluded to in my bare reference to their contents. It is unnecessary to go over the ground again. Suffice it to say that although their presence affords a strong presumption in favor of Portuguese priority, the gradual mutilation of that phrase, *Anda ne barcha*, is in my opinion the best evidence of the authorship of the maps at all events.*

Now comes the question, "For what purpose were the originals of these maps compiled?" Evidently it was with some very special object in view, and seeing that the unauthorised publication of matter relating to discoveries whatsoever involved the penalty of death, the work must have been done under the immediate sanction of the Portuguese and Spanish Governments. It is a fair presumption I think, that they were prepared for the guidance of that council which sat alternately at Elvas and Badajoz to adjudicate

* We have, however, other circumstantial evidence of Spanish discovery in the very maps of Australia in present use. Two Spanish words on the south coast of Tasmania, left there probably by an oversight of the Dutch when they came cruising round on previously discovered grounds, tell the tale. In modern maps the legend is: *Piedra blanca* - "White Stone" or "Rock," and alongside are some other rocks marked "Eddystone."

In Cook's map, the first-mentioned rock is marked Pedra, and another alongside, *Stompetoorn-blanca*, a very curious combination of Dutch and bad Spanish, reminding one of *Houtman's abrolhos*.

In de Brosses' map, 1756, Pedra blanca is the inscription. Such words on the maps of Australia of the present day are significant indeed, and we should still have to account for their meaning if these 16th century charts did not exist.

was effected by the cleverest geographical contortion I ever heard of. Personally I made an experiment which I think elucidates the nature of the trick. I bent a piece of wire into the exact shape of a modern map of Australia leaving out the south coast however, and joining Tasmania to the continent as in Cook's map. I then placed the skeleton on a mappemonde, and fixing a pin in the nook where Hobart stands, seized that portion of the wire representing York Peninsula and dragged it forcibly to the south of Java. The result was a striking resemblance to the oldest of the maps. That the reader may still better understand the nature of the distortion I have drawn two maps for his edification. The first is an exact tracing of chart No. 1, photographically reduced, bearing the principal names to which however the word *abrollos* (which appears in chart No. 2) has been added. The second represents the possible shape of the original charts before the Portuguese distortion was effected. The line of demarkation is marked in both maps. Further, if anybody will take the trouble to compare the distorted outline of the former with the coast as represented with an approach to accuracy in the latter, he will see that the fraud was perpetrated in sections; that in spite of all distortions considerable lengths of coastline are from their general characteristics, quite distinguishable, although the relation of the bays and promontories otherwise so easily discernible to the cardinal points of the compass may be altogether wrong. The identity of coastline is of importance because it helps to establish the fact that the chart is really a map of Australia, and not of New Guinea as Mr. Alexander Sutherland and others have insisted. And having once proved that we are looking at an early drawing of our continent, I have endeavored to prove Portuguese priority in a variety of ways:—from the fact that many of the names on the oldest map of Australia—a map dating approximately to 1530-1536—are undoubtedly Portuguese, and that some of them have been grievously mutilated in the course of transference to charts still old but of more recent date, from the admitted facts of history and from the remarkable twist in the map by which Portugal claimed more than her share of the newly discovered continent. How far I have succeeded I leave my readers to judge. My excuse, if charged with proving what many already believe, is that others do not believe it, and that as a result of my researches I have stumbled upon a few facts, trivial perhaps, and in themselves unimportant, but facts nevertheless that may in the opinion of some people as they do in my own, strengthen the probabilities of the Portuguese discovery of Australia.

WIFE OF MINE!

WIFE, when we climbed the hills together,
And roamed in joyful summer weather,
All skies to us were brightest blue,
The flowers all wore their gayest hue;
The whole wide world was fair to see,
And glad and gay of heart were we!

Wife, now no more the hills we climb,
Now is our life's long winter time.
The skies we find are mostly grey,
Few flowers bloom beside our way:
Yet I have you, and you have me,
And glad and gay of heart are we!

J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

A BILL OF COSTS.

BY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.

LAS, poor Wheeler! Thou art gone and the world hath lost an honest heart, though truly it hath suffered no great diminution of its talent. A worthy dull fellow thou wert as ever the turmoil of men involved in its mazy vortex; but for the world's work a large heart is no match for a ready brain. That slow but candid countenance of thine might tell of a warm affection, but it whispered nothing of success. How many sturdy efforts didst thou make; how many rebuffs didst thou withstand in the hope to carve thy path in the ant-like agitation of men. In boyhood how hard were thy studies and how late thine evening tasks! How monotonous that bottom place upon the list which was thine invariable portion! In business days how well-meaning thy zeal, yet how regular the promotion of those juniors of thine who hopped so lightly up the tree and left thee still gazing upward from the roots!

Alas, poor Wheeler! So might we say who saw him in middle life none the more proficient in the art of getting on. Commercial traveller for a second-rate firm; salary and commission all told amounting to an average of two hundred a year; for if by reason of the fatness of the season it might now be three hundred, yet anon would come the lean season that would correct the average. But ah! the family! Was not that a compensation? Ten children, and eight of them comely daughters! To them his very footfall was delightful, so proud the love, so fond the devotion that fluttered in the inmost cockles of their hearts. Yes, he was truly a lovable fellow—a great jolly kind-hearted soft-head who thanked heaven that if his means were not great yet his duties took him no further away than the suburbs of the great city, and he had every evening to spend with that treasure of a wife and those children of his—ten jewels of unutterably delicious lustre. And therefore life was dear to him and happy—happy in spite of the struggle to maintain the appearance that was becoming; for had he not been the son of a second-rate doctor, and was not his wife the daughter of a third-rate clergyman? But after all a little breeding will tell, and it could not be denied that the home of the Wheelers was the home of gentlefolks.

Come and let us peep into their front room on this Saturday evening, to them more full of fate than they can guess. The cool twilight makes amends for the scorching day, and the front door stands wide open to the glad river of fresh sea-air that sweeps inward through the long and narrow lobby. In the dusk that lies beyond we hear the sound of laughter and the rattle of cups and saucers. The elder daughters are busy in the kitchen, for of course no domestic reigns in that realm of economy. Up the crooked stairs we hear the voice of Mrs. Wheeler, patiently singing her youngest-born to rest, out of the troubles of heat and mosquitoes. But here, in this front room, is Babel itself. Though the door is tightly closed the uproar is deafening. This is the worthy Wheeler's way of keeping the young folks out of the road till baby goes to sleep! Take a glance inside. There is a wonderful game on foot. Wheeler is on his back on the floor, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, and the little creatures are swarming over him and pinning his limbs to the floor. The young heroes and heroines who are urging one another on to deeds of desperate valor are among the noisiest of earth's creatures, and though they occasionally quieten a trifle at a warning hush from their father, yet the roar of the conflict is soon renewed, and sad is the fate of the furniture. The well-worn dining-room suite is suffering as to its leather, and the legs of the table are taking impressions but losing polish. When —rat-tat-tat—a sharp knocking heard at the front door, heard, but barely heard above the din, makes a sudden silence of expectancy. Close upon the first comes another knock; and Wheeler sallies forth. He recognises an acquaintance, a young lawyer's clerk, employed in the office of Duff and Dunn. He ushers him in, and for the time being, turns out the pantomime company to exercise their throats upon the verandah.

The visitor explains that as he happened to be passing that way, he just looked in to say that he had written a letter that forenoon

from the office to inform Mr. Wheeler that he had been mentioned in the will of the late Mr. Mills, of St. Kilda, for the sum of £200. The letter would not reach him till Monday morning, and it was a pity that good news should have so long to wait.

Good news! Ah! Mr. Wheeler!

The announcement took away the honest fellow's breath. He sat for a minute mopping his lobster-colored face and adjusting his dislocated collar, then he stammered out his belief that there was some mistake. He knew no Mr. Mills, so far as he could remember. But his visitor was positive, Isaac Wheeler was the name, and the address was explicit. Wheeler rubbed his tawny whiskers with meditative fingers, but still recalled no Mr. Mills of his acquaintance; nor was he yet the wiser when the clerk, declining a proferred glass of wine, departed amid many thanks.

The news, however, was quick in permeating the dwelling, and if there was more merriment than befitted the announcement of an old gentleman's demise, yet would the shade of the unknown departed, had it hovered near, freely have forgiven the uproarious chatter when it heard the grateful effusion of so many merry hearts. Miss Wheeler with an experience of life extending through sixteen years, was convinced that the world had never witnessed a kindlier deed. Miss Elsie repeated at intervals throughout the evening that he was a "dear, good, kind old fellow," while the boys and the tomboys preferred summing up all the virtues humanity is capable of by the name of that small mean hard-hearted object "a brick."

Yet no one unravelled the mystery, and they had perforce to withdraw to slumber with the darkness still unbroken. Next morning, at the Sunday breakfast the flood of talk was sufficient to have washed the hearer's senses out of his body. The young ladies rallied their father on his being a millionaire, and proposed to him a thousand excellent ways of getting rid of his superabundant cash. Mrs. Wheeler put in a quiet word to suggest that she supposed Wheeler would be keeping a carriage; and number four from the bottom of the list in a perky way proposed a few race-horses and the glory of winning the cup. It was always a merry breakfast-table which these dozen souls gathered round, but on this occasion their spirits took a more daring flight and their jokes went to more audacious extremes, and their laughter bubbled forth with a more exuberant welling, like a spring in the forest that has boundless volumes of water concealed in the mountain behind it.

It was not till the end of the meal that the first glimpse of light penetrated the mystery, when Mrs. Wheeler demanded, "Was not Mills the name of that old gentleman you met long ago when travelling to Sandhurst?"

"Yes," said Wheeler, "I believe it was."

"Perhaps *he* lived at St. Kilda."

Now that he thought of it, Wheeler believed that he did, and so he trotted out once again for the benefit of the family that long-buried story of six years ago, how he had been sent by the firm on business to Sandhurst; how he had journeyed by the evening train in the same compartment with an elderly gentleman who had been overcome by a most distressing fit of asthma. How he had helped him; attended to his luggage; got both it and its owner into a cab, and seen them safely domiciled in an hotel; how he had taken up his own quarters in the same hotel, seeing that the invalid had no friends at hand; how he had cared for him during five days, hurrying through his business in town by day and returning early in the afternoon to play cribbage with him in bed; and how he had got up at daybreak to render the old man whatever little assistance was possible when his nightly fits came on. For, though Mr. Mills had telegraphed to his three sons in St. Kilda none of them had either appeared or even replied. Wheeler had stayed with him and tended him till he was well enough to get about.

He had long ago practically forgotten the incident, but it was easily recalled, and now he was tolerably certain that the old man had shown a singular degree of gratitude for the little kindnesses offered him. Monday morning's post brought a formal intimation but no further information; however, Wheeler called at the office of Duff and Dunn, and learnt that they themselves had drawn up the will six years ago, at the old man's dictation. He had been frightened by his illness at Sandhurst, and immediately on his return he had made his will at a time when his feelings towards Wheeler were most grateful. Mr. Duff read to him the clause in the will. It stated that the sum of £200 was left to Isaac Wheeler, who had been infinitely kinder to him in his hour of distress than his own sons had been.

"What a pity! What a pity he should die with that thought in his heart!" said the worthy Wheeler. But as the property was divided evenly among the three sons, and they were thus all wealthy men, he need have no scruples in taking his legacy. There were two or three small bequests, otherwise all the property passed to the sons.

Mr. Duff explained that probate of the will must be obtained, and then the money would be available.

The Wheeler household had a happy week. Heaven knows all that was to be done with the money; but £200 may form the foundation of a hundred different castles in the air. At the close of the week came bad news. The sons of the late Mr. Mills were indignant at several clauses in the will relating to their undutiful conduct, and though they were to get practically the whole property, they talked of upsetting the will as the work of a man not of sound mind. In that case they would divide the property as the natural heirs, and vindicate their characters.

Wheeler called at the office of Duff and Dunn. The little white-haired Mr. Duff assurred him that the rumor was all nonsense. The young men could not possibly upset the will; and they must know that they could not. They had nothing much to gain by trying to upset it, except the cure of a sentimental grievance which they would speedily forget.

Unluckily it was not long before Duff and Dunn received a notice from Meaker and Murphy, the solicitors employed by the Messrs. Mills to contest the will. "Pooh," was all Mr. Duff deigned to say, "they are going to bluster a little, that is all. They know they can do nothing,"

Wheeler was decidedly uneasy. However, he comforted himself with the reflection that what the lawyer said was evidently true. They could do nothing. But then he heard that the brothers Mills had arranged to pay the other two or three legacies, but were resolved not to pay this one, coupled as it was with so insulting a clause. In his alarm he went to the office of Duff and Dunn, and stated that he would prefer to let the legacy drop. They scouted the idea. The will was a good will, made by a man in full possession of his senses. The young men were only trying to frighten Wheeler out of his legacy; they would never bring the matter into court. They knew they could not win it, and if they did it would be of no advantage; the clause would still be there in the will.

Meanwhile there began the mild preliminaries of the legal game. Meaker and Murphy, attorneys for the Messrs. Mills, delivered certain interrogatories which might easily enough have been answered, but to which Duff and Dunn declined all reply unless by order of the court, and accordingly Meaker and Murphy moved for a Supreme Court order. Duff and Dunn employed counsel to oppose the granting of this order. There was a long argument, but the order was granted for five interrogatories to be answered out of fifteen. Then these five interrogatories were again delivered in separate form when they were duly but ponderously answered.

Duff and Dunn then applied to Meaker and Murphy for particulars as to the invalidity of the will, to which the latter firm returned the vaguest possible of replies. A considerable correspondence ensued to secure particulars, and two extensive documents were drawn and engrossed at heavy cost.

Dismay and apprehension struggled for mastery in the breast of the unlucky Wheeler when he received an intimation from Duff and Dunn that he was required to call and swear to certain affidavits. He saw Mr. Duff, who told him he had handed over all the management of this case to his partner, Mr. Dunn, into whose office the foreboding Wheeler was therefore ushered. That gentleman was short of stature, but stout and rosy and cheery of speech. He comforted his doubting client by assuring him that he knew for a fact that the other side was merely "trying it on," as he expressed it, and there was not the least reason why Wheeler should lose his £200. But when he proceeded to explain how he had been too much for them in the matters of the interrogatories, and how their fifteen questions had been cut down to five, Wheeler asked in his slow and simple way why there should be any objection to giving a straightforward answer to questions that were honest enough. The lawyer explained that it was only their impudence, and that it was necessary to give them an early check or else they would carry their stupid game to any length in the hopes of intimidating their opponents into surrender.

Mr. Dunn thereupon conducted his client out into the street and round into a right-of-way, whence they ascended some ricketty stairs and found an old man seated at a table copying entries out of a huge book. It soon appeared that he was a Justice-of-the-Peace, and he got out a Bible which Wheeler kissed. Then he signed a paper, declaring that everything in it was true, though as a matter of fact no one had asked him even to read the document. The justice signed it also, and the sum of one shilling having been paid they took their leave and creaked their way down the stairs, at the foot of which Mr. Dunn bade his client good-bye and left him to carry a deepening load of care to his home.

When he and his wife talked it over it was settled that he should return to the office in the morning and insist upon it that the

lawyers should stop the case, as he had an absolute horror of going to law. Sure enough at ten o'clock next day he was again in the office of Mr. Dunn, who heard what he had to say and disapproved of it.

"What!" said he, "Do you not know that it is simply this fear of the law that they rely on? They know that their case is absolutely rotten, and they only hope to frighten you out of your rights. Two hundred pounds is not so easily earned that any of us can afford to lose it so easily. It is absolute nonsense for them to think they can upset a perfectly valid will in that preposterous manner."

Wheeler insisted, but was staggered on being told that the expenses up to date were £18 10s. 6d. and that of course he was indebted to the firm in that amount if he now withdrew the case. Wheeler most certainly had not the money, and it represented over a month's income. He asked for details and they were promptly furnished him. In the matter of the interrogatories counsel had been twice engaged each time at a fee of £2 2s., and each time his clerk had received half-a-crown. This amounted to £4 9s. Fourteen letters at five shillings each made £3 10s. There were twelve items for "attending on plaintiff's attorney," or "attending you," or "attending delivering pleas," and these varied from five shillings to £1 apiece. The balance of £3 17s. 6d. was due for drawing, engrossing, and so forth.

Wheeler was satisfied. He would go on for the simple reason that it seemed beyond his power to pay that account.

Most misguided among men! Why did not you sell that piano your daughter had for her practice, or part with half of your furniture? anything rather than go on. Know ye not what a lottery the law is reputed to be, and what a ruinous game it is to take a hand in? Know ye not that when you retired that morning after chatting for an hour with Mr. Dunn that gentleman entered you up in his diary for £3 "for taking instructions." Do you not know that he went out in the afternoon to see the two doctors who attended on Mr. Mills, and do you not remember that later in the afternoon he called at your house to ask if you could suggest the names of any witnesses that would be of use to you? Do you not remember that you suggested the innkeeper at Sandhurst? Do you not know that Mr. Dunn next day went to Sandhurst at your expense, and that the total cost of the two days amounted to £17? If you fail to win this case Heaven help you!

For when Mr. Dunn got home again he *drew* the brief for counsel. This ran to seventy-eight folios and cost £8 7s. 6d. It was then engrossed, running to one hundred and twenty-eight folios with the pleadings attached, the cost of this being £5. Truly you were better to sell all you possess and disinfect yourself with sulphur and with chlorine and rid yourself of this disease of law before it assumes its more appalling aspect.

Poor Wheeler could get but little sleep at night, and yet the case seemed so clear; the old man had made his will within a fortnight of the time when he had met him at Sandhurst, and he was then assuredly of perfect sanity.

But his heart grew heavier, and his digestion more troubled as the plot began to thicken. He was requested to call and see Mr. Dunn, and when he called he found it was to talk over the choice of a barrister. Wheeler again grew nervous, and spoke of retreating. But his expenses were now over £40—a heavy, an almost ruinous loss; whereas, as Mr. Dunn pointed out, a policy of boldness would save him from every loss and moreover secure him the gain of £200. So they talked over the various barristers who were available, the other side having already secured Mr. Teagher, the acknowledged leader of the bar. It was agreed to make an effort to obtain the services of the learned Dr. Topper as the next in ability. But they must have a junior. The other side had two juniors. Wheeler said he did not want any other barrister, but his legal adviser gave him a little lecture.

"My good fellow, no barrister of standing will undertake a case alone. He might be engaged elsewhere, or he might be unwell, or detained by business; and your case, of course, goes by default if not defended at the exact hour and in the very court where it happens to be called up."

"But in that case the barrister would provide a substitute," said Wheeler.

The lawyer laughed and said that no lawyer of any standing would dream of doing such a thing. A junior barrister was then selected in the person of young Mr. Wiley, and Wheeler departed with a record of £2 2s. behind him in Mr. Dunn's diary.

How dull was the once gay tea-table at Wheeler's! How heavy the cheerless breakfast! Wheeler felt like a man walking into a mighty cavern, leaving the light behind him and moving on into the unknowable darkness, filled with Heaven knew what of terror and dismay. His daughter Elsie was frequently heard to "bother that old man," who was none else than her "dear old

fellow" of three weeks before. His eldest daughter asked what was the good of £200 if it was to make them all miserable. Mrs. Wheeler over and over again asked her husband was there no way out of it, and he explained that retreat would be ruinous, while so far as he could judge they were safest to go forward.

So Mr. Dunn paid to Dr. Topper £25 for a retainer, and to Mr. Wiley £8 for the same purpose. But for this second barrister a second copy of the brief had to be engrossed at the same cost as before, namely, £5, and quite a crowd of smaller expenses dropped in by the way. Then Mr. Dunn proceeded to subpœna the witnesses at a cost of £2, and paid them their expenses to the amount of £17 17s. Then he attended a consultation of the barristers, who received their fees of £3 3s. and £2 2s. for the process, while Mr. Dunn charged £2 for being present.

The day before the case was to be called was one of immense excitement to the Wheeler family. What a torrent of indignation fell upon those greedy sons whose hardness and pride had brought about all the trouble. Wheeler went down to see Mr. Dunn, and that gentleman was very sanguine. The only drawback he said was that the case was set down to be heard by Mr. Justice Cleary, who was notoriously the weakest judge on the bench, and, as Mr. Dunn put it, "of a singularly knock-kneed mind." Moreover, it was well known that Judge Cleary had been disinherited by his father, through some domestic disturbance relating to a housekeeper, and a man of his temperament was quite capable of taking a peculiar view of such a case as theirs.

Wheeler noticed with many misgivings the solicitude of his lawyers with regard to the jury. Mr. Dunn had a copy of the panel, and read over the names of the jurymen with comments of much worldly wisdom, but Wheeler noticed that there was little desire on the part of the lawyer for anything like abstract justice; his sole ambition was to win the game.

Of one juryman, he remarked that he was acquainted with the brothers Mills. He must be struck off. Another was a racing man, and so were all the brothers Mills. He might be dangerous, and he had better be struck off. A third belonged to the same Rowing Club as the younger Mills. Strike him off; and so on.

But, on the other hand, there were some who were favorites. This man had once been tried for setting fire to his premises; the case had been clear against him, but the skill of Dr. Topper had got him off, and in gratitude it was thought he would vote for Dr. Topper's side. In reply to questions, Wheeler said that one of the men whose names were on the list was a slight acquaintance of his. He was closely examined as to whether the man would be friendly, and finally it was agreed that he should be left on the jury. Other preliminaries were also arranged for the morrow's campaign, and Wheeler returned to toss all night upon his bed to such an extent that his wife said it was like trying to sleep through a hurricane at sea.

The morrow came. He went into town and saw Mr. Dunn. Good news. It was not Judge Cleary who was to hear the case. Went up to Court. Bad news. The case was postponed till to-morrow, and Judge Cleary was, after all, to take it. Mr. Dunn seemed a little disappointed, but went back to his office to enter up in his diary half-a-sovereign against Wheeler, "attending court, and found case would be in to-morrow's list."

That unfortunate man found it impossible to transact business in his distracted state of mind. It was Mills, and Cleary, and Topper —Topper, and Cleary, and Mills, in one incessant mental whirlpool; and when night came the troubled snatches of sleep he had were filled with dreams of calamity and despair.

It was a perfect relief to be in court on a fresh morning. When he got there the place was cool and quiet. The noisy roll of traffic echoed from without, but within that cedar-lined hall everything was full of repose.

Soon the people who had business there began to drop in. Mr. Dunn, with a cyclamen flower in his button-hole was fresh as a daisy; and in capital spirits. He poked fun at the clerk, and he joked Mr. Wiley about his coming wedding; he rallied Dr. Topper about a little flirtation at Government House, and he made himself quite the life and soul of the place. The barristers gathered in wigs nowise as white as snow. The benches filled up with idlers, and the jurymen hung around discontentedly. A pleasant buzz was heard, while Wheeler sat with his teeth chattering and his hands moving like miniature stamping machines. The brightness of the day seemed hollow, and the cheerfulness of the conversation a mockery. Everything seemed far off and unreal, and it was like the transformation of a dream, when a door at the back opened, and the judge in wig and gown descended a few steps, while

the cry of the usher called the court to attention. Wheeler looked with devouring interest on the judge, who certainly had a pleasant face of gentlemanly cast, though truly enough both weak and indecisive.

Mr. Dunn took his place beside Mr. Wheeler and whispered, "That's Judge Cleary. There will be some fun to-day, for he hates Dr. Topper like poison."

The unfortunate litigant took a deeper shade of alarm at this information; it was a piece of wild exaggeration, still it was true that there was no love lost between the two, whereas Judge Cleary and Mr. Teagher were bosom friends, bound together by a common delight in yachting.

During a few formal preliminaries the judge, the bar, and the attorneys interchanged pleasant greetings, and the buzz of conversation was resumed.

But at last the arrangement of the jury began. Great were the consultations between Dr. Topper and Mr. Dunn as to the names that were to be challenged, and no man ever placed his chessmen with more deliberate skill than Dr. Topper selected those good men and true whom he should permit to try the case. The other side were equally cautious, and a goodly number of jurymen received the welcome notice to quit; they took themselves hat in hand straight to the front door, as if afraid some hitch might occur and they might after all be wanted.

But behold six men in the jury box; they choose one of their number, a man of red and bulbous nose—a butcher of the neighborhood—to be their foreman.

When a few preliminaries had been transacted, Mr. Teagher rose and made a few offhand remarks with both hands groping profoundly in his breeches pockets. He remarked that the jury would find that the defendant in this case might almost have been called Wheedler, so artfully had he entrapped a silly old man of failing mind into the bequest to which his clients offered so strenuous an opposition. Not so much for the sake of the money, however, as for the reflection upon their filial duty which that bequest and the clause accompanying it must cast upon their characters. He would make no further comment, but call the elder Mr. Mills as his first witness.

Then for the first time Wheeler became aware of three fast-looking young men, all of them plump and somewhat ruddy in the countenance. The elder rose, and carrying with him a faultlessly glossy silk hat in a neatly gloved hand, he ascended the steps *into the witness* box. He waved a bible in the direction of his lips and took the oath. Then a breathless silence fell upon the hall.

Mr. Teagher, with one foot upon the seat and one hand still in his pocket, lounged forward, his brief doubled up in his other hand. He was rather slow in asking his questions, and frequently had to be prompted by the juniors at his elbow. But in his examination the elder Mr. Mills gave a little sketch of the daily habits and ways of his father, whom he considered to be quite eccentric, if not imbecile, during his latter years.

Mr. Teagher, by way of parenthesis, informed the jury that there was no doubt whatever that Mr. Mills was latterly of unsound mind, but the question to determine was whether that state dated back as far as six years before his death. He felt perfectly convinced himself that it did.

In answer to further questions, Mr. Mills stated that he and his brothers had been most dutiful sons—that they had not in the remotest degree deserved the imputation cast upon them. That, in his opinion, only insanity could account for the insertion of such a clause in his father's will. He described in affecting terms his many tokens of affection to his father. How he had given him a meerschaum pipe and a gold albert and "lots of things" on his birthdays. How when the old man was ill he had got him the best of doctors and the best of port-wine. How he had himself gone for the best nurse that money could procure.

Then Dr. Topper proceeded to cross-examine him. "Was it at his expense that he had got all these things?"

"No," said the witness, "at the family's."

"That is," said Dr. Topper, "at your father's."

"No," said the young man. "As he was dying it couldn't very well be at his."

"So you reckoned the money to be yours so soon as you knew he was dying"

"Of course; wouldn't you?"

"You say your father was eccentric. Tell me some instances of his eccentricity."

"Well, there were lots."

"Tell me some of them," said the learned barrister in mellifluously winning tones.

"Well, he once turned me out into the street."

"For what reason?"

"For none at all."

"Did he give no reason himself?"

"No; except that he said I had been drinking."

"And was that true?"

"No. Utterly untrue."

"Well, tell me any other instances."

And so the cross-examination continued until at length interrupted by a wrangle between judge and barrister.

Nearly three-quarters of an hour was thus wasted, and needless to state Dr. Topper was vanquished. Then, with ruffled temper, he asked the witness a few formal questions and let him go.

The second son was voluble, and gave elaborate accounts of his father's eccentricity extending for twelve years back. The judge showed a decided interest in the various incidents, and when more wrangle arose took a sympathetic view of the young men's troubles. He thought it eccentric for an old gentleman to shut up his house at ten o'clock every night and require his sons to be at home by that time. He thought it decidedly eccentric for an old gentleman to give orders to his servants that his sons, if not up at half-past seven in the morning, should have no breakfast. He thought it singularly eccentric that a wealthy old gentleman should go twice a week to the markets at daybreak to buy his own vegetables and fruit, and that he should want his sons to take turn about of going with him.

"You told my learned friend just now," said Dr. Topper, "that your father once shot a bull-terrier you had."

"Yes," said the witness. "Took it into the stable and shot it with his own hand—a fine animal that took a prize."

"You said that you considered that a sign of mental derangement."

"I think a fellow must be queer if he doesn't care for dogs."

"Oh! I care for dogs," said Dr. Topper, "but I have a great aversion to bull-terriers. Would you consider me deranged on that account?"

"Well, so far as that goes I would."

"Would you take it as a sign of madness that I dislike bull-terriers?"

"As far as regards bull-terriers I would."

"Now answer me straightforwardly. I detest bull-terriers. Am I therefore mad."

Hereupon began a wrangle between the counsel and the witness which the judge at length interrupted, saying that to him the young man's position was quite clear. His respect for Dr. Topper's judgment was great, yet if he seriously meant to say that he detested so inoffensive an animal as a bull-terrier, he could scarcely be surprised if people regarded it as an oddity amounting almost to a weakness of mind. The altercation left the judge suave and composed, but Dr. Topper like a suppressed volcano. Nevertheless he dragged out of the reluctant witness the fact that this particular dog was accused by the old gentleman of rooting up everything of value that he put in his garden.

The examination of these three witnesses took all the morning, and after lunch it was continued. Not till half-past three did Dr. Topper open up his case, and he was so much interrupted by the judge that it was late before he called his first witness, Isaac Wheeler.

Under Dr. Topper's guidance that gentleman nervously told his simple tale. The judge once or twice called on him to speak up, but his manner was courteous and conciliatory, and the day wound up pleasantly enough at half-past five when Wheeler's examination in chief was concluded, and the case was adjourned till next day.

Of course this meant that Duff and Dunn after charging heavily for their own services that day, had to go round and pay the barristers "refreshers" to the extent of £26. Truly the law is not a contrivance with which the poor should meddle! That night was a bad one for Wheeler. The evening meal passed in silence, but for two or three spasmodic efforts to break the gloom. There followed a miserable evening, and then the house was hushed, but not in rest so far as concerned the unfortunate father of the family. He could get no sleep, and he tossed uneasily till three o'clock in the morning, when he dressed himself and sallied forth into the starlight. A long sharp walk steadied his nerves a trifle and brought him back at daybreak when he dosed feverishly for an hour or so.

But the time came round again that saw him in court, and again the same leisurely crowd gathered and greeted each other in cheerful fashion. At the hour of eleven Isaac Wheeler was in court undergoing the vivisection process of being cross-examined. Mr. Teagher took him in hand.

"Your name is Wheeler?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't your father put in a "d"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why didn't your father put in a 'd' and make it 'Wheedler.' That would suit your complexion. You look mighty surprised, but is it not a fact that you wheedled this imbecile old man into leaving you £200. You will find, however, that it will be of no advantage to you. What would you think of a person that sneaked around an old man in the hotel he was staying at and toadied to him in order to be remembered in his will."

Wheeler stammered out a word or two intended for indignant repudiation, but they were ineffectual murmurs.

"What service had you ever rendered this weak old gentleman that you should receive £200 from him? Speak up! don't mumble and mutter like that. What, in the name of fortune, did you ever do for this old man why you should get £200?"

"I stayed with him."

"Yes, yes; we know all about that. But that is not a question of £200. Did you ever do anything to deserve it?"

"The old gentleman thought —"

"Now, how do you know what he thought? What you think he thought hasn't got *that* to do with the case. Please, give a straightforward answer to a simple question. Did you ever do anything for this old man that was worth £200. Yes or no?"

"No."

"Well, we've got it at last. Now, do you not think a man must be wrong in his mind when he gives away £200 for nothing?"

"If he chose —"

"We are not talking about what he chose. Would you not consider a man a fool to give £200 for nothing—or next to nothing?"

"I consider that —"

"Don't waste the time of the court by telling us what you consider, but come to what you know. Don't you know very well that a man must be gone in his intellect before he will leave £200 to a stranger who has not really earned £2?"

"The old gentleman had a perfect right to please himself; and if —"

"Will you stop your eternal speechifying and answer my question! If I gave to you, a stranger, £200 for nothing, would you not think I was a fool?"

"But the two cases are not —"

"What is the good of your going on like that! I tell you I will not allow you to speechify. Answer my questions. That is all you have to do. If I gave to a stranger £200 for nothing, would you not think I had gone wrong in my intellect? Answer me, yes or no."

"No," said Wheeler, plucking up a little courage.

"You wouldn't! If you heard that a man was rumored to be a little 'off his chump,' as they say, and saw him distributing £5 notes to Tom, Dick, and Harry in the streets would you not think that fact pretty conclusive as to his insanity?"

"I should like to point out," said the unlucky Wheeler—but the barrister would *not listen.* The witness turned to the judge appealingly, and said: "I should like to —"

"Now, Mr. Wheeler," said the judge, "be good enough to answer the questions. You are naturally very full of your side of the case, but, of course, you know that there are two sides to every question, and Mr. Teagher is only doing his duty and getting you to see his side of it."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Teagher in a lower voice, "and if the witness will answer the questions we shall soon be done with him and let him go. Would you not think a person mad who gave away money indiscriminately to strangers?"

"Yes," said the nervous Wheeler.

"Of course you would," said the somewhat placated Teagher. "Now tell me did you not see some signs of imbecility in Mr. Mills when you stayed with him at Sandhurst. For instance, was he not always railing at his sons in a foolish fashion."

"He said they had been very undutiful sons."

"Yes," said the barrister. "That was one of his infatuations. Did he not say very violent things about them?"

"No; he merely mentioned that they led a gay life; that they gambled a great deal and drank too much; that they—"

"Yes, of course," said the barrister. "That will do."

"He said that one of them wronged a young woman who was employed as—"

"Yes, yes," said the barrister. "That will do. Now tell us what did you say to the old man about his will?"

"Nothing," said Wheeler.

"Nothing," echoed the barrister. "Come now, don't you remember talking about the will?"

"He never mentioned such a thing except once."

"Ah! I thought so," said the barrister. "What was that once?"

"He was speaking about this son of his who refused to marry the young woman whom he had—"

"Oh! we don't want to hear all about that scandal—imaginations of a diseased brain. What did he say about the will?"

"He said that some fathers would leave the unmanly rascal not a shilling."

"Was that all he said about the will?"

"That was all."

And so the examination went on at dreary length until the court adjourned for lunch. Mr. Teagher at the end felt he was making little headway, and became savage and sarcastic. He twice referred to Wheeler as

"muttering like a fool." He roared to him in a loud voice to speak up, and when the witness incidentally referred to his wife the barrister sneeringly remarked that it was perhaps she who had "put him up to this dodge of the will," for it was usually a woman that was at the bottom of "little games of that sort."

But at last Wheeler was free, and the court adjourned. Mr. Dunn congratulated him, and said he came out of the cross-examination quite splendidly. There was now little reason to fear. The judge had taken an unaccountable prejudice against Wheeler's side, but anyone accustomed to read the faces of a jury must see that their verdict would be right.

After lunch the court slowly dropped in and business was resumed. It was now the examination of the two physicians who were called to testify as to Mr. Mills' sanity.

By three o'clock the last witness had run the gauntlet and counsel addressed the jury. Mr. Teagher made a moving appeal on behalf of the three young men who cared not a rap for the money, but who were cut to the quick by the unfounded rumors which were going about to the effect that they had been undutiful and disrespectful sons. That rumor had been chiefly originated by their own father as one of the hallucinations of his dotage, and now they had the mortification, the grief, the unutterable sorrow of finding that unfounded complaint reiterated in the last solemn will and testament of their beloved parent.

Dr. Topper then addressed the Court. The judge summed up, the jury retired, and the court broke up into conversational knots. Mr Dunn declared to Wheeler that he had never heard a more preposterous charge from a judge to a jury. No wonder Mr. Teagher looked pleased, for after so lame a case, such a favorable charge from the judge must be perfectly amusing to him.

At five o'clock the judge returned and the clerk of the court stated that the jury could not agree, but he asked if both sides would consent to a five-sixths verdict. After some whispered consultation both sides consented. The clerk withdrew, and in the course of ten minutes brought back the jurymen, who stood in a row in the passage. The judge asked the foreman what was the verdict. He asked the question with a smiling face, but when the foreman answered "For the defendant," meaning for Wheeler, his face grew dark, and he said, "I am sorry gentlemen, that you have given a verdict so directly contrary to evidence. But that is your business, you have given your verdict and I shall accept it."

And so the perspiring Wheeler found himself in the centre of a small knot all shaking hands with him and congratulating him. Almost the whole of his family were there at the back of the court, and with what a joyful rush they came forward to seize him! How triumphantly was the kind father and litigant hero conducted out to the front street, where, in the exuberance of his spirits he called a cab, fortunately a big four-wheeler, and they all crowded within. What a jolly party it was, and how the daughters insisted on singing "Glory Hallelujah." When they reached their own door Wheeler gave the cabman twice his proper fare, and the eldest daughter, running forward into the house, slapped up the lid of the piano and greeted them with the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

That was a jolly tea-table. How eagerly the noisy tongues fought the battle all over again! "Do you remember when Mr. Mills said —," and so on. "That was a funny thing the judge did when —," and so on. Thus the meal went forward in the merry fashion of old, and when it was over, the twilight settled down on them still seated round the empty tea-cups, and the cold tea-pot, still recalling the incidents of the conflict.

When Wheeler reckoned up what it would cost the brothers Mills they all thought that it would serve them very properly. "Their own expenses," said he, "must be about £200, and they will have to pay mine—about £150 more—so that we shall get our £200 and they have lost about £350."

Ah! Mr. Wheeler, little did you know the law and its turnings!

It was a very warm and affectionate parting they had at bed-time, and Wheeler went off to a long and refreshing sleep, and no one woke him next morning till after nine o'clock, when he got up as hearty as a young bullock in a clover-field. Again he felt fit for work, and he scoured the suburbs sweeping in the customers to good purpose, returning each evening, after a successful day's work, to talk with his family about the uses to be found for this £200.

He called at the lawyer's office six days later to ask when it would be payable, and learnt, to his dismay, that the other side was moving for a new trial. "Yes, and they will get it too, confound them!" said the vehement Mr. Dunn. "That fool, Judge Cleary, will get them a new trial, as sure as fate."

It was too true. Before the full court, consisting of the Chief Justice and two Judges—one of whom was Judge Cleary—Mr. Teagher had argued that the verdict was

clearly against the evidence and that a new trial must be granted. After hearing Mr. Teagher and his two juniors for a whole day, the three judges retired, and when they were in private Judge Cleary gave his version of the evidence, which showed, as he said, that the old man had been quite unfit to sign a will, and that the clause in the will referring to Wheeler was undoubtedly the outcome of a diseased mind possessed by an hallucination.

And so the Court had issued a rule that unless the other side should show good cause to the contrary, a new trial should be ordered. To express the mental attitude of Wheeler on hearing of this new catastrophe is beyond the power of words. He had it all to go through again with the knowledge now that the judge was dead against him.

Oh! Fate! Oh! hateful and perverse muddler of human lives! What were the worst of fevers that ever brought a hectic flush to human cheeks compared with the all-devouring flame that preyed on Wheeler's mind during these four days. His face grew thin; his cheeks grew hollow; his eyes grew restless; but the day came—it was a Saturday. Dr. Topper had declined to attend, and had been good enough to take no fee. He wanted to go to the races, and Mr. Wiley could do all that was wanted very well.

On that Saturday Wheeler and his lawyers were all at duly in their places at ten o'clock; the lawyers chatty and cheerful as usual, Wheeler with a pair of eyes glowing with unnatural brightness. But the judges did not appear till nearly eleven o'clock. The Chief Justice in a somewhat abrupt manner opened the business and called on Mr. Wiley to state his case.

Mr. Wiley, unfolding a large brief newly drawn and engrossed at great cost, proceeded to review the evidence. The Chief Justice asked him did he propose to go through the whole of that document. Mr. Wiley said he did. The Chief Justice asked how many folios there were, and Mr. Wiley answered one hundred and forty-six.

Thereupon the Chief Justice looked discontented and remarked that it was well understood that Saturday was a short day, and for his part he wanted, as he supposed his colleagues did too, to get away rather earlier than usual so as to attend the races.

Mr. Wiley said the case could be postponed till Monday. But the Chief Justice told him that the business was already too much in arrears. Mr. Wiley started reading from his brief, but ere long was interrupted, when he complained that the other side had *had a whole day to unfold* their case, and now when the court should hear his side with equal fullness, it was going to cut him down to an hour or two. This led to an altercation between Mr. Wiley and the Chief Justice, but is was of short duration, for Mr. Wiley was a junior of no weight in the court, while the Chief Justice was an awful dignitary.

Eventually Mr. Wiley consented to state his case briefly without reading any more from that threatening document, and he proceeded in a somewhat diffuse way to review the evidence. Before long the Chief Justice grew tired of it, and motioning to his colleagues to draw closer together the three wigs almost met, and the three judges held a whispered conference for twenty minutes, Mr. Wiley continuing to talk but in vain endeavoring to catch their attention.

At length the Chief Justice broke in abruptly, and said that the court had made up its mind. If the defendant Wheeler would agree to pay his own costs there would be no further trial. If he refused his consent to that compromise the court would order a new trial.

Mr. Wiley expostulated, but the Chief Justice made him suddenly collapse, and then he formally announced the decision of the court. If before Tuesday next Mr. Wheeler had signified his acceptance of this compromise he should receive his £200 but pay his own costs, the other side having had good grounds for their proceedings, then the court would not make the rule for a new trial absolute. If he had not before that time signified his intention the new trial would be ordered.

Mr. Wheeler went out of court with a staggered feeling. He scarcely knew whether his mind was relieved or not. If he accepted this compromise he had won his case. That was good. But he had all these expenses to pay. That was bad, yet the £200 would pay the expenses and leave a margin. So he would be done with the law, its weariness, its sickness, and its suspense.

So he decided and felt his mind a little easier. And yet his wife saw with distress that the ordeal had been one of unhappy consequences, for Wheeler was one of those painfully conscientious men whom the fear of debt haunted even when affairs were moving at their smoothest, and the recent terror of a possible debt of unknown magnitude had been to him a formidable strain. There was a fever in his skin and an excited look upon his face that alarmed her. He occasionally made remarks that were a trifle out of logical continuity with the previous conversation. He was subject to violent starts when sitting

most quietly, and he had uncanny dreams at night.

But the suspense was soon over for Wheeler went down to the office and accepted the compromise. Mr. Dunn said it was by far the best thing to do, for with that weak-headed creature, Judge Cleary, so hopelessly against them their chances in a new trial would be at best only even, and indeed he thought the chances might be against them. Mr. Dunn, therefore, took instructions to accept the terms that had been offered.

The other side was very much dissatisfied, and began all sorts of proceedings to upset the decision of the court. The number of papers that were filed and motions that were moved, and petitions that were argued in chambers, could not be easily determined unless by reference to the bill of costs prepared for the brothers Mills by the firm of Meaker and Murphy. Therein the items were set forth in endless reiteration. But a partial guess might be made by a reference to the bill of costs prepared by Duff and Dunn some two months after the trial.

Therein it might be seen how gallantly that firm had stood by their guns; how every petition, every motion, every application had been met and fought out and defeated by the indefatigable Duff and Dunn.

But then, the bill! Ah! that bill! What a stupendous performance. It contained one hundred and forty-two entries, set out upon seven sheets of blue foolscap. When Wheeler turned to the total and found the sum of £317 with some odd shillings and pence, marked in bold black figures as the amount of his indebtedness, he had all the appearance of a man with a bullet through the chest. He struck his hand upon his left side and dropped into a chair, where he sat for an hour with both hands pressed against his aching forehead. It was thus his wife found him on her return from some little shopping excursion. They had a sad half-hour together and then she managed to cheer him up a little. She persuaded him to put on his hat and go with her to see his employers, whose advice might be of use in this contingency. So they saw, these busy men, who took an interest in the affair, and gave it as their opinion that the bill was monstrous, but that it was only a way of the profession. Duff and Dunn undoubtedly expected to have it greatly reduced. Mr. Wheeler should go round and offer the £200 he was to get as his legacy in full satisfaction of all claims. One of the partners offered to go with him and back him up.

Duff and Dunn were polite and said they never personally interfered with a matter of that sort, but left it to the costs clerk, to whom they introduced them. The clerk was bland, but unyielding. He said that such an arrangement was impossible, for the firm had paid away £146 in cash. A sharp altercation occurred, the clerk at length agreeing to reduce the bill to £280, but below that he would not go, sheltering himself behind what he called the "rules of the office."

When they were ushered out into the street Wheeler's manner was very different from that which was usual with him. He was quite violent in his language, and declared he would resist to the last that monstrous bill and these scoundrelly lawyers. His companion pointed out that there was little to be done. A glance at the bill showed that the items were all such as the law would allow, and that if he incurred the trouble and worry of appearing before a taxing officer, there would be no substantial reduction, and there might be some expense.

But what was to be done? There would be £80 due over and above the £200, and £80 was more than Wheeler could save in four years out of an income of £200. His employer offered to advance £40, to be stopped out of his salary during the next two years, and he must try to raise the other £40 as best he could. So the unfortunate piano, the pride of the household, was laid on its back in a spring-van, and appeared as lot 53 in a furniture auction, being disposed of for £14. Other articles of furuiture also went the same road, but as the Wheeler family was not nursed in the lap of luxury these articles brought only the inconsiderable sum of £9.

Wheeler was only a short distance behind his liabilities, and there was nothing in the business to make him at all desperate, but his mind had certainly been unhinged. His wife with the keenest anguish heard him make strange remarks about his being a beggar, and his family ruined, she saw him grow irritable and taciturn. No more romps with the children! No more merry times round the tea-table. His manner became every day more and more peculiar till she felt bound to call in a physician. That gentleman took occasion to meet Mr. Wheeler in a casual way, and announced that his mind was unsettled, and that he very much feared it might be a bad case. He promised to look in again in a fortnight, but before that fortnight was ended the malady took an unexpected turn and the physician was summoned to see the unfortunate man in bed with every symptom of brain-fever. All that skill could do was of

little avail, and the doctor on his decease administered to the sobbing widow the cold consolation that it was better so, for otherwise there had been no outlook but an asylum and years of cloud.

It would be absurd to attribute his death solely to the law; yet the law was a prime factor in bringing it about—that law which we are all taxed to maintain and which we rely on to render us justice.

But justice, one would think, ought to be free. Justice should be accessible to the poorest as to the wealthiest. But is it? Would it be anything but madness for a poor man to contest a case, no matter how clear, in the Supreme Courts of our communities? Whatever be the merits of his case, whatever his conviction of its justice, however sure his lawyers might be of his winning, however clear may be the opinion of counsel as to the law on the subject, yet it would be madness for him to contest the matter unless prepared to lose and to pay a sum of money which it would be impossible to foresee at the commencement. So many are the technical flaws; so different are the interpretations of the same statutes; so conflicting is the authority of precedent cases, that a cause, however clear on its merits, may take a fatal turn at a moment's notice.

All this is allowed, and the legal profession would willingly lend their assistance for reform. As the doctors, though they make their living out of disease, are foremost among the advocates of sanitary progress, so the better class of lawyers, though their incomes depend upon litigation, would willingly see the law placed in a better condition. It is allowed that this reformation must be a process of time. But why, meanwhile, should not that justice which is a citizen's right be made less ruinous in cost than it is. Forty-two letters were written by Duff and Dunn in this case, about thirty of them charged for at five shillings each, and the rest at ten shillings. The bulk of these were mere formal notes of three or four lines each, prepared by a clerk and signed by the firm. Quite a wilderness of petty items for attending this and delivering that, were charged for at prices ranging from five shillings to £1, though, in many cases, the labor involved was merely that a message-boy had carried a paper round the corner. Yet the Courts allow it, and all such expenses may be legally charged.

The law ought to be reformed in the matter of notorious costliness—and, undoubtedly, it will be so reformed. That the change may come soon was the prayer of those of us who gathered round the deep clay opening wherein was to rest the worn-out body of Isaac Wheeler. That it may come soon is the feeling that grows more and more intense as we see the scatter of the once happy family and the sore battle of the widow, earning, with hours of heavy toil, a sum such that in seven years it will not amount to as much as the lawyers in cheery fashion took from the poor family in a week or two of litigation. Such may be the result of winning your case in a British law-court in this the nineteenth century. Alas! poor Wheeler!

THE BATH SPONGE AND ITS RELATIONS.

BY ARTHUR DENDY, M.SC., F.L.S.

THE bath sponge is only a single representative of a very large and interesting group of animals, the *Porifera*—a group which has of late years attracted a good deal of attention and given rise to no little discussion amongst naturalists. The importance of the group may to some extent be estimated by the fact that more than sixteen hundred books and pamphlets have been published concerning sponges, and yet we need hardly hesitate to say that not one person in a hundred has any idea of the true nature of a sponge.

Aristotle studied sponges more than two thousand years ago, and his knowledge of the subject, considering the period at which he wrote, is remarkable for its extent and its exactness. He distinguished four kinds, one of which he tells us was used by the ancient Greek warriors for padding their helmets in order to deaden the blows of weapons. He describes how sponges grew on rocks at the bottom of the sea, and he recognised them as living organisms and probably as animals. He believed that they feed upon mud, with which they are found filled when taken from the water. He also describes how they have a certain amount of sensation, as evidenced by their power of contracting when irritated —a truly remarkable observation, confirmed only within the last few years by means of the latest scientific methods, which have enabled us to detect a nervous tissue in them.

Aristotle appears to be the only one of the classical writers who says anything of importance on the subject, and it is only within comparatively recent times and after much controversy that it has been decided that sponges are really animals, as he deemed them, and not, as many subsequent naturalists have held, plants.

We need not dwell upon the vast accumulation of spongological literature since the time of Aristotle, the first spongologist. The latest and amongst the most important publications on the subject are the elaborate monographs, five in number, on the sponges collected during the voyage of H.M.S. "Challenger." These alone convey a good idea of the extent and importance of the group, inasmuch as the collection was so large that it was found advisable to distribute it amongst five zoologists, who required a total of two hundred and eighteen quarto plates to illustrate their observations.

The different kinds of sponges vary to a surprising extent in their external characteristics although they agree in the essential points of anatomical structure. Some are as hard as flint and others as soft as jelly; some are large, reaching two or three feet in diameter, while others are so minute as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye; some are black, and others are white or blue, or green, or yellow or any other color you like to name. Their shape varies no less than their color, and usually it is so utterly devoid of symmetry that the older naturalists applied the term *Amorphozoa* to the group. All of them live in water, and very nearly all in the sea, some few only being found in rivers and ponds, and of all the thousands of kinds that exist only one or two—the real bath sponges —are of any service for washing purposes, the remainder being either too hard or too soft or too brittle to be of any use whatever.

So much for the general external characters of the group—the characters that he "who runs may read." It is not, however, in these characters that the deepest interest of the sponges lies. To penetrate into the real beauties of their organisation much patient microscopical investigation is required. It is these minute characters which we desire more especially to elucidate in the present article, as upon a correct understanding of these can a correct conception of the true nature of a sponge alone be based.

Before, however, we can go any further, we must turn aside for a little space from the immediate subject of our enquiry to examine certain animals which stand even lower in the scale of life than the sponges. These, being of the simplest possible structure, are more easily understood, and unless we understand them we cannot hope to understand the organisation of more complex forms.

The animals to which we now refer are all extremely minute, so as to be generally invisible to the naked eye, and we have to make use of high magnifying powers in examining them; owing to the simplicity of

their structure they have been called *Protozoa*, or primitive animals. Of these simple animals the simplest by far is one which is frequently met with in the fine soft mud at the bottom of ponds and ditches; scientifically it is called the *Amœba*, and we can only regret the want of a straightforward English name by which to call it.

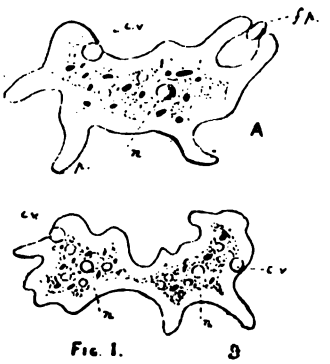


FIG. 1.

The *Amœba* A. The animal in the act of taking in a particle of food (*fp*) B. The animal reproducing itself by dividing into two halves.

Imagine, then, a small speck of transparent jelly, not so large as a pin's head and of quite irregular and ever-changing shape, and you have already a pretty fair idea of an *Amœba*. The gelatinous body of the animal is composed of protoplasm, a substance nearly resembling the unboiled white of an egg. For the most part this protoplasm is very soft, granular, and almost liquid, but round the outside it is a little firmer and more transparent, and about the centre of the animal is a little ball of protoplasm slightly different in appearance from all the rest and constituting the nucleus, a very important structure never absent either in the *Amœba* or in other *Protozoa*.

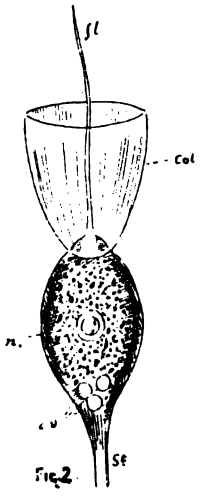
There is one other noteworthy structure which an *Amœba* possesses. In the outer part of the body, that is, of course, in the firmer and clearer portion of the jelly, there is a space, just like a bubble. In this space is collected any liquid which the animal desires to get rid of; the bubble slowly expands as the liquid collects, and when full suddenly contracts and pours the waste liquid out into the surrounding water. Such an organ, serving as a means of removing waste liquids from the body, is of very common occurrence amongst the *Protozoa*, and is generally termed a contractile vacuole.

It may be wondered that such a thing as we have described should be called an animal at all, but granted that a thing which eats and digests, and moves about and reproduces itself, not to mention various other performances, is an animal, and we can prove that the *Amœba* is one.

First with regard to the moving about and eating. If we watch an *Amœba* under the microscope we shall see, as we have in fact already seen, that it is constantly altering in shape, a peculiarity to which it owes its semi-popular name of "Proteus-animalcule." First one part of the body and then another will begin to swell out, and the swellings may grow into long arms *(pseudopodia)*. It is by means of these arms that the *Amœba* both crawls about and catches its food. If it comes upon a particle of food arms are immediately put out on each side of the particle, which is first surrounded and then drawn right into the gelatinous body through a temporary opening which closes up after it. So an *Amœba* has no mouth, but takes its food in at any point and then closes over it, just as water does over a stone dropped into it. Once fairly inside the body the food particle is surrounded by a solvent or digestive fluid derived from the watery protoplasm, and when all the nourishing parts have been thus extracted the residue is cast out at any point of the surface by a reversal of the process whereby it entered.

If well supplied with food the *Amœba* grows, and when it has attained a certain size divides into two by splitting down the middle. In this process the nucleus always divides first, and each of the two halves of the *Amœba* carries away with it half the nucleus. So we have two *Amœbæ* formed out of one, and the curious part of the proceeding is that no one can tell which is the parent and which the child, each part going its own way and starting life again on its own account. An *Amœba*, then, never dies, unless it happens to be accidently killed, or perhaps eaten by some hungry relation, but goes on dividing and dividing again through all time, enjoying a peculiar kind of immortality which we can scarcely envy it.

Now let us turn our attention for a little while to another very small and very simple form of life which we may term the "Collared animalcule." This animal, like the *Amœba*, is found in stagnant water and is invisible to the naked eye. Instead, however, of being shapeless it has a singularly graceful and definite form, being not unlike a microscopical wine-glass. There is a long and very slender stalk surmounted by a swollen protoplasmic body at the apex of which is borne the "collar." The collar is simply a very delicate film of transparent protoplasm, having the form of a funnel widely open at



A collared animalcule, *Monosiga gracilis.*

the top, and at the bottom enclosing the uppermost part of the body of the animal. A long whip-like structure, or flagellum, projects freely through and beyond the cavity of the funnel from the apex of the body. The flagellum is ever moving to and fro with a swinging motion, so as to lash the water and thereby cause a current whose general direction is toward the collar. By means of this current the animal secures its food. All sorts of minute particles are carried against the collar, and directly one touches it is held fast by the gelatinous film. Then a curious thing takes place—the particle is carried irresistibly up the outside of the funnel to the edge of the opening, then over the edge and down the inside, still adhering to the gelatinous film, until finally it reaches the body of the animal at the bottom of the funnel, when it is engulphed in the soft protoplasm exactly as in the case of the *Amœba*. So it seems that the particles of the soft gelatinous protoplasm of which the collar is formed are in constant motion, causing a stream of protoplasm up the outside of the funnel and down the inside—and woe to any little creature that gets entangled in the stream.

The swollen body of the collared animalcule contains a distinct nucleus like that of *Amœba*, and it also contains three contractile vacuoles. So although the two animals are very different in general appearance yet they agree in many points of essential structure. They digest in the same way and they also reproduce in the same way, by dividing into two; and they have the same method of getting rid of waste liquids from the body. The collared animalcule, however, though in most respects decidedly more highly organised than the *Amœba*, is inferior to it in as much as it is attached to a stalk and cannot move about wherever it likes. Hence, as it cannot go in search of food it adopts, as we have just seen, a very ingenious method for bringing food within its reach.

Now if we bear in mind the structure of these two very simple animals, the *Amœba* and the collared animalcule, we shall be in a position to understand what is meant by the term *cell*, and it is necessary to understand this before we can hope to understand the structure of the sponge, or indeed of any other animal.

A cell then consists essentially simply of a little mass of jelly-like material or protoplasm, a certain portion of which, about the middle of the cell, is somewhat different from all the rest and forms a more or less rounded structure—the nucleus.

The *Amœba* is just one single cell with only one protoplasmic body and one nucleus; when it divides it forms two cells, which do not remain together but separate from one another completely. The collared animalcule is also only a single cell with one protoplasmic body and one nucleus, but it is a cell of much more complicated form than the *Amœba*.

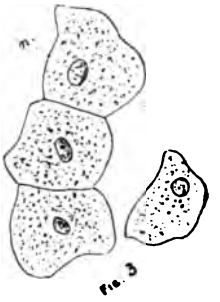
The *Amœba* and the collared animalcule, however, are not only each a single cell, but each is in itself a complete animal, capable as we have just seen of feeding, digesting, excreting, moving and reproducing. This brings us to a very important consideration. The whole animal kingdom, including every kind of animal that exists, is divided into two great classes, a lower class which we may call the one-celled or simple animals (*Protozoa*) and an upper class which we may term the many-celled or complex animals (*Metazoa*). The one-celled animals are all extremely minute, so small that they cannot as a rule be seen at all with the naked eye; they all have one character in common, and that is that they consist throughout life each of a single cell. This cell may either have a very simple structure as in the *Amœba*, or its structure may be more elaborate and complex as in the collared animalcule. The many-celled animals, on the other hand, when fully grown always consist of more than one cell, and usually of a very large number indeed, all united in one body. This is the case with all the higher animals, such as ourselves, and also with hosts of much lower forms, including the sponges.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion concerning the now-generally ac-

cepted hypothesis of evolution, but there can be no doubt that the original parents from which all the animals living at the present day are descended were simple one-celled forms, and it is not difficult to see how, from such a simple form as the *Amœba*, a many-celled animal may have been derived. It will be remembered that the *Amœba* reproduces itself by dividing into two parts, which soon separate from one another and go each its own way. Now if instead of the two parts separating they were to remain together and still go on dividing, we should soon have instead of a single cell a heap of cells, or in other words a many-celled animal. This is what actually takes place in the development of all the higher animals, every one of which starts life as a simple egg consisting of a single cell—a mass of jelly-like protoplasm with a nucleus. The egg, by a more or less complicated process of growth and division into many cells all remaining together, finally gives rise to the perfect animal.

The cells composing any one of the higher animals are not all of the same kind, and the reason of this is obvious, for some of them have to form the skin, some the blood, some the stomach, some the muscles, and so on; and every one has its own particular shape and structure, according to the duties which it has to perform; just as in a colony of men some individuals are specially trained and clothed to act as soldiers, others as builders, others as bakers, and so forth. Or we may compare the body of one of the higher animals, say our own body, to a house built of stones, and the cells of which the body is composed to the stones of which the house is built. Just as the stones are differently shaped to fit them for the different positions which they have to occupy in the house, some for walls and some for pavements, and so on, so the cells of our body differ according to their different functions.

Of the cells composing the human body it will be useful for us, for the purposes of future comparison, to examine in some detail one particular kind. If the inside of the cheek be gently scraped with some blunt instrument and the scrapings thus obtained examined with the microscope, they will be found to consist of a great number of very small flattened plates or scales. Each of these plates is one of the cells forming the outer layer of the skin, and each has in its centre a distinct nucleus. Figure 3 represents a group of these plate-like cells or, as they are frequently termed, pavement cells, highly magnified, and an inspection of this figure will render any further description unnecessary.



A group of four flattened, plate-like cells, from the inside of the cheek.

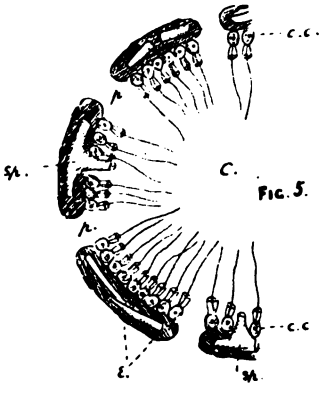
We have now said enough by way of general introduction, and may pass on to consider the sponges themselves. Although all sponges are many-celled animals, yet some are very much more complicated in structure than others, and it so happens that the bath sponge itself is one of the most complicated and difficult to understand of all. We shall therefore do well to postpone for a time our consideration of the bath sponge and begin with one of the simplest forms—a sponge to which Hæckel has given the name *Ascilla gracilis*.

A simple calcareous sponge, *Ascilla gracilis*. A portion of the wall has been removed to shew the hollow interior of the sponge. (After Hæckel.)

Ascilla gracilis is a very small animal, only about one-tenth of an inch in height, found growing on seaweeds on the coast of California. Imagine a hollow pear-shaped sac perched on the summit of a long and slender stalk, with a narrow funnel-shaped mouth at the upper end, and at the bottom of the stalk a flattened plate by means of which the sponge is attached to the seaweed on which it grows. The wall of the sac is very thin, somewhat comparable to the shell of an egg, and if we examine it carefully with a magnifying glass we see that it is perforated by

numerous very small circular openings such as might be made by pricking it all over with a fine needle; these openings are known as the *pores*.

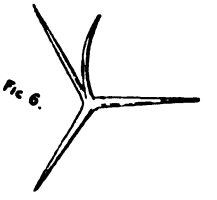
Now suppose we carefully remove the little sponge from the seaweed and put it in a drop of sea water under the microscope. If we watch carefully for a little time we shall see that streams of water are constantly entering the cavity of the sac through the little apertures in the walls, while a single larger stream comes out through the mouth at the top. The question how is the stream of water caused at once suggests itself, and in order to answer it we must examine the structure of the sponge yet more in detail. For this purpose let us take a thin slice across the wall of



Diagrammatic section across the body-wall of such a simple sponge as *Ascilla*

the sac and examine it microscopically. Our section will almost certainly cut across several of the pores, and these will appear simply as empty spaces We shall next see that the solid wall of the sac lying between the pores is composed of several very different elements. On the extreme outside there is a single thin layer of very much flattened cells forming a delicate skin and resembling the cells previously noticed in the human skin, with the exception that in the skin of *Ascilla* the individual pavement cells are so closely united together by their edges as to be not sharply distinguishable from one another. On the extreme inside of the wall on the other hand there is a layer of cells which exactly resemble collared animalcules knocked off their stalks, all with their delicate collars and whip-like structures or flagella projecting freely into the cavity of the sac.

Now, it is at once apparent that if the wall of the sponge were composed solely of these soft and delicate cells, it would be a very flabby kind of structure, and very liable to collapse and tear. Something is required to strengthen and support it, and this something is present in the shape of a beautiful skeleton made up of an immense number of separate needles, or spicules, of transparent carbonate of lime. These rigid spicules have all one definite shape, and they are arranged in the thickness of the sponge wall, between the inner and outer layers of cells, in a pefectly



A simple calcareous spicule of *Ascilla gracilis*.—(After Hæckel.)

definite manner. Each one consists of four sharp-pointed spikes, radiating from a common centre, three of the spikes lie in one plane, in the thickness of the wall, while the fourth is curved and projects, more or less at right angles to the other three, into the cavity of the sac.

We can now understand the whole arrangement of the sponge, the whip-like structures, or flagella of the collared cells all project into the cavity of the sac, and all move constantly backwards and forwards in perfect rhythm, and with perfect regularity. Their motion is so adapted that they constantly lash the water in one and the same direction, through the mouth or "osculum" at the top of the sponge, while fresh supplies of water enter through the pores in the wall of the sponge to take the place of that which is driven out.

The incoming stream of water brings food particles into the cavity of the sponge, and these coming in contact with the lining of collared cells are absorbed and digested, and all the waste, good-for-nothing material is cast out of the cells again and carried away by the outgoing stream of water through the osculum.

The whole sponge, then, may be regarded as a collection of single-celled animals which have, as it were, made up their minds to live together and work together for the common good; but having once done so they are unable to separate again—they have lost the power of leading independent lives—and hence they form a single many-celled animal. So we can no longer speak of each collared cell

as a collared animal, because it is now only a part of an animal. The hard, calcareous spicules are, of course, not themselves cells, but they are produced as a secretion of certain cells which are specially adapted for the purpose.

Many intermediate forms of the greatest interest exist between *Ascilla*—the simplest of all sponges—and the bath sponge, which is, perhaps, the most complicated. Space, unfortunately, forbids us to discuss the structure of these forms in the present article, and I must proceed at once to describe the structure of the bath sponge—*Euspongia*.

In the first place it is necessary to emphasize the important fact that the sponge as it comes into our hands for washing purposes is a very different thing from the sponge as it is found growing in the sea, being, in fact, only the skeleton of the animal, from which all the delicate cells, the skin, and the jelly-like protoplasm have been cleaned off by a process which we shall describe presently.

If a casual observer were to see a bath sponge growing in the sea, the probabilities are that he would be far from recognising in it his acquaintance of the tub. Imagine a large, cushion-shaped, or sometimes cup-shaped mass, covered with a black, slimy skin, and attached, along with others of its kind, to some rock at the bottom of the sea. On top of the sponge are visible a few rather large, round holes, leading down into deep pits or canals in the substance of the animal, and a more careful inspection, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, shews the entire surface of the sponge to be pierced by a vast number of little tiny apertures, very much smaller than the holes at the top. So we have here two kinds of holes, large and small, exactly as in the case of *Ascilla*, only in the bath sponge there are several of the larger kind, while *Ascilla* has only one. In the bath sponge, as in *Ascilla*, streams of water constantly flow into the sponge through the tiny holes or pores, and out again through the larger holes or oscula.

Now we must examine our sponge more carefully, with a view to penetrating the mysteries of its internal arrangements, and for this purpose let us take a sharp knife and cut right through the living sponge from top to bottom, exactly as if it were a loaf of bread, and let us so direct our knife that it shall pass through one of the oscula at the top of the sponge.

On examining the cut surfaces of the two halves into which we have now divided it, we shall see that the living sponge is by no means a solid body, but pierced in every

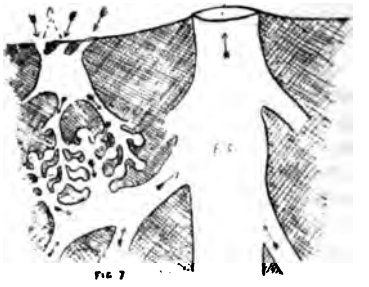


Diagram shewing in a simplified manner the arrangement of a small portion of the canal system and flagellated chambers in the bath sponge.

direction by a vast number of channels, so that it may be compared to a small rabbit warren. The canals in the sponge, however, which we may compare to the burrows of the rabbits, are not all of the same size; some are large, and others extremely minute, and between the two all intermediate sizes occur. They commence at the surface of the sponge, underneath the small pores, which, in fact, lead into them from the outside As the canals penetrate deeper and deeper they branch again and again, just as a tree does, and the branches gradually become thinner and thinner until they are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Finally each little branch of this great system of canals ends in a tiny round "flagellated chamber." So that we have scattered through the body of the sponge countless millions of these minute flagellated chambers, each only about one six hundreth of an inch in diameter, and each communicating by means of first an extremely narrow channel, and then gradually widening channels, with one or more of the little pores on the surface of the sponge.

But this is not all. Every flagellated chamber has two openings, two doorways, as it were, a front doorway opening into the narrow passage leading finally to the pores on the surface, and a back doorway opening into a similar narrow passage leading away in the other direction, so that we have now to explore a little further and find out where all the back passages go to. First of all we shall find that great numbers of them join together so as to form a comparatively small number of larger passages, and on following these passages or canals to their destination we shall find that they lead into still larger ones, and finally, after traversing a longer or shorter distance, as the case may be, into the largest canals of all, which lead right up each to one of the oscula on the surface of the sponge.

In figure 7 is represented, in a somewhat simplified and diagrammatic manner, the arrangement of a small portion of the canal system of the bath sponge. The shaded portions represent the solid parts of the sponge, and the arrows indicate the direction of the streams of water in through the pores and out through the osculum. Figure 8 shows two chambers on a much larger scale.

We must next inquire about the individual cells of which the bath sponge, like all other animals, is made up. First, what are these cells like, and how many kinds of them are there? and second, whereabouts in the sponge shall we find each of the different kinds? The first of these questions is easily answered. The cells of the bath sponge, for the most part, closely resemble those found in *Ascilla*, that is to say we have collared cells, and we have flat pavement cells, and we have in addition to these two kinds numerous cells which more or less exactly resemble the *Amœba*.

Small portion of a thin section of the bath sponge, shewing two flagellated chambers lined by collared cells, with portions of the canals leading to and from them.—(After F. E. Schulze.)

The collared cells are found only in the little flagellated chambers, into which the various fine canals lead. They line these chambers exactly as they line the central cavity of *Ascilla*, and it is by the constant rhythmical motion of their flagella or whip-like structures that the stream of water is kept flowing through the canal system. So it appears that while *Ascilla* has only one comparatively large flagellated chamber, occupying the whole of the interior of the sponge, the bath sponge has millions of much smaller ones, and is hence much more complicated in structure.

The pavement cells are found lining all the outside of the sponge and all the passages in the inside, just like so many tiles, and the *Amœba*-like cells are found in a soft jelly-like substance which fills up the spaces between the various canals and chambers. These *Amœba*-like cells have the power of moving about through the jelly in which they are embedded from one part of the sponge to another, and it is thought by some naturalists that they carry food from parts of the sponge where it is abundant to other parts where it is scarce.

Food particles are of course brought into the sponge by the streams of water, and taken up either by the pavement cells lining the canals or by the collared cells lining the flagellated chambers, or possibly by both. It is rendered highly probable, indeed almost certain, by recent researches, that sponges have the power of regulating the supply of water by increasing or diminishing the size of the pores and oscula at will; so that if too much water, or bad water be entering the sponge, the supply can be at once cut off or diminished to any required extent. Special bands of tissue, apparently muscular, have been shown to exist in some cases, whereby the alteration in the size of the pores and oscula is probably effected, and in other cases we now know that a feebly developed nervous system is present.

We have already had occasion to remark that the sponge with which we wash is nothing but the skeleton of the animal, serving to support and strengthen all the soft and delicate structures we have been considering. It is, however, a very different skeleton from that which we found in *Ascilla*, for instead of being made up of a number of separate, hard, transparent needles of

Small portion of the horny skeleton of the bath sponge — (After F. E. Schulze.)

carbonate of lime, it is a very delicate, continuous net-work of fine elastic fibres. These fibres may be compared to extremely thin

silk, being composed of a horny substance which closely resembles silk in its chemical composition. They penetrate through every portion of the sponge, branching in every direction and uniting together at short intervals so as to form a dense network. On examining an ordinary washing sponge as it comes into our hands, it is impossible to see the fibres at all with the naked eye, because they are so extremely delicate and the spaces between them are so small. Figure 9 represents a portion of the skeleton of the Adriatic bath sponge as it appears under the microscope, and here the arrangement of the fibres is distinctly visible. It will be seen that the network is by no means a regular one, and in the small piece drawn one of the fibres is very much larger than all the others, forming what is called a primary fibre and running in a direction at right angles to the surface of the sponge. There are many sponges, however, in which the fibres are so coarse as to be distinctly visible to the naked eye, but these are too hard to be of any service for washing purposes. The horny fibres of the bath and other sponges are formed, like the spicules of *Ascilla*, as a secretion of certain cells specially modified for the purpose.

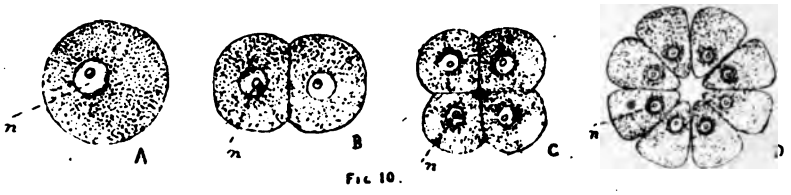
There are only three or four kinds or species of bath sponges in use. The softest and most valuable is the Turkey sponge, *Euspongia officinalis*, which is found in the Mediterranean. Another coarser kind, called the horse-sponge (*Hippospongia*) also occurs there, and both live in depths of water ranging from two to one hundred fathoms. Bath sponges are also found abundantly in certain parts of the West Indian seas, and notably around the Bahama Islands. One of the kinds found here is stated to be indistinguishable from the best Turkey sponges, though usually the West Indian sponges are considered to be inferior in quality to those found in the Mediterranean. One kind of sponge which would do very well for washing with is found in Australian seas, but this has not yet found its way into the market, and it is doubtful whether it could be obtained in sufficient quantities to make it of much commercial value.

Sponges are obtained from the bottom of the sea in several ways. If the water is not very deep they are harpooned from a boat, the harpoon used being nothing but a five-pronged fork with a long wooden handle. When the fisherman sees a sponge he simply sticks the fork into it and brings it up to the surface. If the water is too deep for harpooning, the sponges may be obtained by diving. The diver attaches a heavy stone to his feet, to act as a sinker, and holds on to a rope; he is then lowered to the bottom, where he gathers together whatever sponges he sees and places them in a net hung round his neck. When he has been at the bottom as long as he can hold his breath, say at the most three minutes, he pulls the rope as a signal, and is drawn up to the surface again. In some places, again, sponges are obtained by dredging, that is by dragging a strong net with a wide mouth over the bottom of the sea, and so picking up at random any sponges which may chance to be there. This is the method adopted by Mr. J. Bracebridge Wilson, M.A., in obtaining his splendid collection of sponges, including several hundreds of species, from the neighborhood of Port Phillip Heads.

When first brought on shore the bath sponge is, as we have already indicated, quite unfit for use. All the soft and slimy parts of the animal have to be got rid of, which is effected by first of all exposing the sponges to the air until they begin to rot, and then beating them with sticks or stamping on them with the feet in a stream of water. As soon as they are clean they are hung up in the air to dry.

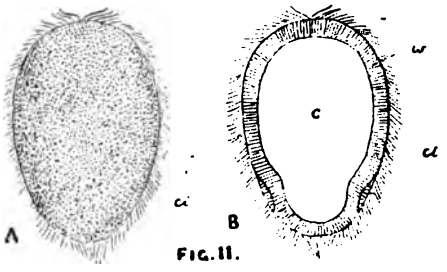
It is an interesting fact that bath sponges may be artificially propagated by means of cuttings, just as plants may be. Specimens are taken from the sea quite fresh and cut into little bits. The cuttings thus obtained are fixed onto bamboo rods and the rods are sunk to the bottom of the sea in some suitable locality. In a year's time the cuttings grow to two or three times their original size, and in five or six years they are large enough to be of use. To the Italian Government is due the credit of having made systematic trial of this method of cultivating sponges. One objection to the system was found in the length of time required to obtain the first crop, and another and very serious hindrance was experienced in the hostility of the sponge-fishers of Dalmatia. In Australian seas, however, where a very serviceable sponge already exists, it might be possible to institute sponge cultivation as an industry. Certainly sponges in almost endless variety flourish to an unusual degree in Australian waters, and especially in Port Phillip, and here, if anywhere, we might expect to meet with success.

All sponges increase and multiply naturally by means of eggs, just as all the higher animals are known to do. The egg is formed in the first instance from one of the *Amœba*-like cells in the body of the mother sponge. This cell becomes rounded off and the nucleus becomes very distinct. When it begins to develope into a young sponge, which can only take place after fertilisation



Four very early stages in the development of a calcareous sponge (*Sycon raphanus*).—(After F. E. Schulze.)

by the male element or spermatozoon, the egg-cell first of all divides into two parts, exactly as an *Amœba* does. These two parts remain together, instead of separating as in the *Amœba*, and then each of them again divides into two, and so on until we have a heap of cells. The cells of this heap are as yet all of the same kind. They next arrange themselves in a single layer around a large central cavity and the young sponge or larva is now almost ready to leave the mother and start life on its own account. Before it can do so, however, a remarkable change takes place. The outer surface of the hollow body becomes covered with a layer of exceedingly fine hair-like structures, or cilia, one of which is developed as an outgrowth from each individual cell. Then the larva escapes from the old sponge and swims away by means of the cilia on its outer surface, which are in constant motion and drive the little animal through the water exactly as a boat is driven by oars.



Free-swimming ciliated larva of a sponge (*Oscarella lobularis*). A. The egg-shaped larva seen from the outside. B. The larva seen in longitudinal section.—(After Heider.)

So the young sponge has a very great advantage over the old ones, in that it is able to move about; but this happy state of things does not last for long. As soon as it comes to a place which seems suitable, the lazy little creature settles down and soon loses all its little cilia, and by a series of complicated changes grows up into a big sponge like its mother, fixed always in one place and with no possibility of ever moving away again.

THE PESSIMIST'S PLEA.

EVEN the dying smile,
Even the slave doth sleep,
And shall not we
Living laugh awhile?
And by death set free
Slumber long and deep?

Wight—and Light
A little bird screamed in the night,
Faintlier, thrice I heard it cry—
What are those feathers dewy-white,
That scattered and softly lie?

SYDNEY ZEPHCOTT.

THE HEART OF THE KING COUNTRY.

BY MRS. MCCOSH CLARK.

"WHY should we not visit the Taupo district and climb Tongariro?" Such was the suggestion made by one of a small party of friends in Auckland who were discussing the question of a pleasant place for a summer camping expedition. The Maoris had some time before removed the "tapu" from the King Country—a large extent of land in the North Island of New Zealand. Here are situated the volcanoes Tongariro, Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu, which have all shown more or less activity within recent times.

The trip to this district having been decided upon our party, consisting of Professor Thomas, of the Auckland University College, his wife, myself, my husband and our two boys of twelve and eleven started with our camping gear in February, 1888. After two days' travelling by train and coach we neared the shores of Lake Taupo late at night. What a weird scene met our gaze as we drove down the last long hill towards the lake! The moon shone fitfully, now lighting up the masses of manuka scrub on either hand, and the curling columns of steam that rose here and there from its midst evincing the presence of some hidden cauldron on the banks of the Waikato River; then again as masses of rolling cloud passed over her face the light gleamed faintly, and bushes and trees loomed vast and unreal in the temporary gloom. All was silent save the soft distant murmur of rushing waters wafted from the Huka Falls and the sound of our horses' feet as they trotted rapidly down the hill and over the bridge, suggesting the very name of the township we were nearing—Tapuaeharuru or "sounding footsteps."

Here we spent a few days at Gallagher's comfortable hotel close to the shores of the lake. Across the water at the far end one can see in clear weather the Tongariro-Ruapehu range. Tongariro with its strongly-marked group of cones rises flat-topped and grand, Ngauruhoe is half seen with dense columns of steam issuing from its perfect cone; behind them Ruapehu rears its glistening crown of virgin snow. The natives have a legend accounting for the shape of Tongariro. They tell of a great battle it fought with *Ruapehu*. The latter being victorious cut off the head of its rival, Tongariro, and threw it to a distance. That head now stands alone and desolate as Mount Egmont. During our stay at Tapuaeharuru we visited the Wairakei Valley—that wonderful district of strange sights and sounds; of boiling cauldrons and steaming geysers; of rippling hot streams and many-colored silent pools. The grand Huka or Snow Falls, and the Crow's-nest geyser on the banks of the Waikato River were also within an easy distance. Many a bath we enjoyed in the hot and cold springs that lie side by side at Joshua's Spa. In the clear bright mornings we wandered down to where the Waikato rushes out of the lake at the rate of four thousand gallons a second flowing on its northward course; or in the evening standing on the bridge below the township we looked in silent admiration at its swift and treacherous current, the wonderful purple and green colors of its waters intensified a thousandfold by the sunset light.

Reluctantly we left all these wonders, but Tongariro in silent majesty beckoned us on. Perchance on that long "tapu" burial place of the Maori chiefs we might meet their ghosts wandering on the melancholy heights. On the morning of our departure we were up betimes, and, provided with a good conveyance and with our attentive host of the hotel as driver, started early on our drive round the eastern shores of the lake in order to reach Tokaanu at the far end before nightfall. It was a morning of sunshine and storm. The great lake or Taupo Moana (the unknown ocean) stretched out before us. There had been a high wind for several days and the big waves were rolling up in some places close to our road. The route now followed the shore line, and now diverging passed through a narrow gorge or over grassy plains thickly covered with manuka bushes clad in their white starry blossoms, or by the side of a flax-swamp, the dark lance-like flower stems gemmed by the recent showers. The weather cleared as the morning advanced, and soon the volcanoes at the far end of the lake could be seen towering up in all their majesty. The cliffs of Western Bay loomed grand though indistinct through a grey mist, while the terraced island of Motutaiko lay in the midst of the water distinct and solitary. As

LAKE TAUPO FROM SOURCE OF WAIKATO RIVER.

we drove along Professor Thomas pointed out various features of great geological interest—the strongly-marked terraces standing at a height of from one hundred to four hundred feet above the water and clearly defining the old lake level; the far-spread deposits of pumice which must have fallen in showers at some long distant time. Many believe that this pumice came from the three great volcanic mountains before alluded to. Professor Thomas however, as will be seen from his interesting paper on the Taupo district written for the New Zealand Government, ascribes it rather to Tauhara at the south end of Lake Taupo. This volcanic cone now looks as green and peaceful and apparently harmless as Mount Tarawera before the outburst of 1886, but its fires, too, perhaps, are only slumbering for a while ere they bring ruin and desolation on the surrounding district, hollowed out as it is with boiling springs and fiery underground forces. The latter part of the day we drove along the shores of the lake, often fringed to the water's edge with old and gnarled *Kohai*, their delicate foliage reflected in the calm, clear inlets. Our road then left the shore and turned a little inland, bringing us once more to our old friend the Waikato, here named the Tongariro. It is very swift and dangerous in this part. As we drove through the strong current over its ever-shifting shingle bed it seemed as if our carriage, horses and all, would be swept away; and the strong swish and swirl round the wheels made us glad to reach the other side in safety. After a sharp trot of an hour—for our three good horses, led by "Paddy," a little bay of true Irish character, lively and irrepressible, were still fresh—we sighted the settlement of Tokaanu as the sun was sinking low on the horizon. The scene before us, as we drove along the low-lying land that stretches down to the shores of the lake, was very striking. Numberless steam jets were visible on the hillside behind the township; numberless Maori "whares" were scattered amid the manuka scrub. Men and women wrapped in blankets, and broods of half-clad children ran out to watch us driving past, often greeting us with the salutation, "Tena Rotou," and the usual Maori smile and nod. Passing many boiling water and mud holes, at last we neared Mr. Blake's good but small hotel, which seems to stand on the only solid piece of ground in the neighborhood.

Here we stayed two or three days, thoroughly enjoying the strange sights and sounds around. Some of our party bathed in the hot baths, which are of the most simple description, being merely large holes in the silica-covered ground, screened by manuka bushes. The sudden changes in the temperature of these baths, according to the direction of the wind, is often so great from day to day that bathers, before going in, have to take care to ascertain the heat, or they might stand a chance of being boiled in a bath that was of temperate heat the previous day. Such, we were told, had been the fate of a Maori not long before. The water is delicious and velvety, and the idea that, should a geyser suddenly burst out, the whole bath may blow up with you in it adds to the excitement. On either side of the paths to these hot springs the ground is literally honeycombed with boiling mud and water holes, and hissing jets of steam keep up a lively concert. It is necessary to have a guide, since a step to the right or left might be fatal. The time passed quickly in this strange district, and many and varied were our expeditions and amusements. Professor

Thomas, while collecting specimens of the rocks of the neighborhood, took long rambles with his wife. The boys and ourselves at one time gathered the Alpine strawberries that grow in profusion under the bushes on the warm, moist soil, or ravaged the laden cherry trees near the hotel; at another time collected ferns and flowers or made sketches. (In order to set pencil ones we had only to hold them in the steam of the boiling stream running near the township). One pretty little spring which we visited, bubbling out of a milky-white silica bed in the midst of feathery green bushes was a petrifying spring. The more venturesome scalded their fingers in obtaining good specimens of petrified moss and ferns, so difficult was it to remember that water is nearly boiling when one sees it bubbling out of the ground in the midst of luxuriant vegetation.

About three miles from Tokaanu is an interesting native settlement, called Waihi. Thither Mr. Cussen, a surveyor, well acquainted with the district, kindly offered to guide us. We crossed the hot-stream in his boat; then, following a track along the sides of the fern-clad hills, we came to the little native village, nestling beneath the steaming cliffs, whence not many years before a large landslip had fallen in the night, burying the previous village and the

TE HEUHEU.

greater part of the tribes, including the old chief Te Heuheu. The present chief Te Heuheu is the most important in the district. As we walked through the village to his "whare," some of the Maoris followed us and were greatly interested in finding out the object of our visit. Our husbands had to make the most of their knowledge of the Maori language, and the natives of their few *words of English*, while we tried to explain that we were only travellers desirous of seeing the wonders of their district—many hearty laughs we had over our attempts at conversation. We found Te Heuheu squatting in front of his "whare" and enjoying a smoke in the warm sunshine. He was a fine looking old man with a pleasant smile and dignified manner. His hair thick and silvery-white stood out in strange contrast against the dark skin and elaborate blue tattooing of his face. Another writer has stated: "His people liken his crown of white hair to the snowy head of Tongariro, there being no object except this 'tapu' mountain of equal sanctity to permit of its being mentioned in connection with the head of their chief." Te Heuheu had one of his eight wives beside him; for only one is allowed the privilege of eating with her lord. His wife and son, a stalwart young Maori, were introduced, and greeted us by a shake of the hand and the usual "Tena Koe;" we did *not* offer to rub noses according to the ordinary form of Maori greeting. Shortly afterwards the chief said something to his son, who went to the "whare" and brought back what looked like a small bundle of old clothes. This his father took and began to undo with great reverence and care. Inside was the "mere" of the tribe, a short weapon cut out of greenstone, now an emblem of rank; in former days it had been used to kill the prisoners who afterwards served for dinner. This "mere" which had been in the possession of the tribe since time immemorial, is the largest and most beautiful in existence. It is of a pale green color and about eighteen or twenty inches long. After we had duly admired it, Te Heuheu's wife again wrapped it up in the old silk handkerchief and strips of blanket and gave it to the son, who let us know by signs and broken English that he should possess it at his father's death, an event which, to judge by their nods and smiles, they viewed with perfect equanimity. We said a few words to Te Heuheu condoling with him on the sad fate of his own father, and the death of so many of his tribe through the landslip referred to. We inquired whether they had dug out the bodies of the natives. "Ugh! Rahore" (no) grunted he, "but me father *he* got the 'mere,'" and he eyed the beloved object with satisfaction, though at the same time a tear glistened in his eye at the remembrance of his father's tragic end. The small remnant of the tribe had paid the highest honor to his remains. They carried the body of the old chief up the rugged slopes to the sacred heights of Tongariro, and there buried them in some

scarred and windswept spot where desolation broods, or perchance in the rugged depths of a crater, no flower nor carefully tended mound to mark his resting place, the ceaseless hiss and stifled roar of mighty volcanic forces his only requiem, and the dead black scoria his only monument. After saying good-bye to the present chief we went to the far end of the village to see a picturesque waterfall, which drops from the cliffs over the face of the tree-clad heights.

A Maori youth followed and offered to take whoever wished to a cave in the cliffs, where, generations ago, the remains of some of the chiefs and great warriors of the tribe had been placed. "Me do it, he not know," said the youth pointing back to where Te Heuheu could still be seen, and who it turned out was watching, "he very angry; place tapu."

Some of our party went for a row, having no desire to see the grinning skeletons of the ancient warriors. When they had landed, and the others were paying the Maori lad for taking them, we were amused to see Te Heuheu walk calmly down to the shore and take the money from the boy, although he was not supposed to know we had been anywhere near the sacred bones of his ancestors. During this time our boys had been enjoying a bathe with some Maoris in the hot springs at the edge of the lake, and had been taught by the natives how to catch the bright-colored carp which abound in the warm waters. I, meanwhile, had been taking some sketches of this interesting village, and around stood a watching crowd of Maori girls and lads, who, grunting out their approval or disapproval with all the airs of experienced critics, often came too near to be pleasant. The sinking sun now warned us that it was time to start for Tokaanu. Before entering the raupo swamp skirting the edge of the lake we turned to have a last look at the little settlement. How peaceful was the scene we gazed upon. A golden light blazed on the placid lake, bathing the distant cliffs of Western Bay in soft luminous haze. Groups of Maoris on the edge in their quaint many-colored garb were reflected in the still water, some were lazily paddling their canoes near by, or enjoying an evening bath amidst the big boulders in the steaming pools close to the shore; others were busy preparing their evening meal. Wonderingly we looked at the place where the gigantic landslip had fallen, burying its helpless victims, for its heap has now none of the "melancholy of ruin." Vivified by Nature's warm breath it has burst forth into life and beauty, overgrown with luxuriant masses of trees and shrubs, and richest growth of grass, ferns and mosses, "those creatures full of pity covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin." We could but wonder how long it would be ere that little village too, with its simple careless inhabitants, would be buried under the treacherous steaming cliffs, now smiling in sunlit beauty against the sky.

On our return to Tokaanu we made preparations for an early start to Tongariro the next day. Mr. Blake, our genial host, had already arranged that Roderick Grey, a shepherd in the neighborhood, should meet us and guide us up the mountain. The morning of our start broke clear and fair. Having sent on the packhorses with our tents, blankets, and stores, we set out ourselves after breakfast on our journey of thirty miles to Papaki, at the foot of the mountain, our proposed camping place. After an hour's travelling we again come in sight of Mount Tongariro, its flat top being clearly defined as the soft morning clouds floated off. Above it Ngauruhoe reared its steaming cone, while through the clouds beyond the white peak of Ruapehu stood out in dazzling beauty. The undulating country through which we drove was scored by many little streams in fern-clad narrow gorges, and numberless cabbage palms raised their stately heads from scattered stretches of flax swamp and manuka scrub. About noon our road wound round one side of a lovely sheet of water, Roto (lake) Aira, lying like a blue sapphire at the foot of bushy ranges; on its still surface flocks of small white birds rested light as snowflakes, and the brown "whares" of a little native village clustered on the green shores at the far end. Leaving this peaceful scene behind we soon afterwards crossed a stream of beautiful fresh water. In a narrow valley on its banks is the settlement of Otuku. On one side it is shut in by high cliffs, the face of an ancient lava stream, on the other undulating land slopes away to Tongariro. Here we stopped to rest our horses and have lunch. We went into the village, but utter quiet held the place, not even the usual miserable cur rushed out barking; the doors of the tidy little "whares" were fastened up, the baskets for catching eels hung outside, the meeting house with its grotesquely carved gable and posts stood wide open, but the grinning faces on them were the only life like things that met our gaze. The gardens with their patches of potatoes were green and flourishing, the gooseberry and raspberry bushes and the cherry trees

were laden with ripe fruit, and the ground beneath was thickly strewn. Not a sound broke the silence except the quick brawling stream; a village of the dead it seemed, though everywhere signs of recent life appeared. "What does it mean?" we asked our driver. He told us that a short time before several women of the village had died one after the other, probably of some low fever, or from eating corn soaked in water until it had become rotten, a preparation of which the natives are very fond. In order to remove the curse he believed to be upon it, their chief had declared the village "tapu." The tribe had to leave their homes and crops and gardens and move away to some distant part, most likely to live upon their friends as long as they had anything left to eat, nor dared they, on pain of death return to their own village until their chief ordered it. We felt sorry for the poor natives; their loss however was our gain. How delicious was the "tapu" fruit! Cherries and gooseberries rapidly disappeared. The day was hot and we were thirsty, and who does not know the pleasure at such a time of sitting under a gooseberry bush within easy reach of its red or golden fruit? *After lunch* Professor Thomas wandered away with his wife to examine the lava stream, and the "chip chip" of his hammer could be heard waking the slumbering echoes. Our boys went with the driver to see if there was any game to be found, and now and again a shot and the whirr of swift wings sounded through the valley. But for sounds of active life I could truly have believed myself in dreamland as I sat beneath a big tree sketching. But our driver soon rudely disturbed our dreams and again hurried us on our journey, for we had to reach our camping-place in good time to pitch the tents by daylight, so on we went. After an hour's drive our route, leaving the main road, crossed a plain intersected by old water-courses and stretching to the edge of a bush at the foot of Tongariro. Where was Mr. Jackson's camp for which we had been told to make? We swept the whole plain with our glasses, and at last saw some little white specks amongst the trees. Were they tents? Were they the tents we were looking for? Anyhow we determined to make for them. Since our road would necessarily lie over untrodden country and the ground was rather rough we prepared to walk. How we enjoyed that walk, the driver too following our lead! We gathered bunches of wild

TONGARIRO AND NGAURUHOE, FROM ROAD TO TAUMAINUI.

flowers on the way—delicate bluebells, the mountain daisy that starred the sward with its milky whiteness, and strange blossoms of many a shade and hue. While we were in doubt as to which way to take we saw a horseman hastening from the camp to meet us. Soon afterwards we arrived and were warmly welcomed by the hospitable surveyors. They helped to put up our tents and to cut fern and small manuka branches for our beds, and supplied us with bread freshly baked over their big camp fire. We sat round the fire singing and talking till late at night. Our guide, Roderick Grey, having joined us we made all arrangements for the morrow's anticipated trip up Tongariro. Our camp was on the edge of a bush. The huge trees around us were thrown into relief against the dark depths behind, made darker and more mysterious by the light of the log-fire which blazed and crackled cheerily. Tree-ferns waved their delicate fronds near by, looking like intricate lacework against the starlit heavens. As we sank to sleep that night on our comfortable ti-tree couches the bellbird's chime rang in our ears monotonous and sweet, while towering above us the mighty volcanoes belched forth their volumes of sulphurous fumes to the illimitable sky.

In the morning our hopes were rudely disappointed, we woke to find it pouring, and were obliged to content ourselves with a day in camp. Still there was much to be seen, and when it cleared a little at noon we wandered off to visit the little Maori "whares" on the edge of the forest, and to watch the heavy rain clouds roll majestically from the steaming heights, giving place to a gold and crimson sunset glow that promised a fine day for the morrow. Our guide had secured us extra saddles, for we were to ride as far as possible up the slopes towards Tongariro. A bright morning greeted us as we looked anxiously out of our tents to see if the mountain tops were clear. A few clouds still covered them, but these had every appearance of lifting by-and-by. So, light-hearted and merry, we cooked and ate our breakfast. Then our horses were brought to us. The boys' horses were big and bony, Professor Thomas's seemed to have a decided objection to being ridden at all, but Mrs. Thomas, my husband and I had good enough mounts. I rode the irrepressible "Paddy" who had a taste for going straight across country with his nose homewards. Any little difficulty, however, only added to our pleasure. Our kind friends, the surveyors, with instructions to be home before dark, and promises to have dinner ready on our return, bade us many a goodbye; and so at last we started for Tongariro. After skirting the bush near the camp, we followed our guide along a narrow track over open and undulating grass and fern-land. Occasionally we had to dismount and lead our horses up and down the steep sides of water-courses. The active crater of Ketetahi, half-way up the side of Tongariro, was belching forth large volumes of steam, and as we got into the district of hot springs and shaky soil we could hear its smothered thud and roar. Here we left our horses tied to low bushes or tussocks of grass.

Tongariro, which is only six thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, is remarkable on other accounts rather than for its height. It is composed of several cones united into one mountain by the lava streams of bygone ages, which poured over the sides of the various craters and on cooling cracked and formed huge irregular blocks of scoria. Round and over these the traveller has to climb in ascending the mountain, their sharp edges being most uncomfortable to tread on. Patches of scrub grow in the hollows between the ridges of these lava streams, but as we ascended we gradually left all vegetation behind except scattered tufts of snow-grass; the herbaceous Alpine plants which had till now so abundantly decked our path with their bright flowers were entirely wanting. The mist had by this time lifted, and the whole country lay bathed in golden sunshine before us, except where passing clouds threw the added beauty of their soft shadows. Above us rose the rugged heights of Tongariro, with the snow yet lingering in patches here and there, its flat top looming grandly against the clear sky, looking indeed like the decapitated giant of the Maori legend. After climbing to the height of four thousand nine hundred feet we came near to the active crater of Ketetahi, situated at the head of a gorge and surrounded by many hot springs and steam jets. Out of the deep crater itself rose mighty bursts of steam; the roar and hissing wail and thick sulphurous atmosphere recall Dante's Inferno and the wails of the condemned—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!" All around the earth was hot and discolored by the sulphurous fumes. Professor Thomas went quite close to the edge, but we contented ourselves with listening to what he afterwards told us of the nearer inspection of its dreadful depths. The slope now became more precipitous; but as we rested to admire the landscape and enjoy our frugal lunch of bread

and butter—for we carried nothing more luxurious—how glorious was the prospect from those barren death-like heights! For a moment in the distance the snow-capped peak of Mount Egmont pierced the clouds yet lingering round its base; but like a beautiful ghost surprised by the morning sunshine, it soon wrapped its cloud mantle round it and disappeared beneath the hazy folds. The boys and our guide were by this time far ahead, so on we went hoping that our breath would last us to the top; and how glad we were of a draught of snow-water when at last we reached the edge of the crater wall. Professor Thomas had gone on before, in order to explore the mountain-top more thoroughly, but promised to join us in good time for the descent. What a strange sight we saw after mounting the last blocks of black scoria. Before us was a huge crater half a mile in diameter, partly filled with sand-like volcanic ash and great blocks of lava, while a little to one side lay an inner crater. The very highest point of Tongariro with its trig. station, on which we could see our boys and the guide standing, was still some distance above us, so we pursued our way onwards across some snow stretches and round the edge of the crater. Here we came upon a mossy plant growing in beautiful green cushions, and covered with innumerable tiny white blossoms, like pin heads. Wonderingly we looked at this unexpected touch of Nature's hand; even those desolate heights had felt her finger tips and warm sweet breath, and smiled. But onward we hastened; we were obliged to descend a little distance down the outer edge of the crater before we could make our way upwards to the trig. station. At last we reached the rugged, clear cut heights and mounted the topmost block that crowned the weird summit of Tongariro. Surely we had stepped into the moon! Seven craters were outspread before us, their grim and barren sides showing signs of violent volcanic action, maybe "aeons of time away." What a lively place it must have been then! Seven huge mouths belching forth mighty bursts of liquid fire and red-hot stones to the blood-red sky, streams of white-hot molten lava overflowing the mountain side and carrying desolation with them for miles around; showers of pumice blown great distances by the wind, while the very foundations of the volcanoes rocked and heaved. Now how great the contrast! Deathly silence on the solemn heights; the old life more dead than the ashes of the ancient warriors buried there. One almost expected to see their ghosts rise indignantly and confront us mortals who dared to invade their weird sepulchre. How vivid, too, the contrast of the glistening stretches of snow, its sunlit beauty calm and motionless where all had once been active destruction! the pure white fall from the last winter's sky side by side with the wind-swept ashes of the eruptions of bygone centuries.

Comparatively near, and connected by a low saddle of piled up lava, the steep cone of Ngauruhoe uprose high and clear, with dense volumes of milky white steam issuing from its sides against the azure sky, and with the lips of its crater painted in brilliant shades of orange, yellow and red by the oxide of the crumbling soil. Snow scarcely ever lies upon its sides owing to the heat of the ground. Ten miles distant, but looking strangely near in the clear atmosphere, was the beautiful mountain of Ruapehu, its crown of sunlit snow dazzling to the sight. No steam was rising from the hot lake on its summit, though it has often been seen. In 1889 a volume of great height shot suddenly up into the sky, and in 1888 a river flowing from its base turned from glacier-like blueness to inky blackness. To the north Lake Taupo lay outspread, with its beautiful inlets and curved shore-line clearly defined, and in many places fringed with trees to the very edge. All the pale tints of the early morning had disappeared and the whole landscape was rich in color. Only the distant but sharp "chip, chip," of the Professor's hammer on the rocks, and the hiss and muttered roar of the active crater disturbed the silence. No sign of bird life in the still heavens, no sign of insect life in the dead soil beneath our feet, the infinity of the sky above us, the endurance of the "passionless rocks" around us.

After resting for a time on this strange height we made our way round to the north side, where we came to one of the stretches of frozen snow, and our spirits having recovered from the feeling of awe that for a while had held them—it was not the boys alone who enjoyed a game of snowballs and a slide on the summit of Tongariro. Keeping cautiously on the outer edge of the big crater, we started off again to see more of the weird mountain-top on which one could spend a week and yet not see all. To the north, gleaming like ruby in the sunshine, lay the Red Crater, so called because it is composed of red scoria, said by Professor Thomas to resemble the layers of scoria of the Tarawera eruption which are piled up on the borders of the fissure of the Tarawera mountain; from this crater there is an escape of steam. Separated from the Red Crater east by another big

crater lies a little lake of a brilliant sapphire blue, and close beside it are two smaller ones, one of a bright green color, called the Greenstone lake, the other of a peacock blue. Beautiful indeed looked these little sheets of water in their sunlit sandy beds, like precious gems in a setting of burnished gold. We had no time to go to the edges of these lakes much as we wished to. It was already past four o'clock; it would be dark at half-past seven and we had still to get back to our starting point on the far side of the summit. My husband and I, who had lingered a little behind the rest, thought we should like to take a different route back, but got into trouble by our attempt. After going some distance we found ourselves on the edge of a high and precipitous wall of rock, which we must descend in order to cross the next crater. Underneath was a small glacier. We could not afford time to go back, so began our descent and managed to get down the rocky wall by carefully choosing each step. Our guide, meanwhile, had returned to look for us, but finding we would not retrace our way, went in front to cut steps for us. Whilst doing so, and directing us, he lost his own footing, and we saw him shoot rapidly down over the surface of the ice, spread out like the letter X. At the bottom he landed on sand none the worse. My husband and I did *not* follow his example. After this we made our way quickly to where the others were awaiting us. Professor Thomas was not there, but expecting him to overtake us in a short time we began our descent. The sun was already low, and though we made all possible haste over the big boulders, we only reached our horses as it was beginning to get dark. Whilst our guide and my husband were saddling them, I turned to take one last look at the grand old mountain overhead and the darkening landscape around. The distant hills were melting in a golden haze, and the long level rays of the sinking sun gilded with a dying glory the cloud-wreaths which floated over them. Every color of the moistened grass and lichened stones near the hot-springs gleamed twice as brilliant in the burning light; the tiny dark pools lay in jewel-like splendor; even the dry tussock grass wore a borrowed beauty, as its bronzed tufts stirred gently in the evening air. Above us rose the rocky wall of Tongariro, sullen and morose against the dusky sky; the streaks of snow in the clefts near its summit gleamed in opal-white contrast to the dark gathering clouds. The spirit of night was silently hastening across the distant hills spreading her robe over the drowsy earth, and the soft wind of her sweeping pinions lulled all things to rest, save when some insect droned its tiny song, or the wakeful bellbird broke the stillness of the dark woods. But even as we watched, the beauty of the far off hills was lost in deepening shade; the glory fled from lake and plain, from grass and tree; the pale stars twinkled shyly from their fleecy depths and the solemn hush of a summer's night fell on the soul.

But all reverie was broken by the voice of our guide shouting to us to "Come o-n," for it was getting late, so we started for our camp again, tired and hungry, with visions of supper before our mind's eye. For about half-an-hour the movements of our guide seemed to be somewhat erratic, he having led us two or three times backwards and forwards beside a dark gully, and yet, we seemed like the old Suffolk farmer with his claret, "to get no furrider." At last we ventured to ask what was the matter? and got the consoling answer from our guide that he feared he had missed the track. Alas! for our visions of supper! —the hot lamb and new bread the surveyors had promised us. It was now so dark that the white horse my husband rode was the only thing we could see, and that but faintly. We had streams and gullies to cross, and several miles to go over a rough country, with no road. Our prospects looked fair, indeed, for spending a night in the open, supperless and wrapless. As our guide confessed that he had not often approached the mountain from this side, our men agreed that it would be best to lead the horses and walk. So we started, Mrs. Thomas and I following behind with my second boy, Harry, as our cavalier; we only asked that the white horse should not go beyond sight. In this way we struggled on for three or four hours, getting many a tumble into unexpected flax-bushes, and over unseen hillocks, now clutching at the fern as we found ourselves slipping down a steep place or taking a seat in a sedgy hollow, and cheered by the happy prospect that we were possibly wandering away from our camp all the time. Our guide—having the advantage of very long legs—often got ahead of the rest, and we could hear him calling out his "Come o-n" from the depths of some gully. "Yes, but where or how?" we would answer, for it was quite impossible to see anything a yard ahead. But hark! surely that was a cooee. Yes; and there on the heights near were the flames of newly-lighted fern fires. How gladly we cooeed in return! It turned out to be the surveyors, who having got anxious about us, and fearing we were lost had lighted fires on the hills to guide us. How welcome

they were! What shouts we exchanged across the gully! They guided us by continuous fires on the hills, which lighted up our road and spread a welcome glow over our little cavalcade. We found we had to head the gully so on we went, but what mattered the length of our way now we knew it was the right one. Even Grey's "Come o-n" had a more cheerful ring in it as we struggled forward. Fording the stream we met our helpers and were quickly guided to the camp. The roast lamb had been kept hot, indeed, and was not burned to a cinder, though it was eleven o'clock. We had a merry and hearty supper, and our every want was anticipated by our kind friends. Was ever a meal enjoyed with more zest than that of ours? eaten as it was by the light of flickering candles stuck in bottles and the flames of the log fire, while the stars overhead winked and blinked at our fun. As we talked over our climb and the night's adventures we all agreed that "we had wandered up and down a bit and had a rattling day." Then, tired as we were, we gathered round the big fire and joined in the chorus of many an old song. Only those who have sat around a camp fire in the wilds, far away from all civilisation, can tell what a centre of interest it is, and what intense pleasure there is in watching its leaping flame and dancing light. It takes one in thought to homes far distant and long left—to the land of snow and of old friends; it is the link of such times between the old world and the new; between childhood's well remembered ingleside and the wilds of to-day. As the words of time-honored refrains fall from our lips, our hearts may be weary, indeed, for "the old folks at home," but at the same time they beat with a fierce, wild pleasure; and the good-nights said, we dream on our sweet-scented fern-beds of that which has been, and wake with fresh vigor to that which is.

TO A. C.

SWEET kindred soul enshrined in lofty thought,
Scorning the dull prosaics of a world insense,
I saw thee, and straightway my mind was caught
Aloft, exalted by thy gentle eloquence.
I knew thee then as I had longed to know,
The great and ardent nature, strong, intense, and real,
The woman's heart that thrilled with others' woe,
The soul that essenced its own high ideal.

I knew thee then, thy fancy's buoyant flights,
Imagination's airy scope and dainty grace.
The birth of thoughts, conception's sweet delights,
On brow, in soulful eyes I caught their trace.
The written page attests thee well. Thy work
Shall live, as lives and lasts all that is brave and true.
The world waits for thee. Ah! not thou to shirk
The soul-felt task thou'st set thy hand to do.

DAVID G. FALK.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

BAIL having been refused, presumably at the instance of the Police—who, in cases where there is probability of the prisoner levanting or of arrangements being made to defeat the ends of justice, are entitled to object—there remained no course but that Lance Trevanion should be re-committed to gaol. Ned Lawford was also detained for safe keeping, the same reasons operating even with greater force in his case. This was the third time that Lance had been brought forth to stand before a gaping crowd—the third time that he had been transferred to the grim precincts of a prison and heard the massive iron gates clang behind him.

"I begin to feel," he said bitterly to Stirling, "almost like an habitual criminal. If there is a God that judgeth the earth, as they used to tell us in old days, why am I permitted to be thus degraded, falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned?"

It was in this period of trial and sore need that Lance discovered the nature of friendship. Genial acquaintances and friendly-seeming personages he had encountered by the hundred. These were now for the most part too busy or indifferent to visit him in his affliction. Charles Stirling, however, in spite of his onerous and responsible duties lost no opportunity of aid or service. Sometimes he rode half the night in order to get back to his work in proper time after visiting the captive and comforting him as best he could. He petitioned the Governor-in-Council, drafting and procuring signatures to a memorial setting forth Lance's hard case and praying that he might be released on bail. He addressed members of the Bench, and essayed to persuade them to act independently, offering to find bail to any amount and lodge the money. Hastings and Jack Polwarth canvassed their fellow-miners. The newspaper press was invoked. But all in vain! The time was inopportune. So many horses had been stolen that a strong popular prejudice had arisen; justice demanded a victim. A reactionary sentiment commenced to prevail. It was openly stated that because Trevanion, of Number Six, was a "swell" and had dropped into a lucky claim that was no reason why he should be let off more than a poor man.

Wild and unsettled were the times too—those years early in "the fifties." Martial law was thought necessary for the holding in check of an army of untamed spirits. A close discriminating adherence to legal form could hardly be attained. The upshot of it all was that to the disgust and despair of Hastings and Jack Polwarth, who had hoped against hope, all their efforts were vain, and Lance was compelled to resign himself as best he might to his enforced and protracted *duresse*.

Before leaving for Melbourne Mr. England had indeed almost guaranteed that he only needed to be placed on his trial to be acquitted, asserting that no jury in the colony could possibly find him guilty upon the evidence brought before the Bench; that a committal was very different from a conviction; that some magistrates made a point of committing for trial all prisoners brought before them so as to escape responsibility; that Mr. M'Alpine had a habit of acting in that way; that he (John George England), would take the shortest odds that the jury acquitted Lance without leaving the box.

How the weeks dragged on! Autumn was fast changing into winter when the Quarter Sessions were held. Lance had expected to have been in Melbourne about the time. Only to think of it! And had he not paltered with his duty and his solemn promise might he not have been in England now, seeing the yearly miracle of the spring transformation in that favored clime and hearing the surges beat against the frowning headlands of Tintagel? Madness was in his thoughts. Why did he not dash his brains

*Begun in August Number, 1889.

out against his prison walls and so end the hideous burlesque upon truth and justice, honor and common honesty even? Why had he not courage to do so? No—it would become his father's son to die in ways and fashions many and varied; but within gaol walls! No! a thousands times, no! That would be a doom impossible for a Trevanion of Wychwood.

to be found guilty? It was a simple impossibility. He had now but to wait—to eat out his heart for one other week, and then—oh! joy unspeakable! he would be free—free! A free man—not a prisoner! Did he ever imagine that he would attach such a meaning to the word freedom? It mattered not. Let him but once set foot outside this dismal gaol wall. Again he saw himself

"Why am I permitted to be thus degraded, falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned?"

From time to time he had gleams of hope—this miserable captive so unused to fetter and thrall. It *could* not be. It should not be. The eternal justice of heaven would be falsified were this wrong to befall him. The words of prayer that he had lisped in childhood—the Bible lessons to so many of which he had harkened in the old Norman church at Wychwood—what would all these be but *hollow cheats and* ghastly mockeries were he

on the back of a good horse, or at the claim with good old Jack Polwarth and his wife and Tottie—poor dear Tottie! But here he could no longer follow out the chain of probabilities. His eyes filled with tears and the once-proud Lance Trevanion, lowered in spirit and strength by confinement and meagre diet, threw himself upon his miserable pallet and sobbed like a child.

* * * * *

The "next ensuing Court of Quarter Sessions," to which Lance Trevanion had been committed for trial, was formally opened at Ballarat on a certain Wednesday at ten of the clock. The Sheriff was in attendance, with Bailiff and minor officials, and also various barristers, including Mr. England. An unusual number of police appeared on the scene, including the Superintendent of the district—a very high personage indeed. All were in full uniform, while conspicuous among them stood Sergeant Dayrell, calm and impassive as usual, though a close observer might have noticed an occasional sign of impatience.

When the doors of the Court House were opened a rush took place which filled the building so completely that many were excluded and compelled to remain outside, trusting to occasional reports of the exciting matters within. The Judge in his robes, attended by the Sheriff, took his seat upon the bench punctually at the appointed time. And once more Lance Trevanion and his fellow-prisoner Ned Lawford were brought forth to serve as a spectacle to a wondering or sympathetic crowd, as the case might be.

The Crown prosecutor in opening the case alluded to "the prevalence of a system of horse stealing, now become so notorious; if unchecked it might lead to the gravest results. The jury would have an opportunity of hearing the evidence in detail, from which they would of course form their judgment. But they must not lose sight of the fact that the prisoners had been caught 'red-handed,' if he might use the expression. They were actually in possession of a large number of stolen horses, many of which were of great value. Some had since been identified by their owners, who were chiefly miners and working men connected with the diggings. He had no desire, he might assure them, to prejudice their minds in any way, he would merely furnish his evidence for the Crown as he was bound to do and trust to the intelligent jury he saw before him to do their duty without fear or favor. It was a painful sight to him, as it doubtless was to them, to see two such fine specimens of early manhood arraigned for so serious an offence. But no consideration of that sort must be suffered to influence their minds. He would not detain them longer, but would call the first witness."

As in all trials the same witnesses as on the preliminary examinations were heard, the difference being that no written depositions were taken, the judge only recording in his notes the evidence with care and exactness. Mr. England cross-examined the witnesses with increased rigor and more searching scrutiny. Every fact or fiction in their previous history which could tend to weaken or discredit their testimony in the eyes of the jury were fully ventilated. Every motive which could possibly color this testimony against the prisoners was suggested or exposed.

Sergeant Dayrell's evidence was unsparingly criticised. To his calm and carefully worded statements, studiously colorless, but little exception could be taken. Still more than one *historiette* had been elicited from the distant part of the colony where he once was stationed which tended to establish his reputation for unscrupulousness, for desire for conviction at all risks. He was forced to acknowledge that he had been the apprehending constable in a well-known stock case near the New South Wales border, as well as to admit that his zeal on that occasion being in conflict with the law, had caused the committing magistrate to be mulcted in heavy costs and damages. These and other facts being mercilessly dragged forth somewhat detracted from the value of his evidence.

Then Catharine Lawford was once more called. Again it seemed that the spectators, as upon the appearance on the stage of a favorite actress, awoke to more than common excitement and intensity of interest. All eyes were upon her as she walked composedly up to the witness-box. Dressed quietly but in perfect taste as before, there was so much grace and freedom about the girl's every movement—such self-possession in her bearing—that she looked superior to her surroundings.

She was evidently on her guard against such a display of emotion or merely feminine weakness as had occurred at the first trial. Calmly and imperturbably she gave her evidence, and as before deposed to having seen Lance Trevanion in the companionship of her brother at Eumeralla, and also at Balooka long before the day of arrest.

If there be any force in the modern doctrines of the projection of nerve force—of the subtle relation between the mesmeric will power and the object of its current—then, as for one moment she turned towards the dock and confronted the fierce, almost lurid, light that blazed in Lance Trevanion's haughty and contemptuous regard, she should have trembled and fallen to the earth.

But no such effect followed. She gazed back for an instant with a glance fierce and tameless as his own, then coldly averted her face as she repeated her lesson, as Mr.

England vehemently characterised her statement.

"Then you still persist Catharine Lawford," said that gentleman turning with unchivalrous suddenness upon his fair antagonist, "You persist in declaring that you saw Lance Trevanion, both at Balooka and Eumeralla on the date you have stated."

"I have sworn I did see him," she replied, while a shade of sullenness commenced to overspread her countenance.

"If these witnesses, Mr. Stirling, Mrs. Delf, Mrs. Polwarth and her husband, besides several others, have sworn that they saw him at Growlers' at a date which makes it absolutely impossible that he could have been within a hundred miles of the localities you mention, is that true or false?"

"I don't care what they swear, I have told the truth."

"That is what they have sworn. Now, you know Mr. Stirling, Mrs. Delf, Jack Polwarth and the rest, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I have seen them."

"Do you think they are people likely to swear to an untruth?"

"I can't say What I said was the truth."

"And what they say—false!"

"I suppose so."

As before, she was the last witness for the Crown. When her evidence was completed, she faced Mr. England, with one indignant, half-revengeful expression on her face. Then walked slowly, and with coolest composure, from the Court.

When the case for the Crown had come to an end Mr. England in an impressive speech "put it to his Honor whether it was really necessary to waste the time of the Court by calling witnesses for the defence. The other prisoner—the only accused, properly so called—had already pleaded guilty. Was it not patent to his Honor, to the jury, to every one in Court, that this Edward Lawford—he desired to speak of him with no undue harshness—was the real and only criminal. His client had no doubt been highly imprudent in keeping company with such dangerous associates as the Lawfords, male and female, had proved themselves to be, but he would ask his Honor, as a man of the world, who amongst us—in the heedless days of youth—careless of consequences, and unsuspicious of guile had not done likewise? Were people to be treated as criminals—branded as felons—merely for socially encountering persons afterwards guilty of felony? What a Star Chamber business would this be in a British Colony!—where, thank God, every man was under the ægis of the common law of the realm. His client, unfortunate in that degree, had merely been a spectator, a looker-on. As to the HJ. horse, he was as ignorant of all guilty knowledge as himself or his Honor; was it not the wildest flight of absurdity to imagine for one moment that a man with twenty thousand pounds to his credit in the bank would be likely to receive—knowing him to be stolen!—a fifty-pound horse? The thing was absurd—so absurd that he would once more put it to his Honor whether the farce should not be ended by at once asking the jury for their verdict, which they would, he was confident, give without leaving the box."

The Judge "felt the force of much that had been so ably presented in favor of his client, but, with every wish to afford the prisoner facilities for his defence, he was compelled to decline the application of counsel He would prefer to hear the witnesses for the defence before summing up and addressing the jury."

Mr. England bit his lip, but he "bowed, of course, to his Honor's ruling," and proceeded to call his witnesses.

Then commenced the deeper interest of the performance. Every spectator appeared to listen with concentrated attention. Not a syllable escaped attention. Not a sound arose from the dense and closely packed crowd.

All the former witnesses were called. Each in his turn gave evidence which appeared to be so conclusively in favor of the prisoner that every one in court thought with Mr. England that the jury would never leave the box. Mr. Stirling, Jack Polwarth, Mrs. Delf, all testified that to the effect that Lance Trevanion had quitted Growlers' on that particular day, Friday, the 20th September, for Balooka. When asked whether it was possible for the prisoner, Trevanion, to have been seen at Balooka shortly before the date named? they, with one accord, declared it to be impossible! He had been seen every day by one or other for months before. As to his being a couple of hundred miles off, it was absolutely false and incredible. In addition to the witnesses heard previously, two miners named Dickson and Judd, were called, who swore positively that they had seen the prisoner, Trevanion, on Friday, 20th September, near "Growlers'," evidently commencing a journey to the eastward. He had a valise strapped before his saddle and was going along the mountain road."

"Would it lead to Balooka?"

"Yes; that was the way to Balooka. One of them had been there, and a rough shop it

was. They were quite positive as to his identity."

"He was a noticable chap and the horse he rode wasn't a commoner either. Any man with eyes in his head would know the pair of 'em anywhere, let alone chaps as had worked the next claim but one to him and Jack Polwarth."

Asked whether they were quite certain that they had met the prisoner on the day stated by them, or whether they thought it might have been the day before?

"It was that very Saturday morning and no other. They were as sure of it as of their own lives. If men couldn't be sure of that they could not be sure of anything."

Of course they knew Lance Trevanion well?

"Yes, very well, by sight. Not that they had often spoken to him. He was a gentleman, a big man in his own country, they heard tell. He kept himself a deal to himself, except in regard to the Lawford family, and he would have done well to have let them alone too."

Tessie Lawford, when called upon moved towards the witness box with a much less assumed step than her cousin. She also turned her head towards the dock. Those who watched her saw her face soften and change like that of a woman who suddenly beholds a suffering child. As she scanned the palid and drawn features of Lance Trevanion, upon which anger and despair, consuming anxiety and darkling doubt had written their characters indelibly, it seemed as though she must force her way to him and weep out her heart in bitter grief that he should be in such ignoble toils.

Then she braced herself for the effort and stood before the judge. The statement which she made was almost identical with that on a former occasion. A very good impression on the Jury was evidently made by her candor and earnestness.

As she answered firmly yet modestly each question put to her by Mr. England, the judge was observed to listen with close attention and the jury to be unusually interested. Mr. England, scanning their faces with practised readiness, saw in imagination their short retirement and a unanimous verdict of "not guilty" proceeding from the lips of the foreman. Then, as he approached the critical period of the question which had been so unlucky in its effects during the preliminary examination, he felt as nearly nervous as a man of his proverbial courage and varied experience could be He was more than half disposed to omit the question altogether; how he hated himself for having been fool enough to put it in the first instance.

I don't think I need trouble the witness with any other questions, your Honor, he said tentatively, but here Dayrell rose and evidently prepared himself to interpose. With lightning quickness Mr. England decided to put the question in his own form and fashion, rather than leave it to the enemy.

"One minute, Miss Esther," he said, as if the idea had just occurred to him. "I think you said that you were uncertain, or could not quite recall, whether you had ever seen the accused Lance Trevanion before you left the Eumeralla to come to Ballarat?"

This he said with a smilingly suggestive air which would have given the cue to an ordinary witness less imbued with a sense of unfaltering right than Tessie Lawford. But as the girl's clear brown eyes searched his face with a troubled expression, he comprehended that there was no hope of evasion, that he had got hold of one of those impracticable witnesses who really do speak "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," to the consternation of lawyers and the disaster of defendants.

"I said that I *had* seen him before, at the Eumeralla," she said simply, "I can't swear anything else. I *did* see him, and it was a bad day for him—and—and for me too" she added.

"Now think again, Miss Esther. Reflect that your answer to my question is perhaps more important than any one you ever made in your life. How can you account for Trevanion being so far from Ballarat? What business had he there, and why should he leave Growlers' Gully, to which he came from the ship, as I can prove?

The girl looked again at the dock and those who stood therein. At Ned Lawford, who lounged good-natured as ever, and smiling to all appearance; at Lance, who stood erect, darkly frowning and with a fixed stern expression, as of one who should never smile more.

"It will break my heart," she said, "but I must speak the truth while I stand here. I *did* see him on the Eumeralla, before we left home for Ballarat, one day with Ned."

I must ask again whether there is any possibility of your being mistaken in the identity of the accused," persisted Mr. England. "You have heard doubtless of men being so wonderfully alike that strangers could not in many cases discover the difference?"

"Just stand down for an instant. With His Honor's permission I will recall the witness John Polwarth."

"You are recalled upon your former oath, Mr. Polwarth. I wish to ask you whether you ever saw an individual most strangely resembling Trevanion? If so, when and where?"

"Yes—sartain," replied John looking pityingly upon Lance as he stood in the cage, as Jack afterwards designated it. "There was a chap as called hisself Trevenna—Lawrence Trevenna—as coomed oot in ship with us, and was as like the master here as he'd been his twin."

"Was the likeness really astonishing?"

"'Stonishin'! I believe you. It was the most surprisin' likeness ever I seed, and so the missus'll tell you besides."

"Well, what became of him?"

"Nivir heerd tale or tidings of him since he left the ship. Wasn't sorry for that either. He was that bad-tempered and fond of card playing that I couldn't bear to have him in the same mess with me and the missus."

Mrs. Polwarth, also recalled, gave similar evidence with considerable spirit, and hoped that some of the witnesses heard to-day might have some good cause to know the individual as she meant. "He was death on playing cards, and that fond of money that he wouldn't leave off when he lost. He was the worst tempered man in the ship."

"That will do, Mrs. Polwarth. You may go and sit in the court with your husband. Now Miss Lawford, you have heard what these two most respectable witnesses have sworn to. Are you still certain and positive in your own mind that you saw Lance Trevanion *himself* on the flats of the Eumeralla, or did not rather fall in with Trevenna who seems born for the special purpose of complicating this most involved and unhappy case?"

A look of relief and sudden satisfaction passed over the girl's face as she answered, "I do now feel in doubt. Oh! I will not swear positively. I never dreamed that there was anyone so like Mr. Trevanion."

"Then," pursued Mr. England, "having now become aware that there is an individual so strikingly like Lance Trevanion that a stranger could hardly know them apart, are you desirous to correct your former evidence given in ignorance of the fact by now declaring on your oath that you are unable to identify the man you saw with the prisoner, Trevanion?"

The light came back to the witness's eyes and even a faint color rose to her cheeks as she answered firmly, almost joyfully, "I believe in my heart that it must have been Trevenna that I saw. I cannot swear now that I saw Mr. Trevanion."

A faint murmur of approval arose in the court which was promptly suppressed as the Crown Prosecutor rose.

"I do not wish, your Honor, in any way to impugn this witness's testimony. She has every desire, I feel convinced, to speak the truth. But I wish to ask her whether of *her own knowledge* she is aware that such a person as Lawrence Trevenna exists?"

"I have just heard two people swear to it," the girl replied hastily as if fearful that this welcome solution of a dreadful doubt should be taken from her. "What more do I need?"

"Just so. But you must perceive that in the event—improbable, I admit, but possible—that these witnesses were mistaken or misleading, you have no knowledge of your own to fall back upon?"

"If I could only see them both together," pleaded poor Tessie ruefully, "I am sure I could pick out the one I saw at Eumeralla."

"I am afraid there is no chance of that," said the barrister, "unless Sergeant Dayrell can produce him."

"Perhaps it would be convenient," answered Dayrell in the most coldly incredulous tones, "if I could produce a counterpart of the prisoner, Lawford, at the same time. I do not wish to distress the last witness, but one would be quite as easy as the other."

The girl faced round as his clear but slightly raised voice sounded through the court and looked full at him with scorn and indignation in every line of her countenance.

"I thought better of you, Francis Dayrell," she said. "You are acting a falsehood and you know it."

Dayrell's lips moved slightly, but no sound came from them for a momemt. He bowed with an affectation of extreme courtesy before addressing the Bench.

"Your Honor, I claim protection against such an imputation. But I make great allowance for the witness whose relation to the prisoners excuses much."

His Honor was understood to reprove the witness mildly but impressively and to express a hope that she would abstain from all aggressive remarks in future.

Tessie's evidence being concluded the Crown Prosecutor proceeded to address the jury, pointing out what, in his opinion, were the salient points of the case as brought out in evidence.

"In the first place they would remark that large numbers of horses had been and were at that very time being systematically stolen from the miners. There existed no doubt in the minds of persons capable of forming an opinion on such matters that a well-organised and widely-spread association had been formed, by means of which horses stolen in one colony were driven by unfrequented routes to another, for the purpose of sale. It was not as if an occasional animal here and there had been taken. That offence, criminal in itself, doubtless, deserved some punishment. But, considering the great value of horses at the diggings, their almost vital importance in the ordinary course of mining industry, and the difficulty of following up and punishing marauders without ruinous loss of time and expense, he was there to tell the jury that a greater wrong, a more flagrant injustice could not be inflicted on any mining community.

With regard to the prisoners arrested and arraigned together, one had pleaded guilty and the other had denied all knowledge —all criminal knowledge of the fact that the horse he was riding when arrested had been stolen. There had been evidence given that day before them which directly pointed to the prisoner, Trevanion's general association with the Lawfords, such evidence, as if believed by them, must lead to the conclusionthat the mode of procuring and disposing of the large number of horses found in the elder Lawford's possession was not unknown to him.

On the other hand, there had not been wanting evidence most favorable to the prisoner, Trevanion ; favorable in its purport, and entitled to respect on account of the character and position of the witnesses. It was their province to pronounce upon the credibility of the witnesses. He would not detain them longer. They were the judges of fact. His Honor would in his charge direct them as to the law of the case."

Then Mr. England arose, threw back his gown as if preparing for action in another arena and faced the jury with an air of confident valor.

"His learned friend, the Crown Prosecutor, had most properly confined himself to a bare statement of facts—if facts they could be called. In the whole of his experience of alleged criminal cases it had never been his good fortune to be connected with a defence the conduct of which was so childishly clear, the outcome of which was so ridiculously easy of solution. Putting aside for the present the utter want of all reasonable motive for the commission of a felony—the perpetration of a crime by a man of good fame, family, and fortune — this extraordinary purposeless deed, for which only the wildest condition of insanity could account, he would briefly run over the evidence for the defence.

First, as to the character of the prisoner's witnesses, shame was it and sorrow as well, that he should have to refer to this unfortunate gentleman. He would repeat the word —by such a designation. The jury would note, giving the case that attention which was its due, that every witness for the defence was a person of unblemished character. Beginning with Mr. Stirling—their tried and trusted friend—what man within a hundred miles of Ballarat would doubt his word, not to speak of his solemn oath ! Then, John Polwarth and his wife—the former a hard working legitimate miner, one of a class that the country was proud of, and whose industry was rapidly lifting it to a lofty position among the nations. His fond and faithful wife. Charles Edward Hastings, a man of birth and culture, yet like the majority of this population, an earnest, efficient toiler. Then their respected friend and benefactress, Mrs. Delf. He should like to see anyone look into that lady's face and doubt her word. The two wages-men from the Hand-in-Hand claim, men who had no earthly interest but of upholding the truth ; and last, but by no means the least in weight of testimony, Miss Esther Lawford—the witness of truth, even against her own sympathies, as any child could see.

So much for the character of our witnesses and their reliability. Then as to the agreement of this testimony. Examined separately and without suspicion of collusion, what had been their evidence, differing only with those shades of discrepancy which before all practised tribunals absolved them from any hint of tutoring. Why, it amounted to triumphant proof beyond all question or challenge, that on Thursday, the 19th of September, Launcelot Trevanion was at the Joint Stock Bank at Growlers' Gully, and that he could not have started on his journey to Balooka earlier than Friday, 20th, the day he was asserted to have been seen there. He held this important position to be proved, so much so that he should not again perhaps refer to it.

Having thus briefly, but he hoped clearly, presented to them the overwhelming weight of evidence, amounting to one of the most convincing alibis ever proved before a court, he should pass on to the evidence for the Crown. There was an absence of direct

proof, but he hesitated not to impugn the *bona fides* of Sergeant Dayrell and Catherine Lawford. He owned to regarding it with considerable suspicion. He implored the jury as they valued their oaths, to scrutinise this part of the case most heedfully. What the motives of these witnesses might be he was not prepared to assert, but as men of the world they would probably form their own opinion. Catherine Lawford had admittedly been on friendly, more than friendly terms with the accused, why had she so completely turned round and given damaging evidence against him? In the history of light o' loves of this nature were found fatal enmities, and hardly less fatal friendships; was it not probable that jealousy, "cruel as the grave" was the motive power in this otherwise inconsequential action? Cool and high couraged as this witness had shown herself, he could not avoid noticing signs of discomposure which pointed to unnatural feelings and untruthful statements. Was there then some relentless vengeance in the background, the secret of which was known only to the Lawford family and Sergeant Dayrell, to be wreaked upon this unfortunate victim of treachery? He was betrayed alike in love and in friendship, in business and in pleasure. This conspiracy, he could call it by no lighter name, was no accidental affair, but a carefully planned, cold-blooded, and deliberate crime. In all trials involving criminal action it was the habit of eminent judges to direct juries to examine carefully the probability or otherwise of the prisoner's *motive* for committing the offence charged against him. In this case no motive could possibly be said to exist. Was it likely as he had before enquired of them, that a man with a fortune, a large fortune to his credit in a bank, with a weekly income of most enviable magnitude, increasing rather than diminishing, should lend himself to a paltry theft, such as was alleged against him? It was as though the leading country gentleman of a county in Britain should steal a donkey off a common, if they would pardon him the vulgarity of the simile. Gentlemen might smile, but was there anything to excite mirth in the haggard features and melancholy mien of the unhappy young man whom they saw in that dock. Let them imagine one of their own relatives placed in that position by no fault of his own, and they could understand his feelings. He would not for an instant urge them to act inconsistently with their oath, but he implored them to avoid by their verdict that day the dread and terrible responsibility of convicting an innocent man."

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE—SOUVENIR DE NAGASAKI.

YOU dear little slip-slop darling,
Out for a walk in the town,
With blue dress and umbrella
And your gentle eyes deep-brown—

Last night we sat together
At the top of the twining stair,
A golden great comb set in
Your beautiful black hair.

The stars above were shining,
The sea was chanting low,
You played me a little tune on
"De Japanee ban-jo!"

I think I understood them,
Those rhythmic minor chords,
But I'm really compelled to confess that
I could make nothing out of the words!

O dear little slip-slop darling,
When you want to make quite clear
What you think of things in particular,
Would you whisper it in mine ear?

FRANCIS ADAMS.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT EXAMINATIONS.

BY J. GALBRAITH AMBRIDGE, B.A

THE question of the utility of competitive examinations as a means of testing the intellectual acquirements of students has lately come into marked prominence. A few months back there appeared in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* a long list of more or less distinguished names appended to an article that protested against these examinations on the ground of their acting in the main prejudicially to the cause of real education. The general objections stated in the remonstrance were supported in detail by three essays emanating from such gifted Oxford scholars as Professors Freeman and Max Müller, and Mr. Frederic Harrison.

The gauntlet thus impetuously thrown down was not long allowed to lie unnoticed. By circulars sent round to the leading schools in England, the energetic editor of the *Universal Review* invited the heads of these institutions to give their views upon the subject. With very few exceptions the answers received were in favor of the continuance of competitive examinations, either in their present form or in a modified shape. This remarkable unanimity on the part of men whose special object in life is to impart instruction to the rising generation—men who having gone through the mill of intellectual competition themselves are thoroughly acquainted with the pros and cons. of the momentous question, ought, I think, to satisfy the public mind that the evils attributed to examinations, if not wholly conjured up from a too fertile imagination have at any rate been much overstated.

In proceeding to discuss this matter in some of its various aspects, I shall endeavor to do so mainly from an Australian standpoint, as affecting the interests of our own youthful votaries at the shrine of knowledge, though of course it will be useful to occasionally illustrate remarks and positions taken by reference to doings in the mother country.

Starting then from first principles, the earliest question we have to consider is somewhat as follows:—Are examinations absolutely needful as an adjunct to school teaching, and if so, why? A very cursory practical acquaintance with the routine of any system of instruction for the young, and the insight thereby acquired into the mysterious workings of the juvenile mind would, I imagine, impel any impartial observer to give an affirmative reply to the first part of the query. We may take the case of a boy of fair ability sent to school at an early age to be initiated into the elements of the ordinary educational course. For a time all goes well: rules are learnt and apparently mastered, and exercises are sent up that gladden the heart of the expectant teacher who, especially if he is a novice at the business, begins to think that he has lighted on that *rara avis*, a budding genius. Then comes a crucial test in the shape of a recapitulatory written examination conducted by some outside authority, or perhaps by the teacher himself. Happy indeed is the latter if his sanguine hopes are not ruthlessly shattered! It is usually found that the youthful disciple utterly fails to sustain his reputation; blunders miserably over points that were supposed to be clearly comprehended, and, in short, displays work far below his proper standard.

How is this to be accounted for? Is it that his apparent progress was all a snare and a delusion, that the foundations of his knowledge have been erected on sand? By no means necessarily so. The more correct explanation is that the circumstances the learner has become accustomed to are for the nonce changed. Having grown inured to one particular set of surroundings, he fails to adapt himself to the slightest alteration in these. Called upon to deal with questions put in a little different manner to what he has hitherto experienced, to face it may be a strange examiner with ways new to him, and to deliver up his papers in a limited time, his wonted assurance gives place to nervousness, facts fly from his memory, and there results a muddled hash of ineptitudes.

Time rolls on and at varying intervals the youth is again and again summoned to ex-

counter the same dread ordeal. But as each of these occasions recurs he finds himself better and more perfectly equipped for the struggle. Not only has his store of knowledge increased, but he has also acquired the art of making the most of the capital at his disposal. The *discipline of examination* has, in fact, brought out certain qualities, inherent it may be in his nature, but still such as perhaps no other agency than the one employed could have evolved so expeditiously. Concentration of ideas, the faculty of expressing himself in lucid terms, and a habit of availing himself to the utmost of the time allowed him—all these may be set down as the direct product of the introspection he is periodically required to institute. And these, be it observed, are qualities that are bound to prove beneficial to him in after years, whatever station in life it may be his lot to occupy. If then it be conceded that examinations do tend to elicit such tendencies and habits, the question of their practical utility seems settled.

But it may be retorted—"All that you have just said is very fair and plausible, but entirely fails to even touch the root of our objection. We freely admit that occasional examinations of the kind described are profitable, nay, in a measure necessary. It is against the system which has grown up of making all instruction subservient to examinations with its concomitant train of evils that our protest is directed."

Well, here we must at once grant that we are on slippery ground, for it cannot be denied that a certain substratum of truth underlies what is urged. But is it not a fact that many of the faults laid at the door of examinations are most unjustly so laid? Let us consider in detail some of the indictments commonly brought against the sorely-abused "Frankenstein monster," whose sole aim would appear to be the preying upon the vitals of vigor and culture.

It is alleged against the modern practice of school and college examinations:—

(I.) That the preparation and study requisite for them, and the excitement of mind attending them are deleterious to the health of the examinee.

(II.) That they inculcate a system of cramming which substitutes a veneer of "payable" surface knowledge for essential thoroughness and depth of understanding.

(III.) That by their operation, teaching and learning both, owing to the necessity of satisfying certain arbitrary requirements, become crystallised into a fixed groove which forbids the free play of individual taste and talent.

We proceed to take these charges in the order named.

(I.) It is undeniable that in certain cases the course of study necessary for the achievement of success in examinations, and the mental agitation induced by preparation for and contemplation of the coming struggle, have combined to prejudicially affect the health of candidates. But such cases are, I think, few and far between, and if thoroughly traced back to their origin will be found to depend on external causes quite outside the sphere of examinations proper. Either there is a predisposition to disease, or the student has not been properly supervised by those who had the charge of his training and education, or he has deferred his reading so long that at the last he finds himself compelled to make efforts too violent for his strength to sustain. In none of such contingencies would it be just to hold examinations *per se* responsible for the unfortunate derangement. Then again it is only, I think, in England and continental countries where the spirit of educational competition is so dominant that the charge of endangering health by too close a devotion to mental labors can be held as even in a slight degree proven. Here at the Antipodes the danger is rather of falling into the opposite extreme. With a climate so favorable for out-door sports it is not surprising that more attention is bestowed upon these than on intellectual pursuits. Accordingly it is the exception to find a youth engaged in study at any time outside the regulation hours. Holiday tasks—a regular feature of school education in Great Britain—are, so far as my experience goes, practically an unknown quantity out here, and a suggestion to a boy to sacrifice a transient pleasure to a course of reading, however light, is received with amused contempt. In short it is the spur and not the curb that is required in this sunny realm, and any inclination that may be evinced by a student to apply a portion of his leisure to the cultivation of his mental powers should be encouraged in place of being repressed.

So far then, as we in Australia are concerned, the plea of "not guilty" to the first article of the impeachment must, I take it, emphatically be sustained.

(II.) In approaching the consideration of the matter of cramming, it is necessary to be quite clear as to the meaning of the term. What is cramming? Taken according to

the literal sense of the word I suppose it implies an attempt to force into a learner's mind an amount of knowledge which he is by no means able to intelligently assimilate, but which it is hoped he will retain sufficiently long to enable him to satisfy the requirements of some imposed test. With this meaning attached to it cramming is usually an unmitigated evil, and ought in the long run to defeat its own object. Here, however, it is well to carefully distinguish between competitive examinations, properly so styled, and merely qualifying ones. With those of the former class the responsibility lies with the examiners of so skilfully setting their papers as to be able readily to discriminate between the chaff of superficial reading and the pure grain of honest study. The more perfectly this duty is carried out the deadlier will be the blow inflicted on cramming, for the exponents of the pernicious system will invariably find their deluded pupils consigned to the limbo of inferiority or positive failure. In the case of a single qualifying examination interposed as a kind of barrier to one's entering some profession, such as that of law or medicine, the objection to cramming does not hold good in the same degree. It not unfrequently happens that a youth possessed of a distinct talent for some particular branch of learning, is temporarily debarred from prosecuting it through his inability to grapple with certain subjects in a preliminary examination that are quite outside the bounds of his *fach*. For instance, I have known men at Cambridge of decided mathematical ability to be "ploughed" again and again in the classical or theological sections of the Little-Go, who after at length succeeding in satisfying the obnoxious test have come out as high wranglers. The veriest stickler for thorough and conscientious reading would surely in such cases not object to the employment of means —call it cramming or what you will—whereby the desired end may be more quickly attained. Waiving, then, such special exceptions to the rule, the sum of our conclusion is that examinations, if conducted by men of ability and judgment, instead of encouraging cramming, actually serve to condemn and stultify it by exposing its futility.

But the term "cramming" is sometimes loosely applied to comprehend any methods that may have been invented for facilitating a student's progress by simplification of the details of his work, artificial aids to memory, and such like. To inveigh unreservedly against devices of this kind is surely not the part of sound judgment. Anyone who has studied under a good "coach" knows that one of the latter's most important functions is to supply lucid and abbreviated equivalents of the unwieldy rules and theorems too often met with in standard text-books. While, then, we respect the industrious plodder who sticks to the highway of educational advancement, refusing to avail himself of the bye-paths intended to diminish his labor and bring him, if with some amount of incidental risk, to the desired goal, it would be unjust and absurd to blast with unqualified reprobation one who gladly takes advantage of any short cuts that may present themselves to him. Did not even the cynical bookworm, Langham, through his ambition that his friend should gain a First-Class in Greats, repudiate his own principles and condescend to impart to Elsmere "tips" for acquiring knowledge? Without dwelling further upon this topic we repeat that examinations worthy of the name not only do not foster cramming in a bad sense, but are simply fatal to it.

(III.) The third of the accusations adduced is a most serious one and requires to be carefully considered and weighed. A teacher whose main work in life is to prepare pupils for certain examinations must, in the nature of things, be very liable to get his mental views somewhat focussed. Year after year seeing the same class of questions set, with but slight variation, it is no wonder that his interest flags and his lectures become automatic. As any apathy on the part of the instructor is sure to communicate itself to the members of his class, it is manifest that if there is any trait inherent in examinations that tends to bring about a listlessness in dealing with the prescribed subjects, in that respect the system is at fault. Now, in the higher kinds of competitive examinations, such as those for scholarships or an honor degree at a University, even though there may be particular subjects and authors specifically named as matter for study, yet the general range should be so expansive as to admit of no margin for laxity or lifeless iteration in the preparatory course of reading. Science and criticism, too, are continually pouring new light on even the commonest topics, and the necessity of keeping abreast of the times, enhanced by the spirit of keen emulation, will effectually prevent tutor and student from finding leisure for displays of atony. It may then, I think, be confidently affirmed that these more advanced mental contests are exempt from the special charge we are now investigating.

When, however, we turn our attention from these higher efforts to such more modest

enterprises as the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations in England, or the University Senior and Junior examinations here, the attempt to disprove the force of the impeachment becomes more arduous. I suppose it will be generally conceded that the latter at the present time form the best, nay, it may even be said the only, gauge of the educational status of schools in Australia. It is of importance, then, to reflect whether in these examinations there are any incidental elements likely to conduce to the mental paralysis of master or scholar, or both. I fear we shall not have far to seek in order to discover such flaws. In the classical section of the Junior, for instance, the usual practice seems to be to set a single book of a prose author as the medium through which a candidate is required to earn the distinction of a pass. Were it the custom in schools to have a yearly classical curriculum of their own quite independent of the University prescriptions, and to regard the preparation for the latter merely as a *parergon*, this restriction would not signify so much. But when schoolmasters, who are but human, know well that the eyes of parents and guardians turn inquisitively to the class lists to ascertain if their young hopeful has been converted into a competent Roman or Grecian, the temptation is strong not to allow his faltering steps to stray by so much as a hair's breadth from the defined path. So the note of strict limitation is sounded, and the hapless pupil and far more miserable—(*credite experto*)—pedagogue ring the changes on the selected oration or book of history till all interest therein evaporates, and what should be a source of pleasure degenerates into a mere mechanical repetition of phrases. The obvious remedy for this would be to enlarge the range of study, and the best practical results would probably be obtained by including in the set subjects a verse as well as a prose writer. The standard might be so arranged that it would still be possible for a candidate to secure a pass-certificate of a lower grade by taking up only one of the two writers, but the places of honor would, as is just, go to those schools where both were studied.

A somewhat similar objection holds good in the case of the English section of both Senior and Junior. Without going into details on this point I may state my firm conviction that, if the course laid down were altered so as to comprise a historical acquaintance with the literature of some definite period, however curtailed, a general knowledge of the scope and design of some half-a-dozen characteristic poems, essays or romances of that period, and a special study of one short work, the cause of education would be advantageously served, and in a direction where we are admittedly deficient, that of *belles lettres*.

But the *crux* of this third charge yet remains to be dealt with. While nominally directed wholly against examinations—as such it also impugns the nature of such a curriculum, for instance, as is imposed at Universities like Oxford and Cambridge, as tending to divert a student from the practical and real side of life by wedding his intellect to the lifeless and mechanical. Professor Freeman would seem to incline to this view, for in the essay above referred to he speaks of himself as having, after gaining a Fellowship, *started* to read and continued to do so up to the present; the obvious inference being that the studies previously undertaken were, if not utterly barren, at any rate incomplete. Such a statement appears as unjust as commonplace. Not Professor Freeman alone, but every true student is too well aware that there is no such thing as finality in the course he is pursuing. From Newton, comparing his gigantic labors to the picking up of pebbles on the sea-shore, down to Goethe's despairing philosopher with his

> Habe nun, ach! Philosophie
> Juristerei und Medicin,
> Und, leider! auch Theologie
> Durchaus studirt, mit heissem bemühen.
> * * * * * *
> Und sehe, dass wir *nichts* wissen können!

all swell the sad refrain that the span of life is too brief to admit of even a partial acquaintance with the many-sided problems presented in the various phases of existence. What is required from school and University training is merely an adequate equipment for any future, scientific or literary research a scholar may elect to apply himself to, and it is justly claimed for the usual classical and mathematical curriculum that it fulfils this purpose in an excellent, if not the very best manner. Professor Freeman himself is probably mainly indebted for that historical taste and talent which he has so worthily applied to modern events, to the critical inspection of the microcosm of Greek and Roman life entailed by his classical career. So, too, the habits of close reasoning engendered by the study of mathematics lead by a natural sequence to notable results in the departments of logic, mental and moral philosophy, and the exoteric sciences. It remains to be seen whether the prevalent idea in modern "seminaries of sound learning," of encouraging general rather than special branches of study will lead to the insertion on the roll of

fame of names as illustrious as those evolved from the older Universities. At any rate if, as our opponents assert, examinations in the latter institutions are irksome and unprofitable, how much more so do they become when the sphere of their operations is so considerably amplified as under the modern academical *Kultur-kampf*.

Returning to the more direct point of discussion, we hold that while the *tertium gravius crimen* cannot be sustained as far as the higher competitive examinations are concerned, it may also be rendered inapplicable to the inferior ones by care and judgment on the part of the examiners. Examinations are, and always will be just what those who have charge of them make them: either an incentive to genuine and scholarly efforts, or of precisely the opposite effect as serving to depress youthful enthusiasm. It is by no means a natural *sequitur* that men versed in a subject are the best adapted to sift and fairly estimate the knowledge of learners; the reverse, alas, is too often the case. I have heard, for instance, of an antiquated Cambridge don deliberately propounding in a mathematical paper the question to write out the Laws of Motion in Newton's original Latin. Pedantic quaintness of that sort is not likely to be displayed more than once in a generation, but faults similar in kind are still frequently visible. While some examiners appear to deem it of paramount importance to set at least one question in each subject quite outside any reasonable bounds of study of it, others fall into the opposite extreme of concocting papers so easy and superficial that it is a mystery to outsiders how it is found possible to differentiate results so as to assign places of merit. It is, I feel convinced, greatly owing to inconsistencies of this sort that the cry against examinations has assumed such a degree of magnitude. Once let it be insured that the tests applied to competitors be equitable, lucid in character, and thorough, without being unduly severe, and most of the force will be eliminated from the objections commonly urged against examinations.

IN A DREAM.

(Translated from Heine.)

IN a dream I saw my beloved,
Haggard and worn with care—
With want and misery withered,
The form that was once so fair.

One child on her arm she carried,
And one at her side did go,
Her walk, and look, and dress revealed
Her poverty and woe.

She wandered across the market,
And face to face we met,
She gazed at me, and thus I spoke,
With pain and sad regret.

Come with me to my home, dear;
For you are pale and ill,
And cheerfully will I labor,
Our little store to fill.

Tenderly I will nurse and wait
Upon your children two;
But, above all, unhappy child,
Will I nurse and wait on you.

And never will I tell you
Of the vain love I gave;
And when you are dead, then I will go
And weep upon your grave.

E. PARISS NESBIT.

THE PERIPATETIC USHER.

BY W. LEWERS AND F. C. COWLE.

THOSE beings, more than mortal, who supply articles such as these to the daily press are often compelled to wander far and wide in search of the necessary material. Some get locked up in prisons and lunatic asylums; entrance to these palaces as a rule is not very difficult—it is the exit that gives the trouble. Some go down to the sea in ships, or even in twenty-three ton yachts and cast their bread upon the waters. Others practise a gravity of demeanor and sobriety of conduct to enable them to pass themselves off successfully as medical students, and so walk the hospitals without fear of detection. Others again invest in a white tie with a view to disguising themselves as damaged apostles, that thereby they may visit alien churches and penetrate the secrets of the elect. Not to be outdone, we bought a second-hand cap and gown and resolved to devote a portion of our energies to the instruction of youth. Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot. We accordingly accepted for a short engagement the post of assistant usher at one of the big schools of Melbourne. It is but fair to state that it was not only a philanthropic desire to impart knowledge, or a laudable endeavor to glean information for our readers which led us to take this step. We were in fact hard-up; if possible, even harder-up than usual. Luxury had become for us an unknown quantity. For us no William, cook, captured and cooked the short-legged hen; for us no waiter unchained the fierce Gorgonzola, or set free the effervescent and alas! evanescent charms of Perrier Jouet. We had long substituted a dinner *à la ruse* for the dinner *à la Russe.*

In this first engagement we managed to give, as is our wont, unbounded satisfaction. In fact, when the regular master whose place we were supplying returned to his duties, everyone was glad. Yet when a similar opportunity offered some time later we were eagerly sought for, and after feeling our pockets obeyed the summons. The result was similarly gratifying to all parties, and nobody was sorry when our term of office expired—not even ourselves. After these successes we sighed, like Alexander, for other worlds to conquer. Having taught little boys we embraced the first chance afforded us of teaching little girls. When this herculean task had also been accomplished without any serious loss of life we felt that we were indeed competent to hold an opinion upon the subject of education in Victoria; and since it would be unfair to mankind to hide our light under a bushel or a liqueur-glass we venture to express that opinion.

There are certain crowning events in every man's life which it is customary to say he will never forget. We can still vividly remember our *début*, almost a year ago, in the arena of school-teaching. We sat cowering in one corner as the boys entered—the real masters of the situation. It was fearful odds—thirty to one. The most serious difficulty with which an inexperienced preceptor has to contend is that of maintaining discipline. It is certainly a trying ordeal for one of a modest and retiring disposition to find himself the cynosure of thirty pairs of glittering eyes, all ready to mark and take advantage of the slightest false step. He who hesitates is lost; the situation is like a nettle and must be boldly grasped. The bull must be taken by the horns; that is, the boy must be taken by the ears. Expostulation and moral persuasion have at the outset no effect on schoolboy nature; physical force must first plough up the soil for them. Wait until a sufficiently small boy commits some breach of discipline, which will probably occur within the first five minutes of your *régime*, then leap upon him and smite him hip and thigh. After this, moral and verbal persuasion will probably suffice to allay all disorder. Having once stricken them with the rod you can thenceforth play Samson and rely on the jawbone.

When the lesson begins the unpleasant truth soon forces itself upon you that your knowledge of elementary subjects has grown very rusty. At the end of a University course one is apt to take for granted that $2 + 2$ make 4, and to assume that if $x = y$ and $y = z$ that therefore x will be equal to z. He has now for the first time to demonstrate these problems, and few can appreciate the difficulty with which a schoolboy is induced to believe that the sum of 2 and 2 should amount to 4 rather than 5 or 6. Let the master also beware of hazarding any reckless assertion. It behoves him of all things to be

consistent; if he makes a mistake he is bound to stick to it. Schoolboys have a most inconvenient memory. You may spend a week in trying to batter some idea into their brains, and at the end of that time they will still remain in blissful ignorance of it. Woe betide you, however, if you make the most trivial slip or utter a statement at variance in any degree with a previous dictum of yours on the same subject. Inevitably some sharp-witted little idiot at the bottom of the class will trip you up and cover you with shame and confusion.

What strikes a visitor to one of our greater schools is that the junior classes are far too large. This is unfair to the boys, and still more unfair to the master. Each boy can claim so little individual attention from the master that his chances of being sympathetically treated are minimised. When the personal stimulus of question and answer is only applied to each boy once or twice in the hour his interest in the intervals is apt to flag. On the master's side the strain of keeping some thirty boys in check is unnecessarily severe. He is, moreover, debarred from studying and developing any idiosyncrasies which may be possessed by his pupils. He cannot give the forward boys full sway, nor can he force up to the ranks those that lag behind. He must be contented with reducing them all to one dull level, and the result is most disheartening. Again, a junior master is generally required to teach far too many subjects. Of course, as regards this, there is much to be said on both sides, but it must be confessed that there is room for a little more specialisation. The remedy for both evils is an increased staff of masters at larger remuneration. We will say nothing of the complaints that are sometimes heard as to the feeding and physical comfort of the resident scholars. This is inevitable under the present system of things. Naturally Victorian head-masters are opposed to any schemes of reform, as they necessitate a corresponding decrease in their own fat salaries. This is the great blot in our school system, and it is to be erased only by handing over the whole internal and financial control and management to a working council and leaving the head-master with a fixed salary, as is the case with the other masters.

Schoolboys are a peculiar race of animals which natural history has hitherto failed to classify. At times it is true they are insufferable—it is their only fault. They are endowed with some civilised instincts hidden beneath a mass of barbarian traits. We could descant upon their manners, customs, and attributes through several columns, dropping pearls of erudition and whole oyster-beds of observation *en route*, but Max O'Rell in "Drat the Boys," has forestalled us. From our own personal experience we concluded that the average schoolboy shows to greater advantage when differentiated from his companions. It is possible for the amateur instructor to learn to love the detached atoms while he abhors the concrete whole. As the penitent Frederick puts it when taking his leave of the Pirate King and his associates, "Individually I love you with a love unspeakable, but collectively I hate you with a detestation almost amounting to positive loathing."

When we essayed to teach little maids at school our feelings were a mixture of diffidence and delight. Though we are old and bearded like the pard we are still highly susceptible. A warm heart beats concealed beneath this rough exterior, and our blue eye behind its spectacle is as keenly alive as ever to the charms of a fresh complexion and a mass of golden hair. When the fateful hour arrived we entered smiling—but embarrassed. The maidens also smiled, but they were *not* embarrassed. Like a Parliamentary orator we took refuge in a premonitory cough, though it had hardly the desired effect, for throughout our opening sentences the pupils detected hidden jokes and witticisms of which we were certainly unconscious. At times the suppressed merriment found vent in a splutter of giggling, but we continued undaunted and before the end of the first hour all symptoms of laughter had been replaced by an unmistakable tendency to yawn. After the first day or two, however, the girls accepted us as a necessary evil, and treated us accordingly. As a factor in discipline we found our well-known powers of sarcasm and ridicule even more effective than it had been with the boys. A boy does not much mind being laughed at, but a girl's *amour propre* does not recover from the sting for several days. It is much easier to teach girls than boys, up to a certain point. The former are always willing, nay, eager to work; they are more susceptible to the master's personal influence, and will take endless trouble over their tasks to avoid giving him displeasure—amiable motives which do not often trouble the mind of the average schoolboy. The teacher's praise or blame is the most powerful stimulus to the schoolgirl's efforts; it is hard to believe how callous the male urchin can be to either. If what the late Dr. Hearn would call the obnoxiousness to sanction—in plain English, the fear of punishment—were withheld from the schoolboy of commerce he would not

hesitate to take advantage of the situation. His sister would scorn to abuse her privileges in this respect.

Judging from the homogeneous Annual Reports our schools are, *on the showing of their masters* (and they surely ought to know) the only human institutions that are always improving and running without let or hindrance the race that is set before them. All other human establishments have their periods of advance and decline; even our banks are subject to checks. But like the brook the schools flow on for ever into widening channels of improvement and chatter, chatter as they flow, in the Annual Reports. An English public schoolman would hardly believe that in Victoria there is no real test of the efficiency of our schoolwork. Instead of an outside and irresponsible body conducting the examinations they are in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred conducted by the schoolmasters themselves, and the reports thereon are their own also. No one will doubt the honesty of purpose and in general, the efficiency of these gentlemen —we have been one and know how it feels. It must be admitted, however, that the English system seems preferable, where the examinations are held and the reports prepared by examiners wholly unconnected with the schools. Doubtless to the thoughtless multitude all that is necessary as a test is supplied by the Matriculation Examination at the University.

There are who doubt the wisdom of the present University system of examination. Freeman, Max Müller, Frederic Harrison and others as great as ourselves have recently been pricking the bubble and finding it hollow. Mr. Harrison, indeed, goes so far as to say that examination instead of being its servant, has become the master of education with deplorable results; and our local Matric. has grown into a veritable millstone round the neck of education in Victoria. Parents and schoolmasters are apt to regard it as the be-all and end-all of intellect and culture, whereas in sober truth it only proves that the successful candidate has shown himself entitled to enter on a course of higher education. But, even allowing it to be the most perfect examination invented by mankind, what evidence does it afford of the doings of the great unmatriculated? We are no longer young and enterprising enough to set up a model-school on the ideal basis of our conception, and we would not be satisfied with less. Want of capital and appreciation would further prevent our carrying out such a scheme, even if our country were not impatiently clamoring for our services in other spheres.

Ask us no more: our fate we have revealed:
We strove awhile to teach, and not in vain:
Yet found the labor greater than the gain:
No more, Head Masters, to your gold we yield:
Ask us no more.

THE RELATIVE STATUS OF SHIPMASTERS AND ENGINEERS.

BY H. E. DICKINSON.

WITHOUT attempting to discuss the merits of a dispute over which I trust the contesting parties will have shaken hands long before this becomes public property, let me say that though the causes of friction between shipmasters and marine engineers in individual cases appear trivial, the *motif*, so to speak, is a good way below the surface. The bubbles rising through water in a heated pan give but little indication of that enormous development of physical energy which results in the conversion of water into steam. The heat, though not sensible, is latent. The eruption of a volcano is heralded by signs, in themselves but feeble exponents of the strength of the imprisoned giants of fable and of their struggles for liberty. "From little streamlets mighty rivers flow."

This article is designed to show, in as impartial a manner as possible, a few of the hidden springs of action—springs which, whatever may be their issue, will certainly outlive the present troubles, and which I think may be best revealed in the course of an investigation of the gradual changes in the relative status of the Master of a steamship (by courtesy only) termed the Captain or Commander, and the Engineer. The metamorphosis, which the whole system of Naval Architecture and Marine propulsion has undergone during the last half-century, is one of the most striking phenomena of this age of iron and steam. Nor does it seem to be by any means complete, as scarcely a mail arrives without bringing us intelligence of some fresh development in this particular branch of constructive science, some record of speed beaten, some invention tending to increased economy, or some fresh application of machinery superseding manual labor and facilitating the varied operations on ship-board.

The graceful sailing-ship is being gradually elbowed out of the way by the fussy and obtrusive steamer. The ship-building returns show a constantly decreasing quantity of new sailing tonnage, while that of steam vessels, whether as regards the number of vessels or the tonnage, is going on at an ever increasing ratio. And in this connection is noteworthy the proportionate increase of tonnage to the number of bottoms, or in other words, the vast increase in the size of the individual ships; and further, the increased power of the engines to the tonnage of the vessels. The rapid growth of the intercolonial fleets during the last decade, both in number and tonnage, is not an exceptional case: the same process has been going on all over the world. New avenues of trade opening, new lines of steamers entering the field of competition, and "the cry is still they come." More and more, bigger and bigger. An inseparable consequence of this modification of the mode of navigation has been the introduction of new elements into the *personnel* of the ship's company. The old salts who took such a prominent share in the establishment of England's maritime supremacy—all honor to their intrepidity and adventurous spirit—are now-a-days apt to growl over their grog at the degeneracy of the age and the deterioration of the British sailor. They are an old-fashioned, steady-going race, strong believers in the perfection of things in *statu quo*, sturdy opponents of innovations, and slow to admit the merits of improvements, in a word, conservative to the backbone. They hardly realise that it is they who are dropping astern and are being left high and dry, the flotsam and jetsam of the tide of progress. Steam is an abomination to such a one, and the engineer the devil himself—a species of octopus with a den in an inaccessible abyss in the ship, ever and anon seizing on fresh portions of the ship's gear, spuing forth inky clouds of smoke and blinding showers of ashes, his myrmidons leaving their footprints over the decks, the whiteness of which was once the skipper's glory, and impressing their sign-manual on fresh white paint which was the pride of his heart. Can we wonder that all the honey of his nature (and he wasn't half a bad sort when everything was right) has been turned into gall!

If this was true in the transition state when steam was still the auxiliary, and implicit con-

fidence in sails as the main stand-by of navigation a recognised part of the sailor's creed, what must be the sentiments of our typical old salt when he finds that the next ship he is put in command of has a double-sized octopus, with ever so many more feelers, and additional developments of construction with unintelligible names and uses. He looks aloft and can hardly believe his eyes—never a yard across, the mast heads gone and only bare poles to represent his stately masts of yore. No gaffs, and only a three-cornered trysail and two booms—what next? "Well, you see, sir," says his companion "Sails is very little use on this here craft, its nearly always a head wind, and when we runs before it we never has enough to fill the sails more than once in six months, and we concluded that any gear aloft stopped her more than ever it helped her." The captain sighed, but the first thing he did after getting to sea was to have the sails abaft the funnels unbent and put carefully below to save them from getting smoke-dried and burnt. Still, he wasn't reconciled. He had a look over the ship's articles by-and bye, for he didn't take much notice in the shipping office, and running his eye down the list of names and occupations, he read: Mate, Second Mate, Third Mate, Carpenter, Stewards, Cooks, and so on, and seven A.B's. "Have we only seven A.B's. Mr. ——? " to the old mate. "That's all, sir, carpenter takes a wheel in my watch." Then comes the black squad, First, Second, Third and Fourth engineers, eighteen firemen and trimmers, besides donkey-man and greasers. The articles are put away then with more growls. Next day sights are taken, the distance run pricked off, and the quiet unassuming remark is dropped, "We shall make a fast passage this trip, Mr. ——."

This little parable may serve to illustrate in advance some of my following remarks, but it must not be fancied that it is entirely allegorical. I was in a steamer once that belonged to a firm who had a fleet of large sailing ships, and when a vacancy occurred in the command of the steamer, caused by infirmities, death, or resignation, the senior master from the sailing ships received the appointment. I had a good opportunity of studying the genus "Shellback," from a distance it is true. The mate was the only one who may be said to have enjoyed the society of the old autocrat. The chief-engineer was treated to a curt interview occasionally, say when at a coaling port, or once when a breakdown occurred in the Red Sea he was sent for to reply to a query: "What the —— s up now? How long are you going to keep *me* here?"

The second mate, for taking up with the livelier society of the mess-room in his watch below, became a special object of persecution —and that was all of the ship's company he ever saw, I verily believe. But he was a good navigator and managed to keep the ship out of collision and off the rocks. One of his fads was a patent reefing topsail which he believed made the passage. Every other watch in reply to a summons by whistle to the engine-room door, the order would be: "Turn the steam on the fore-winch, sir." "What are you going to do?" "Set the topsail, sir." The yards would be braced hard-up, and in five minutes after you would hear a clatter of feet and the sail would be taken in again. The old man then turned in for the night, quite satisfied that he had done his duty, for it was only at night this performance was gone through; during the day the whole watch was busy steering, washing, painting, or getting cargo-gear ready, but at night, more especially about seven bells in the first watch, all hands, *i.e.*, the deck hands, could be turned out to make sail. One trip was enough for them, and we had frequent applications from deck hands to give them "a job as trimmer" next voyage.

Thus, a sailor on board a steamship where sails are hardly ever set is rapidly becoming an anachronism, and the duties are altogether of a different nature. In a short time a holystone and frame will occupy a prominent place in a museum of the implements of savage tribes. If a rope or line has to be hauled taut it must be led to the steam-winch. There is, in fact, hardly a rope left on board a first-class steamer, wire having taken the place of flax and hemp even to signal-halyards. This is becoming more and more obvious every day as the engine power is increased, and the devices for performing by machinery the various offices formerly executed by manual labor are multiplied.

The designers of our latest types of naval architecture (men-of-war in particular) have boldly cast aside the fiction of mast and sails as a means of locomotion, and admit fully the entire dependence on the machinery for that as for every other purpose.

In the mercantile navy they are still retained, partly in compliance with a superstitious reverence on the part of the travelling public who like to see them, and (as I have heard in Liverpool) prefer a four-masted boat to one with only three, and partly because they serve as a support for derricks and are thus a useful adjunct to the appliances for loading and discharging cargo. But they are kept as small as possible, and the rigging of wire rope

because lighter and offering the least resistance to the prevailing wind, which is a head wind.

With these facts in view it does not require much sophistry to show that the necessity of seamanship as an essential qualification for the officer in command of a steamship of modern type is fast diminishing. Other qualifications, of course, he must still possess, and some in a high order. I do not wish to be understood to have the slightest intention of disparaging the responsibility attaching to the position, as I know and acknowledge it to be very great; nor do I wish to even seem to claim that because the demand for seamanship, pure and simple, has well nigh vanished that any tom-fool can take up the position. But I should like to point out that it is impossible for anyone to formulate exactly what the requirements are. There is such a great variety in the conditions under which commerce is conducted in various parts of the world, that a man who might be a successful master in one particular trade would be a rank failure in another. The sub-division of callings and trades into special lines is just as distinctly marked in that of a shipmaster as in all others. I have met here and there with a few good all-round men who would be just as much at home in a mail-steamer as in a London steam-collier or a Mediterranean trader, but they are comparatively rare. On the other hand, the rankest failure I ever met was a man who with the best testimonials possible from a first-class mail line came to take charge of a cargo steamer. Without, therefore, attempting to particularise all the requirements of a good commander of an ocean-going steamer they may be generalised somewhat thus: He must be a good navigator, which means something more than ability to find his position by the use of certain instruments and tables, as the instruments are by no means infallible. He must enforce the utmost vigilance and caution. He must have confidence in himself and be able to distinguish between confidence and temerity. He must exercise the high powers entrusted to him with tact and judgment, not being too ready to act on the first impulse, but weighing well his decision and then sticking to it—open to reason and man enough to admit an error. He must have the faculty to perceive and appreciate a conscientious application on the part of his subordinates, and support them in the maintenance of discipline. If a paragon commander is here depicted, it is no more a fancy sketch than the one drawn in an earlier part of this paper. I simply describe a man with whom it is a pleasure to sail.

But it is only in certain trades where all these qualifications are called into play. The navigation of intercolonial steamers requires no special qualification. All round the coast the land is never out of sight more than a few hours at a time by day, and by night it is better lighted than almost any other part of the world. The aid of instruments is unnecessary, and the sextant and epitome rest on the shelf. A credible informant, who was six-and-a-half years in one steamer only, saw a sextant once—when the steward was taking it to its "uncle's" for a spell. The track is free from out-lying sands and shoals. Atmospheric interferences such as fogs, rain and snow-storms are not frequent or of long duration. Compass-courses can be checked daily by cross-bearings; in a word it is little more than the conduct of an extended ferry-boat service. A good look-out, a good binocular, and attention to steering, coupled with prompt decision in following the rule of the road sum up the requirements of navigation on the most frequently travelled portion of the Australian coast. The stumbling block to many intercolonial masters lies in the fact that the highest prizes in their profession consist in the command of the newest, fastest and best-appointed passenger boats. A *sine qua non* qualification for such a billet is popularity with passengers. We all doubtless know men and justly admire them who possess that rare combination of urbanity and firmness coupled with devotion to duty which would have marked them out as leaders of men in any sphere of life, but they are few and far between. At the same time we know others who have been pitch-forked into positions of command which, if left to their own merits, they would never have attained. Others again by sheer "bluff" have forced their way up the ladder. To these classes the attainment of popularity is an important study. To one of this sort a bombastic display of power is second nature. He is never happy unless he has everyone about him in hot water. "Courtesy" is shunned since it means in his vocabulary "familiarity," while "discipline" is translated "tyranny." He knows how to work the "testimonial" and "purse of sovereigns" racket, and would sooner devote his energies to currying favor with a passenger who after next trip if they met in George Street would not "know him from a crow," than waste a quarter-of-an-hour in cultivating friendly relations with those whom he comes into daily contact with.

The press is in a great measure to

blame for perpetuating this hollow sham. The shipping reporters have got a hackneyed formula of how "Captain Blank made a splendid passage in the magnificent steamship 'Wagga Wagga,' the latest gem of our intercolonial fleet. *He* made the passage from Heads to Heads in so many hours, &c., &c.," and so on to the end of the chapter. The writer of such twaddle must know that Captain Blank is as powerless in increasing the speed of the ship as the lamp-trimmer boy. He can and often does contribute to a bad passage by careless steering. It is common enough to see a ship's wake like a letter S, and Captain Blank on the poop doing a mash, but add one-quarter-of-a-knot he cannot. As easy would it be for him to add one cubit to his stature.

After some half-dozen lines of flam devoted to the captain, the chief, second, third and fourth officers are duly complimented, the purser is slobbered over awhile and the paragraph winds up with "Mr. Snooks, late of the 'Barracouta,' is in charge of the machinery department."

An engineer, as a rule, does not court publicity, but it is not a little galling after putting forth the whole of his powers and using his brains to the very best advantage to keep everything in good running order to be calmly snuffed out; to find the *kudos* which of right belongs to him and the profession he represents absorbed by an individual who, perhaps, during the voyage has treated him with bare civility. This sort of paragraph, Mr. Shipping Reporter—please take it from me—is out of place, and you will do your part in promoting harmony on board ship by giving honor where honor is due; or if you cannot do that, by at any rate using discrimination in your plaudits.

Now then for a brief glance at the engine-room. I shall not attempt any long historical sketch of the steps by which science has intervened in the development of marine propulsion, but a short *resumé* may not be out of place. The extensive employment of merchant steamers chartered as transports during the Crimean war was one of the first causes which led to the gradual superseding of sail by steam. Some of the smartest steamers ever built were called into being during the American war to run the blockade of the southern ports by the Federal navy, and some of our smartest engineers owe their start in life to that adventurous service. The next great factor was the cutting of the Suez Canal, which opened up a highway to India, Persia, China, Japan, Australia and the Western Pacific.

But the greatest of all factors has been the continuous improvement in the propelling machinery, and the consequent economy of fuel. The heavy consumption of coal for the development of a given power was once an insurmountable bar to high speed for an extended distance. A ship can now, however, go about two-and-a-half times the distance on the same consumption of fuel at the same speed, or with larger engines, go the same distance in about one-third less time. This end has been attained by a series of steps, all adding complications to the machinery and necessitating a continual increase of boiler pressure; in other words by adding fresh burdens of responsibility to the officer in charge. The establishment of coaling stations all over the world having rendered the fuel question of minor importance has prompted owners to avail themselves of improvements in design more in the direction of obtaining larger and faster boats than more economical ones, since a boat which carries twice as much cargo is worked with nearly the same staff on deck as the small one, while the larger engines of more economical type are worked at the same expense, in the engine-room, as in the smaller boat with old-fashioned machinery. And though the capital invested is in proportion to the size of the ship, it is scarcely necessary to point out that interest on capital is a small item as compared with working expenses in a trade capable of such expansion. One of the earliest substitutes for human labor was the telegraph for conveying the necessary directions to the engine-room. When an old-fashioned pilot on coming aboard a steamer saw one of these instruments for the first time he observed its manipulation by the master in silent wonder for a while until his feelings of admiration at the promptness of action found vent as follows:—

"Do the engines go whichever way you put that pointer, captain?"

The latter, a bit of a wag, replied "Certainly."

"And you can ease her, or stop her, or set her astern just by moving that handle?"

"Well, don't you see that I can?"

"Man, but that's clever!" said the old pilot quite taken up with the novelty; then as a thought struck him, "Why, you'll be able to do without them saucy beggars down below!"

Of course, as a matter of fact the pilot merely uttered the fervent desire of the seafaring community of his generation which continues in a measure to the present day, but is further off realisation than ever as the

"saucy beggars" are ever increasing instead of diminishing. Then came steam winches and cranes to facilitate the rapid discharge of cargo, it being an axiom of the shipowner that a vessel is only earning money when she is at sea and *vice versâ*. Steam windlasses and capstans saved both time and labor in handling the ground tackle. Steam-steering gear materially contributes to the certainty and rapidity of manœuvring a ship in narrow waters, though it has lost many a mile by bad steering at sea. *Apropos* of steam-steering gears, one of the first I ever saw was on board a passenger steamer trading to London. The captain had an interest in the vessel and saw the advantage it would be to him. He found the money to enable the inventor to bring out his idea, and the first one was fitted on board his own craft. It did its work well, and the result was that he dispensed with two deck hands. I have heard him aver that she would go for half-an-hour on a course without moving the helm. In fine weather, when any painting or washing was to be done through the day, the mate or second mate could stop on the bridge, keep the look-out, steer the ship, and look after the watch at work. When the ship got to Gravesend the master, also a pilot (or as we say here "exempt") for the River Thames, took the wheel himself and steered the ship all the way to the wharf, working the telegraph himself as well. This would, of course, be too much to expect of our intercolonial or coasting skippers. They must have a hand at the helm and a third mate at the telegraph. It would be *infra dig.* to do otherwise. I know of only one praiseworthy exception to this rule in Port Jackson. There is not much comparison between Sea Reach and the River Thames at tide-time and any Australian port I have visited as regards the demand for a cool head and a steady nerve, and there are nearly as many casualties here as there with more than twenty times the number of vessels, and all the work to be done as the tide serves.

To continue the list of mechanical auxiliaries to ship work—water ballast is almost an indispensable provision, in a screw steamer at any rate, but a special steam pump for rapid discharge is required, and both the pump and tanks require some attention from the engineer. Electric lighting has become almost universal in well-appointed vessels carrying passengers. The dynamo has to be driven by a separate engine, and even where an expert is attached to the ship for that duty, which in intercolonial ships is not the case, the responsibility falls on the engineer. Then pumps are wanted to wash the decks for sanitary purposes and to keep the ship clear of water. Distilling apparatus are frequently provided for making fresh water. In many large vessels refrigerating engines either for the conveyance of meat cargoes or for fresh provisions for ship's use, and in most large powered engines the pumps required for the engines themselves are worked separately by auxiliary engines. Yet we are calmly asked to believe the statement of a correspondent in a daily paper that the engineer has "the best times on board ship and seldom soils his hands."

This is a *deliberate falsehood;* no other expression can adequately describe it. But this is not the manner to reply to newspaper correspondents unless by inference. If I succeeded, as I think I did, in showing that the demand for seamanship as a special qualification of the master is diminished, that the duties of navigation are made more routine, and consequently much easier by mechanical adjuncts, I think I have also shown how the number and variety of the engineer's duties have been, and are still, on the increase, and not only his duties but the number of subjects of which he must possess at any rate so much rudimentary knowledge as is consistent with practical application. As has been justly observed, "a competent marine engineer is the possessor of good natural parts, and of considerable education and experience"—education and experience which go hand-in-hand, I might add which can neither be picked up in a five-years' apprenticeship, nor unless under specially favorable circumstances in as much longer at sea, and which are very little enhanced by a few weeks' cramming to pass an examination.

This subject, however, is worthy of passing notice in an article such as this. It is over twenty years since it was deemed advisable to legislate on this subject owing to the tendency on the part of owners to regard more the price demanded for the services of an engineer than his fitness for the duties he proposed to undertake. In order to ensure uniformity to a certain degree the control of the examinations was entrusted to one official, Mr. J. McFarlane Gray, of whose qualifications it is impossible to find terms too complimentary, or indeed of those of the gentleman occupying a similar position under the provisions of the Colonial Act, Mr. Cruickshank, a man who would leave the impress of his high character on any body of engineers he might be thrown amongst. These gentlemen are (very wisely)

allowed a certain amount of discretion; that is to say, they are not compelled to pass a candidate who may have a certain amount of proficiency on paper. He (the candidate) must satisfy them not only by testimonial, but by an oral examination lasting for from two to three hours, and covering the whole range of his practical duties that he would be fit to perform the responsibilities of the rank his certificate would entitle him to undertake. Thus, whatever may be the minimum requirements of the Act as regards preliminary service, they are in no sense binding on an examiner any further than that a person having performed so much may apply to have his ability put to a further test. It is, however, somewhat singular to notice that by Act of Parliament a master's certificate may be obtained, and of course used, by an infant according to law. A youth of eighteen years of age might be legally entitled to command the finest merchant ship afloat, whereas being still under guardianship, he does not possess the legal right to execute an instrument disposing of his own property. He must, however, have attained manhood before he can offer himself for a second-class engineer's certificate. Extending the anomally, the infant might be "in supreme command" (I think that is the correct phrase) over a man four years his senior, in charge of the engine room, justifying the remark of the old salt who said, "Boys!" "there's no boys now-a-days; the boys is all men, and the men are all old ——." I didn't catch exactly what he called them, but it was not complimentary.

Great stress has been laid on the fact that it is quite competent for a master to "pass in steam," and then of course it is quite competent for him to supersede the engineer in case of incapacity, &c. If such is true, and there, as stated, are hosts of masters so qualified, it speaks volumes for the conduct of engineers, as I never once heard of such powers being exercised. Nor do I think owners either require or even encourage the distinction. I may go even further and state that I never even heard of a master advertising his "steam" qualification. They are much prouder of the honorary distinction of the R.N.R. after their names and fly the "Blue Ensign" at their mast head. I had it on the very best authority some years ago in the port of London that only one master passed "in steam" in twelve months, and that he was a foreigner. In a word, a little knowledge often proves dangerous, and shipowners have better sense than to encourage it.

The conditions under which an engineer performs his duties are quite sufficient to rob his calling of any fanciful or poetic interest; nor, as far as my experience goes, does intimate acquaintance make the mere routine duties any more congenial or lovely. A close moist heat of from 95° to 130° soon takes the starch out of a man, while his life is not made pleasanter by unavoidable dust and smells. But the average heat is above the mean of the temperatures given here, and in a stokehold where the poor firemen work the mean temperature is probably about the highest point, viz., 130°. An Australian reader knows something of the significance of high shade temperatures, and will be disposed to agree with me that four hours active employment under these conditions is quite enough. To those who assert that the chief engineer does not keep a watch I would rejoin that this is only true in a very small percentage of ships, while the relief from the performance of routine duty, such as lubrication of machinery in motion, does not in the slightest degree absolve him from the responsibility attending any consequence which may result from inattention to or neglect. The assistance merely leaves him free to give an eye to matters outside the special functions of the main engines. I would also remind objectors that in a vessel of such power as requires a certificated second engineer, the chief is individually responsible and liable to the authorities for the consequences of any of his own delinquencies. A third engineer, however, is not recognised officially as responsible for anything, nor, as far as I am aware, is he liable to answer at law for any defect of duty. This rests with the chief engineer, so that he is directly answerable for two of the three watches. If the boat is a small one, with engines below the specified 100 nominal horse power, or about 450 effective, the chief engineer, though only required to possess second class qualifications, must be responsible for the whole lot. But to revert to the full-blown chief engineer. It is scarcely too much to say that the actual running of the engines themselves constitutes but a minor part of his anxieties. One of the principal ones being the steam boilers and their proper and efficient condition. Fifty per cent. of his troubles arise from their management at sea and in port. No one but those who have had to do with them can estimate the worry arising from a boiler in bad order.

A large portion of the balance of the chief's cares is caused by machinery outside that comprised under the term "main engines." As to the latter he takes care to remedy any cause of trouble as soon as the ship arrives

in port, or in urgent cases of rare occurrence he stops the vessel at sea.

There are many different opinions as to a chief engineer's station. Some colonial owners insist that he, and he alone, shall handle the engines when required. In English steamers it is much more common that the second engineer does this, the chief merely supervising. I do not know if there is any general order in the navy, but I happened to be on board a turret ship in port one evening when the captain gave an order for general quarters without notice as if in case of alarm. Where was the chief engineer? Neither on the starting platform, nor in the engine-room, nor even in the stokehole. He was on the main deck with one or two watertight doors between him and his engines. His station was in the vicinity of the turret engines (each of which had its separate attendant), and the hydraulic loading gear. The practice I allude to in merchant steamers has much to recommend it, and it is far preferable to leave matters of that kind to the discretion of the engineer himself. Not a little trouble is caused by carelessness and want of intelligence on the part of deck hands in using the smaller engines about the deck, windlasses and so forth.

With regard to the risks attendant upon a seafaring life one would almost fancy from some people's conversation that engineers enjoyed a special immunity from "the perils of the deep." If there are some accidents on deck to which they are less often exposed, there are others incidental to their duties, such as injury to limbs and loss of life by contact with or falling among moving machinery to which they are always liable. An engineer with his full complement of fingers or free from scars of some kind is the exception. Accidents by scalding caused through leaks of steam and boiling water, or the bursting of pipes and boiler are special risks fortunately as rare as their consequences are appalling when they do happen. A chief engineer in the P. and O. service lately lost his life in a very simple way, through a lump of coal falling down a ventilator. On the other hand they are equally exposed to the risks to life and property by the ordinary marine disasters—shipwreck, collision and fire—with other members of the crew, and without decrying the courage which faces imminent peril on deck, it requires an equal if not greater amount to remain at the post of duty in the face of the unknown impending dangers of the engine-room.

So far then I have endeavored to show that while the demands for special training and technical training in the navigating department are becoming less exacting, that in the case of engineers the converse proposition is eminently accentuated by every increase of power and introduction of new mechanical contrivance on board ship.

If the responsibilities and position of an officer are at all in proportion to the value of the property under his supervision—the accepted axiom in all commercial undertakings—the chief engineer is entitled to the superior rank since the value of the machinery and mechanical adjuncts of a full powered steamship is fully three-fifths of the total value of the vessel. Indeed, unless the machinery is in good order a modern steamship is absolutely valueless.

We may reach the same conclusion from another point of view, namely, by considering the numerical strength of that portion of the crew employed in the various duties of the engine-room, and the total cost of their remuneration.

But, say the shipowners, we appoint a captain in "supreme command," and he is responsible for the whole wellbeing of the ship, and the lives of the crew and passengers. What is the value of the responsibility? They cover as much of it by insurance as they can, but they cannot cover the value of machinery which is excepted from the policies of most, if not all colonial offices. Thus a large portion of the captain's responsibility is discounted. If the engines break down of what avail is the master's responsibility? He cannot affect the inaction more favorably than by keeping as far away as possible, setting his little rays of canvas and persuading the passengers that the ship is going as fast without the engines as with them. Let the shipowners honestly put the question to their own consciences and ask themselves whose default would cost us most, the captain's or the chief engineer's?

The question now before the public is this: A process of evolution is threatening to reverse the conditions of navigation, or to speak more correctly, marine locomotion, with what result it is difficult to forecast.

Engineers are men accustomed to study cause and effect, and possessed of reasoning powers to fully as great a degree as those claiming superiority over them, and they are beginning to test the validity of their claims.

In the Royal Navy the movement has already been successful, but not so as yet in the Merchant Service. In the Navy they fully admit that the duties of the executive officers comprise a vast amount of scientific knowledge apart from navigation, and the

engineers asked for and obtained recognition of their importance as a body and an improvement in their *status*. How much more so, then, have the engineers of the Merchant Service a right to due recognition and higher *status* when their importance to the ship is much greater as the duties of the deck-officers are so much less of a special character. I do not mean to infer that the deck-officers do no work; they do work, and very hard work sometimes, but it is not work requiring special training.

It has been the universal theory on board ship that the engine-room department, as a whole, are of an inferior race. As a couplet of Bobbie Burns puts it:

> They snool me sair, an' haud me doon
> And gar me feel like bluntie, Tam.

Still the engineers submitted with good humor, and were satisfied with a fair remuneration, so long as the "supreme command" did not gall them unnecessarily, but when it came to an utterly senseless interference which can be defended by no plea of utility, and an endeavor to disparage a good character of long standing by certain representations the truth of which was taken for granted (by the office) without opportunity being afforded to the party whose conduct was traduced to reply, one can scarcely blame them if they protested and used whatever means combination afforded them of enforcing the protest.

What the issue is to be we cannot have much doubt, as both sides have shown their desire for peace. All I can say is, let the shipowners study their engineers more and not listen to unsupported verbal complaints from any one class about another.

Some firms are much more captain-ridden, and, consequently, more imbued with the "supreme-command" fallacy than others, and several members of the S.S.O. Association would do well to be guided in their policy by some of their more liberally minded neighbors.

The question is asked somewhat jocularly: "Would you put an engineer on the bridge?" Many a true word is spoken in jest, and though no sane man would advocate such an immediate step as that, I do affirm that if an engineer had the opportunity of studying and practising navigation he would make a better fist of it than a skipper would in an engine-room. A marine superintendent once told a friend of mine that he would guarantee to teach him (a chief-engineer of average intelligence) the whole art of navigating a steamer in a month. Allowing for a little chaff and exaggeration, he meant at the time that there was, and I can see no insuperable objection to such an ultimate transformation. If shipowners are going to insist on the "supreme command" being vested in one man—unless he is to be a dummy—this is what it must come to. But as we are more interested in the present than the future let me suggest that an *Imperium in imperio* is the true essence of a constitutional government in which many elements are to be governed. Charles I. pushed the divine right to "supreme command" a step too far for his comfort and convenience, and I think we regard him more as sacrificed to obstinacy in following bad counsels than as a martyr. The Colonial Treasurer would stare if the Premier, who is the ostensible "boss," were to come in and insist on counting the cash in his safes, and the Premier would buck if the Governor were to interfere with his conduct of public business.

My own experience does not enable me to exactly realise the situation. When chief engineer I only sailed for considerate owners and with masters of sound sense and judgment. I look back to that period with feelings of satisfaction tinged with regret that it is past. The masters were men who knew well that the owners' interests were best served by all hands pulling together (and who didn't have an agent in every port of call to take their troubles off their shoulders), and mutual consideration was the secret of our success. Instead of vexatious interference I could rely on cordial assistance if I required it. But there was no gold lace there. I am quite certain that much of it might vanish in the merchant service without loss of efficiency, and I would feel inclined to say with Oliver Cromwell, "Take away those baubles" which too often cause invidious distinctions. When all is said and done much depends on the good sense of the parties most interested.

THE DRAMATIC YEAR (1889).

BY HARRY SAINT MAUR.

THERE is something formidable, not to say forbidding, about the chronological analysis of events even though they be of the order Thespian. While the dramatic year has not been wholly uneventful it can scarcely claim to have been widely remarkable. On the whole, perhaps, some progress towards advancement, though slight, has been made in connection with stage matters in Australia during 1889. As a strong color is necessary for the gratification of an uneducated eye; as a strong flavor will tickle a rough palate so, or for some similar reason, at the present moment does a strong dramatic dish find most favor with the people of a vigorous and *dramaticalment parlant* only partially-educated young country. Your artisan, farmer and football-adoring clerk like the representation of something in life which is evident and outspoken, and like that which they have nearly seen in their own domestic circles. With culture comes repression. All the world would recognise the newly-betrothed Harry and Susy on their honeymoon, but Lady Ermyntrude Maltête can meet Captain Haughlty at the front door of a fashionable draper with the intention of eloping with that gentleman via the back door without a single dry-goods clerk having the least notion of what was about to happen. With the ability to appreciate repression commences the reign of comedy.

It is really not quite too much to imply that while Parisian, Viennese, Berlin and—since the advent of Ibsen one should undoubtedly add—Stockholm audiences may claim to be "educated" in matters dramatic, those of London are not quite up to the standard; those of New York are some way behind the Londoners, while the Sydney and and Melbournites must be placed at present behind the New Yorkers. It would be strange, indeed, bearing in mind the relative ages of these cities, if this were otherwise. Nor is the Australian growth in dramatic instinct one whit less wonderful than its commercial and general advancement. Still for purposes of comparison one must be rude enough to grade. Complete dramatic education may be said to mean a comprehensive judgmatic appreciation of the highest forms of comedy, and for this reason: The latitude allowed by the canons of pure comedy acting are infinitely narrower than those allowable in tragedy or drama. To convey this plainly, in the one case the artist may use all his tools to manufacture his goods with, in the other he is restricted to one-half his implements. A good artist can paint with his fingers, his coat-sleeve, a worn-out stump of a brush, anything; he *can* only make a picture, handicap him as you will; Garrick in the solemn burlesque of wig and powder with the scenery for the most part left to the imagination tragedised superbly.

The sway of drama here is still wide-bounded. There can be little doubt that the theatrical treasuries have derived their maximum of profit from the performances of this class of work. One cannot feel, however, sufficiently deeply inspired with æsthetic value as revealed in the semi-hysterical *repertoire* of, say, that highly successful comedian actor, Mr. Bland Holt, to devote many lines to the discussion of his work. It must be accepted as a fact that children will be noisy and boisterous while they are young, if they are to be accounted healthy. So the hearty acceptation of rather commmonplace drama of the virtue-triumphant and villainy-vanquished order should only be depricated by cynics, or that class of irritable *jeuns vieux* who cannot bring themselves to credit that they were nothing but babies originally, with no distinctive marks other, perhaps, than abnormally big heads. It would be a very bad sign for a nation to discard the domestic drama—it would signify disillusion; it would mean that the young man doubted his mother's love and his sweetheart's virtue. It would be a national misfortune to discard traditional drama; also it is something akin to a misfortune when factitious modern drama commands an undue meed of public interest to the exclusion of the legitimate and stirling comedy or terse, well-constructed drama. Messrs. Warner, Holt, Grattan Riggs and others have played a series of pieces wherein two amiable young people of the lower order have courted, flirted, quarrelled and kissed; a polished gentleman with a sneer, silk handkerchief and stick, has worried the two

young people above referred to; cabs, horses, dogs, fowls, guns, coaches and live stock generally, have been numbered among the leading *dramatis personæ* and a variety of commonplace circumstances, such as drilling, sword-exercising, gun-serving, etc., have been as faithfully depicted on the stage in these plays as they would have been in reality. There has been one young lady with flowing hair and clinging garments who has been variously ill-used; there has also been a hero who always rescued this lady when inconvenienced, assisted, of course, by the amiable young people above referred to at a time which the resounding plaudits of the gallery prove to have been admirably chosen. The sequence of events in all these dramas is what Mrs. Malaprop would call "the same only different." It is, however, tolerably safe to say that the "Colleen Bawn," "The Dead Heart," "The Courier of Lyons," "The Green Bushes," and other standard stock dramas which had much vividness and reality about them have not found successful rivals in "New Babylon," "Under two Flags," "In the Ranks," "Claudine," "Griff," "Bells of Hazlemere," "Crimes of Paris," "Wages of Sin," "Silver Falls," "Hands Across The Sea," "Human Nature" or other such plays, the properties either of the leading dramatic firm here, Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove, or lavishly produced by that firm in partnership with the gentlemen above mentioned.

The "Dead Heart" is most immediately in ones mind for the recent Irving mounting of the nearly venerable play at the Lyceum. I may therefore permit myself to quote some few lines from a rather celebrated London critic who writes thus of the revival:—"It is not so much good luck that attends Mr. Henry Irving in all his ventures as good judgment. He understands public taste, and he has a keen eye for the picturesque. It is ever his desire to make a good picture. And when has he failed? Besides being a good actor, Mr. Irving is a striking and picturesque figure in any play he attempts; so, thanks to the photographs and posters, all the world, his wife and daughters, will flock to the Lyceum for many months to come. Not that the 'Dead Heart' is a particularly good play. In 1859 it was considered something marvellous because it was not stolen from the French. An original play at the Adelphi in those days was something to be proud of, though even then there was a battle-royal between the adherents of Chas. Dickens and Watt-Phillips, both claiming the priority of idea in the first score of self-sacrifice. Thomas Carlyle wrote years ago (1828) in a celebrated essay on Robert Burns in the *Edinburgh Review*: 'Is there not the fifth act of a tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's and a bed of death? And are wooings and weddings obsolete that there can be comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise that laughter must no longer shake his sides but be cheated of his farce? Man's life and nature is as it was, and as it ever will be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things and a heart to understand them, or they come and pass away before him in vain.' Yes, in spite of its smart dress and its elaborate adornment the 'Dead Heart' has a suspiciously old-fashioned air about it. It has been brought out of a cupboard like the brocade of a grandmother's gown, and it is a little crumpled and creased here and there. It wanted more alteration than mere change of word in the text. The interest is jerky and episodical rather than dramatic, and the low comedians, reduced by discipline to say nothing but what is set down for them, seem singularly constrained and ill at ease. But both Mr. Irving and the play are picturesque and both will be popular." Does not the above suggest that it is somewhat quixotic of Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove to pay heavy fees for London successes of to-day when those of ten, twenty or forty years ago are available without the painful ceremony attached to fee-finding. Here is an authoritative opinion which says pretty decisively that the "Dead Heart" is not a particularly good play. Still it is a play. The oft-repeated travestied conglomeration of every-day life which has assumed the various titles quoted do not, most of them, in my humble opinion, deserve the titles. I hope I may be forgiven then for finishing with them herein now.

The prominent dramatic events of the year which strike one as being worthiest of reference are the advent of the Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's new companies; Shakespearian productions of some note by Mr. Miln and Mr. George Rignold; a new actress—Miss Achurch; a dramatic essay by Ibsen—"A Doll's House;" an elaborate mounting of "Money" by Messrs. Brough and Boucicault; a new actress from the States—Miss Katie Putnam; Mr. Warner, Captain Swift and "Little Lord Fontleroy." Mr. William Shakespeare claims with cheerfully-permitted arrogance first place whenever stage matters crop up, so I will say a few words of the Miln and Rignold revivals. Mr. Miln commenced his Australian career

as a legetimate actor at Her Majesty's, Sydney, with moderate success, continued it in Melbourne with phenomenal success, and closed it in the same city without success. This gentleman is an educated American with a fine voice, good presence and, generally speaking, a well-defined appreciation of the great English bard. That he should have commenced with moderate success is comprehensible enough. Originally a pulpit orator with no special training for the stage, Mr. Miln brought to bear on his work the cultivated intelligence of a gentleman and the much enthusiastic *sentiment*. He felt his Shakespeare—more, he often made his audience feel the Shakespeare too, but not always. So his success was moderate. The prosperity of his first season in Melbourne was, I venture to think, due in some measure to luck. The town was a theatre short and the dishes elsewhere ill-cooked *rechaufées*. To pass at once to Mr. Miln's most ambitious attempt, a really meritorious "get-up" of "Anthony and Cleopatra." Here the scenery was beyond reproach, correct and beautiful, the acting generally fair and even, the staging judicious and effective; the never-to-be-forgiven blunder was the Cleopatra. In Miss Jordan we have a thin little lady of singularly unimportant physique with a totally untrained voice and an enunciation of our language which is not acceptably English. To say Miss Jordon did not understand the meaning of the lines she spoke would be grossly unjust, for she has, or had, an assured literary position in Chicago, and comprehends the strength and significance of Shakespeare's colossal periods as well as anyone I ever met, but when you can hear her she manages with most unhappy regularity nearly utterly to destroy the sublime significance of the glorious lines. It is nearly heart-breaking to be obliged to write of a clever lady in this strain, but truth compels one to say that Mr. Miln's choice of his Cleopatra was an aggravated blunder, totally unjustified by the circumstance of their being in private life man and wife.

It is sad, too, to have to add that swift punishment has overtaken the offender, for Mr. Miln is temporarily ruined by forgetting that friendship and business may meet on the river but can rarely row in the same boat. Curiously enough one finds that Mrs. Miln is not the only square peg who has been wobbling about most unhappily in a round hole. On reference to *Truth* of October 3 I find the following:—"Sothern and Wyndham, the best comedians of their time, sighed and dallied with romance. They would make love or nothing—they made nothing of their love. Henry Irving, the best eccentric and character actor of his period, sighs to be a Romeo or a troubadour. Beerbohm-Tree, unrivalled as a representative of modern character, an actor of acute perception and delicate finish, toys, like his contemporary, Coquelin, with romance for which he is unsuited, and tragedy denied him by nature; and during the intervals of his incessant toil dreams of Lear, coquets with Iago, and dallies with King John. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* But who will tell these finished cobblers that they make excellent boots but sometimes knit very clumsy stockings? Another example strictly in point: The old potter in 'The Middleman' has a daughter, and from the daughter is required considerable tenderness and natural emotion. Scenes depend as much on the sympathy of the young girl as on the rugged affection of the old man. So they select for this part Miss Maude Millett, a charming and natural representative of light English comedy. This pretty young lady having shown us what she can do, and do well, in 'Sweet Lavender," is determined to show what she *cannot* do in 'The Middleman.' She is the ideal representative of 'sweet seventeen,' with a dash in it of coquetry and humor. At present she cannot apparently understand, and least of all portray, the mental agony of a deceived and ruined maiden. Round pegs in square holes! Now that the bright and clever Miss Annie Hughes has won fresh success in comedy she will be dying to play Juliet and Imogene. Already her charming little contemporary, Miss Rose Norreys, has sighed fitfully after the heroines of Shakespeare, and to the intense disappointment of her admirers at the Haymarket conceals her auburn hair under a black wig, or did on the first night of 'A Man's Shadow.'"

Passing now to unquestionably the best and most successful legitimate revival of the year—the Rignold "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney—it is with deep regret that I am only able to speak of this brilliant piece of work from hearsay, but on all sides, even from Mr. Rignold's personal detractors—and he, in common with other prominent men, is not without them—the universal comment is "magnificent," "splendid," "grand." Mr. Austin Brereton, I think it must be, in the *Sydney Morning Herald* criticism, after claiming his intimate acquaintance with all the great Shakespearian revivals of the last twelve or fifteen years—a claim that may be at once allowed—pronounces Rignold's "Julius Cæsar" superior

to the Irving and Calvert revivals and ahead even of the Saxe-Meinengers. This is such very high praise that one is inclined to fear that there may be the least possible touch of hysteria about it. One thing is certain that the public generally, and the dramatic profession in particular, cannot be too grateful to Mr. Rignold for the splendid and deservedly successful enterprise he has shown towards Julius Cæsar. Perhaps he will forgive me if I am bold enough to tell him in these pages the most universal reproach I hear against him: it is to the effect that he is not willing at all times to avail himself of such histrionic ability as may be obtainable when that ability advances to nearly an equality with his own fine efforts. He will know whether this shadow of reproach has any real substance. If it has let me urge him at *once* to cast it aside, to claim the place which may be justly his of the foremost of our *actor* managers, secure in the general judgment of his co-temporaries that his special position as an actor is wholly unassailable either here or in Europe in the present day.

Mr. Chas. Warner, an actor of assured English position, is an artist who deserves now some attention. Mr. Warner is a magnetic rather than a methodical actor. I cannot do better than quote myself on my old comrade —for we were brother actors in the same theatre years ago—so forgive me if I extract here some lines I wrote of him in 1888:— "Mr. Warner himself is a man of the strongest affectional instincts—of a nature that is almost childlike in its directness and simplicity. If for general purposes profound depth and strength of character are wanting, his acting gains by his self-absorption into the character he is interpreting. He is of the order of men who do well—everything they do effectively—that which their intellects seem to endorse. With the sun, air and life this actor lives, heedless of either so he can revel in their glories. A man's laugh often stands for the signature of the key in which his character is written. Charlie Warner's merry peal can no more be resisted than can a caress be spurned offered by some lovely cooing child. Nature has bountifully helped the Claude of to-day. The play of 'The Lady of Lyons' verging on the absurd in plot—almost as absurd as many things which take place in real life—is next to nothing to this actor. He does not know, does not realise this. With the same wonderful fervor and *clan* with which he rushes into Bertruccio he springs at Claude, and so flings the part, and with it the play, out and round the audience that they can for the most part no more get away from him than they could from an express train going at full speed. On his very first entrance one feels he is real. He is genuinely elated. His fervid belief in the fact that 'glory is priceless' is such that we forget the commodity is bitterly unsubstantial and wholly unrealisable." Mr. Warner's success in these colonies is signified by the addition of some £15,000 to his fortune.

Early this year Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove's new company of English Comedians came among us. Unfortunately the new combination was not wholly composed of actors and actresses. None the less was it a pleasure immediately to recognise the experienced value of an actor like Mr. J. H. Clyndes, the useful "heavy acting" and admirable delivery of Mr. Sass, and the perfectly genuine humor of Mr. Walton. Among the ladies Miss Cowper and Miss Williamson are quoted by the daily press as distinct acquisitions—may they not be something more? It is unfortunate that Mr. Garner, notwithstanding all the care he devoted to his selections, was unable to find what we call in the profession a leading man and woman, properly so-called, for Mr. Buckland, though a most promising artist, has not the *je ne sais quoi* necessary to enable him to lift a piece as a leading man should. Of the new arrivals, the star, Miss Janet Achurch, alone demands detailed discussion. This lady is a disciple of the best and truest methods of histrionism, and she brought with her to this country the first dramatic essay ever delivered on our local boards. Miss Achurch is in a measure identified with Ibsen, the Norwegian author of "A Doll's House," the essay in question and the event of Mr. Archer's careful translation, presented under Miss Achurch's direction at the Princess' is sufficiently noteworthy to compel some detail; fortunately I was privileged to assist at the *premierè*. I think in very many instances the play is of more importance than the acting in all good, or rather, perhaps, successful dramatic works. This is the case Dion Boucicault says a play should be so written and constructed that, should the leading lady be taken ill, her place can be filled by the call-boy's mother without complete detriment to the work. Stripped of exaggeration, Boucicault's meaning is evident enough. A strong and really good play can bear cruel handling in the interpretation and yet live. Other plays are held together solely by the brilliancy, strength, or eccentricity of the acting. I have no wish to slight a profound thinker, a poet, a "great didactic dramatist,"

a man who can see and feel and—rare gift—make others see and feel too, a man, who after twenty years experience as a theatrical manager, takes two years to write a play—and Ibsen is, and does, all these things—but I have sat in the stalls witnessing a performance, and the impression left on my mind as an audience, *soit* actor, *soit* manager, *soit* journalist, is Achurch-Ibsen.

Now if Miss Achurch conceived and invented the character she played in Melbourne a short time ago she is one of the rare actresses of the day. If it was imitation it was clever, but if it was a conception all I have to say is the mantle of Deseles has found shoulders that will wear it with all the grace and charm of the original owner. Like Deseles, Miss Achurch will be able to sketch for us on the stage varieties of women with so sure a hand none but the utterly unobservant will fail to recognise them. One could find some faults, of course; nothing is, unhappily, perfect in art, but I cannot condemn myself to so ungracious a task. I only allow myself to add that Mr. Fleming gave us a rare example of ripe, strong and experienced acting; so also did Mr. Vincent, but in a less degree. Miss Williamson I can't make up my mind about. Remains Mr. Charrington. This gentleman, evidently anixious and full of good intentions, will forgive me (someday) if I remind him that the road to—well, shortcomings, is paved with these unhappy "good intentions." His part, the husband, in the last act required acting of the highest order. As it was, Miss Achurch had to play the whole scene alone! I urge him as an old actor to wait and study yet awhile before he allows his courage and devotion to a noble art to discount the results.

"Captain Swift," by Haddon-Chambers, is interesting for two reasons; one for itself as a play; secondly, by reason of the fact that the author is an Australian. The play was a financial failure. Opinions were opposed as to the why and wherefore. A wise expert will seldom advance an opinion if he can help it, but it is scarcely honest where art is in question to allow a good work to die for the sake of a remark which may cause one person a passing tremor of annoyance. I think "Captain Swift" produced its minimum of effect here owing to Mr. Warner's method of depicting the principle character. I venture to question whether Mr. Warner's reading of the leading character was that intended by the author. I watched the performance with keen care and interest; it struck no responsive chord in my case. Nay, more, it caused a feeling of dissatisfaction, almost irritation, save in one act, the last. This may have been the play; yielding to no one in my admiration for most of my old acquaintance's method I feel he was wrong, and hope he may forgive me for saying so much in the interests of the art in general and Mr. Chambers in particular. Mr. Warner *acted* Captain Swift for the most part indifferently; he never seemed to *be* Captain Swift. This was an accident which may overtake any good artist and in no way lastingly dim the mirror of his reputation. Though it is impossible for *me* to treason my allegiance to Sir Charles Young's "Jim the Penman," it must be generally admitted that "Captain Swift," "Merivales," "Lovers," are grand plays which command attention by force of acting alone, requiring no sort of adventitious assistance. Nothing has served so distinctly to register Australian claims to distinction in the arena of contemporary histrionism so much as Mr. Chambers' clever play, and Australia should be proud of, and grateful to him.

With feelings of the utmost pleasure does one turn now to the most important combination in the Antipodes for the advancement of the art of histrionics—the Brough and Boucicault Company, which is now happily nearly exclusively used for dealing with comedy legitimate, modern, and farcical. It is also to be noted as a sign of the times, that whereas these gentlemen in the incipient stages of their management devoted themselves more particularly to burlesque and three-act farces, experimentalising only with comedy proper, so successful has the experiment been that the latter legitimate entertainment is gradually pushing his illegitimate brother off the Bijou-Criterion boards. Not only is this Comedy combination of Messrs. Brough and Boucicault a good one, but the sterling fact is that it would be exceedingly difficult anywhere to point to a better. Unquestionably the "big" firm do not possess at this moment the equivalent of a Titheradge, a Brough, a Boucicault, or an Anson. Singularly fortunate also are they with their recent acquisitions, a Mr. Lyndal having created something in the neighborhood of a *furore* as Evelyn in a well-nigh perfect setting of "Money" at the Sydney Criterion quite recently. It is a pleasant surprise to chronicle this circumstance, for years ago this gentleman's acting did not promise in the bud so fine a bloom. Again, Mrs. R. Brough has, under the able stage management of Mr. Boucicault, improved so much that her creation of the heroine in "The Silver Shield" took the Sydney critics

by storm. Miss Enson, it would appear, more than replaces Miss Gilmour, who has elected to play leading business in the life drama of matrimony. The backbone of this firm's success is Mr. Boucicault, who is the son of the best stage manager living, and who has greedily swallowed so much of his father's knowledge that the sometime pupil is now a creditable rival.

Very briefly only can one allude to Miss Kate Putnam, an actress of the third star state in America, and who caused general pleasure by her acting, though the colonial public unhesitatingly rejected the very wretched attempts at plays for which some United States literary hacks had been unconscionable enough to take her money. In a beautiful old French romance called "Fauchon," however, she was distinctly successful in spite of a generally inadequate rendition of the work. This lady's position in America is that of one of the lesser stars, who in her own district can earn considerable money. She is appreciative and imitative rather than creative.

Remains "Little Lord Fontleroy," a very graceful dramatic poem of Mrs. Hodson Burnett's which has filled the Princess' treasury for six weeks or more. This pretty poem is as sweet and fresh as the banks of the Yarra were at this season a hundred years ago. It gathers its success as a little one flowers, because it is fresh, pure and natural, and because the central characters, a loving child and irritable old man, placed in clever contrast by the authoress, are never acted by the company Mr. Edwards heads; they are photographed for us from nature.

It would be nearly impossible to resist, in an article of this kind, making something in the shape of an appeal to Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove to alter a vicious system they have adopted and which, if it offers them some temporary conveniences, must in the long run cost them dearly and seriously militate against the advancement of stage art in this country. These gentlemen, who command the respect and admiration of all connected with the drama here, have practically created and nursed their very rivals. They *had* a splendid comedy company. In spite of Mr. Garner's experience as the very pioneer of true modern comedy on this continent, ignoring the fact that there has always been money in good comedy here, the firm having built up with infinite pains and trouble a good house, suffered the edifice to crumble to ruins under their very eyes. And why? Commanding a large body of actors—who should be either dramatic actors or comedy actors—these unfortunate artists are pitchforked about from drama to comedy in a way that must depricate the value of the individual at least one-half. Mr. Garner knows that a union of actors strengthens and improves every year—like good wine. Is not the old London Haymarket Company lesson enough? Are not the best Continental Companies *quasi*-permanent? Has not the *Comédie Française*—who rarely loses a member till death calls him for the rehearsal of a drama we must all die to assist at—been a conspicuous success for a hundred years? I do not apologise for appealing to these enterprising gentlemen to study their own interests and advance the Drama here by separating their enterprises. The beautiful Princess' in Melbourne is admirably suited for comedy and opera. Why not organise their comedy company there and play comedy half the-year and opera the other half? The Royal would then become the home of Drama and the Tom Tidler's ground for stars. Also all the managers here would do well to note that, bearing in mind the extraordinary value of London successes, a worse experiment than tapping foreign sources by the London system of experimental *matinées* might be tried—easy enough for any well-drilled company, provided always it was headed by a stage manager capable of dealing with new material.

ROUNDING UP A STRAGGLER.

(From the Painting by F. P. Mahony).

Purchased by the Trustees for the N. S. W. National Art Gallery.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

BY T. J. HEBBLEWHITE.

I.—LAND MONOPOLY AND ITS EFFECTS ON INDUSTRY.

IN the commercial columns of the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of December 21, 1887, the sale of the Chisholm Estate, George Street, formed the subject of considerable jubilation. In 1881 the estate was sold for £160,000. In 1882 it changed hands again at £250,000, an advance of £90,000. Five years later, in 1887, it realised over £300,000, an increase in six years of £140,000, or nearly one hundred per cent. The commercial editor waxed enthusiastic over the matter, and predicted a good many things which the fates have not yet seen fit to bring about. "Whether or no the boom will spread to suburban property is an open question. It might and it might not. Country property, orchards, vineyards and the like will undoubtedly profit, and with them general trade." So mused the entranced editor, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to encourage "general trade" by raising the price of its raw material. Telegrams reporting almost incredible advances in the value of real estate in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and elsewhere were about that time accorded prominent positions in the great morning journals, and the Americanism "boom" approvingly won its way very frequently into stately leading articles. One result of this booming process was an extraordinary increase of activity in syndicate circles. Hundreds of yards of irreproachable and highly optimistic English composition appeared in the form of prospectuses, and to be a member of a land syndicate was to have attained to the loftiest pinnacle of respectability.

In view of the contemplated visit of Mr. Henry George to these colonies for the purpose of expounding the philosophy of the single tax, the whole question of land and its tenure promises to become of absorbing interest; and it is my purpose, partly by way of preparing the ground for Mr. George, to enquire in a brief series of articles whether this editorial jubilation over land booms is not sorrowfully misplaced, and whether there is not some close and organic connection between land monopoly and those gigantic industrial evils which by common consent, and with a fearful significance, are summed up under the title of "The Riddle of the Sphinx." To make this avowal is, I am well aware, to draw upon me and my enquiry the profound suspicion of a certain highly respectable class of readers. Any man who, seeing the terrible evils around him, dares to doubt whether at the very root of our whole system of society, entwined about its deepest fibrils, there may not lurk some colossal and fundamental wrong, and whether these darkening evils we lament and deplore may not be its natural and inevitable developments, is certain to arouse a cold distrust. But there are others, I trust, to whom the seeming perpetuity of pauperism, with its fringe of crime and immorality, is tormenting—in whom all the hopes are not dead of a world whose civilisation shall embrace all and be equally precious to all, and in whom some scant vestiges of the splendor which at times haunts every true man still faintly glow as prophetic signs and symbols of what may be, sometime, somewhere—there are these, I trust, who will give me patient hearing.

There is, unfortunately for the calm study of the overshadowing labor problem, a deeply-rooted conviction in the minds of

working men that capital is largely responsible for their troubles; that capital and labor are naturally antagonistic to each other; that the proper way to regard capital is to regard it as an hereditary foe: that it must be coerced and bullied by trades unionism; and, most fallacious of all, that combination on a sufficiently extensive scale will solve all difficulties. So long as this bellicose and supersanguine disposition reigns predominant there is slight hope of human redemption. If the labor problem have not somewhere a peaceful solution which will harmonise its conflicting interests and enable our civilisation to rest on a broad firm basis, then in very truth Carlyle was right when he christened political economy "the dismal science." Let us try by a little honest delving, and a rigid avoidance of those cloudy generalities which abound in such profusion to-day, to get some definite idea of the essential nature of this universal problem.

No sensible man needs to be told that all wealth comes from the land. No matter how intricate and complex the processes of industry, everyone recognises that basic truth of life; only, however, to lose sight of its vital importance in most cases immediately afterwards. Yet to attain to anything like a clear intelligent conception of what is involved in the land question we must keep the central fact before us at every stage of our investigation, and view every change in the conditions of life and every varying phase of industry in relation to it. Every industry, of all the multiplying thousands that exist in the world to-day, can be resolved on analysis into one of two classes. It either consists in drawing the raw materials of wealth from the soil, or in manipulating and working up these raw elements into various forms of wealth, including the indispensable task of distributing them. Under one or other of these categories—the primary and subsidiary industries—everyone engaged in facilitating in any way the production and distribution of wealth must necessarily fall; and all wealth being in its last analysis the result of the application of labor to natural opportunities it follows as a matter of course that whatever occupation a man may follow in legitimate enterprise—whether as a farmer or miner directly face to face with nature, or as a weaver three storeys high in a giant city factory, or as a draper's assistant behind the counter, or as a clerk in an accountant's office—he is in very reality applying his energies to the land for the production of those things necessary to his existence or ministrant to his aspirations. Reducing all industry in this manner to its elementary principles it becomes obvious that not only are some modes of production and some sections of producers closely related to and vitally interested in the land question, but that all modes of production and all classes of producers and distributors are so related and so interested. Thus we are led to conclude at the very outset of our enquiry that the labor question cannot intelligibly be understood apart from the question of the land. It is clear also that at some points at least the two questions merge into each other and become identical and inseparable.

The loose and inaccurate terminology imported into politico-economic study by commercial men is responsible for several most serious misconceptions. In ordinary life no distinction whatever is drawn between the sale of £1,000 worth of wheat, for instance, and the sale of economic rent of the capitalised value of £1,000. Both transactions are held to be identical in kind—land and capital being uniformly confounded. But a moment's consideration ought to be sufficient to disabuse the mind of this gross fallacy. If A buys twenty pounds worth of wheat from B, and B, with the proceeds of the sale, purchases forty sheep, then the exchange is completed, and so much wheat has been bartered for so many sheep. But the sale of economic rent is of an essentially different character. It is intrinsically the sale of a special privilege—the legal right to exact from the wealth-producers of the country a certain proportion of their produce without giving back to them anything whatever as an equivalent. A sells to B the power to tax C and the rest of the alphabet and appropriate the proceeds of such taxation to his own purposes. Wherein this differs, except in degree and the mode of application, from chattel slavery, I candidly confess I am unable to determine. The dominant feature of slavery is obviously the compulsory appropriation by some men of the product of other men's labor, without the giving in return of any adequate compensation. As an illustration, take the familiar case of those blocks of land in Collins Street West or George Street whose extravagant values are hailed as evidences of material progress connoting actual or contingent prosperity of the most golden character. Stripped of all romantic glamor, and having regard to the whole community in contradistinction to the individual owner, what is the predominant economic lesson they teach, and what is the vital connection between them and the seemingly-distinct labor question? These values are the result of progress, but how does the reflex action

affect progress? For greater clearness imagine them to be vacant and unimproved, and precisely similar in all respects, save marketable value, to what they were when the great circumnavigator set foot on Australian soil a century ago. Sixty feet frontage at the reasonable price, as contemporary speculation goes, of £1,700 per foot gives a total capital value of £102,000. The real meaning underlying the present system of absolute private proprietorship of land is that before capital and labor, which, conjointly with the necessities of the community, have created that value, are permitted access to that land for the purpose of putting its peculiar advantages to use in the production of wealth there must be handed over to some individual, who morally has no greater claim to it than the poorest toiler in the community, a capital sum equivalent to the continuous and entire earnings of one hundred strong navvies, for a period of nearly ten years, six days a-week, year-in and year-out, at the Victorian regulation rate of seven shillings a-day! When we consider what an insignificant fraction of the aggregated land values of the colony this one allotment represents, and remember that what obtains in this case is a facsimile of what obtains in all, we suddenly gain a dim and startling apprehension of the terrific power which the system of land monopoly exercises in even this young and most sparsely populated empire. This power is in the nature of a monopoly pure and simple. No other monopoly that we can conceive, save that of chattel slavery, can compare with it in its absoluteness. In return for the £102,000 furnished as a tribute by capital and labor no equivalent whatever is given. It is as emphatically and unequivocally an extortion as would be a fine levied on the community to that extent, collected by the police, and handed over intact to the landowner. In fact, disguise it as we may, economic rent, when appropriated by individuals, is nothing more than a continuous fine that grows with growth of population, keeps pace with progress, dogs the heels of enterprise, and levies arbitrary tribute from every man who produces wealth in any form.

As a community increases in population, as new wants enhance the demand for land, as railways facilitate exchange and thus increase human productiveness, and as more and more of the syndicate element comprehends the advantages which accrue to it through an artificial reduction of the quantity of land and an artificial depression of the margin of cultivation, economic rent progresses in a more accelerated ratio. What the inevitable effect of this is upon the distribution of wealth can be most strikingly illustrated in algebraic form, as is done by Henry George in *Progress and Poverty*. As all wealth is divided between *Rent*, which represents the share appropriated by the landlord as payment for the use of natural opportunities; *Interest*, which constitutes the return for the use of capital; and *Wages*, which constitutes the reward for human exertion, we may put it in a strictly correct and scientific form as follows:

$$Produce = Rent + Wages + Interest.$$

Rent being a first charge, by transposition we get:

$$Produce - Rent = Wages + Interest.$$

Thus we find that wages and interest are not determined by the produce of labor and capital; that whether they shall be relatively high or low ultimately depends upon rent; that the law of wages, when labor only is involved, or the law of wages and interest taken together, when labor is assisted by capital, is the corollary of the law of rent, and that the root of the great labor question is in the greater question of the land. It is furthermore apparent from the equation that if the value of land increases *pari passu* with the production of wealth, no matter how vast may be that production wages and interest will not increase. Relatively to production they will heavily decline. The greater production of wealth merely enriches the landowners. If rent increases in a more rapid ratio than the productive power—a development which may be brought about by a wild, speculative mania—then wages and interest will fall, both relatively and actually. If, in the third case, the production of wealth keeps ahead of the increase in land values, wages and interest will rise. The latter contingency has been illustrated during the past year in England, while the reverse has had a remarkable exemplification in the States, where legitimate interest has been notoriously on the down-grade, and the average rate of wages has steadily declined to the extent of from fifteen to twenty per cent. The Government Statistician of New South Wales, whose figures I shall subsequently have occasion to refer to, demonstrates, possibly without intending it, that the tendency of land values in this colony is to outstrip production. According to the foregoing, this tendency should become apparent in a sympathetic tendency towards the minimum on the part of both interest and wages. Do the facts bear out the inference? As a palpable matter of fact interest is lower in all productive enterprises than ever it was.

Wherever it approximates to the higher levels of former years it is attributable to some form of monopoly, or is owing to the existence of greater hazards and therefore largely supplemented and swollen by rates of insurance against such risk. These supplementary rates are spurious interest. Where risks are nominal, and no monopoly is involved, interest is lower perhaps than it ever touched before. With regard to wages, the downward tendency, both here and in Victoria, is unquestionable. This is in perfect harmony with economic laws; and all the rantings of demagogic orators, all the combinations of Trades and Labor Councils, and all the tariffs under heaven would not long delay it. Trades unionism may interpose for a time and retard the operation of the law; but the result, from the necessities of the case, can only be very partial. The force of trades unionism is, after all, an artificial one, and subject to all the limitations and characterised by all the imperfections inseparable from the artificial. It is met on all sides by general tendencies, and the difficulties confronting it multiply in geometrical ratio as it widens its scope, and the points to be defended or attacked increase in number. The dream of many ardent reformers is to see realised a grand federation of labor, electrical in sympathy and world wide in extent, when hand shall reach out to hand across the seas, and unity of interest bind nation to nation and continent to continent in the bond of universal brotherhood. The dream is a noble one, but the difficulties both of principle and administration involved in such a homogenous federation, even when limited to one country, are so stupendous, and so liable to multiply in number and vary in character from day to day, that the completer ideal must, it is too apparent, be relegated to far-off, wiser years The realisation, too, of that ideal presupposes the existence of the very conditions for the establishment of which the universal compact is to be made If I understand it aright, trades unionism makes no pretence of being able to effect any fundamental change in the conditions which render combination necessary; and thus, accepting the existing conditions of life and industrial competition in all their faultiness, it must come eventually to be ruled by them. The real struggle is not between labor and capital, otherwise combination might be effective; but between labor and monopoly, against which combination is practically as powerless as a compact against hunger and thirst. Ultimately the pressure, accentuated by the labor outside the unions and the influx of other labor into the country, a pressure which is exerted most ponderously where industry is most sensitive and susceptible to collapse, will overcome all resistance, and wages will fall suddenly. This is most frequently illustrated in the result of an unsuccessful strike, America as usual supplying the most notable examples. The crushing defeats which the Knights of Labor have quite recently sustained are full of warning against the futility of expecting the labor unions to solve the labor problem.

Examples of the ease and rapidity with which the law of rent adapts itself to changing conditions of life and industry, how it operates with unfailing precision and reveals itself through all the disguises and complexities of modern industrial processes, have been abundantly furnished during late years in England. These examples are the more remarkable in an educational sense because although they seem to controvert the position of Henry George they are, in fact, the strongest possible verifications of it. Various causes, chiefly economic, have combined to render it more profitable for England to obtain her food supplies through exchange. Much land has passed out of cultivation, and the rural population has been driven into the cities and manufacturing centres. The economic modifications induced by such a shifting of population and transference of energy from one department of industry to another have been too marked to escape the notice of even a careless and perfunctory observer. The cities which have received such sudden accessions to their population have been characterised by sudden and phenomenal increases in the value of ground rents. At the time when the British Parliamentary Committee appointed to enquire into the policy of converting leaseholds into freeholds was sitting, evidence of an indubitable nature was tendered showing how marked this increase had been. One instance must suffice. A tradesman in Piccadilly took up a twenty-one years' lease in 1867, the premium being £500 and the rent £150 per annum. In 1887 application was made for a renewal, but in the interim the pressure of population had been so intensified, and the demand for access to the soil so enhanced, that the landlord, one of the ducal ornaments of the peerage, demanded a premium of £1400 and increased the annual rental to £500. The landlord had not expended a farthing upon the property during the twenty years in question. As far as the landlord was concerned, therefore, the improvements might be held to have deteriorated considerably,

making the percentage increase in the value of the land much greater than the mere figures indicate. Escott, in his interesting work, *England: Its People, Polity and Pursuits*, bears testimony to the invariable law that land values accompany population. Speaking of the rise of fashionable sea-side resorts he says: "These new watering places have often restored the fortunes of impoverished proprietors of neighboring estates, or increased to fabulous amounts the incomes of astute landed gentry." The same writer, summing up a series of reflections on British progress, writes: "What threatens to wrest the reins from her hands is not so much foreign competition or the want of reciprocity as the practice of adulteration and the high price of English labor as compared with foreign. Our workpeople must either submit to further reductions in their wages, or to longer hours of work, or to a further expenditure of effort which will ensure a better quality of work during the present hours." Precisely so; another variation of the fundamental but ignored truth that Produce *minus* Rent *equals* Wages *plus* Interest, and that when rent increases more rapidly than productive power wages and interest must of absolute necessity fall. Through all the weary depression the wealth of England increased from two to three times faster than population. Mr. Giffen's latest calculations (made prior to the revival of trade) lead him to the conclusion that the population of Great Britian is increas ing at the rate of 1·3 per cent. annually, and that wealth is increasing at the rate of 3 per cent. in the same period. In the light of facts like these the need for a re-adjustment of distributive laws stands out in bold relief; and directly we begin to survey the situation the underlying question of the land comes suddenly into the field of vision.

This extensive shifting of land values from the provinces to the cities and manufacturing centres is but one phase of the question. A closer investigation brings new and comparatively unexpected facts to light which have a more definite bearing upon the problem, and effectually identify at root the labor and land questions. This identification explains why combinations of workmen fail to accomplish more than a tithe of what is expected of them; why the advantages of education, whether literary or technical, grow fainter and disappear as such education changes from a sporadic to a universal accomplishment; why tariffs and open ports are but different pathways leading to the same ultimate goal; why inventions fail both to shorten the hours of toil and increase wages, and why the natural tendency of wages under all systems of government and all forms of fiscal policy is fluctuatingly towards the minimum. Rent not only accompanies population but follows every process of industry up to its beginning, and enforces such tribute as the intensifying competition of capitalist with capitalist and laborer with laborer can afford to furnish. Within the last thirty years the area of land under wheat in Great Britain has been reduced by over one million five hundred thousand acres, representing a diminished supply of cereals varying from forty million to fifty million bushels annually. This shortage is made up by importations from Russia, America and elsewhere, stimulating various branches of manufacture, chiefly those connected with the iron and textile fabric industries, in order to supply the necessary articles of export to pay for them. The enormously-enhanced demand for the raw material of production—the iron and coal which are the basis of England's commercial supremacy—has been attended by a corresponding increase in that particular form of economic rent known colloquially as "royalties." These, on the iron ore and coal for one ton of pig iron, ranged not long ago from 3s. 3d. at Cleveland and in Cumberland to 6s. 6d. in Scotland. For one ton of steel the private royalties reached the almost incredible sum of 9s. 6d. One company paid in royalties to the three Dukes of Buccleugh, Muncaster and Devonshire the princely sum of £126,000 in twelve months, being just double the amount paid in wages to all its servants during the same time. At the present time, owing to the concentration of British capital and labor in manufacturing pursuits and the consequent necessity for coal and iron in immense quantities, royalties have reached such an altitude as to aggregate an amount equal to between one-third and one-half of the total national revenues. Calculations recently made, and which are to-day probably under rather than over the mark, fix the aggregate royalties at between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000 annually. The cleverly-manipulated statistics which are repeatedly presented as an all-sufficient refutation of Henry George, and which mainly consist of comparative compilations of agricultural rents, are palpably misleading in their disingenuousness and incompleteness. The increased land values following the shifting population through all its migrations, added to the mineral royalties which measure the change from a semi-agricultural to an almost exclusively manufacturing nation, expose effectually the shallow casuistry of all such mutilated arguments. Given a country whose raw

elements are all monopolised, and no matter how titanic may be its productive capacity, or how extensive the adaptation of scientific discovery to industry, or how exquisite the subdivision of labor, or how submissive the unions, or how wide-spread and intense the application to technical education, *the ability of the community to pay rent will in the end determine what proportion of the total produce shall be paid as rent*—an epitome of the new political economy which is as demonstrable as it is unambiguous.

It may not be altogether void of interest to those who have sympathetically followed the recent voluminous correspondence in the daily press on the subject of establishing the iron industry in our midst, to know that a short time ago the royalty obstacle very abruptly brought a series of promising negotiations on this topic in New South Wales to a close. A practical man warmly interested in the industry, was prosecuting enquiries on behalf of himself and others with the view of turning a large and rich deposit of ore to account, when the landlord, having presumably created the ore and thereby acquired the right to dispose of it or not as he pleased, stepped in. He had the moral courage—I prefer, under the circumstances to term it impudence—to stipulate that the proposed Company should pay him, as a tribute for being allowed to produce wealth, a royalty of half-a-crown for every ton of iron ore dug out of his property. The negotiations, which up to that stage had, I believe, progressed very satisfactorily, collapsed at once, the enterprising company *in posse* recognising very clearly that to "haggle" with such a sublime audacity was as much out of place as to haggle with Worth over a wedding trousseau. At the same time half-a-crown a ton on raw, untreated ore was out of the question, and the practical man, with a few pardonable expletives to give weightier emphasis to his disgust, marched off the property. Without knowing anything whatever of this landlord I am prepared to assert that he holds decisive views on Protection, and can furnish fifty good reasons why a substantial duty should be imposed on all imported iron products, with a fifty-first of a particularly private nature "not necessarily for publication," but very convincing withal.

There is another phase of the question which is of most absorbing interest, with which, however, for lack of space, I cannot do more than deal parenthetically. Mr. Pulsford, and a host of other hybrid free-traders—men who thoroughly and conscientiously believe in freeing commerce from all harassing and enfeebling restrictions, but who cannot, or will not, see that logically they must unfetter that which is of incalculably greater moment than exchange, viz., production—are wont to roll out in full-mouthed periods the statistics which tell of Britain's gigantic, expansive trade. The figures are wonderful, and the substantial facts they forthshadow can neither be gainsaid nor explained away. Protectionists have railed against them, but they stand unshaken. Fair-traders—those Protectionists of motley complexion—have rushed upon them like the Pacific waves in storm against a jutting headland, only to be themselves shattered and flung back. Confronted with the towering facts Protection collapses like a punctured balloon; and, as regards the rival fiscal policies, Messrs. Pulsford, McMillan, and Reid are entrenched behind invulnerable ramparts. But the fiscal policy is only a secondary matter. It leaves untouched the deeply-hidden springs which underlie and control the titanic machinery of Britain's magnificent industrial power. Of late years the rapid march of progress has considerably slowed down in a relative sense. England's supremacy is still undisputed and located beyond reach of challenge; but competition is everywhere closing in and strengthening. This, too, at a time when it is supremely essential that her trade shall maintain its astonishingly elastic and expansive character. Notwithstanding the present "boom" it is seen by the thoughtful that the time is already looming in gloomily-huge and indistinct outlines on the horizon when England's economic position will have to undergo most searching scrutiny. From all sides evidence is converging towards the fact that the disproportionate growth of economic rent, absorbing more and more of the total wealth produced, and hampering to extents which cannot be more than dimly estimated the free development of industry, will compel by sheer, irresistible pressure a competition of a more acute and merciless nature than has ever yet characterised British industry. The diminishing proportion which wages bear to the total produce reduces more and more the relative effective demand for commodities in the home market. Industry is driven more than ever to seek markets elsewhere over the seas. In these trans-oceanic markets, once monopolised or largely overshadowed by England, other stalwart competitors have already made good their footing. Germany is keenly vigilant and recognises fully the benefits attendant upon an extension of the sphere of her commercial relations. Every year will find England confronted with greater difficulties in finding fresh outlets for her increasing manufactures and greater difficul-

ties in upholding her supremacy where hitherto her mastery has not seriously been questioned. Her own workmen not being able to purchase more than a fraction of the wealth they are producing in vaster and still vaster volumes, there must, in the face of such conditions as these, come an anxious time, when, baffled abroad and congested at home, her whole economic position will force itself irresistibly into the blazing focus of enquiry and criticism. Given a trade which progresses by giant leaps and bounds, and production might for many years to come, as it did for the thirty years succeeding the overthrow of Protection, keep ahead of the increase in land values; but with a relatively contracting market at home and a foreign trade that is losing much of its elasticity the gravity of the situation can hardly be over-estimated.

I am well aware of the common fault of attempting to prove too much; and yet a true law has no exceptions, the familiar proverb notwithstanding. A curious enquirer might, I am confident, trace the origin of one-half the petty wars in which England has been engaged during recent years up through commercial and bond-holding channels to the steady persistent downward pressure exercised on industry by land monopoly and the consequent necessity which has arisen for a lateral extension of trade. There have been struggles to win a fresh field; to avert a commercial defeat; to cow a too-independent savage potentate; to gain a Manchester-warehouse suzerainty over newly-opened lands. Many of the most disastrous and far-reaching effects of land monopoly are so subtly disguised as to mock all but the keenest and most dogged scrutiny. The disturbing currents work far below the broken surface of things, and appear, when at length they rise within common view, as something only remotely connected with land and its tenure. Evils whose genesis lies wholly within the plane of land monopoly are blindly attributed to over-production or over-population, to lack of thrift or, haply, excess of it, to the drinking habits of the people or to wages being unreasonably high. It must be evident to any one who recognises what are the primary propulsive forces driving England into foreign complications in an endeavor to find additional markets for her surplus wares that any further reduction of the wages of her workers (using the word wages in its proper sense as a proportion of the total produce), signifying a corresponding contraction of the effective demand at home, would neutralise, wholly or in part, whatever advantages such new foreign markets could offer. If the purchasing power of a people were to rise automatically with every advance in productive power, as it would necessarily do were economic rent absorbed by the community in taxation, that nation could view with unruffled equanimity any fluctuations in its foreign trade, since its industrial prosperity would be based, not upon its external expansion, but upon its own self-contained sufficiency.

What is true of England in the foregoing respects is equally true of every other industrial nation. It is unnecessary to refer minutely to the experience of America; but so far as monopoly has developed it has given irrefragable proof of the truth of what I have in broad outlines attempted to depict. So long as the boundless West afforded an outlet to the labor of the East wages maintained high levels; wages were generous, not because of the tariff, as some of our peripatetic philosophers are evermore asserting, but because natural opportunities being still to some extent unappropriated labor could shift for itself. But the whole of the continent, or as much of it as is at this stage worth taking up, is in private hands, and the million-strong phalanx of the Knights of Labor, the most perfectly organised and potent aggregation of unions the world has ever seen, has gone down like skittles before the might of Jay Gould. Miners are now toiling desperately eleven hours a day in Pennsylvanian mines for 60 to 80 cents, and women are working the everlasting sewing machine in New York and Minneapolis garrets for pittances not one whit higher than those of the sweater's victims in the east end of London. When land monopoly is as firmly entrenched in the United States as in Europe, a consummation which will be reached before the close of the present century, it will be seen how shallow and delusive the syren promises of Protection are.

But our ground of quarrel is not merely that land monoply enables one class of men —and that, economically, composed of pure drones—to levy an increasing tribute upon the whole body of producers, and thus perpetuates in a most insidious form the principles of slavery in the heart of our ostensibly free civilisation; though, were there nothing else to condemn in it, that alone would be amply sufficient for men who aim at the establishment of justice and equity in our polity. Our quarrel lies in the startling but undeniable fact that land monopoly not only makes tributaries of the great majority for the aggrandisement of the few, but that it actually prevents to an extent incalculable the production of more wealth. Not only

does it lay predatious hands upon the stores of wealth already produced, but it binds the strong hands and benumbs the active brains and paralyses the energies of those who could, and would, if left unmanacled, have doubled or quadrupled the sum total of wealth available for distribution. Let me illustrate this, still taking my illustration from the mother-country, because there the central truth is less obscured than where the play of industrial forces is interfered with by devastating droughts, as in the colonies, or by military and diplomatic troubles, as on the continent. What reason is there why England should become more and more dependent upon foreign countries for her food supplies? The conventional reply is, of course, as I mentioned some pages back, that it is more profitable to obtain such supplies by exchange; but that is only half a reply and wholly unsatisfactory. *Why* is it more profitable? Is it because the soil of England will not produce as much on a given area and in response to a given amount of labor as the soil of Dakota? The average yield is fully double, and the cost of labor is certainly no more, probably much less. Is it because the American grower is favored in the matter of location? He has to convey his produce one thousand miles by railway, and three thousand miles by sea, and pay the cost of half-a-dozen handlings, before he can come upon the scene of competition at all. Clearly the glib answer that it is more profitable to import than to produce needs some explanation. The spectacle of fruitful fields untilled within rifle-shot of a market where the normal demand is always heavily in excess of the local supply is calculated to arouse more enquiry than will be appeased with such a mechanical response. The determining factor is obviously rent, for the remaining conditions—fertility of soil, cheapness of labor, and propinquity of market—are in favor of the home agriculturist; and the fact is that not only have about a million producers, representing at least three million souls, been driven within the last decade out of the provinces into the cities and mining centres, strongly aggravating the labor problem and intensifying the struggle for existence there, *but the production of wealth has been forcibly kept far below what otherwise it would have been*, through the non-utilisation of these natural opportunities. The same remarks apply with equal force and appositeness to the mining royalties. What the expansion would have been in those industries directly or indirectly con-
ted with mining, had it not been for the
ıendous embargo of the private royalties, it is quite impossible to compute. The sum total, however, of the legalised plunder would, I am fully convinced, be insignificant compared with the grand total of wealth which, but for that iniquitous system, would have come into existence. Our droughts give us a case which in some respects is analogous to this. There is a positive loss on the pastoral runs which can be reckoned up and tabulated, and which tends to distribute itself along the whole network of industry; but there is a negative loss—the loss of lambs which the dead ewes would have borne, the calves which perished by the hundred thousand in embryo, the non-existent wool which the drought prevented from coming into being, the loss not only of seed, but of the expected harvest—which can only be dimly estimated. Over droughts and floods we can exercise no control, and, at best, can only hope to reduce their power for mischief; but land monopoly is the outcome of inequitable municipal law, and can be abolished utterly with all the evils which are directly and necessarily the results of it. Human nature has never yet had full and free opportunity for showing what it is really capable of. We purpose giving it that opportunity, not by performing any wonderful feat of economic legerdemain, but simply by removing unnatural obstructions and wrenching off enfettering gyves.

I purpose in a second article showing how land monopoly is the primary cause in bringing about periodical commercial crises with their concomitants of bankruptcy and want, and subsequently to trace some of its more pernicious effects on settlement and governmental expenditure. This will be found to be a further indictment of the whole system as affecting labor and capital rightly defined. The upheaval of Protection, that worn-out fallacy and device which the late R. A. Proctor said was only fit for nations just emerging from barbarism, should show our accredited leaders the urgent necessity that exists, if a policy of national and social retrogression is to be averted, for a thorough, honest and unshrinking reconsideration of the whole basis of society, if haply some permanent remedy for the unquestionable evils that afflict us may be discovered. The process of terribly destructive criticism has already begun in three continents; curious probing queries are being propounded having reference to the very fundamentals of political economy; on many that sat in darkness and despair a great light hath shined, and a sublime hope is tinging the low horizon of human life and industry with prismatic hues of splendor.

DROSDTY STREET, STELLENBOSCH.

AN OLD WORLD PEOPLE; OR DUTCH REMAINS AT THE CAPE.

BY W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

IN the desert expanse of South Africa there is a tiny peninsula of great fertility and matchless beauty. It stretches for some thirty miles parallel to the coast line of the south-western corner of the continent, to which it is joined by an isthmus one-half its length, forming with its projecting extremities two bays—Table Bay to the north, False Bay to the south. Down its centre, like a backbone, runs the Table range, culminating northward in the mighty table of stone, which, flanked by two rounded eminences, dominates the modern Capetown, and gives its name to the bay. In a coast void of harbors the enterprising seamen who rounded the Cape, from the days of the Portuguese Diaz onwards, not unnaturally made this spot their place of call, and it was on the shores of Table Bay that the Dutch East India Company made their settlement in 1652. An abortive attempt had, indeed, been previously made to annex the place to His Brittanic Majesty's dominions by two sea-captains as early as 1620, but the step was not approved by James. Intended to supply corn and vegetables to the Company's ships the settlement was confined to a small fort on the shores of the bay, and some gardens on the slopes of the mountain. Subsequently, when the community had expanded and a class euphemistically called "*Free* Burghers" was created, "colonies" of these burghers were planted on the banks of the Liesbeek, a small stream watering the eastern and inland side of the Table Range, and afterwards on the mainland. These settlements were reinforced in 1685-90 by an influx of French Protestants who had fled to Holland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and been allowed by the States General to proceed to the Cape where lands were given them chiefly in the Berg river valley, but also in the districts of Stellenbosch and Constantia. Rigorous ordinances forbidding the teaching of French to their children produced an entire absorbtion of the strangers by the original Dutch settlers, so that although one-half of the early settlers were Huguenots, the community thus created was to all appearance entirely Dutch. So tyrannical was the company's government that in 1779 no works except the Bible and Hymn-books were known, and in a petition of this date the colonists pray the Home authorities to send them copies of the ordinances governing the colony. Such was the system—politically tyrannical, commercially monopolist—which prevailed during the long period of Dutch

rule 1652-1806. Nor was there after the English occupation any influx of imigrants until the famous Albany settlement of 1820, when some four thousand Englishmen were settled in the Eastern Province. Gradually, however, in the second and third quarters of the century English Government brought with it English capital and enterprise, culminating in the great in-rush to the diamond fields in 1870. But these British influences were confined to the few large towns and passed harmlessly over the heads of the country folk; and it is not strange that a people thus peculiarly isolated for so long a period should have preserved to an unusual extent an old-world civilisation and manners which are curious and interesting. The visitor on leaving Capetown (doubtless imagining that he has come to an English colony) is astonished to find himself in a foreign country. The buildings are not English, nor have they the cosmopolitan appearance of other Anglo-Saxon settlements over the seas. The language he hears is a strange tongue, for the whites and natives

alike speak a low Dutch dialect. If a colored man wishes him good morning it is in the Dutch "Goi moré Baas;" and if he is troubled with the presence of a dog he may shout English at the animal till he is hoarse, but once the quadruped is told to "get out" in the accustomed language—"Vooet sek," and he is gone. Naturally an unprogressive people the Dutch in South Africa have hitherto preserved with but little alteration the habits and dwellings of their remote forefathers. I say *hitherto,* for to-day two great levelling powers are at work—the railroad and the school, and even the superhuman stolidity of the Africander Dutchman must succumb to the completed railway system* and the perfect educational machinery of the colony. Already many of the old buildings are disappearing under the ruthless hand of improvement, and the daughters of up-country farmers educated in the Government schools are reading English novels, and send their wooers to the right-about if the wooing is conducted in the "Afrikanse taal" (Africander tongue.)

The Italian architecture which long dominated Europe (with the exception, perhaps, of England, where a humble sort of domestic Gothic survived) was naturally transported to the colonies by their European founders and adopted there for such buildings as had any pretensions to architectural design. The characteristic of this generic style was the revival of the Roman orders and their adaptation to buildings of every kind, domestic and public. Its inherent vice—the usurpation of Greek forms for uses lacking nobility and dignity—was intensified in the colonies, and its incongruity emphasised by the poverty of the materials supplied by a nascent and poor community. In America, I believe, there is a special style indicated by the term "colonial"—a depraved species of the genus Italian. In the Cape there are buildings of this sort, not built exclusively during the period of Dutch rule, which have as much right to be called Italian as other similar buildings in England or elsewhere. But besides these there is a mass of old farmsteads and of the better sort of residences, especially round Capetown and in the villages of the Western Province, which are plainly Dutch, although they are sometimes modified by the adoption of Italian decoration. Of the former class of buildings I shall content myself with describing one or two only, and then

*The railway to Kimberly was opened Xmas, 1884.

consider more at length the latter class which is the peculiar product of the time and country.

The antiquarian interest of Capetown centres in the quaint pile of buildings known as "The Castle," which is the official residence and headquarters of the General commanding H.M. forces in South Africa—a personage second only in importance to the Governor of the Cape. Built stage by stage from the original square fort which Commander Van Riebeck, the founder of the settlement, was ordered to build and name "Goede Hoop" (Good Hope), it is a record in stone of the political vicissitudes of the Cape. At first the Commander and his company had anything but a pleasant time. They were startled on landing to find that the natives spoke English—the language of their dreaded rivals. Any way four of the men ran away, and one of them, who was fortunately a scholar, kept a diary of this adventure which (no doubt quite unintentionally) is rather comic. It begins "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," and ends in an entry of September 30, 1652: "Notwithstanding" (two of the four men had fallen ill) "I went on until the afternoon of next day when Gerrit also was knocked up, and for me I could not make a dance of it alone, therefore resolved to return to the Fort in hopes of mercy and grace in God's name."* This mercy took the form, as appears from an entry of October 9 in the Commander's diary, of a flogging and subsequent keelhauling. The castle lies on the shores of the bay at the north end of the town. It is approached by a winding roadway passing through an entrance gate with stone gate posts surmounted with African lions. There are numerous cannon planted muzzle downwards in the ground, serving as posts and connected by chains. These cannon, of which there seems to be a perennial store, were taken when General Janssens handed over the castle to Sir D. Baird in 1806, and crop up at every street-corner in the town and everywhere, even to the Wynberg Racecourse, where one serves as the winning-post. The gateway which admits to the quadrangle is curiously ornamented with pilasters on either side, surmounted with mouldings supporting a pediment. Above the gateway is a two-storied octagonal tower. On the other side of the quadrangle opposite the tower is an old sun-dial, and as the stormy winds prevented any open clock from being used (an old chronicler tells us) two soldiers called Ronde-gangers were told off to mark the hours by means of the sun-dial and an hour-glass, "striking a bell weighing six hundredweight as many blows as should denote the hours." The buildings forming the quadrangle are low and irregular. In the General's quarters there are two porticos:

THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS.

one which leads to his office is, I think, the best "piece" of architecture in South Africa. It consists of four columns with two pilasters supporting an entablature consisting of a richly-moulded cornice and low parapet. The entrance door is approached by two flights of steps curving outwards and reaching the level of the bases of the pillars, between which there is a handsome piece of iron railing. The parapet is broken with short pilasters and the intervening spaces decorated with figures in relief. For a colony it is much to the credit of the castle that it has ghosts: very respectable and numerous they are too. It appears that it was the custom to bury "people of quality" around the place originally used for a church. Afterwards, when a church was built in the town and this building pulled down and the ground levelled, all the bodies which were found were re-

*_The Record_, p 15, by D. Moodie, Lieut. R.N., Capetown. A. S. Robertson, 1838.

moved, but apparently enough were left to ensure a good supply of old bones to this day. No wonder that the spirits of these ill-used people hover around the place. There is a legend connected with the dining-room, which is supported by the tangible reality of an old chair preserved in the Museum at Capetown. Governor Pieter Moodt, it is said, was entreated to spare a runaway whom he had condemned to death. He refused, and his victim is reported to have said at the moment of his execution: "Governor Moodt, I summon you to appear before Almighty God." The summons was obeyed, and later on in the day the *body* only of Pieter Moodt was found by the attendants, and the terrible circumstances of his death were perpetuated by the preservation of the chair in which he was found dead. Cases of desertion appear to have been frequent, and there are several underground chambers provided for these runaways and other malefactors, where they were kept with their feet in the stocks waiting for trial—a detention which the German chronicler quaintly remarks "often had an excellent effect, for they became through it so docile and mild that they confessed all that was in their hearts." The government of the company was an unmitigated tyranny, and the Governor of the day a tyrant who would have done credit to a nursery tale of the Bluebeard type. Whenever he went abroad all whom he met were expected to go by humbly with head uncovered and dismount if they were riding; and the ladies of his household, we are told, found amusement in looking out of the castle windows and marking down for vengeance any unfortunate who in passing forgot his reverence to the great unseen.

The town house is not so old as the castle; it stands in Green market-square, and is a two-storied building with stucco-front, copiously adorned with pilasters. It was built about 1760, and it was here that the Burgher Wacht (guard) used to sleep. It is the most regular of all the old buildings in the colony, and the decoration is very ornate. But perhaps the most interesting of the remains in Capetown is the tower of the Dutch church in Adderley Street. It is all that is left of the old church, which was rebuilt in 1837. The great erection which stands by it is a masterpiece of ugliness, but the old tower is a delightful bit of Dutch building, with a queer little gallery running round it outside. The interior of the new building is bald and grim, but the vast span of the roof is notable, and the carved mahogany pulpit a wonderful piece of emblematic design. Two huge lions support the preacher, and in front, from the desk, there hangs a great anchor, the emblem of the country. The pediment is crowned with obelisks—a peculiarity which it shares, I believe, with the Wesleyan chapel opposite the Union Society's rooms in Oxford.

TOWN HOUSE, CAPETOWN.

Another interesting building, of the Italian style, is the Drosdty house, or residence of the Landdrost, at Worcester, a town some sixty miles from Capetown. It was built as a country house by Lord Charles Somerset, one of the early English Governors who was sent by a kind monarch to repair his shattered fortunes by "fleecing the Hottentots," and allowed a princely revenue to accomplish the task. Doubtless it formed a convenient starting point in what was then a capital sporting district. The architect of the house—which was built in the style of the period—was a catholic whose remains are buried in the garden behind the house, because, as the inscription explains, the laws forbade a man of his religion to be buried in consecrated ground.

DUTCH CHURCH, CAPETOWN.

Before describing the country houses, which, as I said, are especially characteristic of the "old-world people," it will be well for me to say something of the people themselves. Although nearly one-half of so-called Dutch-Africanders are of French origin there is no trace of that careless gayness which is characteristic of French character and literature. They are totally and entirely Dutch in appearance and character, solemn, dull, and phlegmatic. In losing—as they were compelled to do by the policy of the Company—their native language they have lost all the vivacity and bright chivalry which breathes through that language and literature. Not only so, but the Calvanistic tendencies of the people encourage ultra-Puritan manners. In the Africander *dorp* or village a curious sacerdotalism prevails. The *Predikant* (pastor) has the actual power of casting out of the church any refractory spirits—and his word is law. Until quite recently all sports, such as cricket and football, were condemned, and, to this day, the rites of Terpsichore are rigorously excluded from the village society. The præternatural solemnity of the Cape boer is nowhere shown to such perfection as in the method he adopts to woo the object of his affections. He has probably seen the lady often (but never spoken to her) in church. He commences his courting by purchasing a bright, not to say gaudy, saddle-cloth with which he decks his Africander steed and sets off to visit the father and mother of his divinity. Directly the family catch sight of the new saddle-cloth they take in the situation, and the young man, if he is considered eligible, is conducted indoors, where he is eagerly questioned about the news of the *dorp*, and possibly his ladylove offers him with her own hands a cup of coffee—which he generally upsets. He says no word to her. After an hour of terrible embarrassment during which his future mother-in-law strictly questions him about his mother's *kinkhoest* (cold), and his sisters' various ailments, he says good-bye all round with trembling hands. This sort of thing is repeated for a month or two at frequent intervals without any nearer approach to the lady, and they probably meet and stare at each other at the *Katechisatie* (chatechising). As soon as this ordeal has been successfully passed by both of them, they meet by chance alone.

"Well, what do you think?" says he.

"What do you think?" replies the maiden quakerlike.

"I have got so many sheep; how many have you?"

If she replies to this sentimental question in a satisfactory manner the courtship is completed. The engagement is then announced and the banns published without delay. Of course this Spartan kind of wooing is not to the mind of the more advanced—the young ladies who have acquired a tincture of senti-

ment at school or from books (and their numbers are rapidly increasing): but it is marvellous how unprogressive the men are still. Soon after the railway was opened an up-country farmer got in at a station some fifteen miles from Capetown, where the line passes through some large sand-hills. There was an English gentleman in the carriage who has put the Dutchman's remarks on record.

He says the old fellow grasped the seat with both hands when the train began to move, and looked out constantly this side and that. He addressed him in Dutch and in English, but no answer was given. At last the train approached the sand-hills and pulled up at a station.

The old boer jumped up: "Ha, you blow now do you when you get to the thick sand?"

"Do you think the engine is alive?" said his companion.

"Why of course it is," he said, "and what a *stayer* it is!" He remembered that he had often had to breathe his cattle over those sand-hills.

The Dutch houses have pre-eminently the first (and most important) of Sir Thomas Wooton's three desiderata "commodity, firmness and delight;" a not unfrequent characteristic of a natural and therefore useful and perfect style of architecture. In a country with so admirable a climate as that of South Africa, plainly life must be lived as much as possible in the open air; hence the "stoep," a raised platform of brick or stone running outside the front of the house, and a heritage from ancient Holland, is an eminent feature of the Africander mansion. Sometimes it is merely a terrace, sometimes it is high enough to have rooms beneath it, and is reached by flights of steps on either side. Provided always with seats of stone or wood, it is here that the "baas" smokes his pipe with his family in the cool evenings. The typical "stoep" is a terrace about three feet high with seats at either end, exactly the same form as the wooden "stoep" outside the Van Rensselaer House at Greenbush, N.Y. Indeed it forms almost as important a feature in the houses of the Western cities of America as it does here. The early settlers were farmers needing numerous out-buildings for their produce, cattle and slaves, and these out-buildings, perhaps following the Spanish type which had been introduced into Holland during the Spanish supremacy, were built in the form of courtyards. There were generally two, one in front and one behind the house which formed one side of each. Leading up to the front door there was an avenue of oaks (it is astonishing how well the oak thrives in South Africa) while the court-yard behind was planted with rows of these trees for coolness sake. Circumstances decided other details —as the white-washed exterior and the satin-smooth, coal-black roof of thatch, due respectively to the heat and the difficulty in procuring tiles. And to the natural desire for coolness we may assign the thick walls, heavily-framed windows and the dark and well-shaded interiors generally. As these houses were built by slave labor they were built for the most part solidly and well. The doorways are often handsomely decorated, and the doors themselves are curious. They are made with a low barrier at the bottom and above short double doors like those of a cupboard, very thick and strong, and are generally surmounted with an oblong light with small square panes.

The Africander town is as formal as the house. The streets are laid out parallel to each other and intersect at right angles. Down each side there runs a small water-course, and whenever possible rows of trees are added, while in the middle of the town a square open space is left, round which are built the most important buildings. At present there is a real survival of the life of two centuries ago in these Dutch towns and villages, with many an old-world prejudice and quaint notion. In many of them, notably in Stellenbosch and the Paarl (villages in one of the chief wine-growing districts), there is a good deal of nonsense talked about "Africa for the Africanders." But I do not think any of these quiet country people will revolt: they love to *talk* sedition and sing the praises of the "Taal," as they call the low Dutch dialect prevalent among the Dutch people in South Africa, but *act*, no, they are too much like their fathers, whose proverb is "This is to-day, to-morrow is another thing." During the spring of 1885 the Cape people were much exercised about the chances of a war between England and Russia, and the possibility of a Russian attack on the Cape did a good deal to damp the Africander ardor for a United South Africa under its own flag, which had been raised by the Transvaal disasters. But the following story of an Eastern Province farmer shows how little these people know of anything outside their own country.

An Englishman and a Dutchman were looking at some fat cattle, of which the Englishman was the owner.

"Prices are very low," said the former. "I doubt whether farmers will sell."

"Ya," asserted the other, "but if the Russians go to war with England then prices will go up. They will come to Grahamstown to buy provisions for their men, and then we will get our own prices for cattle."

The Englishman saw his chance. "Quite right, Mynheer," he said. "Now is your chance to buy up cattle cheap. You'll make a hundred per cent. on these cattle if you sell them to the Russians. Man, you are a slim far-seeing *kerel!*"

Of course he got a better price for his cattle, but I fear the Dutchman has not yet realised his hundred per cent.

This *slimness* with which the crafty Englishman credited his friend is a characteristic quality of the South African townsmen, and contrasts curiously with the simplicity of the country folk. It is a doubtful quality rather below the "cuteness" of the Yankee in the moral scale, and is largely due to the diamond-fields, where the peculiar trade of illicit diamond buying forms an admirable training school for the professors of the national virtue. There is a story of an Africander gentleman who wished to get certain articles through the Custom-house at Capetown without paying duty, who certainly was a high graduate of the Kimberly school.

With a greasy tall hat and a carpet bag he walked in and remarked that he had just arrived from England by the mail. He further remarked that he didn't know if he had anything taxable, but they might look.

The carpet bag was carefully overhauled, and they said with a glance at his old hat,

"Got anything in your hat?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"My head."

"Take it off."

"What, my head?"

"No, your hat."

"Take it off yourself."

They did so and found nothing.

"You can go."

"Nothing to pay?"

"No."

"All that for nothing?"

"Go out; you are an impudent fellow, and we don't want to see you again."

"Very well, much obliged, ta-ta," and with a good-humored nod he passed through the double gates.

In an hour's time he was seen walking again from the steamer. This time he didn't stop.

"Hi, hi! What do you mean by walking through like that?"

"You told me not to come here again," indignantly.

Then ensued search number two, which was also unsuccessful. Once again a little later he walked into the office.

"What do you want?"

"To be searched."

"D— you! get out of this," said a gold-laced officer.

"Won't you take off my hat?" quietly suggested our friend.

"Get along; we have something better to do."

"You'd better be careful, young man."

"Very well, I asked you to take off my hat."

About half a mile down the road he was observed (not by the Custom-house officers) to take something from his hat and transfer it to the carpet bag, while a pleasant smile spread upon his face.

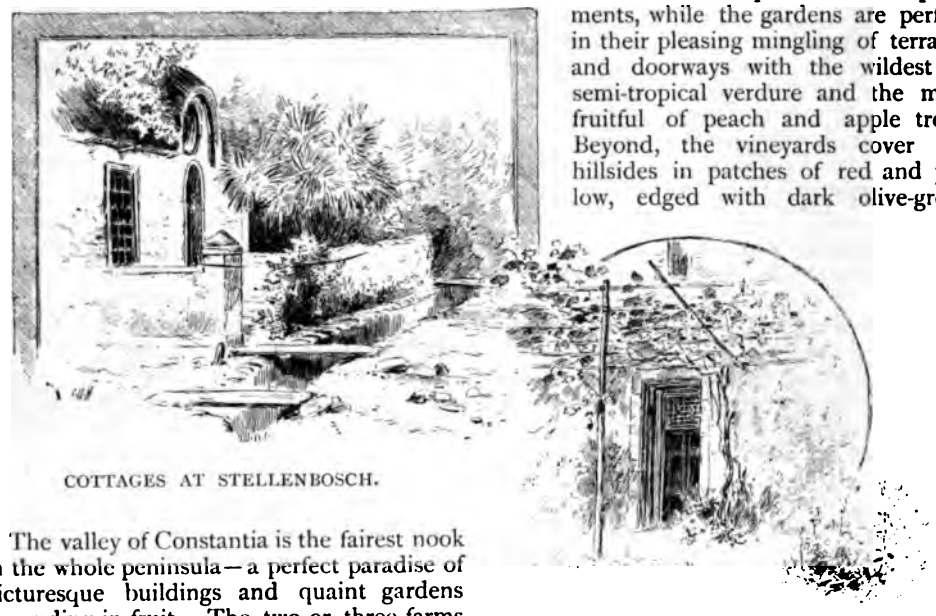
Many of the oldest houses in Capetown are built in what I call, for want of a better name, the Malay quarter, lying just under the Lion's Head, the western off-shoot of Table Mountain, and tenanted now chiefly by Malays imported long ago by the Dutch company. It was doubtless once the fashionable part of the town before all who could not migrate to the eastern suburbs had removed to the "Gardens," the highest and pleasantest part of the present town. The oldest houses, many of them very interesting in their curious Dutch aspect, are in this quarter. But "society" at the Cape has long ago deserted the town for one or other of the beautiful suburbs built on the eastern and cool side of the mountain. The violent south-eastern winds (called facetiously the "Cape doctor" by the inhabitants) very soon drove Van Riebeck to try a sheltered place at the back of the Devil's Peak for his gardens, and from a round grove of trees—Ronde Doorn Boshen—the place was called Rondebosch. It was the first, and is now the prettiest, of the suburbs spread down the valley, which is watered by the Liesbeek, a small stream dry in summer, on whose banks were planted the earliest "colonies" of Free Burghers, and all through it there are pleasant old mansions dotted here and there. Some of these houses in the peninsula—and others like them on the mainland—are the homes of people who are as charming as their houses are picturesque. For nearly a hundred years the Cape has been the haunt of a military society, for many Indian officers used to come here to recruit in the old days before the Suez Canal brought England close to India, and now that our South African

Empire has grown, there are generally two regiments doing garrison duty at Capetown. These houses, the residences of the Cape aristocracy, have always been much frequented by the English officers, and their owners have entirely assumed the language and manners of English society. Strangers from England are not a little surprised to meet women whose perfect dress and high-bred air contrasts strangely with previously conceived notions of colonial life. Indeed there is a very pleasant society round Capetown, which, in spite of its smallness, has a sort of metropolitan air about it, and indulges, inexpensively it is true, but satisfactorily, in most of the pleasures and follies of European towns. Since the days of responsible Government bringing "members" of various degrees of civilisation to the capital for the Parliamentary season, it has become somewhat incongruous, and the stateliness of the ceremonies of Government House have languished; but, doubtless, time will soon alter this, and it is impossible for a people with so perfect a climate to fail in the development of the social instincts.

About two miles from Rondebosch, right under the towering height of the mountain, and surrounded by splendid oak woods is the residence of the Bishop of Capetown—Bishopscourt. It remained in the possession of Dutch owners until it was taken by Sir Lowry Cole, under the name of Protea, for the country Government House. He added to it considerably, building the dining and drawing-rooms and the whole of the upper story. In 1851 it was bought for the See by Bishop Gray. It retains but few traces of its original owners except the well-shaded courtyard. At right angles to its front (really the back of the house) are outbuildings forming with it three sides of a court, the fourth side of which is partly supplied by trees Inside the courtyard run three rows of well-grown oaks, making it very cool in summer but a trifle damp in winter, especially as Bishopscourt has the heaviest rainfall in the Peninsula. The real front, with its high "stoep," looks out on a pleasant garden with the Devil's Peak in the distance. The house and "stoep" are well covered with creepers, and in the grounds is a pleasant little stream keeping the turf (rare luxury for South Africa) fresh and green. In all the suburban villages there is a *tout ensemble* of satin roofs and whitewashed walls, while quaint fronts, decorated with geometrical patterns, appear between the trees which line the great main road which runs to Simonstown. But the most perfect specimen of an old Dutch residence is some five miles beyond Wynberg, the last of the suburbs. It goes by the name of Tokay, and has lately been purchased by the Government for the uses of the Woods and Forest Department. Its high "stoep" is paved with squares of marble and from its

TOKAY.

parapet rise a row of columns on which rest some vine-covered trellis work. Down the centre runs a long hall with oak floor and ceiling. In the garden behind there are the remains of gateways and terraces and an old bell turret where the slave bell hung. It is just such a house as we can imagine to have been the scene of many an old-world ceremony. Among the Dutch remains the wine farms deserve especial mention. The chief wine-growing districts are Constantia in the Peninsula, Stellenbosch, with the Paarl, Drakenstein and Dorcester on the mainland.



COTTAGES AT STELLENBOSCH.

The valley of Constantia is the fairest nook in the whole peninsula—a perfect paradise of picturesque buildings and quaint gardens abounding in fruit. The two or three farms where the vines are grown are buried in trees on the southernmost slopes of the mountain, which is here covered with the foliage of the beautiful silvertree. The scenery, especially on Hout Bay Nek (anglice pass) is very much like some parts of North Wales, and here, and nowhere else, water-streams run down by the road sides. Both the Constantias—"Groot" and "High," as they are respectively called—are ancient. The former was built by Governor Simon Van der Stell towards the end of the sixteenth century, when he took to agriculture, like Cato and other worthies in his old age; the latter has been in the hands of the Van Reenans since 1660, and boasts of being the oldest wine-farm in the country. The houses here are among the most interesting at the Cape, with their curious geometrical devices on the white-washed exterior and innumerable tiny window panes. The humblest outbuildings are decorated with classical forms; wine-stores and sheds have moulded cornices, and doorways decorated with pilasters and pediments, while the gardens are perfect in their pleasing mingling of terraces and doorways with the wildest of semi-tropical verdure and the most fruitful of peach and apple trees. Beyond, the vineyards cover the hillsides in patches of red and yellow, edged with dark olive-green hedgerows. Formal, old-fashioned and solid the houses of Dutch South Africa seem to be most typical of the character of the Dutch-Africander; and as I passed, sketch-book in hand, among their quaint court-yards and by their ornamented fronts, I could not help feeling a strong desire that these relics of the past might somehow or other be spared in the forward march of civilisation and knowledge.

REPORTERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY FRED. H. BATHURST.

JOURNALISM in Australasia is marked by the characteristics of long hours and hard work. From the nature of things the demands made upon pressmen in Great Britain cannot be so excessive and the strain so continuous as in a new country. Newspapers of splendid enterprise exist in almost every county, and certainly in every city of the motherland. Large staffs of reporters are employed by them to collect news, and as such a multitude of subjects have to be dealt with reports have to be compressed into the smallest space. To ensure excellence reporters there are not required, unless under the most exceptional circumstances, to write more than a column per diem, or to attend more than two engagements each day. English working journalists thus escape much of the drudgery which befalls their fellows at the antipodes. Australian journalism, it cannot be denied, is essentially parochial. The leading newspapers are found to contain little else except matters of purely local interest. Sparseness of population and isolation all tend to this result. Unfortunately no change can come until what are at present small detached communities develop into an united nation, with a large population and great interests. Vestry matters will then be excluded from the columns of the principal journals to make way for subjects equal in importance to those which now fill the columns of the greatest newspapers of England. Reporters, when that happy time arrives, will perform duties analagous to those devolving upon their *confreres* of Great Britain Instead of mere ability to write shorthand rapidly they will have to show that they can also describe or condense. This is the ultimatum for which Australian newspaper men sigh—that they may exercise those higher mental qualifications which have now to be so largely subordinated to mere manual dexterity.

Before attempting to describe newspaper life in Australia a definition must be given of the term journalist. The meaning placed upon it in the colonies differs materially from that which attaches to it in Great Britain. There the general body of press men—editors, leader writers, contributors and reporters—are embraced within the scope of the term. Here, however, the parochial element obtrudes. The editor of the greatest newspaper in the colonies insists that journalists comprise only editors, leader writers and contributors. Reporters, therefore, are rough delf, while their associates just enumerated are fine china. How does this definition operate? By it Mr. D. A. McDonald, the author of that delightful book "Gum Boughs and Wattle Blossom," is excluded from the charmed circle of journalists, and is not entitled to rank other than as a hack. To these attempts to level down can be traced the growth of the trades-unionist sentiment among the lower grade members of the profession. The limitation is, however, working its cure, and that in a manner which proprietors and their executive officers view with considerable concern. Upon Australian newspapers the highest salaries and the best class of work are the perquisites of the leader writers and contributors. The calls to provide articles are often sudden, and involve considerable mental strain. Practice, however, makes perfect in leader writing as in everything else, and the work is done with an ease and fluency of expression which puzzles and charms the non-expert. In most instances the leader writer finishes his duties before midnight, and as he is not expected to attend the consultative meeting with his editor until late in the afternoon of the following day, it cannot be held that his hours are long or his work exceptionally exacting. Even a more fortunate class of men are the specialists, such as the sporting man or the agricultural editor. Authorities on particular subjects they resent dictation and repel interference. At the bottom of the journalistic ladder is the general utility man—the reporter. Upon his shoulders the bulk of the office work falls. His only rival in that direction is the night sub-editor, whose lot it is to be cursed by editor and sneered at by reporters. No man so deserves consideration as the "sub," and so rarely obtains it.

Reporters in Australia are separated by proprietors into three classes—Parliamentary, general and junior—and salaries rule accord-

ing to the grade they occupy. At the top are the Parliamentary reporters. To these gentlemen falls the task of reporting for their respective journals the debates which occur in the local Legislature. The Parliamentary staff on the best papers is composed entirely of men who are not only verbatim stenographers but who have had a varied experience at general work. Indeed this restriction is necessary. Australian politicians as a rule, though remarkably egotistical in regard to their oratorical ability, are wofully ungrammatical and verbose. Ideas, when they have any, are concealed in a maze of words, and great judgment has to be exercised to give point to their utterances, to winnow the chaff from the wheat. With all this the speaker's tricks of oratory must be preserved in order to give the report the requisite element of personality. It is remarkable, in view of the rapidity with which the "gallery man" has to provide copy for the printer and the disabilities he labors under while discharging his duties in the House, that he escapes with so few errors. This, however, is the result of his all-round training. Parliamentary reporting on papers like the *Argus*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Brisbane Courier*, and the *South Australian Advertiser* is extremely arduous. Despite the condensation of the speeches of the politicians of less importance a gallery reporter has frequently to turn out from a column and a half to two columns of copy during the course of each sitting of the House. If this were all he had to undertake he would have little cause for lamentation. It happens, however, that he is something more than a Parliamentary reporter. He is one of the senior men on his paper, and is allotted the more important general work. He therefore can count upon having one or two engagements to attend prior to taking his place in the gallery. The only concession allowed him is that if he is given an exceptionally heavy piece of work he will not have to attend at the House until late in the afternoon. Complete relief from Parliamentary duties is, however, very rarely conceded. Should he not have finished his daywork when he arrives at Parliament he has to devote every spare moment between his gallery "turns" until it is done. Most newspaper offices insist that reporters shall initial their day's engagements at eleven o'clock each morning. Therefore, if a man has two or three engagements during the course of the day, he may be certain that the leisure time at his disposal previous to the assembling of Parliament will be infinitesimal. It frequently happens, however, that he has to rush from his breakfast table at half-past nine to go to a court-room, where his mind is kept at severe tension till late in the afternoon. He then has to bundle together his notes and hurry off to Parliament, with the prospect of having to remain there till three or four o'clock the next morning. This is no unusual experience of Sydney reporters, and yet the proprietors wonder why dissatisfaction exists among their staffs. Even in Victoria, where the Legislative Assembly rises at the comparatively early hour of eleven p.m., Parliamentary reporters are, upon an average, required to attend at the House for a term of seven hours each sitting. Add to this the time occupied in the performance of general duties and their hours of labor reach twelve hours per diem. True the whole of the forenoon or the earlier part of the afternoon may not be entirely devoted to work, but engagements, however trivial, require personal attendance to be properly reported.

In New South Wales the life of the Parliamentary reporter is comparable to that of a serf. The average hour at which the Legislative Assembly rises appears to be two a.m., but the House does not conduct its business with decorum and dignity. Scenes which are most trying to report occur at frequent intervals, and, therefore, from half-past four o'clock in the afternoon until "the wee sma' hours" the staff is kept busily engaged. The life therefore is relatively much worse than that of the Victorian gallery hand. Indeed, owing to the number of days in each week that Parliament sits and the length of the sessions, the lot of a reporter in New South Wales is doubly worse than that of his *confrere* in Victoria. On an average when the House meets he has to set apart fourteen hours out of the twenty-four to work. This is no exaggeration and can be proved to demonstration. The mental strain involved in the performance of reportorial duties is great, and when to that is added the tax upon the physical energies by incessant writing and confinement in an atmosphere rendered fœtid by defective ventilation and the fumes of gas, is it remarkable that men over 40 years of age are not found on the Parliamentary staffs of Australian newspapers?

What remuneration does the Parliamentary reporter get for exhausting his energies? The newspapers which pay their gallery men £7 per week can be numbered in two. The leading papers in Sydney and Melbourne give from £5 to £6 per week. Adelaide and Brisbane men whose duties are almost as irksome earn from £3 10s. to £5 10s. per week, and in Hobart and New Zealand the wages are no better. Short space is

accorded to Parliamentary reports on papers like the *Age*, the Melbourne *Daily Telegraph*, and the *South Australian Register*, but in other respcts life on these papers is on a par with that on journals which give greater length to such records. Their men, as a rule, therefore, receive less salaries than are paid by the *Argus*. Reporters have to be hail-fellows-well-met, to dress decently, and to maintain some sort of an appearance. It cannot be held therefore that their rate of wage gives them much chance to lay up treasures here below.

Second in grade are the general reporters These are the utility men who may not be quite sufficiently dexterous at shorthand to act in the gallery, but are competent to attend ordinary engagements or be available for emergency work. It must not be supposed that they are less capable intellectually than the members of the Parliamentary staff. Many of them are simply in training for that class of work, while others are retained because of their great usefulness and excellence at descriptive work. The duties which are entrusted to general reporters are extremely arduous, and they receive as a recompense salaries averaging from £2 10s. to £6 per week. Those who are granted the latter wage are, however, conspicuously in the minority. Junior reporters are the apprentices of the profession Some papers employ very few of this class of men, preferring only to engage reporters who are competent to perform almost any class of work. In Melbourne what is termed "the rounds" is entrusted to so-called juniors. This means that they have to watch for criminal occurrences and take a general oversight over the operations of the police; to attend petty sessions in the morning, and report any fire, murder or outrage committed within the 24 hours of each day. One newspaper proprietor of Liberal tendencies, in Melbourne, had the audacity to bind by agreement a recruit from the country to toil at this class of work for sixteen hours each day for the miserable pittance of £2 10s. per week. When his employé received an offer to join another paper at £6 per week he threatened him with legal proceedings if he violated his contract.

Facts like those recapitulated demonstrate that reporting is the reverse of ease and luxury. Taken all round there is not a class of men who have more to subordinate self to the requirements of their offices and display greater intelligence than working journalists Social enjoyments are to them simply a name, for the reason that they cannot make a private engagement eight hours in advance. Their evenings have almost invariably to be given up to work, and consequently they get small opportunity to join in the home circle. This deprivation of the holiest of influences may account for the Bohemian instincts which mark out the average journalist. It is questionable whether a proprietory in Australia compensates reporters for their loss of social pleasures. Saturday and Sunday bring with them little relief. Football, cricket or other sports have to be reported on Saturday afternoon, and in the evening there is always some new play or concert to be noticed. On Sunday the advent of an illustrious divine, a special sermon, or a religious ceremonial all give work to the quill-driver. The Divine mandate to labor only six days is from necessity disregarded by the reporter. It is only fair to state that the *Argus* endeavors to relieve its staff of Sunday engagements, and in that respect stands out in vivid contrast to rival journals. The Melbourne *Daily Telegraph* is run on the religious ticket, and it ostentatiously closes its doors from midnight on Saturday until twelve o'clock on Sunday. No one knows better however than its reverend editor that this is a piece of shallow humbug, utterly unworthy the reputation of any newspaper. The literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph* has no greater immunity from Sunday work, and probably less, because of the prominence given to religious matters by the paper, than reporters on other journals. Public holidays also bring in their train of heavy work, for each festive gathering must be attended and reported. Such continuous toil tells upon the strongest framed. Frequently reporters break down during the strain of a heavy session, but even if they uphold against it, rest is imperative during the recess. Annual holidays have therefore become a recognised institution. Formerly these were granted with the worst of grace. A week was held to be ample time during which the exhausted, physical and mental energies could be recuperated, but now employers have discovered that a longer respite from work must be conceded and most of them grant a fortnight's holiday. This is little enough, but with very few exceptions the proprietors positively decline to extend that term. It appears to be their impression that the recess brings relaxation. Undoubtedly it gives a fortnight's total cessation from reportorial duties, but the shortening of the staff by the absence of two or three men on leave, casts such an incubus of work upon the rest of the staff that the re-opening of Parliament is often viewed with downright satis-

faction, simply because it means the employment of a full staff of men.

The discussion of these matters leads to the consideration of the question: What are the relations existing between masters and working journalists? In Sydney and Melbourne there are large establishments which reporters only enter when driven into them by the pinch of necessity. From a reportorial standpoint the best daily paper is the *Argus*, and the most comfortable the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*. Discipline in the former paper is very rigid, but the policy of the management is to obtain and keep on the staff the best class of men. The high character of the journal also induces capable pressmen to seek engagement upon it.

The profession has to the present suffered from all the disadvantages which accrue from disunion. The enforced irregular life of journalists converts them into men with most Bohemian tastes and with strong individual likes and dislikes. Dissatisfaction at what they regard as legitimate grievances has, however, not been a sufficiently strong motive power until very recently to promote combination. The disabilities under which journalists labored in Great Britain induced them to form the National Association of Journalists. This body embraces men of the highest place in the literary world, and has in its ranks not only working journalists but representatives of the proprietorial interest. The organisation is doing good work by giving the profession a status which it hitherto had not enjoyed. It is non-aggressive in its aims, but it none the less exerts a wide and beneficent influence in the world of journalism.

This movement is being taken up in Australia. The first combination of reporters occurred in Melbourne years since, and was a demonstration against the mass of Sunday work which in those days was piled upon the unfortunate quill-driver. The organisation served its purpose and collapsed. The question of the advisableness of the co-operation of the members of the profession in Australia for their mutual advantage has since that time been debated on numerous occasions. Grievances were accumulating but no one was inclined to take the initiative. Trades combinations are a bugbear to colonial conservatism, and the *Argus* has therefore always been averse to them. But the great Liberal journal of Australia, though ever extolling the system of trades-unionism, has also never cared to encourage its existence within its own establishment. Association among working journalists therefore became difficult of accomplishment. In addition the absence of a feeling of good fellowship between the members of the staffs of the two leading Melbourne dailies retarded combination. Slowly, however, the men began to perceive that their interests were identical, despite the office from which they obtained their salaries. Still the union of working journalists for any purpose whatever was regarded as highly problematical. Not long since, however, the announcement was made throughout Australasia that three leading papers in the colonies had agreed not to engage men employed on each other's staff. This compact limited the field of labor of the whole profession, and by excluding competition for the most skilful writers kept down wages. However, iniquitous as this agreement was held to be by working journalists no counter-movement was made until the question of filling vacancies in the Victorian *Hansard* staff came up for consideration. Influence was then brought to bear upon the Government by the daily newspaper proprietors to prevent them from selecting men to fill the positions from their offices. One appointment, however, was made and the gentleman who received it can testify to the mental anxiety he underwent previous to his selection. A second vacancy was also filled, and then a direct appeal was made to the Committee of the Legislative Assembly, which had the right to recommend the most eligible candidate for appointment to the Government, to cease from engaging any more men. When these proprietorial negotiations became public property an outcry was raised. Working journalists objected to this interference on the part of the employers on the ground that they were seeking to debar men from leaving their service to enter upon a sphere of duties where they would in no way come into rivalry with any journal. Most masters favor the advancement of their employés, but an opposite sentiment prevailed at this time among newspaper owners. The spirit of antagonism evoked by their policy was stimulated later on by an order issued in a local office which, if enforced, would have deprived its reporters of almost the last scrap of spare time at their disposal on Saturday afternoons. An organisation was at once formed to resist encroachments upon the privileges of the profession. It is named the "Reporters' Association of Victoria," and is, *de facto*, a trade combination. The most significant event in the history of this new body is that the first honorary secretary was dismissed from the staff of the journal on which he was

engaged directly the organisation was established.

By a curious coincidence, at the very moment Victorian journalists were uniting, a movement was started in New South Wales. The long hours of labor and the sudden calls made upon reporters to perform work after having toiled at Parliament for some twelve or fourteen hours drove the men almost to rebellion. At the close of the last session of Parliament a dinner of gallery men afforded the opportunity at which a suggestion could be made for the creation of an association which would protect the interests of journalists, and secure for them the status to which they felt they were entitled. The proposal was submitted, with the outcome that a month later an organisation entitled the "Institute of Journalists of New South Wales" was brought into existence. This body distinctly disavows being a trades-union. It does not restrict membership to reporters, and seeks to elevate and dignify the profession by methods which are *not* inimical to the interests of newspaper proprietors. Membership it is hoped will be a guarantee of efficiency. Surely such an organisation does not deserve immediate condemnation. The proprietor of one evening newspaper in Sydney, however, has already warned members of his staff that connection with the Institute involves dismissal from his paper. The establishment of these two bodies in Sydney and Melbourne, although their aims are not identical, is an experiment which is being watched with profound interest by working journalists in every part of the Australian Continent.

It is no stretch of imagination to say that the conditions under which reporters labor in Australia are infinitely worse than those which prevail in Great Britain. There the salaries may not be quite so high, but the cost of living is less, the work easier, the opportunity to earn money outside direct newspaper duties greater, and the prospect of advancement more hopeful. A gentleman trained on the Australian press, who has had managerial experience in Sydney, has just returned from a lengthened visit to Great Britain. He announces that he is perfectly astounded that competent reporters should leave England for engagement on colonial papers. Newspaper men there, he avows, receive greater consideration and have far wider privileges than are conceded to their fellows in Australia. This assertion receives the support of almost every English journalist who has come to Australia. No reason can exist why the status of the profession should not be improved in the colonies, and if the constitution of the recently formed journalists' associations secures that end a large body of the hardest working men in the southern hemisphere will be materially advantaged.

MY PEERLESS ONE.

OH! for some measure Love has never known,
To sing the praise of her I love so well;
And all the longing of my soul to tell
In new sweet harmony of word and tone.

For I would sing to her, and her alone
Such songs from mortal lips as never fell.
Oh! for some measure!

And I would have some music all my own
Like echoes of a far-off silver bell,
That words and music both might weave a spell
To seal her for my own—my peerless one!
Oh! for some measure!

A. H. M.

THE FLIGHT BIRDS.

BY DONALD MACDONALD.

IT is early Spring amongst the clumps of squat box gums that fringe the river Darling and break up the monotony of the broad Riverina. Yesterday the breath of the first hot wind rolled down the river—a herald of the flight birds. But as yet there is no tinge of Summer in the lush green life of the plain. First there is that wide wide robe of tenderest green that follows soon upon dewy nights and rainy days. It is flounced with the deeper myrtle green of the box, and here and there patches of saltbush shine like silver buttons upon the gown of the goddess. All round is the throb of life and joyousness, so different, alas! so very different to what it will be a few weeks hence when Spring has sought cooler haunts amongst fern glades and waterfalls by the southern sea, and Summer has set her hot white seal upon the plain. The young grass is strewn with wild pea blossoms—one in clusters very much like the climbing Dolichus—another lavender in color and just as closely resembling a single blossom of Wistaria. And amongst them the rich red and black of the desert pea, more radiant even than the "painted ladies" of our garden. But if this garden of the wilds is beautiful, how much more interesting is the mid Australian aviary? Every minute gives one a vignette from nature such as may be found nowhere else on the continent. First it is a spot of gold dancing through the silver of the saltbush and beautified by the setting as an opal finds new colors when ringed with diamonds. Close beside it is a tint of scarlet. These birds with the red and yellow waistcoats are always here, and the shepherds and drovers call them saltbush canaries. Science has given them a much harder name, but the shepherds' title is good enough. It was prompted perhaps by the remembrance of a home where a yellow Belgian sang in the window. Yonder is the antithesis of the saltbush fairy—a black eaglehawk—swinging slowly over the treetops down to the clump where the brood have already burst their shell. But in this enchanting atmosphere even eagles seem beautiful. The eaglets have a soft white coat that might be lambs' wool shorn with a bloody beak from the first victim of the flock, the eyes are large hazel, singularly large and soft for a bird of prey. You will search far for such eyes either in bird or biped and yet not find them. The shepherd, who has his hut on a ridge overlooking one of the river bottoms, is expecting visitors from the north and south, and the latter are always first to come. One day, as the lone watcher of flocks shades his eyes with his hands for a long look, the sun glints upon something white far away at the edge of the plain and he knows it to be the canvas-covered waggon of the bird-catchers who have come to that bend of the river year after year to wait for the coming of the flight birds. That night they yarn over the camp fire and the shepherd learns what is new down in the world—the world which he has not seen for almost a decade.

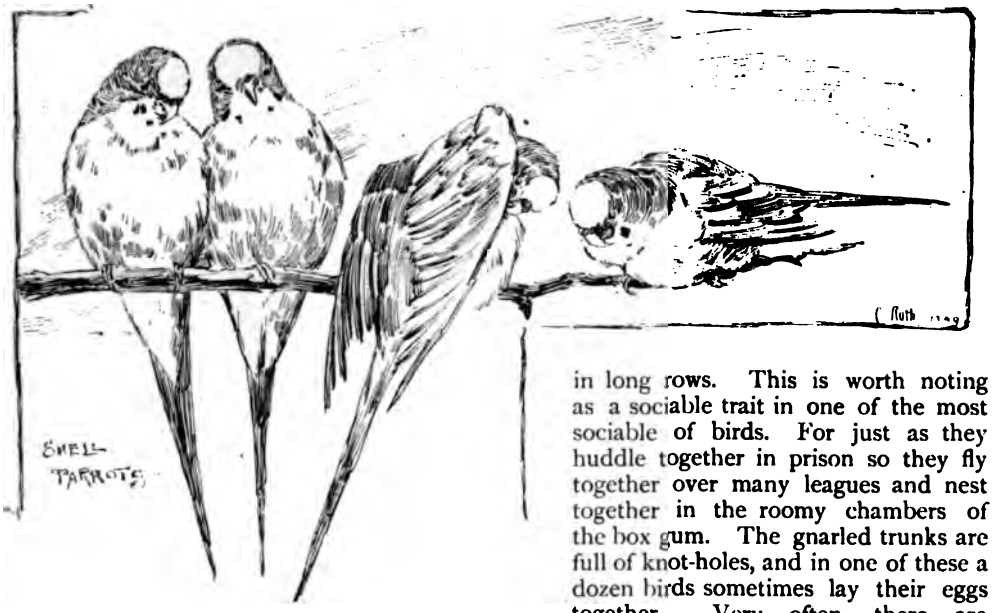
The bird-catchers are not idle while waiting for the September winds and the first contingent of flight birds. One day they spread their nets by the swamp where Corillas and sulphur crests in flocks have been digging orchid roots, and sweet rushes and earth nuts and making the most of their seven weeks of moist plenty. Sometimes they are so thick by the swamp that the water appears to be fringed with a ribbon of white foam. So they keep grubbing inward as the water of the drying swamp recedes. The trappers have built a hut of saplings and boughs, into which the cockatoos are turned as soon as caught to spend perhaps the one really tragic week of their lives—a week of bloodshed and starvation. There in the dark they first fight like demons, then sulk and starve for days. Poor fellows! they will never again build in the red gums by the river, never again spread wing over the plain or dig yams in the grass—though their lives in captivity may, in a way, be pleasant enough. There are other shy birds in the trees upon which the bird-catchers turn avaricious eyes. One of them is the pink cockatoo—that beautiful flamingo pink which, mingling with the white, is one of the softest blends in nature, and suggests a flush of sunset in the

white glare of day. The bird-catcher's gun is busy. One day they have for dinner a cut from the brown breast of the wood duck, the next a brace of toasted pigeon quail, than which are no more delicate birds in all Australia. The tit bit is between the breast and wing joint, and I may be pardoned for saying that he

WOOD DUCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.

who has pecked the pectoral muscle of either a pigeon quail or a Wonga Wonga has eaten the whitest and sweetest of meats. And speaking of the wood duck I had, many a time, while lying in the shade of a box bough, wondered how the young were taken from the soft nests of down placed high in the [illegible] limb of a gum, for I had found the little goslings—the wood duck is really a goose—by the waterside when only a few days old. It was a bird-catcher who told me the secret. When the young are hatched the mother takes them one at a time in her bill and flies with them sometimes more than a mile to the nearest water pool—where they seek not so much the water as the cool of the bullrushes and the tender grass by the margin. The first gosling is left crouching amongst the weeds until the mother returns with a second, and so on until the whole brood have been transferred in this perilous way from their tree home to the water. Few nestlings are subject to such an ordeal. The reason for this tree building seems to be that the wood duck has improved upon the discovery by most other water birds that the real period of peril lasts while the eggs are lying in an open nest amongst the reeds. Unless there are water-rats about the young of the wild ducks are quite able to look after themselves. Such are the interesting things learned by the bird-catchers while waiting for the flight birds.

One morning, early, Scotch Alick, the shepherd, rattles on the waggon tilt with his stick, and brings news, "Up wi' ye; they bonnie wee things hae come bock again." There are thousands of cockatoo parrots, the charming plumed coquette of the plains, feeding in the grass. They come usually with the first hot wind of September, for unless the winds blow straight and hot from the heart of the continent they lie by like a wind-blown ship in haven waiting for fair weather. The shell parrots—they are canary parrots with bird-catchers, the love-birds of many an Australian and English home come usually a month later, riding on the winds of early October. In the rare air of the Riverina morning their presence is soon manifest. From every tree comes a sibilant, lisping whisper, not unlike a swallow's note, but softer. In flight this changes to a shrill shriek. In the trees they are in hundreds, yet so small, so delicate, that one cannot separate them from the leaves without looking close. Many birds come down with the north-west wind, but those that the bird-catchers know best are the shell parrot, the cockatoo parrot, and the white-eyed wood



swallow. The latter are of no use as cage birds, and reckoned only as harbingers. When they appear the others are not far distant. Very often the flocks fly in company, and many a bird-catcher has prepared his nets when he heard high in the air the sound that told of the passing of a flock of wood swallow. They often come in the wake of a swarm of grasshoppers with whom they have kept company over hundreds of miles. The locusts flying with the wind come in contact with the outer edge of the timber clumps, where they fall to the ground and lie in clusters. To this feast come the wood swallows, and later both the straw-necked and the sacred Ibis, a bird that seems to carry with it something of the antiquity of the world itself. There, too, in the daylight come the stately emu, native companions, and wild turkeys, and after dark the mopoke, the boobook owl, and the little gray night-jar. Very strange bird companies are those that gather for the banquet of locusts without wild honey, and what a warning they impress as to the folly of slaughtering insect-eating birds as we have done! We have over-balanced Nature's scheme and will surely suffer for it. The food of the flight parrots is the seeding grasses on the plain—their noonday arbor the cool of box boughs.

Almost everyone who lives in a city is familiar with the flight birds. Very many who live in the bush are not. The shell parrot is a very gem of birds—a gem that I would wish to see set only in Nature's crown. In the bird-seller's cages you find it perched in long rows. This is worth noting as a sociable trait in one of the most sociable of birds. For just as they huddle together in prison so they fly together over many leagues and nest together in the roomy chambers of the box gum. The gnarled trunks are full of knot-holes, and in one of these a dozen birds sometimes lay their eggs together. Very often there are young birds and eggs in the same nest, the first brood out helping to hatch, with little assistance from the parent birds, their younger nest-mates. In other nests you find birds fully fledged and in others a mere scrap of yellow down, blinking and gaping in a grotesque way when brought into the sunlight. Companionship with these tiny birds is carried to a length that even the most fraternal of other gregarious birds would not tolerate for a moment. Thus it is that placing a single shell parrot in a cage becomes absolute cruelty. To cage it even in numbers is bad enough. How the little bird-heart must palpitate and the little wing throb when the time comes for that long night flight away to the north in the company of the sun. I have never kept any bird in a cage yet. Could I be pursuaded to do so, the last choice would be a shell parrot. The poor little mite would be a perpetual reproach. There is always a desire for the beautiful in nature, and love of the beautiful is a good thing when not associated with selfishness—so the little shell parrot suffers because of its beauty.

Let us look at the dress of this professional yet unaffected beauty. At first sight it seems to be ringed in zebra fashion with narrow bands of black and green, the other distinctive mark being a cap of golden yellow, but looking closely we find the colors multiply. On the back there are narrow lines of brown, as well as black and green, while the wings cross above a patch of dazzling pea green, and small blue specks appear like spectacles

on either cheek. The neck is yellow, and the breast pale green. It is less gaudy than most of the parrots, but the colors and their distribution are delicate as the bird itself.

Those who first discovered the cockatoo parrot would seem to have been in doubt as to whether it was a cockatoo or a parrot, and compromised in a somewhat awkward fashion by giving it both names. The plumed coquette is a much better title. The plume hardly helps, however, to determine the species, for there are plump grass parrots all over Australia similarly adorned. Its colors are certainly not the ordinary parrot colors. While the shell parrots are so much alike that you cannot pick more than one peculiarly marked bird in a hundred, the hues of the cockatoo parrot vary considerably. The yellow in the neck and head of the male bird ranges from lemon to old gold, and there is a distinctive salmon red spot on either cheek—strangely enough, just where the shell parrot is marked with blue. The female is without the rich yellow of the male, otherwise their coat is the same soft brown, for softness is the peculiarity of almost every tone in the dress of the cockatoo parrot. This effiminate aspect, coupled with a dark liquid eye, make it amongst wild birds a most appropriate emblem of beauty

Only the Owl saw them go.

and innocence. My own ideas in color may be somewhat singular, but were I asked to name the two prettiest of Riverina birds I should say the cockatoo parrot and the rose breasted cockatoo. The effect of the lemon and brown in the one is only equalled by the rose pink and French gray of the other. There is an aspect of bird life on the plains that once seen cannot be forgotten. It is a flock of the rose breasted cockatoo feeding in the grass and facing an intruder of whom they are suspicious but not exactly afraid. They take two or three pecks at the food then a look at the stranger. And attention is given to each object as though the whole flock were swayed by a common impulse. The heads go down together and are raised together. So you have in one moment a sheet of soft gray spread upon the plain, and the next moment it is changed as if by magic to rose-pink, scarcely a speck of the one color mixing with the other. If you stand between a flock of these cockatoo as they wheel in flight, with breasts and under-wing towards the sunrise all of the artist that one has in him is roused to a glow of admiration. It is a suggestion rather than a study—one of those streaks of color which cannot even be caught by the impressionist The one moment there is the gray of the dawn, the next the pink of the later sunrise.

Though familiar with every inch of Riverina the bird-catchers steer their northward course not by compass or stars, but by the direction of the Spring winds blowing warm and perfumed in their faces. If the hot winds be late, the birds will not come far south, and sometimes for seasons they lose touch of them altogether. By noting the direction and duration of the varying winds the older trappers can say just where they may expect to meet the first of the flight birds. Those northern breezes are an influence not alone in bird life, but man's life also. How much depends upon their coming and their ceasing. In face of a visible agent half so potential we should stand serious and overawed.

Generally the bird-catchers who go furthest north give their attention to little else than the flight birds, for the everyday cockatoo—such as the sulphur crest or the Corilla—may be netted in scores when the wheat is being sown in fields south of the Murray. Terrible is the havoc wrought there amongst the birds when the farmer steeps his seed wheat in poison. The countryside is often littered with dead and decaying birds. The flight birds pack more closely in the cages and are a more valuable freight. Most of them are sold for export, and in the season there are always a few of each to be found in outward bound ships, destined to add another attractive feature to the strange communities brought together in the bird shops of London. Having found the flock of flight birds thick enough for his purpose the bird-catcher spreads his nets, and in a few days reaps his Spring harvest. The lures are different to those used for the cockatoo. The larger birds are caught while feeding in the grass, the smaller while upon the wing. So for the flocks of white cockatoo the trapper merely tethers a few decoys where he wishes the flocks to alight and fraternise with them. Were it not that all these birds are gregarious

the reward would scarcely repay the time spent in taking them; for both in character and equipment the Australian bird-catcher is a very different type of man to those who sneak about the English hedges snaring linnets and finches. The lure for the flight birds is held captive by means of braces fastened under the wing, so that sitting on a perch it has a perfectly natural appearance. But the perch is so arranged that if the trapper, standing away under a tree, deftly plays his string it will rock, and the decoy birds must spread their wings as all birds do when trying to preserve their balance. The flights are crossing and re-crossing overhead all day, and those flying directly over the net stoop to the prisoners, when, at the critical moment, the cord is pulled, the fine net leaps forward as though every fibre were full of life, and the birds are borne down, fluttering and screaming upon the grass. The terrified captives, as taken from the net, are placed in thin wire cages on the grass beside the decoys where, instead of being a warning, they help to entice others to destruction. Their wings beat against the walls which seem so frail and are yet so firm. Their shrieking fills the air, and other flocks gather round and dart about until the net is again ready. The greater the number of birds placed in the cages the greater will be the number decoyed within range of the net. One very dry summer many years ago the plains round about Hillston literally swarmed with shell parrots. The din of their voices was so great all day that people standing close together scarcely heard each other speak, and at mid-day the flights passing overhead were a partial sunshade. Two bird-catchers who had gone out there filled their cages in a single day, and these cages held three thousand birds. They might have had even more, but early in the

afternoon the door of one of the cages became loose, and nearly a thousand birds escaped. This probably stands as a record amongst the achievements of bird-catchers.

Irrespective of the vagaries of wind and rain the flight birds would appear to be shifting steadily towards the West, though there are so many of them that all destructive agencies combined have during twenty years made scarcely any impression upon the vast flocks. The cockatoo parrot would appear to be wider in its distribution than its shell companion, and the direction of its southward flight is a good deal influenced by the supply of water. Explorers have told of vast flocks of parrots gathered about some lone water-hole where, before their coming, was no sound save the yellow water sopping on the bank, the white reeds rustling in the wind. They perch upon the dead trees, the one sign of life in wilds which the sun has for the time made almost absolutely his own. Many a traveller with blinded eyes, parched tongue, and quaking knees has struggled on more bravely when he heard away through the trees ahead the shrieking of the parrots, and knew that water was at hand. The cockatoo parrot is more adventurous than the shell parrot, which halts generally to the north of the Murray, while the other often comes right down to the seaboard. Indeed, I saw a small company of them feeding in the grass of one of the Melbourne parks last Summer. Proportionately the Ibis should be more plentiful in Riverina this season than the flight birds, for while in wet seasons the former comes far south, the flight birds remain in those far inland homes which neither naturalist nor explorer have yet located. Otherwise it would have been a good bird year in Riverina.

So they live through the long summer amongst the box boughs and the whitening grass. Summer fades and the first days of autumn come, though with no reddening of the leaf to mark their coming. Yet there is still the lisping note in the gums, still the flutter of wings green and brown overhead, still the patches of gray and yellow on the plain. Still on the wood border is heard the rasp of the wood swallow accepting it as a perpetual Summer until the conviction shall have been shaken by a chill breeze from the south-west. Only the wood swallow is often domestic, for I have found his nest in the orchard girt round with ripening fruit, as pretty an association of the past and the present, of domesticity and the wilds, as one would wish to see. The young parrots are strengthening their wings, the latest of the brood coming to the door for a peep into the world, which is to be a world so much wider for them than for most other birds. They have become part of the shepherd's existence, yet he knows now that the little friends who have kept him summer company will soon depart—it may be for years. Day by day they are more uneasy—some far away voice is calling to them from the Never-Never land, from trees that bend above the explorers open grave, from mid Australia where winter is but a beneficent spring and summer alone is terrible. To-day there is the same commotion in the boughs with perhaps a greater unrest at sunset. In the morning they have gone—gone "where the pelican builds," and the sun rises upon a silence that is profound by contrast with the din of so many mornings. The shepherd at his hut door feels that one more tie has been broken. But it is nothing, he is used to it. His friends are the friends of a fair day who part at sunrise and part for ever. It makes him realise that he is alone and that even nature is not omni-present.

But it is not the shepherd only who feels the change. Scores of hungry hawks are wheeling overhead. For months life has been an easy problem with them, but this morning they will hunt wider afield for breakfast. In the crowd there is the fast flying black falcon who, fast and far though he may fly, will never come up with the flight birds this summer again. In the absence of better fare the Brown Hawk will gorge himself with locusts and caterpillars until he is scarcely able to fly. The Gos-hawk has built his nest in the same clump with thousands of parrots, so that he may be near his game, but to-day his hungry brood will wait. The daring little Sparrow-hawk—a name given to the Nankeen kestrel in the South—dashes in vain amongst the boughs with a shriek that has no terror now for the shell parrots. Then away he goes to harry the canaries who have been so long untroubled in the saltbush. Only the owls saw them go. When the moonlight was waning the flocks rose in the air, swung round once or twice over their summer home, and were gone "like the baseless fabric of a vision." This night flight is another strange trait in the habits of the flight birds, and the bird-catchers think that it is to shake off the hundreds of hawks and night birds of prey that have gathered to feed upon them. Just such another assemblage was left behind, no doubt, when the birds came down to us in the spring.

"A SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE."*

BY PROFESSOR HENRY LAURIE, LL.D.

THE interest which has been taken in Mr. Pearson's "Search for Knowledge" is of good omen. It is well that, in communities distinguished above all else by material energy and progress, many should be ready to turn aside to consider an honest effort to solve the mysteries of being. Even in this sceptical age, men have not lost their ancient hope of an explanation of the universe; and the triumphs of modern science have helped to revive the old-world problem. Such an explanation, in outline, is what Mr. Pearson professes to give. From the "Everlasting No" he has passed, after a severe struggle, to the assurance of the "Everlasting Yea," and he invites his readers to follow in his steps. The invitation, so confidently given, is alluring. And there is always something attractive in one whose thought is strongly colored by the feeling and imagination which have urged him onward. For the natural man, on the threshold of such subjects, *Sartor Resartus* has a greater attraction than the philosophy of Kant or of Spencer.

Mr. Pearson's project is to combine the results of a physical examination of things with the results of an examination of another kind which he calls the metaphysical. In other words, he first considers the inorganic world, and life, and thought, from a physical point of view; he then turns to the direct investigation of mind; and he finally arrives at a conclusion in which he seeks to reconcile both aspects of the universe. Thus he gains a universal synthesis by mediating between the opposing schools of Materialism which regards mind as the product of matter, and Idealism for which mind is the one great reality in and for which all things exist. His principal conclusion is, that mind and matter alike are the manifestations of "Essential Being," or of "Infinite and Eternal Living Conscious Soul." The meaning which might naturally be attached to these expressions is, however, greatly modified by his subsequent explanations.

My aim in this paper is not so much to add to previous criticisms of Mr. Pearson's results as to draw attention to his method. It is so radically bad as to vitiate any results which may be obtained by its means; and it is desirable that this should be shown, as a warning to others and—if it be possible—to Mr. Pearson himself, who contemplates a much larger work on the same lines as the present. The method which he pursues throughout is to point out likenesses between different sets of facts, and on the strength of these to claim that he has established identity of law. He is found relying on slight analogies in proof of scientific connection, while unlikenesses, of which men of science must be no less keenly observant, are too frequently ignored. In theory, indeed, he acknowledges that an analogy may be false; in practice, he often falls below what is technically known as an analogical argument, true or false, and exalts a simile or a metaphor into a discovery. It might be expected that the chapter entitled "The Physical Examination, Commenced," containing a sketch of some of the results and tendencies of modern physics and chemistry, would be free from this characteristic weakness. This, however, is not the case. Thus, every natural event is described as a "logical sequence." Since an effect proceeds from its cause, and a conclusion follows from its premises, we are expected to admit that "logical law and natural law are terms used in different departments of knowledge to express *the same* fixity of rule by which one thing follows out of another." Dazzled by the glitter of resemblance, the author is blind to the vast difference between the *ratio essendi*, in the relation of cause and effect, and the *ratio cognoscendi*, in the relation of reason and consequent. A little further on he finds an analogy between the difficulty of obtaining a stable chemical compound of complicated substances and the difficulty of managing a large number of men. The simile, merely as a simile, is a good one; but it leads to the remarkable assertion that, in answering ques-

* A Search for Knowledge, and other Papers. By A. N. Pearson. Melbourne: Melville Mullen and Slade, 1889.

tions as to the composition of matter, we are "discovering the law of our being." An illustration may make one term of the comparison clearer than it was before; but it is absurd to palm it off as an instrument of discovery. Similarly, the well-worn metaphors by which harmony and discord are applied to life as well as to sound are represented as the discovery of a law of life by an examination of purely physical phenomena. Is it not evident that we must have an independent knowledge of the characteristics of life and thought before we can apply to them, with any meaning, metaphors which are borrowed from the phenomena of sound?

The first important step in the attempted synthesis is taken when Mr Pearson proceeds to his "Physical Examination of Life," and undertakes to show its mechanical basis. Why, he asks, does the shoot of the germinating plant proceed upward, and the root downward? (He does not consider cases in which the stem grows underground.) "The true explanation," he says, "is that the earth attracts one part of the growing plant and repels the other, in the same sense as a magnet held near a compass causes the needle to swing round. . . . But what 'force' is there in the earth which can operate in this attractive and repulsive manner? There is only one of which we have any knowledge, and that is gravitation. Here, then, we parenthetically gain a suggestion that gravity is not only an attraction, but also a repulsion; or, if we wish to speak with strictness, it is not only a motion towards, but also a motion from." In this passage, gravitation, treated as identical with magnetic attraction and repulsion, is represented as the force which attracts the root and repels the shoot. But the law of gravitation simply tells us that particles of matter attract each other in a certain ratio. Attempts may be made to explain gravitation by the attraction and repulsion of vortex atoms, or in some other way; but in itself the law of gravitation tells us nothing of repulsion. And magnetic attraction is something over and above the attraction of gravitation, and gives added or different results. There is no excuse for confusing them beyond the childish plea that both may be described as forms of "attraction." Nor would the confusion avail us; for the law of gravitation and the laws of magnetic action alike fail to explain the facts of germination and of the twofold growth of root and stem. Why should the seed germinate at all? This is the question which claims an answer. Mr. Pearson, however, plunges on to draw some of his favorite "analogies" between the growing portions of a plant and the poles of a needle, and fancies he has identified growth with polarisation. He continues—"Now that this polarisation of the plant is nothing mysterious, but is a mere phenomenon of motion, may be demonstrated by the simple experiment of allowing a seed to germinate when fixed on the rim of a rapidly-rotating horizontal wheel. It will then be found that the shoot will grow inwards towards the centre, and the root outwards away from the centre." This proves, certainly, that the direction of the plant's growth is influenced by movement, but not that it is "a mere phenomenon of motion." On mechanical principles, the seed as a whole would tend by the centrifugal force of the movement away from the centre of the wheel. Mr. Pearson does not tell us why it should not be content with this outward tendency. Why, on any known principles of mechanics, should it exhibit the extraordinary phenomena of germination and growth? After all this confusion between gravitation and polarisation and geotropism, the question remains unanswered, and the endeavor to bring life in its simpler forms entirely under the dominion of physics is a failure. Equally impotent is the attempt to explain an organism by reference to the discord and concord of atomic waves. "A group of many atoms," we are told, "forms a simple cell, such as a microbe. A group of many cells forms an organism, such as a man. A group of many men forms a community, such as a nation." But we may have a group of atoms without a cell; and an organism, such as that of man, is not a mere juxtaposition of cells, but has a unity of its own. The presence of cells or organisms has not yet been explained by the movements or combinations of atoms. Nor does the analogy between the bodily and the social organism throw any light on this fundamental question, though here, too, we may notice the tendency to confuse similarity with identity of law. The remainder of the chapter is occupied with the enumeration of resemblances, sometimes fantastic, sometimes suggestive for purposes of illustration, between movements in the inorganic world and the behavior of organised beings, or between organisms and communities. And it is instructive to notice that in the end the author boldly denies that there is any barrier between the inorganic and the organic. The combination of atoms, and the conjugation, growth, and variation of living beings are treated as one and the same. "Life," he says, "first appeared on

the earth when the earth first appeared as an unsatisfied atom seeking combination." But how the earth could at any time appear as an atom, and how an atom can be unsatisfied in the same sense in which a living being is unsatisfied, are mysteries left unresolved.

In his "Physical Examination of Thought," Mr. Pearson essays to prove the connection and uniformity of thought with physical and physiological phenomena. His first argument is that "reasoning, mathematical calculation, computing, and so forth, are processes of orderly sequence, precisely similar to what we have seen existing throughout Nature." Unless, however, the reader is prepared to grant that all processes of orderly sequence are mechanical, he need not adopt the conclusion that "many of the operations of thought are of a mechanical kind." Again, the invention of reasoning and calculating machines is adduced as an argument. But the very fact that calculating and logical machines, capable of doing some part of the work of reasoning, have been invented by the wit of man, and can be used only by an intelligence, should suffice to show that thought, in using these or any other mechanical contrivances, is different in kind from the tools which it employs. Mr. Pearson chiefly trusts, however, in his examination, to a process which he honors too highly when he describes it as *reasoning* by analogy. He is made happy by a phrase which was more in vogue in the earlier part of the century than it is now—the "chemistry of thought." The metaphor appears to him to reveal the required uniformity between chemistry and thought. In particular, he compares the remarkable commotion witnessed in some cases of chemical combination with the emotion experienced in some cases of conversion or spiritual regeneration. The parallel is carried still further; for a chemical combination may be stable or unstable; and the man who has been agitated by new impulses may become a reformed character, or may fall away as a "backslider." In another illustration, chemistry gives place to biology, and thought is compared with the processes of conjugation and variation in the organism. "These same processes," we are told, "take place in the region of thought. Conversation is a mode of conjugation of thought, and results in the birth of new ideas." Can any one believe that, in such illustrations, there is the faintest gleam of scientific insight? Every one is aware that things are so ordered as to lend themselves to simile and illustration; and it is a commonplace that many of the words which we employ to describe the thoughts and ways of men are borrowed metaphorically from the material world. The human heart has found a counterpart for its moods in the characters and changes of natural things; everything in Nature may be taken as the visible image of some spiritual fact. The attributes of stability and instability, for example, were applied to human character long before the chemical elements and the laws of their combination were known. But when a man is said, in the phrase of an old scripture, to be "unstable as water," are we to suppose that the simile brings to light a scientific uniformity between thought and physics? Socrates, speaking of his skill in bringing the ideas of others to the birth, playfully compared himself to a midwife; but did he dream that his comparison established a scientific connection between dialectics and midwifery? However telling the comparison, it remains a comparison still, and not an explanation which brings thought within the range of physical or chemical or biological science.

Before concluding his physical examination, Mr. Pearson points out that the brain is the seat, the laboratory, of this marvellous "chemistry of thought." In some sense, this will be universally admitted. But the brain is other than the thought which it conditions. You cannot reduce thought to the swing of atoms or the vibrations of molecules in the cerebrum, nor can you bring it under the same laws. Physiological psychology, which investigates the relations between mind and the organism, assumes thought on the one side as decidedly as it assumes the widely different factor of a nervous system. If Mr. Pearson himself did not presuppose thought, he would never get to it from the side of physics, and he has failed to make good his thesis that things, including thought, may be represented consistently from the physical aspect. Without including more than the physical aspect, thought cannot be represented at all. Mr. Pearson himself would, I think, acknowledge that the picture with which he presents us could not have been obtained from physical science alone.

If, in his Physical Examination, Mr. Pearson has conceded too much to a mechanical theory of the universe, he gives us what he believes to be the other half of the truth in his Metaphysical Examination. Its thesis is that all reality is in the mind—that "light, heat, matter, weight, form, space, time, motion," are states of consciousness created by mind; and that the power of creation thus manifested by the human mind implies a Universal Mind, the metaphysical basis of

the universe. In the steps by which this conclusion is reached, there is much to give us pause. At the beginning of the chapter, the metaphysician is described as inquiring into the nature of mind by means of introspection. "The metaphysicist," Mr. Pearson tells us, "employs his mind to scan his mind; he analyses thought by means of thought; he looks not outwards, but inwards." This is a very narrow view of the province of metaphysics. Even psychology, the science of the facts or phenomena of mind, does not proceed wholly by the method of introspection. Metaphysics, whatever aid it may receive from psychology or from a theory of knowledge, has not lost its old meaning of a theory of Being; and Mr. Pearson acknowledges this when, later, he treats his problem as an ontological one. Again, the current distinction between phenomena or appearances, and the noumenon or reality which has been supposed to lie beyond phenomena, is wilfully ignored by Mr. Pearson. Noumena, for him, are simply more recondite phenomena; "states of consciousness are the noumena that underlie all phenomena." But then states of consciousness are themselves phenomena or appearances; and thus a distinction, which is at least of historical value, is unceremoniously tossed aside without any apparent appreciation of its ordinary meaning or any inquiry into its validity. A little further on the statement that motion is "an idea which the mind derives equally through all the senses" betrays a very imperfect knowledge of the results of recent psychological analysis. His derivation of Space, implied in motion, from the consciousness of sound, is one of the most *naïve* things in the literature of the subject. He supposes a harp endowed with the property of being conscious of the sound evoked from its strings. Changes of sound would be necessary to consciousness, and through these changes it might acquire the conception of time. It is allowable, of course, to suppose the harp to be not only susceptible of sensations, but aware of them as transpiring in time. The human consciousness, at least, would be able to gain the idea of time from changing sounds, or from the alternation of sound and silence. Mr. Pearson proceeds to suppose the harp to be conscious of progressive combinations of increasing sound with decreasing intervals of silence. "In this case," he says, "the harp would be conscious of constantly increasing loudness; in other words, of approaching from the distance." This is his derivation of the idea of space from that of time. *More suo*, he is confusing things that differ. A consciousness of constantly increasing loudness is *not*, "in other words," a consciousness of approach from a distance. It is something altogether different. In many circumstances, as in listening for the coming of a train, or the march of a military band, we may infer, and rightly infer, an approach from the distance from our consciousness of increasing loudness. But this is because we already know, from our experiences of locomotion, what distance means, and have learned to associate certain sounds with motion. Mr Pearson himself says: "How do we come to the conclusion that a given object is at a distance from us? Simply from the fact that it takes time for it to come to us, or for us to go to it." Precisely; but coming and going would have no meaning for us apart from the energy of locomotion. A further combination of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, Mr. Pearson thinks, "reminds us of a corner in space." This may be the fastastic effect of such a passage on some peculiarly constituted minds; but it may be safely said that no combination of sounds would remind any mortal of a "corner in space" if he had not some idea of space already. The attempted derivation is futile.

In support of his position that "mind is creating new things every day," Mr. Pearson appeals to the well-known law that change is necessary to consciousness. As he expresses it, "there must be different states of consciousness, and comparison between one state and another, before there can be anything to be conscious of." But, in his hands, this is contorted into a law that the mind must be conscious of a positive or something and of a negative or nothing, the act of creation consisting in the transition from one to the other. The supposititious harp, for example, must be conscious of sound; it must also be conscious of the negation or absence of sound; and it creates this negative out of that positive. The argument is palpably erroneous. It is not even necessary to our consciousness of sound that there should be intervals of silence. The music of an orchestra may for a time be continuous; even its pauses are filled by sounds caused by the performers and the audience; these changes are enough to fulfil the requirements of consciousness. In cases where sound is followed by silence, it is absurd to say that, as mere listeners, we create either. "The mind," writes Mr. Pearson, "cannot become conscious of a positive without creating out of it a negative; it cannot become conscious of a greater without creating out of it a less; and *vice versâ* it cannot become conscious of a less without creating out of it a

greater." The only truth contained in this sentence is that, in knowing anything, we discriminate it from what it is not, and that, as has been often said, the knowledge of relatives is one. I can know the pen which I handle, and the paper on which I write, only by discriminating each from its surroundings; and, since greater and less are relative terms, I can think of one only in contrast with the other, just as the idea of a child involves that of a parent. There is no "creation" here, in any sense in which the word can be legitimately used. Certainly, Mr. Pearson permits himself to speak of creation very freely. In his "Notices of Criticisms," he tells us—"If we produce solid out of no-solid, we create solid. This at least is what I mean by create. By creation I understand the production of a positive out of a negative. By annihilation I understand the production of a negative out of a positive. Now, when we produce ice or snow out of aqueous air, have we not created solid out of no-solid?" This is not in harmony with the passage already quoted, which speaks of the creation of a negative out of a positive. Annihilation and creation seem to have changed places. Let this pass, however. Most people would say that, in the production of ice or snow in accordance with known laws of nature, there is no more creation than in the task of the cabinet-maker, who constructs a sideboard according to pattern from given material. And if "creation" is to be used in this eccentric manner, there is still a vast difference between the production of the factory or the laboratory, where a substance is obtained from others, and our consciousness of sound and its cessation. Man, as merely sentient, does not even construct sound from silence, or silence from sound; they are experiences which are given to him. Mr. Pearson supposes that he has made a discovery because he is able to apply the terms positive and negative to these widely differing classes of facts. He is only playing with words; for "negative" has different meanings when applied to an actual fact, such as aqueous air, and when applied to the mere absence of a sensation such as sound. It is an old error to suppose that things to which the same name may be applied must come under the same law; but *idola fori*—the phantoms arising from the looseness of common speech—still mislead the unwary.

Mr. Pearson might have developed with greater effect the result of the idealistic position which he adopts in his metaphysical examination. Here, at least, he holds that "all realities are states of consciousness," or, as it might be otherwise expressed, that reality has no meaning apart from consciousness. And, since reality is not limited to the mind of any particular individual, the universe, he argues, must be created and sustained by Universal Mind. Now, if it be true, as idealists maintain, that existence must mean existence for mind, and if it be true also that the universe which we know in part extends beyond the capacity of finite intelligence, then, it clearly follows, we must postulate an Infinite or Universal Mind for whom it exists. This is the argument which the late Professor Green expressed with great power and fulness in his "Prolegomena to Ethics." The conclusion that there is "Intelligence at the heart of things" may commend itself also on other grounds. The step, however, thus taken from our finite perceptions, too weak to embrace the universe in its entirety, to Infinite Intelligence for whom all things exist, gains nothing from Mr. Pearson's misleading references to creation.

But now, though he has reduced the material world to states of consciousness, this is not his ultimate conclusion. Endeavoring to combine the results of his physical and metaphysical examinations, he treats mind and matter as two regions, between which there is a strict parallel. The physicist can reduce everything to terms of matter and motion; the metaphysician can reduce everything to mind; and consequently, in the very tenets on which they are opposed, they are in the astonishing position of being "both right" and "both wrong." The final conclusion is that mind and matter are dual aspects of one underlying reality. This double aspect theory has been held by other writers on various grounds. By Mr. Pearson it is based on analogies—many of them fanciful, and some depending on differing uses of the same word—between the material and the mental. No further belief is given for the belief in an "underlying essence;" yet it does not necessarily follow, from a parallelism between two regions of facts, that they are manifestations of a reality which lies beyond. Mr. Pearson's belief, indeed, appears to rest chiefly on some transcendent intuition or *Intellectuelle Anschauung* of his own; he thinks it is "most wrong and sinful for men to dispute with each other concerning the problems of this region." Since we are thus debarred from reasoning, it may at least be permitted to inquire what account can be given of this Essential Being. Mr. Pearson tells us—"Essential Being is the Fountain of all existence, the Immanent

Energy, the Life of life, the Omnipotent, Omniscient Intellect, Universal All-pervading Soul; the Infinite; the Eternal; the Absolute; God." Again he says, God is "conscious, sympathetic Soul;" He is "Infinite and Eternal Living Conscious Soul;" He is the Infinite Love, the Divine Father who sympathises with and loves his children. Thus man and nature alike are the manifestations of Intellect, of Conscious Soul, of a loving and sympathetic Father. But, side by side with these statements, we are told that the Ultimate Reality is the Impersonal Essence, and that "to in any wise personify the Impersonal is presumptuous idolatry." Again, though God is soul, it is explained for our edification that the word Soul "signifies nothing more than pure being." Thus, in one set of statements we have affirmations of consciousness and personality; in another, they are denied. And the Divine sympathy of which he speaks is represented as of the same character as the mutual influence of bodies in mechanical action. Since no part of the material universe "can be set in motion without the whole of the universe sympathetically moving therewith," we are sent to matter in motion to find there love, reason, sympathy. Can there be more pronounced contradiction or greater confusion of ideas? We can understand Shelley in his Love's Philosophy—

> Nothing in the world is single;
> All things by a law divine
> In one another's being mingle—
> Why not I with thine?

This is a poetic fancy, suggested by a profound truth. But that the mutual attraction of vortex atoms should be gravely offered us as on a par with the sympathy of a Divine Father is an intellectual aberration for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in literature. Carlyle spoke of snuffing up the east wind by way of spiritual nourishment; but the Illumination at which he scoffed was free from paradoxes and equivocations such as are offered here as spiritual food.

In writing this paper, I have had a larger question before my mind than Mr. Pearson's synthesis, which has interested me chiefly as an extreme instance of a common tendency. It was remarked by Bacon, in his striking description of the idols of the cave, that some minds are apter to mark the differences of things, others to mark their resemblances, and that both kinds may easily err in excess. The error of excess in marking the resemblances of things is now most frequent among our theorisers and system builders. The exposition and defence of theories of Evolution have led many to bring into the fullest light the similarities of facts, allowing their dissimilarities, which the idea of Evolution no less necessarily involves, to fall into the background. The longing for simplicity and unity which has pervaded Science and Philosophy from their earliest developments has led to an impatience of obstacles to the unification of different branches of knowledge. Hence the natural desire to reduce biology to physics, and to express facts of intelligence and of morality in terms of biology. But it is possible to obtain true and high generalisations only by exhausting the differences and allowing them their full value, not by ignoring them. We must not even take it for granted *a priori* that barriers which now exist can be broken down; different subjects may continue to demand different principles for their interpretation. The crudest treatment of all is to regard them as already unified on the ground of some partial analogy. Analogies may, it is true, be instructive and suggestive, even when they fall short of analogical argument. But we must not place a greater burden on them than they are able to bear. We may speak with advantage of social statics and dynamics, but the analogies which these expressions convey fail to reduce the theory of society to the rank of physics; and all our talk about the social organism and the social tissue does not prove that biology furnishes us with a key which can unlock the secrets of social and ethical philosophy.

THE MAORI MECCA AND ITS PROPHET.

BY W. H. TRIGGS.

HAT Mecca is to devout Moslems, that is Parihaka, a native settlement on the West Coast of New Zealand, to the Maoris. Great as was the power which Mohammed acquired over his followers, it is doubtful whether he ever possessed during his lifetime such absolute domination over body and soul as that which has been established over the Maories of all parts of New Zealand by the great prophet of Parihaka, the renowned Te Whiti. His influence is felt in the remotest corners of the colony—even in the little frequented Chatham Islands, separated by four hundred miles of stormy ocean from the mainland. From the extreme south of the colony, from the extreme north, and from the Chatham Islands come presents of food—preserved "Mutton Birds," and other dainties—and presents of money to the Maori prophet. His influence is not alone confined to the ignorant and more superstitious among the natives, but even those who have received a European education, and have acquired all the arts and refinements of European life, are not free from his spell. They tremble at the thought of approaching him, or they are drawn by an irresistible fascination and flinging off their European habits and modes of thought, give themselves up unreservedly to his sway.

An ex native minister of New Zealand, Mr. John Bryce, to whose sagacity and firmness in dealing with the "prophet" a few years ago the colony owes its preservation from a serious native trouble, has given a most graphic account of the extent of Te Whiti's claims, and the potent and far-reaching character of his influence. As to the former they stopped short at nothing—not even at omnipotence. And omnipotent the Maoris still believe the prophet to be, notwithstanding the fact that time after time his prophecies and his pretentions have been brought to nought. Te Whiti never failed to prove himself equal to the occasion. He did not trouble himself with plausible explanations as to why he had failed. On the contrary, he calmly and boldly assumed that he had succeeded, that his plans and predictions were being carried out to the letter, he did this with such an air that the Ma were completely carried away and believec him more firmly than ever.

Among his followers was a noted M warrior named Titokowaru, the leader of rebellion against the English in 1868. T man was one of the most skilful generals Maoris have ever known, and at one time name was a name of terror among Europeans. One wounded European w fell into his hands he is known to h roasted alive, and there is no reason to do his assertion that he had cooked and ea others. At the opening of the campaign drove the Europeans all before him till greater part of the West Coast was in possession. Finally the rising was put do and subsequently when an amnesty had b declared and Titokowaru was at liberty return to his old haunts, he joined the ra of Te Whiti's disciples. On one occasion grim, blood-stained old warrior, who w apparently getting a little tired of w seemed to be repeated failures on the part the prophet, bearded him in the Assem and demanded to know "who was behi him," meaning by that to enquire w power he had to carry out his promises. when, as Mr. Bryce tells us, in loud and ringi tones came back the astonishing response "There is none behind me, I am the Fath I am the Son, I am the Holy Ghost," Ti kowaru had to retire expressing hims satisfied.

The Maoris, as I have said, fully believ in Te Whiti's omnipotence. He profess power to raise the dead to life, and mor after month the natives attended his meetir in the full hope of seeing the resurrection, a bringing with them clothes with which clothe their risen friends. They were a firmly impressed with the idea that thousands of Europeans were to surrou Parihaka with the object of molesting t prophet or his followers Te Whiti cou destroy them with a glance. When, as w be seen, subsequently the Europeans d surround Parihaka and were *not* destroye the Maoris simply came to the conclusi that Te Whiti had good and sufficient reaso for not exerting his terrible power, but th

fully believed that he could have done so had he chosen.

It will be interesting to enquire how one man, not a great chief by birth, and with little to help him except his own ability or cunning, could acquire such enormous influence over a war-like, and, for the most part very shrewd people like the Maoris.

Te Whiti was educated by a missionary named Riemenschneider, and it was the proud boast of a New Zealand official who lived at the mission station that his boots used to be blacked by the embyro prophet. He was a studious lad, very fond of his Bible, which at the present time he is never tired of studying. It was immediately after the conclusion of the war with Titokowaru, in 1869, that Te Whiti was first heard of. He was then conducting a kind of preaching crusade on the West Coast of the North Island. His discourses were a curious mixture of orthodoxy, with a decided tinge of Maori superstition, a good deal of glorification of himself and, above all, strong hints that by giving up fighting and following his counsel the Maoris would get back their confiscated land.

The confiscated land had been the trouble which had brought about the war just ended. The Maoris, thoroughly defeated, were tired of fighting and they turned to hear what this new counsellor had to say.

As he was an earnest advocate for peace, and undoubtedly had a restraining effect on the Maori mind, the Government did not interfere with him. More than that they, to some extent, recognised his authority, and to the Maoris it might very well seem as if the Government were afraid of him.

As Mr. Bryce says "he was able by his power to keep back the wave of colonisation from his territory." The Government dared not carry a road or a telegraph line through the district over which he claimed authority, fearful of the consequences.

On one occasion when they commenced a road, they stopped short at the point where he commanded. Needless to say the effect of this was to increase enormously the belief of the natives in Te Whiti's pretensions, and the number of his adherents grew in proportion. The climax was reached in 1878 and 1879 when the Grey Government, with a sudden and unexpected display of boldness, proceeded to survey the confiscated land (commonly known as the Waimate plains) for the purpose of selling it. By Te Whiti's orders the surveyors were seized, carted off bag and baggage and deposited outside the boundary. The Government accepted the rebuff and proceeded no further with the work. The effect of this upon the native mind is graphically told by Mr. Bryce in the

PARIHAKA, MOUNT EGMONT.

following words:—"Up to that time the mental epidemic among the Maoris on the West Coast though strong was not overwhelming, but it then attained an intensity and force which are not yet lost, and which has enabled the faith of the Maoris in their prophet and lord to withstand the effect of all the falsified predictions and all the sufferings he has brought upon them. Clearly at that time his own dreams of power became unbounded. He was to recover the Waimate Plains for the Maori. He was to recover the whole of the confiscated lands in New Zealand. The white man was to be dispossessed of even the lands he had acquired by purchase. Te Whiti was to become the supreme ruler of the West Coast; of the whole of New Zealand—indeed, of the whole world—nay, not only a ruler, but a prophet, a king, a god!"

The prophet was now probably at the summit of his power. His astuteness in taking advantage of the weakness of the Government to increase his own influence was in short something amazing. He was a diplomatist of the first water. Government officials were repeatedly sent to cajole or intimidate him into a peaceful settlement of matters in dispute, but were almost invariably made to "look small" in the verbal encounters which took place, and left without having achieved anything except the feat of increasing the importance of Te Whiti in the eyes of his people. It was part of the prophets's plan to artfully insinuate that he could not deal with subordinates, and when higher officials came to him he would turn upon them and snub them unmercifully to the evident delight of his people. Once or twice a too-confiding Cabinet Minister was inveigled into visiting Parihaka, in the hope of "settling the native difficulty," and invariably lived to regret it. Not one of them was a match for the keen-witted Maori with his sharp tongue, his supreme air of disdain, and his scathing irony. It was the height of his ambition to get the Governor to Parihaka in order that he might humble him likewise, and he very nearly succeeded. The artful hints which he let drop from time to time induced Sir Arthur Gordon to send his aide-de-camp Captain Knollys to Parihaka with a letter inviting a conference. Sir Arthur Gordon asked Te Whiti to come to Wellington, or was himself willing to meet him more than half-way outside the borders of the confiscated land. Te Whiti wanted to see him metaphorically at his feet at Parihaka, and the scene which took place between Captain Knollys and the prophet was very amusing. When the *aide-de-camp* arrived at the village he was told that the prophet was playing draughts and could not be disturbed. After cooling his heels for four or five hours, and still seeing or hearing nothing of Te Whiti, the gallant captain went in search of him. He found a "good-looking man with a smug face and a most marked expression of self-complacency and conceit." Te Whiti refused to touch the Governor's letter, and made a sneering remark about the size of the envelope. Another chief commenced to read the letter aloud, but when he came to a suggestion that the Governor and Te Whiti should "discuss these matters," the prophet prevented him from reading any more, with the remark, "The cooked potato cannot discuss." The chief attempted to go on reading, but Te Whiti interrupted him again with the same mysterious remark, "The potato is cooked," and this was held to settle the matter. When Captain Knollys attempted to draw him into converse he turned his back on him, half buried his head in his blanket and pretended to be busy with his pipe.

As to the observation just quoted it may be mentioned that Te Whiti generally spoke in figurative language, and no Babylonian inscription ever called forth so many and various interpretations as did this mystic saying of the Maori prophet.

Some said that the word he used did not mean potato at all, but the general opinion arrived at was that the prophet meant that the mischief was done, and it was no good discussing the matter. As a matter of fact it was not his "game" to secure a settlement. The only way to keep up his influence was to keep up the agitation. Sir Arthur Gordon, however, thought it desirable to know more about the culinary operation referred to, and after being apprised by Captain Knollys of the unsatisfactory result of the first interview desired him to see Te Whiti again, and tell him that until the Governor knew how "the potato was cooked" he could say nothing about it.

It was of the cooking of the potato from the very beginning that the Governor wished to have his account, and for that reason had asked him to meet him, to which he was awaiting an answer.

Captain Knollys accordingly again saw Te Whiti, and has told us what took place. It is so characteristic of the prophet's style of diplomacy that Captain Knollys' account of the interview is worth quoting in full. He says: "We found Te Whiti and sat down outside a house to talk to him. His manner was

quite changed from what it was before. He sat and talked, and was civil, showing no signs of a desire to avoid us, or to turn his back.

"I delivered the message after an interval of silence. I said 'The Governor has heard about the cooking of the potato from others, but now he wishes to hear what Te Whiti has to say, and to tell his mind of which he, Te Whiti, knows nothing.' Te Whiti answered, 'I have nothing more to say. The Governor knows how it was done. If the Governor wishes to know about it he must come to the pot where the potato was cooked, and see the heap of evils that have been done. It is no good my going to hide myself away in Wellington.' I answered: 'That is what the Governor proposes to do, and asks you to meet him!' He answered: 'Where the Governor wishes me to meet him is outside the pot.' I suggested that it was on the edge of the pot, where the ashes might be seen. He said: 'It is no good. When a man's face is burnt the doctor comes to him to see it.' I said: 'Why don't you go to the doctor to show your burnt face?' He said: 'No; if a dog is chasing a pig, the pig does not cry out to the man. The man calls the dog off!' I said: 'True, but if the pig runs to the man he is saved from the dog.' I asked him if he was going to answer the Governor's letter. He said he never had answered other letters. The people around the Governor could tell their story about it. I urged on him the necessity for telling his own story, but could get nothing satisfactory from him. He said: 'The Governor is like other Governors—a Governor for the white man.' I said, 'He has left good behind; where he came from the people are happy.' He answered, 'He has left good and bad behind him. The Maori potato is cooked.' This conversation was carried on in all good humor, but thinking it would be useless to say anything further, I left Parihaka."

Fortunately the Governor was not entrapped into visiting Parihaka, and Te Whiti's master attempt at increasing his *Mana*, as the Maoris describe the peculiar influence acquired by a great leader, resulted in failure.

There is yet another secret of Te Whiti's power—the darkest and most terrible side of his character. The Maoris are profound believers in the "evil eye." They are absolutely convinced that either Te Whiti or Tohu, his relative and associate-prophet could bedevil them to death at any moment if they offended him. Mr. Bryce says he is convinced this is an ever present fear, and it is a feeling far exceeding in its intensity the ordinary fear of death. "I have myself," he says, "heard a chief whose feelings towards us were of the most friendly character and whose rank in the west coast tribes was far higher than either Te Whiti or Tohu, declare that he dared not refuse to send supplies to the Parihaka monthly gathering, and although he was a man of undaunted courage, I have seen him tremble while he avowed his fear." Nor is it altogether an idle superstition. Instances have occurred, the same authority tells us, where the disapproval of these chiefs has apparently, and he is disposed to think really, caused the death of individuals, probably by force of imagination, possibly by more tangible means. It is not at all necessary, however, to suppose the latter alternative. Anyone who knows the Maoris at all knows that it is no uncommon thing for one to die from sheer imagination. If a Maori is ill and takes it into his head he is going to die he is almost sure to do so, although his malady may not be at all of a fatal kind. Judge Maning, author of "Old New Zealand," gives a very striking instance of a native being killed stone dead in six hours by the effect of his own terrified imagination. He was a slave attached to a war party, and unwittingly ate some food which had been left by the chief of the party, who was very highly *tapued*. He had hardly finished when he was informed by a horror-stricken comrade of the fatal act he had committed in breaking the *tapu* in so terrible a fashion. The unfortunate slave, a man of great courage who had signalised himself in the wars of the tribe, no sooner heard the fatal news than he was at once seized with terrible convulsions and died about sundown the same day from pure fright.

I have thus traced out the principal causes which led up to the extraordinary influence acquired by Te Whiti. His *Mana*, as was pointed out above, attained its zenith when he turned the *pakeha* surveyors off the Waimate Plains. He then proceeded to even bolder steps. He announced that the heart of the *pakeha* was indeed to be tried, and he directed his followers to "plough the belly of the Government." They interpreted this to mean that they were to plough up the lands of the European settlers, which they accordingly proceeded to do, not only in the confiscated territory but in the settled districts outside. Still the Government took no overt action.

Te Whiti had acquired a very large following by this time, but there is no reason to believe the Government were afraid they could not cope with him. The truth is, a native war of any kind would have had a

disastrous effect on their credit just then, and as they could not afford to be independent of the money market, it is probable this was the restraining motive which kept them so impassive.

However, the European settlers took the matter into their own hands. They armed themselves, had a rough tussle with the Maoris, and the Government then being obliged to render assistance some two hundred of Te Whiti's followers were lodged in gaol.

With a change of Ministry a new policy was embarked upon. Strong forces of armed constabulary were stationed in the district, and roads of great strategic importance were opened up. At the same time a commission was appointed to enquire into the grievances of the Maoris and to set apart large areas of land for their benefit. Finally, when Te Whiti, who, it may be mentioned, utterly refused throughout to listen to any compromise, abandoned his peaceful utterances and began to talk of war, Mr. John Bryce, the Native Minister, performed the great *coup* which finally broke the native difficulty and made his name famous in the annals of the colony.

An overwhelming force, not only of armed constabulary, but of volunteers from all parts of New Zealand, was brought up to Parihaka and occupied the place. Te Whiti had the sense to see that fighting was out of the question, and it is one of the most striking proofs of his power that with hundreds of hot-blooded young Maoris, whose war-like proclivities have passed into a proverb, in his camp, he managed to keep them all in complete subjection and perfect self-restraint while their *whares* or huts were pulled down and the settlement was broken up. Only the natives of Parihaka were allowed to remain there, the strangers, many hundreds in number, being sent about their business.

Te Whiti and the great wizard, Tohu, his associate, were carried away as prisoners. The Government inflicted upon them a somewhat novel kind of punishment. They were provided with an interpreter and guide and started off on a complete pleasure tour throughout the whole colony. Everything in the way of arts, manufactures and natural scenery, likely to interest or impress them was shown to this strange pair. Their guide, Mr. Ward, kept a record of what they saw and some of their remarks. In some respects they showed themselves possessed of great shrewdness, in others they exhibited a child-like simplicity alike curious and amusing. They were greatly impressed by the railway trains, of course. The whistle half-a-mile of filled them with alarm, and when they had to cross the line Te Whiti scampered across in a state of the greatest trepidation, and was nervous and excited in the extreme until he had got Tohu across likewise. Evidently he had doubts of his omnipotence when pitted against a locomotive engine. So, too, when they were taken to the railway workshops and saw the big steam hammer at work, Te Whiti entirely forgot his prophetic dignity and fairly turned tail and ran away, barking his sacred shins against a railway axle over which he fell in his haste. An exhibition which was being held in Christchurch supplied countless objects for the prophet's admiration, but nothing excited him so much as a group of wax figures representing Moses striking the rock that water might flow therefrom. As soon as he saw this he turned a ghastly green or yellow, his mouth, which commenced to twitch, fell at the corners, and in a short time he had worked himself up into a state of religious frenzy. He excitedly exclaimed that "Aaron was not correct—was not as he had seen him last in his visions," and finally he had to be led forcibly away, excited and trembling, lest the influence of his *atua*, or familiar spirit, should become too much for him. When he went to the Museum an amusing scene occurred. Te Whiti was much scandalised by the presence of European ladies in the statuary room. "Ward," he said to his guide, "are these women not ashamed to come and look at these figures, men being present? I know Maori women are not so fastidious, but I thought European ones so chaste and proud that they could not have viewed these objects. I know now, however, that they are no prouder than my own women." The ladies meanwhile, unconscious of the purport of the prophet's remarks, which were in Maori, crowded round Te Whiti.

The latter thought this a favorable opportunity to address to them a few words of personal remonstrance, which he did with great vigor, winding up with an earnest exhortation to them to get married forthwith. The ladies, still in the state of the most blissful ignorance of the nature of the homily to which they were listening, nodded and smiled, and were frequently heard to whisper, "what a nice man he is!" What they would have thought had his speech been interpreted to them this deponent declines to conjecture.

The Maoris, as I have said, were virtually shown everything striking or wonderful, both in art and nature, that the colony had to

show. The reader will probably be curious to learn what made the most favorable impression on the prophet's mind. He was asked the question by a *pakeha* visitor in Christchurch, and his reply was that he had seen nothing better than the Avon—a charming little stream running through the town, deeply overhung with willows, and winding through some very pretty botanical gardens.

"How is that?" said his questioner. "The river is very nice certainly, but remember the many fine public buildings here, and the railway, tramway, etc., which must strike you as being very wonderful."

To this Te Whiti replied: "All those things you mention are very grand, no doubt, and very useful, but they are the work of man's hand and will perish; the river is God's work, and will last long after the things you mention, which are the work of man's hand, shall have passed away; but this (the river) will always run."

The answer, I think, was not unworthy, even of a prophet.

Ultimately Te Whiti and Tohu were allowed to go back once more among their people. What Te Whiti had seen gave him an idea of the resources of the *pakeha*, but did not alter in the slightest degree his attitude towards the Europeans or his belief in himself as a being of supernatural power and the regenerator of his race. A year or so ago it became again necessary to arrest him on account of the menacing character of his speeches, and in default of finding sureties to keep the peace he was committed to gaol. This time he was treated like any ordinary prisoner. Soon after his release I embraced an opportunity which presented itself to visit his settlement. A large meeting of the Maoris was to be held there, and as there was some uncertainty as to how the natives would receive this unceremonious treatment of the leader they so much reverenced there was sufficient spice of adventure about the visit to make it interesting. We drove over from Opunake—a distance of a little over twenty miles. There was a very fair road leading right into the heart of the settlement. It is situated among a number of low hills covered principally with flax and fern, and a stream runs through the village. There were about eight hundred or a thousand men, women and children present at the meeting, which had not concluded when we arrived. Some of the men were dressed in European clothing, and one strapping young fellow wore a hunting suit—pink coat, breeches, "tops" and cap all complete. The women were for the most part attired in gaily-colored dresses and shawls, broad yellow stripes being in great vogue. A Maori woman is as skilful in draping a shawl as a Spanish lady is in handling a fan. Some of the younger women, with their clear olive skins, laughing black eyes, and teeth dazzling white, with a bright shawl gracefully draped round their heads and shoulders were far from being unattractive, and their presence gave an Oriental aspect to the scene. A few of the natives were to be seen with blankets slung around them, but the old native costume, consisting of a flax mat adorned with feathers, seemed to have practically disappeared.

IN THE MECCA COUNTRY, MT. EGMONT.

There were not many children at Parihaka, where, as elsewhere, the race seems to be slowly dying out. The little urchins who ran about the place were merry enough and apparently well treated. Some of them were dressed in complete little suits of European clothes, looking as a fond nurse would say "quite little gentlemen." There were others—and these apparently not the less happy of the two—who had to be content with a very scanty shirt and perhaps a coat in addition, and a comical sight they looked as their little

brown legs went twinkling about the settlement. Their great amusement seemed to be drawing about the half of a melon-rind with a piece of flax attached, just as little English children draw about a crabshell by means of a piece of string in the alleys and by-streets at Home.

It was dinner-time when we arrived, and the natives were squatted about the settlement in the bright sunshine in little groups eating cooked *pipis* (a kind of cockle), potatoes and boiled pork. They were friendly enough, and freely invited us to sit down and have some *kai* (food.) After wandering about the settlement for some time we came back to the *marae* or open space in the centre of the village, and discovered that the great wizard Tohu was addressing the assemblage. The appearance of the *tohunga* certainly struck us with a shock. We half expected a weird looking personage with elfin locks, his face hideously tattooed and perhaps smeared with paint, and of course clad in a mat and feathers. What we actually did see was a corpulent looking man dressed in a European suit of "dittos" with a billycock hat, and a shark's tooth pendant from his watch-chain. As he stood with his left hand in his trousers pocket, occasionally waving the other in the air by way of emphasising his remarks, he might have been a candidate for municipal honors instead of a great sorcerer and a claimant of miraculous powers. He was, in fact, a regular Maori edition of Mr. John Wellington Wells. The Maoris, however, listened to his exhortations with the most profound attention.

There they were squatting or standing, not only in the *marae*, but in all the pathways running by the side of the *whares* or huts on the surrounding hillocks, listening to their great priest-wizard. He spoke with fluency and clearness, so that he could be heard easily at a distance of forty or fifty yards from where he stood, his speech being a kind of semi-religious exhortation. Occasionally some of the countless mongrel dogs of the settlement set up a yelp, but otherwise perfect silence was observed. If anyone moved, and so caused a little interruption, a hundred reproving eyes were instantly directed to the spot, principally by the women, and an emphatic "Shs sh" fell from a score of mouths. It was an affecting sight to see this remnant of an apparently dying people hanging upon the lips of this greasy self-satisfied looking impostor hungering for spiritual and intellectual food, and apparently imagining that at length their great Teacher and Deliverer had arrived.

But where all this time was Te Whiti? We could find no trace of him in the *marae*. We went to his house, a neat two-storied building built in the European style. In one of the lower rooms was a long table set out in European fashion with knives and forks, plates, cups and saucers, &c., and strange to say a *blancmange* was among the delicacies provided. We afterwards learned that this was an innovation effected by Te Whiti after his return from his pleasure trip round the colony. Formerly, all visitors to Parihaka were treated with the hospitality characteristic of the Maoris, and were freely invited to eat and drink of their best. Now Te Whiti has in effect set up an eating house at which European food is provided and for which all have to pay.

A native in the dining room in answer to our enquiry said perhaps Te Whiti was upstairs. We were abashed at the idea of venturing into a prophet's bedroom, but were assured it was "all right" and so mounted the narrow stairs. We found a venerable looking Maori reclining on a mat.

We apologised for intruding on him, but said that his fame as a prophet had reached us from afar and we were desirous of seeing him in the flesh. We were going on further in the same respectful strain when the venerable Maori broke out into a smile and said, "Me no Te Whiti, he no here."

We wandered about for an hour from place to place trying to find the prophet, but he was not to be seen. He was *pouri*—"dark," or in plain terms sulky on account of his last imprisonment. None of the natives knew whither he had withdrawn himself. A man had killed his wife in a fit of jealously a day or two before, and the natives naturally wanted their leader to adjudicate on the unhappy affair. Not even for a matter of such importance would he show himself, and the natives dared not intrude upon his privacy.

One thing was quite clear from our visit, and that was that the native belief in Te Whiti's divine powers was as strong as ever. Probably nothing will ever completely shake it. In future, however, he will be merely the great high priest of a religious "cult." Neither he nor his followers can ever again be a source of political trouble. The prompt and vigorous manner with which Mr. Bryce grappled with the movement at a time when it really might have become formidable if left unchecked, and the great growth of settlement which followed in the district immediately after confidence had been restored, have rendered any recurrence of the native difficulty entirely out of the question.

NATURAL SCIENCE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

NATURAL Science may almost be said to have stood godmother to Australia, for the spot where Captain Cook, in 1770, took possession of the continent in the name of His Majesty, King George III., owed its name of Botany Bay to the splendid collections made upon its shores by his friends Banks and Solander. Seeing that it was thus under the auspices of natural science that Australia first entered into the huge assemblage of widely separated countries which together form the British Empire, it was especially fitting that our centennial year should have been marked by the coming into existence of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science. And now that the second session of the Association has just come to an end after a most successful meeting, it seems only right that something should be said in THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE, which was born in the same year and the same month as the Association, concerning the progress of science in Australia.

By the word Australia in the heading of this article it is not the mainland alone that is meant, but the large islands around it—Tasmania, New Zealand and the rest—as well. The use of the name Australia as the collective term may be justified upon the ground that it is rapidly coming into use in the colonies with this wider meaning, and usurping the place of the more awkward and cumbrous term Australasia, even in defiance of the common mathematical rule that the less cannot include the greater.

When Sclater first sought to establish a natural division of the earth for scientific purposes in place of the ordinary political division, and mapped out his six zoögeographical regions, he made Australia one of them. Though several attempts have since been made to modify his admirable scheme by means of the compression of two or more regions into one, no innovator has ever been found daring enough to depose Australia from the place of honor which he accorded to it. A general resistance, too, has been offered on the part of leading scientific men to the carrying out of Huxley's suggestion that New Zealand should be separated from Australia and erected into a separate region, on account of the strongly marked peculiarities of its fauna.

It is probable that Australia always formed a region distinct from the other land-masses of the globe, even from a very early period of geological time. It is now generally accepted amongst geologists that, though at a very early period of the earth's history it may have been connected with Asia, "at least for an enormous period of time Australia has been divided from the northern continent by a very important barrier of sea."

Towards accumulating the materials for a satisfactory general geological history of Australia a great deal of work has already been done, especially in the eastern portion of the continent and in New Zealand. That the Australian continent was in existence as a continental mass far back in Palæozoic time is certain. The immense development of the Silurian system, especially in the southern parts of the continent, would alone indicate the existence of a huge mass of land in the immediate vicinity of the place where the strata were deposited, from which the material for their formation was derived. Vast masses of crystalline foliated rocks are found too in the South Island of New Zealand and in many parts of the other colonies, and while most of these foliated schists are in reality metamorphosed Silurian and Devonian rocks, it is by no means improbable that some of them may be Archæan in age. Nothing definite, however, can be said on this point till their relation to the other sedimentary rocks has been carefully worked out. The huge coalfields along the eastern coast of New South Wales, as well as in other places, afford invaluable evidence of the elevation of the land during the carboniferous period, as wide low-lying flats thickly overgrown with ferns and reeds and huge club-mosses.

The general absence of Secondary rocks throughout the greater part of Australia proper also affords very strong testimony of

the continental existence of Australia during Mesozoic time. Of course the absence of these rocks may be due to extensive denudation, but the amount of denudation necessary to remove such enormous quantities of material over so wide an area seems too great to make this supposition altogether satisfactory. Besides this the fossils found

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in what Mesozoic strata do exist are almost wholly freshwater and terrestrial forms, which would appear to indicate that, at the time of the deposition of the beds containing them, the land was elevated above the sea-level. Towards the latter end of the Mesozoic age, however, a huge arm of the sea undoubtedly covered the central portion of the continent. The greater part of what is now Western Australia remained above the sea as an immense island, the Northern Territory, the north-eastern part of Western Australia, and the western portions of Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria being under water. The long mountain range, or cordillera, however, which traverses the eastern side of the continent, with a narrow belt of land on each side of it, also formed a long narrow eastern island, wlth Cape York as its northern termination and a southerly extension of Tasmania as its southern limit. The great sea between the western and eastern islands is commonly called by geologists the Cretaceous sea.

Early in Tertiary time, however, this sea disappeared, owing to elevation of the coastal regions, leaving only the salt lakes of central and southern Australia to mark its former position. Depression and elevation of smaller tracts followed each other in rapid succession in different places, with the deposition of beds the classification of which is still in a very unsatisfactory state. "Though vast areas in Australasia are covered with strata which sometimes attain a depth of several hundred feet, containing both terrestrial and marine deposits, and which are referable to various parts of Cainozoic (Tertiary) time, no satisfactory correlation of the beds with European equivalents has yet been made, if indeed, such a correlation is at all probable or possible. All that can safely be affirmed is that a succession among these beds can be traced with an increasing proportion of recent species in the younger parts of the series."

The geological history of Australia has a very important bearing upon the history of the development and geographical distribution of its animals and plants, which can only be briefly sketched out here, and which will require a very large amount of original research on the part of Australian students before it will be capable of exact statement. The first things necessary will be the correlation of New Zealand and Tasmanian strata with those of the mainland, and the careful examination and description by competent men of the contained fossils Deep sea soundings have already shown that there is a great bank, of which Norfolk Island is the

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD LIVERSIDGE, M.A., F.R.S.

highest point, connecting the great submarine plateau from which New Zealand rises with a submarine easterly extension of Queensland. From the New Zealand plateau another long bank with Lord Howe's Island marking its termination stretches out in a north-westerly direction. Similar soundings reveal a long southerly extension of Tasmania, as well as the fact that the island was once, and probably up to very recent times, connected with the south-eastern portion of the mainland. In fact Tasmania is really nothing more nor less than the highest portion of a southerly extension of Victoria, Bass Straits having very recently been dry land, and as southern Australia is steadily rising it seems by no means improbable that they may be so again. The connection shown by these soundings is confirmed too by a study of the relations existing between the flora aud fauna of the island colonies and those of the mainland.

Though the mainland, by reason of its great size, possesses both a tropical and a temperate vegetation, yet it is the temperate vegetation, the gums, wattles, ti-trees, and similar forms, which is characteristically and typically Australian. Further

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examination shows that the typical forms exhibit a much greater abundance of species in the western than in the eastern portion of the continent. Wallace, founding his belief upon a study of the geographical distribution of species and genera, taken together with the geological history so far as yet known, considers that the characteristic Australian flora was developed in the great western island at the time when it was separated from the long eastern cordillera island by the Cretaceous sea. From the western island the typical temperate plants gradually began to spread into the eastern, where they had to contend with tropical forms and temperate plants of wide distribution already established in its northern and southern portions respectively.

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Similarly the peculiar flora of New Zealand may be accounted for. Taken as a whole and considered in its general aspect only, there is an immense resemblance between the flora of New Zealand and that of Australia proper, but the affinity is almost wholly confined to the least peculiar and least predominant mainland forms. Such intensely characteristic Australian types as *Acacia*, *Eucalyptus*, *Melaleuca*, *Leucopogon*, *Stylidium*, *Grevillea*, and *Hakea* are wholly absent from New Zealand, except that there is one species of *Leucopogon*, a genus which, however, also has representatives in the Malayan and Pacific islands. But if it be remembered that it is with a submarine eastern extension of tropical Queensland that New Zealand is connected by the long submarine bank, the matter is explained. For the characteristic vegetation of Australia being temperate, very few such types would be found in tropical Queensland, and so at the time when the bank was dry land very few indeed of such characteristic plants could possibly migrate along it into New Zealand. The presence of this bank similarly explains the presence of so many tropical forms in New Zealand, for it allowed of the migration of tropical forms from the neighborhood of New Guinea and the adjoining islands, which may then have been the highlands of a tropical extension of north-eastern Australia, of which Queensland and New Guinea formed the chief portions.

The geological history also explains some of the peculiarities of Australian zoology. The typical Australian animals—kangaroo, wallaby, wombat, bandicoot, opossum, and native bear—were probably evolved in the great western island from more generalised marsupial ancestors, while the monotremes—the echidna and the platypus—had a similar history. The present fauna is greatly impoverished and reduced in size compared to its appearance in Pliocene times. Then there were kangaroos ten and twelve feet high, diprotodons which much resembled a native bear magnified till it was of the bulk of a rhinoceros, large tapir-like nototheria, wombats twice as large as at present, and huge marsupials, styled by Owen "marsupial lions" from the size of the so-called "carnassial"

SIR JAMES HECTOR, K.C.M.G., M.D., F.R.S.

teeth, although they were really herbivorous. Along with these were found on the mainland the marsupial hyæna (*Thylacinus*) and the Tasmanian devil (*Sarcophilus*), both of which are now only found in Tasmania. All these forms too were temperate, and so did not wander into New Zealand, though they did into Tasmania.

Much good work has already been done in the description of the morphology and classification of the higher Australian animals, but the study of the lower forms and of the marine fauna still offers an immense field for research. Very little for example has yet been done among the lower worms, while the opportunities for the student of sponges are extremely favorable, Port Phillip alone containing probably as many varieties as all British waters put together. The embryology and life history of the higher forms, the morphology of which has already been described, still require much attention. It was only very lately that it was discovered by Mr. Poulton, of Oxford, that in the very young state the platypus has teeth, a fact which points to degeneration having taken place; and it was but a couple of years ago that Mr. Caldwell placed beyond all doubt the oviparous nature of the same animal. The oviparous nature of the monotremes too, when considered in connection with other structural peculiarities, points to a very close relationship between these very low forms of mammalia and the Sauropsida,—the great group of vertebrates which comprises the true reptiles, amphibia and birds—which is of great biological importance.

The geographical distribution of our fauna likewise affords much room for new work. For example, what was the approximate time at which the marsupial hyæna and the Tasmanian devil ceased to exist on the mainland, and what was the cause of their extermination? Why is it that while the dingo is found on the mainland it is not found in Tasmania?

What, too, is the cause of the limitation of the kiwi and the moa to New Zealand, and of the absence of the emu and cassowary from that colony? This last question has already been answered to some extent by the speculation that the ancestors of all struthious birds were located somewhere in the Eurasian continent, when it was connected with North America, as winged birds with the power of flight; that they gradually lost this power and developed their struthious or ostrich-like characters, though with differentiations in different parts of the world; that increasing cold drove them into warmer climates, where in South America they developed into the rheas, in Africa and South-western Asia into ostriches, in Malaysia and Northern Australia into cassowary-like forms; that specific differences among these cassowary-like forms became more and more aggravated, until in New Guinea the true cassowary, and in the more southern parts of Australia the emu appeared; and that some of these ancestral forms worked down along the line indicated by the great submarine bank previously referred to, into New Zealand and there gave origin to the kiwis and moas.

The immense need which exists of an accurate and scientific study of Australian anthropology by students really competent to undertake such a labor may here be referred to. Numerous records and compilations, both from personal observation and from hearsay,

have been made by many people more or less suited for the task—missionaries, settlers, travellers, diggers, and others—but what is greatly wanted is careful scientific observation by trained anthropologists. With the exception of the works of A. W. Howitt, Lorimer Fison, and a very few others, there has been little of permanent value written. Hitherto there has been too much inclination to record what is merely curious or interesting to the general public, and too little careful inquiry into social and tribal organisation, customs and habits, ceremonies, institutions and language; and now that the aborigines are so rapidly disappearing the need of such inquiry being immediately and carefully made is very keenly felt. Facts are what are wanted. Attempts to identify the aborigines with the descendants of Shem, Ham or Japhet, with the lost ten tribes, or with other biblical worthies may be very pleasant hobbies for those who ride them, or may serve to wile away an idle hour, but the real desideratum is careful record of fact.

The great need at present for the successful prosecution of scientific matters in Australia is the absolute necessity for more extended original research. The establishment of Universities in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and New Zealand has already been of great service in furthering scientific study in these colonies, and the establishment of the contemplated Universities in Queensland and Tasmania should aid still more. The successful foundation of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science in 1888, which was in great measure due to the intense energy and unwearying efforts of Professor Archibald Liversidge of Sydney University, should be of immense value in giving a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry in Australia. It can also do much to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the colonies with one another, and to remove any disadvantages of a public kind which may impede scientific progress. Meeting each year, too, in a different colony, it will not only stimulate the students of science in that colony to special effort, but will also obtain more general attention to the objects of science. The fact that the Australian press is devoting special attention to reporting its meetings in a full and adequate manner is also worthy of note, as disseminating widely the knowledge of its work and aims.

The establishment of schools of science in the local Universities, the presence of the Australasian Association as a central rallying ground, and the increased enthusiasm which the foundation of the Association has aroused in the Royal Societies and the different Natural History clubs and societies, all tend toward the same result, while the example set and the work done by veterans like Baron von Mueller, Sir James Hector, Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, Professors McCoy, Tate and Hutton, Dr. Bennett, Sir William McLeay, A. W. Howitt, Lorimer Fison, and C. S. Wilkinson, as well as by the younger generation who are following in their footsteps, should ensure the steady and efficient progress of science in Australia.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEN the Judge, with a final glance at his notes, commenced to sum up on the evidence. He stood singular among his fellow-jurists for plain and unostentatious demeanor—both on and off the bench. In the matter of outward attire he could not be accused of extravagance. A studied plainness of habit distinguished him on all occasions. Careless, moreover, as to the fit of his garments as of their color or quality. As a lawyer he was proverbially keen, clear-headed, and deeply read; but he wasted no time upon his judgments, and never was known to "improve the occasion" by the stern or pathetic harangues in which his fellow-judges, for the most part, enclosed their decisions—the wrapper of the pill—so to speak. So rapid and decisive were His Honor's findings that some of them had passed into household words. When he arose from his seat, and after taking a short walk along the judicial dais, as if in mental conflict, resumed his position, the spectators knew that they would not have long to wait. "Very honest man rides a stolen horse would have been the gist of my charge, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "but this truly strange and complicated case demands the closest examination. The evidence presents exceptional features. On one side you have a young man of good character and means. His pecuniary circumstances should have removed all temptation to commit the offence charged. In a spirit of recklessness he associates with the Lawford family. About their character—with the sole exception of Esther Lawford—the less said the better. He buys from Edward Lawford a horse proved to have been stolen—many an honest man during the turmoil of the gold period has done the same. He has occasionally gambled for large sums, which is highly imprudent, but not felony, in the eyes of the law. The evidence for the defence proves fully—if believed—that he did not leave Growlers' Gully for Balooka until the 19th of September—competent witnesses swear positively to this fact. If you believe them the case is at an end. On the other hand, as many swear to his having been seen at Balooka long before the day referred to, and also at Eumeralla—the old home of the Lawfords, some of these witnesses must be in error, as the prisoner manifestly could not have been in two places at once. Catherine Lawford had evidently an animus, *spretæ injuria formæ*, he felt inclined to say, which might be freely translated into a lover's quarrel of some sort. As men of the world the jury would largely discount her evidence. A still more remarkable feature of this truly remarkable case was that Esther Lawford—whose conscientious scruples did her honor—testified also to having seen the prisoner at Eumeralla in association with Edward Lawford! They had heard John Polwarth's evidence, and his wife's, regarding a shipmate curiously like Trevanion. Such similarities, though rare, were not unknown. There was a possibility of mistaken identity. These points, as well as the credibility of the witnesses, were for them to consider. They were the judges of fact. But it was their especial duty to give the prisoner the benefit of all reasonable doubt—a doubt which he should certainly share with them if they brought in a verdict of *not guilty*."

When Mr. England heard the conclusion of the judge's charge, he scarcely doubted for a moment that after a short retirement of the jury His Honor's last words would be repeated by that responsible body. He, therefore, sat down, and calling over Charles Stirling, imparted to him confidentially his feeling on the subject. "His Honor plainly and umistakably was with them, and had summed up dead in favor of Trevanion. He was one of the best judges on the Victorian Bench, clear-headed and decisive, detesting all mere verbiage. A man, a gentleman, a sound lawyer—all these Judge Buckthorne was known to be. Pity he could not borrow a little deportment from Sir Desmond, who had enough and to spare."

Thus they talked while the business of the court went forward. Another jury had been

* Begun in August Number, 1889.

impannelled; another case called on; another prisoner had been put in the dock and placed on the further side with Ned Lawford. They seemed to know each other. Lance cast upon him a brief, indifferent glance, and resigned himself to silent endurance.

With respect to the issue Charles Stirling was by no means so confident as his legal friend, veteran as he was, boasting the scars of a hundred battles. But in his character of banker he had the opportunity of hearing the general public, as represented by the "legitimate miner," as he was fond of calling himself, which means every sort and condition of mankind, anxious to compel fortune by the primeval process, but wholly without capital to develop enterprises.

Now the jury was chiefly composed of ordinary miners. Of these it so happened that a large number had had their horses stolen. They were valuable animals at that period, most difficult to replace, and the owners, therefore, felt their loss acutely. They came to the trial with a fixed and settled intention of striking a blow at horse stealers, to which end it was necessary that some one, they hardly cared who, should suffer.

They were determined that an example should be made. It would do good and prevent others from being so immoral and short-sighted as to rob honest miners.

"This Trevanion," they reasoned, "had really been mixed up with the Lawford crowd, and a worse lot, now it turned out had never been seen near Ballarat."

It was argued that the evidence went to show that he had been a known friend and an intimate of the family at the place with the native name, and had been seen there when horse stealing on a large scale was being carried on.

"Kate Lawford swore point-blank to his having been away with her brothers long before the Lawford crowd had come to Growlers'. Trooper Donnellan had sworn to seeing him there. Hiram Edwards, the Yankee digger, had seen him there, and other miners. They had no call to have a down on him even if Dayrell and the girl had.

"Besides these Tessie Lawford, who everyone knew was a straight girl, and wouldn't have said a word against him for the world if she could have helped it—even *she* had to confess that she had seen him at Eumeralla."

"What about this chap that was said to be the dead image of him," asked a younger juror, "it was hard lines to be lagged innocent through another cove's work?"

"Well, they might believe that if they liked, it was put up some thought. Jack Polwarth and his wife, like all these Cousin Jacks, would swear anything for a Cornishman. Mr. Stirling was a nice chap, but he was a banker, and wasn't likely to go back on a man with a good account. Mrs. Delf was a good sort, but Trevanion used her house regular and spent his money free. They knew what that meant. His mind was made up. If Ned Lawford, as was waiting for his sentence, was in it, Trevanion was too. He must face the music. He'd be let off light, but it would be a lesson to him. If they didn't shop someone over this racket there wouldn't be a horse left on the field by Christmas."

At different times and from different speakers such was the general tone and substance of the arguments advanced by the majority. The minority defended their position, and from time to time denied that sufficient evidence had been furnished to show guilty knowledge or participation in crime on the part of the prisoner. But, after several hours spent in debate the minority yielded, disinclination to be locked up all night lending force to the logic of their opponents.

When the jury marched into Court, after notice by the Sheriff's officer to the Judge that they had agreed, a hush of anxious silence reigned throughout the building. Lance stood up fearless and erect, as a soldier faces the firing party at his execution. Ned Lawford never changed his position, but seemed as careless and inenvious as the youngest lad in Court.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge's Associate, a very young gentleman with discretion however beyond his years. "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

There was an air of solemnity pervading the jurors generally, from which Mr. England at once deduced an adverse verdict. The women fastened their eyes upon the foreman with eager expectation or painful anxiety; all save Kate Lawford. For all her emotion displayed, expressed in her countenance, the prisoners might have been Chinamen charged with stealing cabbages.

There was a slight pause, after which the foreman, a burly digger who had been a "forty-niner" in California, and had seen the first rush at Turon, uttered the word "Guilty!" The effect of the announcement was electrical. A tumult seemed imminent. The great crowd swayed and surged as if suddenly stirred to

unwonted action. Groans mingled with hisses were heard; women's cries and sobs, above which rose a girl's hysterical shriek thrilling and prolonged, temporarily in the ascendant. The deep murmur of indignation seemed about to swell into riotous shouting when an additional force of police appeared at the outer entrance by whom after vigorous expostulation order was restored.

The Judge proceeded to pass sentence, contenting himself with telling the jury that "they had proved themselves scrupulous guardians of the public welfare, and had not allowed themselves to be swayed by considerations of mercy. Their grasp of the facts of the case was doubtless most comprehensive. It was their verdict, not his. They had accepted the sole responsibility. Launcelot Trevanion, the sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned in Her Majesty's Gaol at Ballarat, and kept to hard labor for the term of two years. Edward Lawford, the sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned in Her Majesty's Gaol at Pentridge, and kept to hard labor for the term of five years. Let the prisoners be removed."

Then the disorder of the crowd, previously restrained, burst all bounds and appeared to become ungovernable. Tessie Lawford fell forward in a faint and was carried out. Mrs. Polwarth shook her fist in the direction of the sacred judgment seat, and declared in resonant tones that more would come of this if things were not mended. Snatching Tottie up, she and Mrs. Delf followed in the wake of Mr. Stirling and Hastings, continuing to impeach the existing order of things judicial, and declaring "that an honest man and a gentleman had no show in a country like this, where straight folks' oaths counted for nought; where policemen and lying jades had power to shut up in prison a man whose shoes in England they wouldn't have been allowed to black."

"End of first act of the melodrama," said Hastings to Charlie Stirling with grim pleasantry. "Audience gone out for refreshment. 'What may happen to a man in Victoria!' as the Port Phillip *Patriot* said the other day. Poor Lance! it makes me feel revolutionary too." * * * *

The end had come. With a hoarse murmur, half-repressed but none the less sullen and resentful, the crowd surged outward from the Court. A strong body of police escorted the prisoners to the van, in which, despite of threatened obstruction from some of the Growlers' Gully contingent, they were placed and driven towards the gaol which, built on a lofty eminence, was nearly a mile from the Court-house. Ned Lawford preserved his ordinary cheerful indifference, nodding to more than one acquaintance in the crowd, as who should say, "they don't have me for no five years, you bet!"

But Lance moved like a man in a dream. The force of the blow seemed to have arrested the ordinary action of the brain. "Guilty! *Two years' imprisonment!* Oh, God! Was it possible! and not some evil dream from which he would wake as in the days of his boyhood to find himself free and happy. It could not be. The Almighty could not be so cruel, so merciless, could not suffer a wrong so foul, so false to every principle of right, truth, justice! This hideous phantasmagoria would vanish and he, Lance Trevanion, would find himself back at Number Six, hailing the dawn with joy, ready to sing aloud as he left his couch with pure elation of spirits."

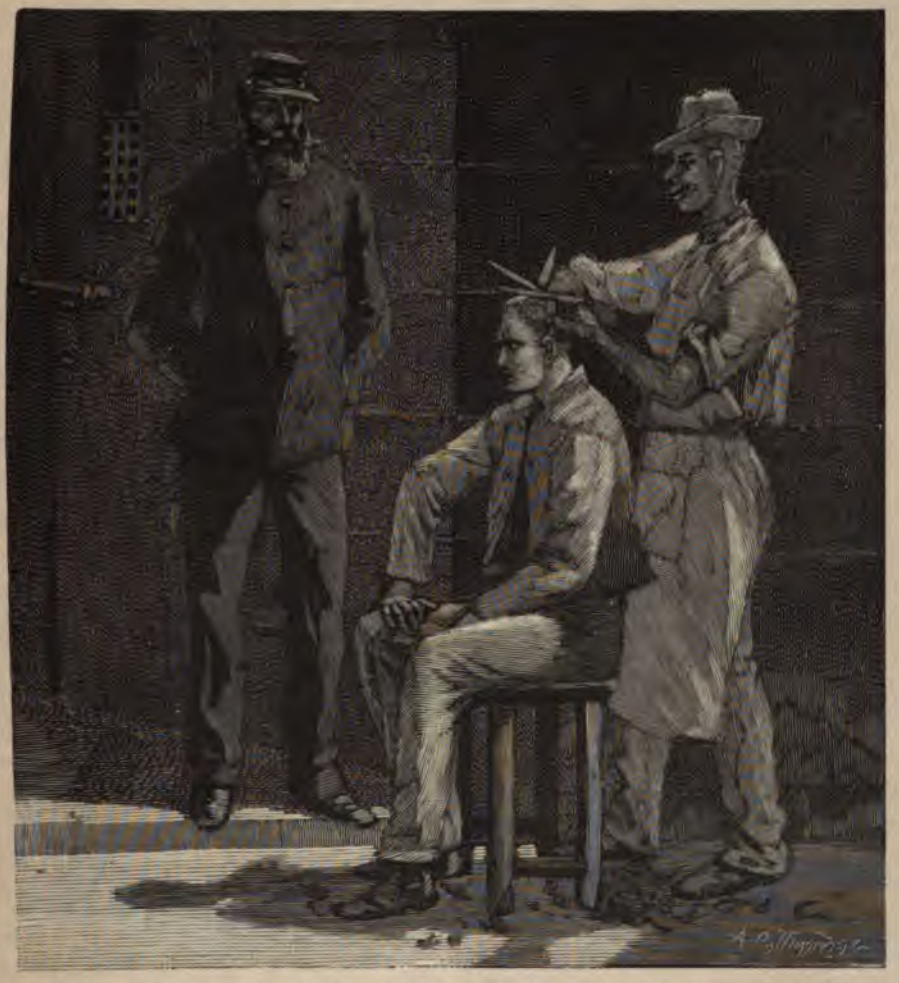
The actuality of changed conditions was brought home to him by the prompt alteration of treatment to which he was subjected on arriving at the gaol. Marched through a large yard in which a number of prisoners were sitting or standing aimlessly about, Lance became aware that a great change had taken place in his status and prestige. Before this he was only on committal, for all the prison authorities knew he might be acquitted and walk forth from Court unstained in reputation.

But now things were different. He was a prisoner under sentence. Bound to conform to the regulations of the establishment, who must *obey orders*. Do, in plain words, what he was told, no matter in what tone or manner couched, must perform menial services, descend from his former position to be the servant of servants, nay more, their dumb and unresisting slave, unless he saw fit to defy the terrible and crushing weight of prison authority. Should he submit? he asked himself, sitting down on the scanty bedding, neatly folded on a narrow board.

"Should he submit, or rather should he not give volcanic vent to his untamed temper, strangle the warder who next came to his cell and "run amok," scattering the gaol guards, dying by a rifle bullet rather than by the slower but not less certain action of the prison atmosphere. Had it not killed so many another, born, like him, to a life of freedom? —and yet—he was young—so young! Life had joys in store—for a man of three-and-twenty, even if he had to waste two years in this thrice accursed living tomb! Disgrace! dishonor! Of course it was—would be all the days of his life. Still there were other

countries—other worlds, almost, of which he had since his arrival in Australia heard more than all his schooling had taught him. The Pacific Slope; the South-Sea Islands; the Argentine Republic; New Mexico; Texas; Colorado! These were localities of which many a miner talked as familiarly as Jack Polworth of Cornwall or Devon. Two years would pass somehow. How many weeks was it? A hundred and more! The Judge, however, had ordered the time he had spent under committal to be deducted from the whole term—that was something. Well, he would see it out. He had friends still who were staunch and true. He would change his name and go to one of those places in the New World where men were not too particular about their associates' former lives—as long as they paid their way and lived a manly life. But home! Home to Wychwood! Home to his father and Estelle? Never! No! He could not look them in the face again."

The trial had been in all the colonial papers. For several reasons it had made a stir. His name had been given in full, and sagacious moralising poured out about the evil communications which corrupt, the dissipated habits which lead to ruin, the frequent falling away of young men well-born and gently nurtured amid the rough associations of colonial life.



"Lance sat down and in a marvellously short time found his face denuded of moustache and whisker, while his head felt strangely cold and bristly."

These reflections were brought to a close abruptly by the sudden opening of the cell door and the entrance of two warders, one of whom carried a suit of prison clothes. One was a tall powerful man with a hard expression of countenance and a cruel mouth. He looked at Lance with a cold, scrutinising air.

"Stand up, prisoner Trevanion," he said, as if reading out of a book, "and the next time you hear your cell door open comply with the regulations."

"What regulations?" enquired Lance.

"They're on that board," pointing to a small board placed in a corner of the cell. "You can read, I expect? Now, strip, and dress yourself in this uniform."

Disencumbering himself of his ordinary garments, Lance soon found himself attired in a striped suit of coarse cloth, fitted also with rough blucher boots and a woollen cap.

"Follow Warder Jackson."

"The shorter warder grinned: "You've got to see the barber and the photographer next. You won't hardly know yourself, will he Bracker? We've got yer photer' before you was took, and now all we want is yer jug likeness. Then we have yer both ways in case yer gives us leg-bail. Turn."

They halted in a wide passage where a man in prison garb stood by a camera. He had been a photographer before committing the forgery for which he was imprisoned. His talents were now utilised in securing likenesses of his fellow prisoners, a modern gael invention which had proved of immense value in the identification of criminals who had either escaped or had committed fresh crimes.

Before being placed in position a man came out of a passage bearing a razor, with shaving materials and scissors of formidable size.

"Sit down," said the tall warder, pointing to a bench, "the gaol barber will cut your hair now and shave you, after this he will shave you twice a week and cut your hair every fortnight." Subduing a frenzied impulse to seize the razor, cut everyone's throat and his own afterwards, Lance sat down, and in a marvellously short time found his face denuded of moustache and whisker, while his head felt strangely cold and bristly. He submitted, vacantly staring and unresistingly, to being placed in the position proper for the apparatus. When the negative came out and was shown to him exultingly as a first-rate likeness he did not recognise himself.

This creature in the repulsive and bizarre habiliments, with cropped head and hairless face as of a patient in a lunatic asylum. Was this really himself? Was this Lance Trevanion? It could not be, unless he had gone mad. Perhaps he had without knowing it, men did not know when they lost their reason so he had read, or how would they persist in saying they were sane? His head was burning, his eyes darkened, he gasped for breath, and before either warder could save him, fell prone and heavily on the stone floor.

* * * *

He recovered to find himself in the cell to which he had first been taken. He was sitting upon the two blankets which represented bed and bedding for a hard-labor prisoner, and had been considerately propped up against an angle of the wall. He had been "under observation" of a warder unconsciously since being carried there. This official was enabled to look in through a small barred aperture for that purpose, placed in the cell door. When the prisoner struggled into consciousness he departed, leaving Lance to realise his position and to compose his thoughts.

Merciful heaven! what thoughts were his? Let those say who have suddenly awakened to the consciousness of crime, not only alleged but legally proved; who as criminals in spite of denial and protest, have been tried and sentenced. To the awakened knowledge of dishonor fixed, public, irrevocable! A mark for the pity of friends, for the scorn of strangers, for the chuckling triumph of enemies! Up to a certain stage of legal conflict imagination cheats the boding heart with hope of release, victory, sudden good fortune.

But, the verdict once delivered, the sentence pronounced, hope trails her wings and abandons the fated victim; faith permits the lamp to burn so low that a breath of unbelief suffices to extinguish it; charity flees in dismay from frenzied cries and imprecations. Then this is the opportunity of the enemy of mankind. This demon train finds easy entrance into the ruined fortress of the soul. The furies are not idle. Remorse, revenge, jealousy, cruel as the grave, all the unclean and baser spirits ravenous for the soul of God and man, as he holds himself to be, gather around the scapecoat of society as the diablotins around the corpse of the physician in Dore's terrible engraving. A carnival of evil, weird and Dantesque, begins in the lonely cell. In that hour, unless his guardian angel has the power to shield him from the dread assault of the lower forces, a transformation such as was but fabled in old classic days, takes place. The higher qualities, the loftier aspirations, the old beliefs in honor, valor, virtue and justice take flight for ever, while the brute attributes stalk forth threatening and unchallenged.

Day after day Lance Trevanion performed mechanically his portion of appointed work among the prison herd. To them he spoke

no word. When locked up with the rest for the long, long solitary night, which commenced before dark and did not end till after sunrise, under gaol rules, he sat brooding over his woes. Stirling had called with printed permission from the Visiting Justice to see prisoner Trevanion, but he refused to meet him. How could he bear that any of his former friends should look upon him degraded and repulsive of aspect? No! He would never see them more—while in this hateful prison house at least. Afterwards, if he were living and not turned into a wild beast, he would consider. Friends! How *could* a man have friends while suffering this degradation?

Towards the warders his demeanor was silent rather than sullen, but he could not be induced by threat or persuasion to affect the respectfulness which is, by regulation, enjoined between prisoners and officials. These last were indifferent, to do them justice, regarding Lance as "a swell chap as had got it hot, and was a bit off his chump." The exception to this state of feeling was Bracker, the head warder, who desired to be regarded with awe, and was irritable at the slightest failure of etiquette. His manner, devoid of the faintest trace of sympathy, was harsh and overbearing. To the higher class of prisoners he was especially distasteful, and from this knowledge, or other reason, they were the inmates towards whom he appeared to have the strongest dislike. It may easily be imagined that although the Visiting Magistrate, to whom is entrusted the duty of trying and punishing all descriptions of prison offences is presumably impartial, yet it is within the power of any gaol official, if actuated by malicious feelings, to irritate a prisoner to the verge of frenzy and afterwards to ensure his punishment under form of law. The trial takes place within the walls of the gaol. The warders give their evidence on oath. In a general way they corroborate each other's testimony. It is not difficult to foretell, even though the Magistrate be acute and discriminating, how the decision will go. The punishments permitted in prison vary in severity. Confinement in a solitary cell with half rations, or even bread and water, for periods varying from three days to a fortnight, mark the initiatory stage of repression. Then comes the dark cell, an experience which awes the boldest.

After which, for insubordination coupled with unusual violence of speech or action, flogging may be inflicted, if a second magistrate be present at the hearing of the case. This was the code to which Lance Trevanion now found himself amenable. All ignorant of its pains and penalties he bore himself with a sullen contempt alike of the tasks and routine observances by regulation imposed upon all prisoners. He obeyed, indeed, but with an air of indifference which provoked Bracker, who secretly resolved to "break" him as the prison slang goes. To that end he commenced a line of conduct which he had seldom known in his extended experience to fail. More than once, however, in his career, Bracker had been accused of cruelty to prisoners. At the last gaol where he had served the Visiting Magistrate had come to the conclusion that these repeated charges were not entirely without foundation, and so reporting, his official superior had warned him that if any offence of the kind was proved against him he would be disrated, if not dismissed. It was therefore incumbent on him to be wary and circumspect.

He commenced by speaking roughly to Lance almost every time he entered his cell, compelling him to roll up his blankets several times in succession under the pretence of insufficient neatness. Swearing at him when there was no one near and abusing him as a lazy lubber who wouldn't take the trouble to keep his cell neat and wanted to have a body servant to wait upon him. Among Mr. Bracker's other engaging qualities was that of being a radical of the deepest dye in politics and a democrat particularly advanced. A child of the masses, he had received just sufficient education to qualify him for a rabid advocacy of certain communistic theories. Arising from this mental enlightenment partly, as well as from the fundamental condition of an envious and malignant nature, was a hatred of privileged orders and an unreasoning spite towards gentlefolk and aristocrats of whatever sex or grade. He had read accounts of the French revolution and lamented that he had not the power to put in force, in these degenerate days, some of the drastic remedies by which "the people" of France ameliorated their own condition and wiped out the long score of oppressions which they had suffered at the hands of their natural enemies.

As a man, a politician and a warder he felt therefore a subtle satisfaction in tormenting a member of the hated class secretly. He felt it due to himself also, as a matter of professional etiquette, not to be "bested" by a prisoner under sentence. He settled to his daily dole of insult with cruel craft and grim resolve. Such may have actuated a plantation overseer in South Carolina towards a

contumacious "nigger" in the good old slave-holding days before the war.

Daily the "assistant torturer" pursued his course. Mere oaths and continuous abuse were always carefully timed to be out of ear-shot of all others. Daily Lance Trevanion endured in silence the varied taunts, the bullying tone, which he had never needed to bear from living man before. Indignant scorn lit up his sad despairing eyes at each fresh provocation. More deeply glowed their smouldering fires, but no word came from the tightly-compressed lips; no gesture told of the well-nigh unendurable mental agony within; of the almost unnatural strain.

"Yes, you may look, blast you for an infernal stuck-up aristocrat," Bracker said one morning. "You know you'd like to rub me out, but you're not game—*not game*—do you hear that? You and all your breed in the old country, and this too, have been living all your lives on the labor of men like me,and treating us like the dirt under your feet, and you can't salute your superiors like another prisoner. You're too grand, I suppose. But, by ——, I'll break you down, my fine fellow, before I've done with you. I'll have you on your knees yet. You're not the first that's tried it on with me, and my word! they paid for it. I'd like you to have seen them knuckle under before I left off dealing with them."

The next day, on some transparent pretence, Lance was ordered to take up the work of one of the long-sentence prisoners, which involved menial and degrading, not to say disgusting duties. These he performed patiently and mechanically, yet with a far-off look as of a man in a dream. Even this penance was insufficient to appease Bracker's malevolence of his tormentor. He made a practice of standing near, watching his victim, enjoying the spectacle of the captive "swell" engaged for hours in the meanest conceivable employment. From time to time he made brutal jokes upon the situation with his assistant warders or those prisoners who were always ready for personal reasons to take the side of their taskmasters.

After the night's stillness and respite—stillness how oppressive, even terrible in its unbroken silence!—Lance would brace himself to confront anew his bitter fate. He would repeat to himself all the reasons that he could summon for stubborn endurance and patient adherence to the course he had laid down for himself. But with the morning light came his inexorable foe, ordering him here and there, persisting in declaring that he was in the habit of breaking minor regulations, making a laughing-stock of him before other prisoners in every way, driving him along the road which was sure, in Bracker's experience, to land him in some act of overt insubordination.

One morning, after an hour's trial of every species of aggravation, Lance's patience so far failed him that he turned upon his persecutor and told him that no one but a coward would thus treat a man in his position, and who was unable to defend himself or retaliate. He did not say much, but doubtless committed himself to the extent of infringing the gaol regulations which enjoin respect and obedience to all officials.

His adversary at once seized his advantage, and ordering him back to his cell locked him up, pushing him roughly inside the door. This portion of his duty performed he lodged a complaint in due form of insubordination against Launcelot Trevanion, hard labor prisoner under sentence.

The gaoler held over the case until the end of the week, when Mr. McAlpine, as Visiting Magistrate, regularly attended to hear cases and complaints.

The trial of prisoners charged with such offences is conducted *in camera*, the magistrate, the gaoler, the parties to the complaint and the witnesses being only present. For reasons held to be sufficient the public and the press are excluded. Evidence on oath is taken down in writing that the depositions may be afterwards referred to. The magistrate decides on the evidence brought before him. The accused is permitted to call witnesses. But for obvious reasons the warders and the companions in captivity of the culprit or complainant constitute necessarily the only available testimony. Thus it is to be feared that occasionally the scales of justice may be deflected, and though forms are adhered to wrong-doing triumphs and revenge is wreaked.

So, in the present case, Bracker swore positively that Lance had habitually refused to obey orders, and on this occasion had abused and threatened him in language unfit to be repeated. He handed in a paper on which was written a selection of foul expressions of his own invention. His tale was corroborated in part by another warder, who had heard Lance speak in an excited tone of voice to the complainant—though he was not near enough to catch the sense of his words. One of the prisoners—mindful of favors to come—"swore up" in Bracker's interest, and more circumstantially confirmed his story. Against this weight of evidence Lance's denial availed nothing. His resentful demeanor tended to

prejudice Mr. McAlpine against him as being mutinous and defiant. There was no little difficulty in preserving order among the desperate *détenus* of the day, as it was. The sternest repression was thought necessary. In view of example and deterrent effect, Lance was, therefore, sentenced—after an admonition of curt severity—to a month's solitary confinement upon bread and water, the last week to be passed in the dark cell.

The ill-concealed triumph depicted on Bracker's countenance was hard to bear. The solitary cell, the meagre fare, often unduly abridged, represented to a man of Lance's temperament and experiences the extremity of human wretchedness. But a sharper sting was added by Bracker's daily jeers: "So you won't give a civil answer yet when you're spoke to," he said, one afternoon, stirring Lance rudely with his foot. "And you won't stand up when you're told? Wait till to-morrow, when you're due for the dark 'un—seven days and seven nights! That'll bleach you my flash horse-thief like a stick of celery! I'll take the steel out of yer before I've done! Bigger chaps than you have been straightened here before now!"

On the next morning, accordingly, Lance was marched to the dark cell, and thrust in so roughly that, weakened as he was by his Lenten diet, he fell down, bruised and half-fainting. There was barely sufficient room in the small circular cell for him to lie at length, and as he regained a sitting posture and strained his eyesight to discover one ray of light amid the almost palpable darkness, he realised fully the utter desolation and horror of his position. Despair took possession of him. Forsaken of God and man, as he deemed himself to be, he raved and blasphemed like a maniac, ceasing only when sheer exhaustion brought on a stupor of insensibility, from which he passed into perturbed and fitful slumbers.

He awoke only to undergo with partially renewed faculties still keener miseries. Unaware of the time which he had passed in sleep he was ignorant whether it was day or night. No sound penetrated the thick walls of the cell. The Cimmerian gloom was unrelieved by the faintest pencil of light. Had he been dead and entombed he could not have been more utterly separated from knowledge of the outer world—from communion with the living. Days seemed to have passed since he first entered the cell. His brain throbbed. His heart-beats were plainly audible to him in the horrible silence. Delirious fancies commenced to assail him. He saw his father's form as he had last seen

"He threw up his arms with a cry of joyous recognition."

it, with visage stern and inflexible. He seemed to say: "All that I foresaw has come to pass. You have dishonored an ancient name!—blotted a stainless escutcheon! Die, and make no sign!"

Then his cousin Estelle's sweet face came slowly out of the gloom gazing upon him with sorrowful, angelic pity. The infinite tenderness, the boundless compassion of love shone in her starry eyes, which, in his vision, commenced to irradiate the gloomy vault. Clearer grew the outlines of her form—a celestial brightness appeared to render visible every outline of her form, every lineament of her countenance as she inclined herself as if to raise him from his recumbent position. He threw up his arms with a cry of joyous recognition. The action appeared to recall his wandering senses. The impenetrable dungeon gloom again closed over him like a descending iron platform. A steel band appeared to compress and still more tightly environ his brain, until a death-like swoon terminated simultaneously both agony and sensation.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE RIGNOLD AS MARC ANTONY.

GEORGE RIGNOLD, ACTOR.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

IT is comparatively easy to write about a man that is no longer among men, that has passed from the immediate knowledge and contact of his fellow-workers and contemporaries; but that cannot be said when the critic or biographer is face to face with the active intelligence and labor of him of whom he would write. In the latter case am I that here attempt to sum up the achievements and qualities of George Rignold the actor. It is but a few months since he set before us with a liberal picturesqueness and power Shakespere's great tragedy "Julius Cæsar," and while I write these words he is playing Bottom the Weaver in the exquisite comedy of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." I frankly admit that this article would not be written if the tendency of the thoughts here presented were not generally favorable to the man discussed in it. It is an easy thing to find fault, and ephemeral notoriety has been made sometimes by exploiting among the great reputations of our time and of other times, with the axe and hammer of attack, and the caustic virulence of depreciation. It is but a breath gone that in an English magazine an author, named George Moore, made angry assertion that there are no dramatists in these days of much intelligence—and this while yet the clods were hardly cold on a previous article that declared there were no actors either; that Henry Irving was a trickster, and that the stage was being smothered in its iniquity and its pampered inconsequence. This tribute did George Moore pay to the mind and acquiescence of the public of London, and of the world. There are those of us, however, who believe, that though

"honor is oft got without merit and lost without deserving," the common judgment is to be trusted in the long run. We cannot in art afford to despise "the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue." It is not that the verdict of the uneducated and the inartistic is to be trusted, but it is that the ruling of the lettered and the unlettered together—those who are moved by judgment, and those who are moved by feeling when averaged up and passed into a crystallised understanding—is worthy of respect, and even reverence. It is no thoughtless optimism that is willing to abide by such a theory, but rather a sense of faith in humanity and the natural mind at large. So then, with such a feeling, one can confidently approach the consideration of the work and qualities of the actor who is here discussed.

George Rignold is no new light, no swift meteor sweeping across the zenith He has been before the world as an actor for a quarter of a century, and in the English speaking universe no actor is better known. To him more than to any other belongs the honor of having broken down in America the prejudice against English actors, and of his work in Australia we all know. Of the nature of his labor since he became the lessee and manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, none knows perhaps quite so well as myself, and none knows the man better, either in his daily habit of mind or his artistic practice, endeavor and aspiration. It is something for an actor to keep all through the best days of his life a fresh ambition to do good work, and a feeling above even successful mediocrity, and that something must here be said to belong to Mr. Rignold. One scarcely needs to press this fact when there is held in remembrance the large efforts made in a time of great theatrical competition and struggle to produce at Her Majesty's Theatre the legitimate drama, which only paid in London and New York, where managers had plenty of money with which to work, and a broad margin of popularity earned in the drama—not legitimate—as a fortunate aid. It must not be thought that any depreciation is intended of the work of other managers in Australia. The two other firms who cater so thoroughly and worthily to the tastes of the Australian public should be considered at some other time, and with all due prominence, but they would themselves acknowledge that Mr. Rignold has persevered under most trying conditions in doing high and classic work even when forced at times to present a popular kind of melodrama in which it was not possible for him or his company to do work apt to their quality. In thinking on these melodramas, with which no great actor would particularly care to have his name associated in the ultimate record of his work, it must be borne in mind that all classes demand their especial theatrical food, and so long as that food be wholesome, there is no harm done. Whatever then may be withheld in praise of *all* the work done at Her Majesty's Theatre, its general healthiness and homely worthiness must be acknowledged. The best of the melodramas have been "The Lights o' London," "Youth," and "In the Ranks." The best of the dramas have been, "Henry the Fifth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Amos Clarke," and "Faust," of which I of course cannot speak. Mr. Rignold has aimed at making his theatre a place where wholesome and human plays should be presented, and the public expressed their belief in this when a few months ago they gave him a banquet at which some of the most distinguished citizens of the colony were present. And it is the aim that sanctifies the work. Success at any cost is a paying motto in the world, but Mr. Rignold has never stooped so low, however great the temptation in anxious days has been. "Give 'em what they want, old fellow," was the advice of a well-known English manager, and his opinion was that "they" wanted "The Black Crook," and its kind. "They," if the general public is meant, do not want "The Black Crook," and the far-seeing respectable manager remembers that the heart and taste of humanity is right and is as clear as it is right. To catch at a momentary profit and to lose a permanent confidence is a policy that does not commend itself to the best of managers. All the picturesqueness and scenic splendor of doubtful plays can be used for such excellent melodramas as "In the Ranks," "The Lights o' London;" and herein that bold and elaborate stage skill of Mr. Rignold has found scope and action. It might appear to the uninitiated that he is never happy unless presented with some extraordinary stage effects to master. That, however, is scarcely the case. He does not wilfully run at tilt with difficult and out-of-the-way effects, but if they seem necessary to the success of his production he does not hesitate to attempt what might appear to be the insurmountable. No task is too great for him, no effect too strong. Sometimes before a great production he works in his theatre until three and four o'clock in the morning, after having played at night in some heavy part and rehearsed and arranged

details of business and stage-management all day. None but a man of herculean strength could stand the strain, but that strength Mr. Rignold has, with at the same time an extremely sensitive nervous organism from which, despite his physical endurance, he suffers. The night that Her Majesty's Theatre was opened was perhaps the most trying time in all Mr. Rignold's career. He had been working day after day and night after night in an unfinished theatre ; in a theatre which the contractor said could not be opened on this September evening ; but Mr. Rignold insisted. "I have said that the Sydney public shall see Henry the Fifth played in the theatre that night, and they shall!" And they did. There was a house packed from dome to orchestra stalls, and the favorite actor appeared once again in his most popular character of Harry of England. Few knew the tremendous strain that had been put upon the man, to be still further increased by disorder in the gallery. The gods were rampant. There was something wrong. The actor stopped several times, but the noises continued at intervals. At length, in the camp scene before Agincourt, in the famous soliloquy on ceremony, the noises became too great for his voice to be heard. He stood silent for a moment, then stretching his arms upward to the gallery, he said: "O, men! I appeal to you ; give me a chance ; be English!" The reply came back from many voices: "All right, George ; we'll be quiet, but we can't see." This was succeeded by great cheers and then there was order during the remainder of the play ; this, in spite of the fact that the arches—which have since been cut away from the gallery—prevented hundreds from seeing. The scene was one that the Sydney public will not soon forget. The strong man, the artist, helpless in the hands of the excited masses, his simple appeal, their instant recognition of his rights, and their mercy.

And just here we reach a point from which to discuss some of those characteristics which have made George Rignold what he is upon the stage. His position is as unique as his qualities are peculiar. There are certain characters which he assumes, as it were, by right if not by heritage. To such as Henry the Fifth, Lord Clancarty, Marc Antony, and Mephistopheles, and, strange to say, Caliban and Bottom, he is as it were to the manner born. Connecting these divergent characters there is after all a line of unity. It is to be found in physical dominance and with it a great, strong, nervous organism, slow action but massive in effect. In all of these characters there is seen the same elemental forces working. The coloring, the expression, the motive, the incident may be different, but it is the same convolution of natural faculties that produces the general effects. George Rignold is first and before all an Anglo-Saxon—an Englishman—more, he is an Englishman of a type now not so plentiful. In his indomitable, almost stubborn, perseverance ; in his straightforward action ; in his utter lack of diplomacy and his disregard of tact ; in his fighting endurance ; in his rare soundness of heart, and in his habit of making but few personal friends and then adhering to them, he shows the nature of such fellows as fought with Grenville and with Raleigh, with Wellington and with Nelson. If the truth must be quite told, he is too little of this varying and most acutely impressionable age. He is no social diplomat ; he is no commercial adept ; he is too much the plain, blunt man—too little, so far as this world's success goes the adroit physician to the public pulse. He should not be a manager ; not because he is wanting in ability but because he knows no tricks of trade, because he is first and essentially the actor — and a conservative one at that. I can remember when he would not appear before the curtain in response to calls, not because he wished to appear disrespectful, but because he thought the artist should appear only as the artist in his character and not between curtain and footlights. It was only at the earnest solicitation of friends, who saw the unwisdom of not acknowledging what the public intended as a compliment, that he at length consented to come out and bow his thanks. This is but one of many things wherein from a worldly stand-point he errs. In this connection some things are called to mind that have their weight. No man has had in his time greater artistic and commercial success than Mr. Rignold, and none has had more trying seasons in his career. From these he has risen like an Atlas, not like a Mercury. By sheer force of artistic worth and commercial courage and endurance he has weathered the storm, and has fought the good fight. Under the enormous expense of arranging and making a new theatre popular, even firms with the best backing might have felt the strain, but none, perhaps would have pursued the same course of rigid personal economy and individual carefulness as did Mr. Rignold. So strict was his inner sense of what is thoroughly consistent and honorable that he denied himself in a thousand ways of which I cannot speak, in order that he might make

his theatre succeed. No holiday lifted the burden for a moment even, no great *coup* made the way easier, it was all hard, and oft-times bitter hard work. But that better day of established success was sure to come. "If it be not now, yet it will come," was the remark of one who knew him well, in his most hard-working hours in Sydney, and the reply came, "'The readiness is all,' and God knows I am ready," said the actor. Yet in all these times of difficult and harrassing management he never lost for a moment his high artistic sense, he never fell in his ambition a whit below the aspiration and power that made his Henry the Fifth the admired and beloved stage figure of three continents. It was simply the case of the vicissitudes of life falling upon the great as well as the little. In power to-day, in the cold shades of opposition to-morrow; with a great following then, with a diminished retinue now, a servant to the fortunes of war but always destined to carry the flag of success with the Harfleur of popularity and prosperity. And Mr. Rignold is making, nay, has made, the passage twice in his life, first in the struggling days of his youth and early manhood, and now in these last four years when his "estates were much cut off and his revenue made little." Had he been adroit and insinuating, had he made use of some of his stage qualities he might have had an easier row to hoe, he might have "engineered" things so that others should have borne the weight of his struggles, but he was not of such a make. He only fought right on. And it is not surprising if, in that fighting, he often alienated rather than won sympathy. For, possessing few ingratiating social qualities save to those who knew him best, he often offended by his abstraction and lack of association with men about him. He has been known to pass his best friends, not seeing them, he has omitted to be suave under irritation, and has not taken care to hide a moment's anger for appearance sake, and all this topped by a large physical personality often won for him the reputation of being supercilious and "high and mighty," when in truth he had no such inclination or purpose. Had he weighed five stone less men would have liked him personally better. He is, generally speaking, a modest man; in his art none more so; such self-confidence as he has is the result of success honestly and honorably achieved; it is not a lofty self-sufficiency.

It may appear that the man has been dwelt on here more than the actor. That is so. But to know the actor the man must be first considered for those peculiar natural characteristics that are the man's serve to fashion the actor also. And here we may think upon the making or the development of this actor. George Augustus Sala tells of how he had tried many professions before he became a writer; and many other authors received the same experience. The acting profession is also recruited from many sources. Young barristers, men educated for the church and others have found the attraction "of these garish lights" too strong for their professional instincts, and so have donned the sock and buskin. Mr. Rignold was by right of birth an actor, as he afterwards proved himself by right of quality. His father was an actor-manager, and his mother, Patience Blaxland Rignold, was an actress of merit and repute. She played with Macready as her son, George and his wife have acted with Phelps. But George Rignold began by hating the stage, because perhaps he saw its drudgery and its poor reward too plainly—for the rewards in those days were poor. But being fond of music he became a musician, and played in the orchestra until one day his father said to him: "You may play like an angel with your back to the audience and no one will ever know you: if you go on the stage you may make a lucky hit, and who can tell where good fortune ends?" Prophetic hope! The lucky hit was made and the good fortune has not ended, for the young and sturdy youth, who was ill with typhoid fever in Dublin at the time, renounced the "resin and the bow," and at a guinea a week—like Irving in this—began his career as an actor at the Theatre Royal in Birmingham, then under the management of Simpson, the father of the present manager. But this guinea was given on condition that the "new man" should not refuse to go on in crowds when required, and on occasion to play in the orchestra. And for two years thus did he. Then George Gordon, father of George Gordon now in Melbourne, saw him play a part that he thought meritorious, and induced James Henry Chute, of Bristol, to engage him on a definite line of business. In Bristol it was the custom to close the theatre for three or four months in the summer-time, and during the vacation the company went round to one or two watering-places on what was called "living salaries." In such a "scratch team" Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, the parents of Tom and Madge Robertson, were engaged as first old man and woman at three pounds a week with the present Mrs. Kendall "thrown in."

These were the days when the theatres were open till after midnight, and when two and sometimes three plays were produced in an evening, when the bill was changed perhaps every night and for every morning performance as well, when actors, young and old, really worked—it would be said now by the young gallants of the stage that they galley-slaved. Even so. But it was a hard school that made strong actors after all. I have heard Mr. Rignold tell of the economies resorted to by himself and his brother William —now playing at Drury Lane. It is the old story of Lowliness, "Young Ambition's Ladder," it is the chronicle of self-denial, of few necessaries and no luxuries. The days of champagne and terrapin, of delicate savories and canvas-back duck were far off. They came in the early seventies, when George Rignold, having climbed through a range of characters that would startle in their multiplicity the modern *premier jeune*, made his greatest hit as Henry the Fifth in England and America.

There is always a danger in what the Americans call "star parts." The public get used to a man in one character and they grow to think of him only in that. Jefferson and "Rip Van Winkle," Sothern and "Lord Dundreary," Forest and "King Lear," Williamson and "Struck Oil," these are inseparable. And in this inseparableness there is a handicap for the actor. Though the public may have lost their enthusiastic patronage of the actor's "star" performance. preserving at the same time an almost sacred reverence for it, they are not prepared to accept him in new characters readily. From this Mr. Rignold has suffered to some extent. In "The White Pilgrim," in "Harold," in "Cromwell," as well as in the plays before mentioned and many others, he has met with great success, yet his Henry the Fifth has overshadowed them too much. It may be, nay, it is likely, that his Marc Antony—if he plays "Julius Cæsar" in England or America —may be as popular as Henry the Fifth, but this will be so because Mr. Rignold has made what may be called a great "show" part of a character which has about it singularly taking characteristics. The public like heroes, and they like a man who can look as well as play a hero. It is a strange thing that so far as the Australian public is concerned they will not accept Mr. Rignold in the character of a villain on the stage. His Macari, strong and subtle and clever and admired as it is, is not broadly popular, and his Mephistopheles had a strong fight for it before it was accepted, and even when it was accepted the people did not exactly like the man who played the monarch at Agincourt to play the devil. His Marc Antony is as martial as outstanding, as majestic a figure as has for many a day been seen upon the stage, and there needs no temerity in predicting that it will be in England and America, when Mr. Rignold plays in those lands again, a pleasant surprise to his old friends and a new name to conjure with for new constituents. Marc Antony in his hands is massive, eloquent and winning. He is sincere, not cunning; strategic, not dishonest; o'ermastering, not violent; more the friend of Cæsar than the servant of Rome; more leonine than panther-like, and altogether nobler. His speech over the dead body of Cæsar is a piece of most colossal and yet most natural declamation and apostrophe. His "Pardon me Julius," is as tender as speech of gentle woman; it is like "Camiolas O Bertoldo" in its exquisite suggestion of meaning in Massinger's "Maid of Honor." While his words of climax "Cry Havoc and let slip the dogs of war," is such an o'ertopping bolt of prophetic indignation as only a man of great physical calibre and powerful, nervous organism could produce. Mr. Rignold's brain does not move with great swiftness, but when moved it has great breadth of illumination such as is the privilege of few actors. He needs much stimulus to do his best, to in fact be capable of his best, but when roused he is thoroughly roused. He is a man of large forces, and he always rises to a great occasion, and that beyond the hopes of his hearers or even himself. He was never personally satisfied with his Marc Antony, but that was the diffidence or rather the progressive ambition of the true artist. And Mr. Rignold is not a man of artistic flashes or sudden and once-occurring radiance; he proceeds by daily, or rather nightly experience to his finished results. He is, in fact, not a first night actor, and yet his Marc Antony had an instant success. It was evident, however, to those who saw it from time to time, that it improved in touches of detail and in finesse proportion and color. Wonder has often been expressed at Mr. Rignold's great range of power. His "Caliban" created in London years ago a sensation, his Bottom has done the same in Sydney, if the reports that come to me as I write these words at sea are correct. His "Caliban" was a revelation. It was not the man-beast, but the beast-man, it was the abnormal, it was the incarnation of the fleshly, the very grossness of human life, the being that was in essence a man but in expression an animal. And in other spheres,

those of burlesque and of uproarious comedy, he is like Henry Irving, marvellously fanciful and amusing. In "Confusion," which he lately played in Sydney, his powers in this direction were plainly seen. And through them all, from the giant in burlesque to the historic Antony there runs the healthy full-bloodedness, the natural clearness, the genial sympathy and the uncompromising steadiness of purpose of a man who is a type of that which is best in the English race, its valor, its sturdiness, its dignity and its bluntness. Had I been a biographer I should have recorded here the life of this actor in all its dramatic events and courses, but there has been for that nor space nor occasion. I have but tried to touch some salient things, to lift the veil a little from some characteristics not dwelt upon in daily criticisms, and to suggest to Australians and such of the world beyond as these lines may reach thoughts that may lead to a closer study of the work of this actor, whose fame is certain now and hereafter. Meanwhile he works on.

SONNET.

DIE LIEBE STIRBT IN LETHE NICHT.

IN night's still watches, when the ghostly eye
Has clearest vision, and the ghostly ear
The silent sounds of fancy best can hear
Then most I know thy voice and presence nigh.

For when with aching, craving heart I sigh,
And sadly gaze into the darkness drear,
Methinks from out the gloom thine eyes appear,
And thy voice whispers, "Love can never die."

Once more I clasp thy hand; once more thy lips
Seek mine; and once again my soul is drawn
To seek thine, as I sink upon thy breast.

But lo! the cold grey glimmer of the dawn!
Thy form from out my arms reluctant slips,
And with the day comes back the day's unrest.

E. VAUGHAN BOULGER.

LABOR IN AUSTRALASIA AND ITS RELATION TO LABOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(Written chiefly for the English Readers.)

BY E. W. O'SULLIVAN, M.P., NEW SOUTH WALES.

AUSTRALASIA leads the world in labor reform. The boast may appear an arrogant one, but it embodies the truth nevertheless. If there is a paradise for working men on the earth it is to be found in the sunny lands beneath the Southern Cross that have recently completed their centenary of colonisation by the British race. Industry, and not war, is there the glory of the people. In no other country is labor so well organised, its position and demands so much respected. Reforms long sighed for by the toilers and moilers of Europe and America are here accomplished facts. The old English quatrain which inculcated that

> Eight hours to rest,
> Eight hours to play,
> Eight hours to work,
> And eight bob a day,

was the acme of a workman's bliss is the recognised law with almost every skilled trade and not a few of the unskilled callings also throughout Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. One day in the year is observed by the leading colonies as a general holiday to celebrate the achievement of the eight-hour system, and that holiday is the most joyous of the many that the people keep. Trade unionism has taken firm root in the Australasian colonies, and has been recognised as a legal institution there for many years. The Employers' Liability Act is in force, the truck system is forbidden, and co-operation and industrial partnership are in operation with good results. And all these advantages, added to vote by ballot, manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, payment of members and other privileges which make him the most potent factor in the political arena, the lot of the Australian working man is one to be envied by the masses of the civilised world.

It is astounding to think that the country where these marvellous results have been attained was until forty years ago afflicted with the penal curse. Yet such is the fact. Convicts were transported to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land (now Tasmania) as late as 1847. Victoria and Queensland had then no existence as separate colonies. South Australia had been founded but a few years, while New Zealand had merely a few settlements in the pioneer stage. A marvellous transformation from convictism to nationhood has thus taken place in Australasia within the memory of man. The shadow, which hangs like a pall over the early growth of the colonies, has disappeared, and an era of prosperity and progression has been inaugurated which will lead to the establishment of one of the most powerful, wealthy and enlightened nations the world has ever seen.

It may naturally be asked how came this transformation about in so short a period? The answer must be—by the influence of gold. The auriferous discoveries made in 1851 drew to our shores the choicest and most enterprising spirits of the Old World, and not a few of those of the new also. For fully a decade the wealth these men unearthed was something fabulous, and the greater portion of it remained in Australasia. Tens of thousands of the hardy miners—men of education and progressive thought—saw that the colonies had great possibilities before them and they made their homes in them. A healthy stream of unassisted immigration, including the *elite* of the agricultural and industrial classes of Great Britain and Ireland, followed, and began to develop the resources of all the colonies. The fight between the gold-diggers and the military at Eureka Stockade in 1854 laid the foundation of a vigorous democracy, and men who had been compelled to leave the old country for asserting the rights of labor sowed the seed of trade unionism, the harvest of which is being reaped to-day. The ideas and doctrines of these men became popular, and local statesmen engrafted them upon the statute books of the various colonies. The "good times" of the gold-field days generated a high standard of wages which has never been lost; the development of the resources of the country gave full employment to labor; and the absence of a pauper population allowed the working classes to dictate reasonable terms and maintain their labor organisations

intact. The result is that trade unionism has flourished in Australasia; liberty, without license, has reigned supreme; and the people of the Sunny South are thus enabled to enjoy the purest and soundest form of democracy ever conferred on man.

In proof of the power of labor in Australasia, it may be mentioned that for many years the steamboat companies had been subjected to a ruinous competition by vessels manned by Chinese or coolie seamen. One of the strongest of the local steamship companies appealed to the Maritime Labor Unions for their assistance against this unfair competition —capital suing to labor—and immediately a combination of these unions took place. They gave the proprietors of the Chinese-manned steamers to understand that while they were welcome to a participation in the ocean traffic they would not be allowed to lift an ounce of cargo, or carry a single passenger on the Australasian coast. Recognising the fact that, if they came into collision with the Maritime Unions they could not get their ships unloaded or coaled, the proprietors of the Chinese-manned steamers at once struck their flags, and signed an agreement not to carry cargo or passengers between Cape York and Cape Lewin—the limits of the Australian coastal trade—and this agreement they have honorably kept. On another occasion the coal miners of the Newcastle district went on strike, and were sustained for months by the contributions of the various trade unions of Australia. This strike resulted in a victory for labor, as did also a prolonged struggle made by the bootmakers of Victoria, who were likewise maintained by their fellow-trade unionists. On another occasion the wharf laborers of Melbourne were victorious in a strike for the eight-hour system, though they were resisted by the full power of the Employers' Union of that colony. This strike was won through the assistance rendered by the other trades of Australasia, who made the battle their own. Another remarkable struggle was that made in New Zealand against what is known there as the Northern Steamship Company. As this company had resorted to unfair practices the Federated Seamen's Union engaged steamers and ran them in opposition to the company referred to for a considerable period. Finding that the other steamship owners were secretly aiding the Northern Company, a general strike of seamen throughout Australasia was threatened, when the steamship owners soon came to terms, and the Northern Steamship Company agreed to the demands of the Federated Seamen's Union. In fact, it has now come to be recognised by employers that if they get into collision with any labor union they have to face the full force of federated labor in Australasia; and this wholesome dread has been the means of preventing many a strike and lockout which might otherwise have taken place. While local statesmen and politicians have been talking of Federating the Australasian Colonies the trade unions have made federation an accomplished fact, so far as labor is concerned.

The strength of some of the labor unions of Australasia is enormous. It is estimated that there are now fully twenty thousand members in the Shearers' Union, though only five years ago the men who shore the sheep in Australia were compelled to accept whatever terms were offered by the sheepowners. The Coal-miners' Union of New South Wales have a muster-roll of six thousand; while the Amalgamated Miners' Union—the men who work in gold and silver mines—cannot have less than fifteen thousand. The Federated Seamen's Union has now fully twelve thousand men under its control; and the various wharf laborers' unions would total up seven thousand more. Then there are the Engineers, the Amalgamated Carpenters, and the Amalgamated Iron Trades, etc., all of whom are strong in numbers and in funds. Most of the other trade unions are also affiliated with kindred societies in the adjacent colonies. A Trade Union Congress is held in one of the Australasian capitals every year, and the gathering has a powerful influence in promoting the spirit of federalism and the passing of labor reforms in the local legislatures. A number of erstwhile trade unionists have already won their way to the Parliaments of Victoria, New Zealand, South Australia, New South Wales, and Queensland; and now, that payment of members is generally in vogue, it is only a question of time when labor will be fully represented in every Australasian State Legislature.

The greatest danger ahead for the laboring classes of Australasia is colored labor. Within three weeks steam of the furthest portion of Australasia stand those great reservoirs of humanity—China and India. Here live millions of men who can be got to labor in Australasia at merely nominal rates of wages, and the capitalist asks why should he not be allowed to engage them? He puts forth a plausible argument to the effect that the sugar plantations of Queensland and the other more northerly portions of Australia cannot be worked by white labor, and complains that he is forbidden by law to employ

colored. The working classes reply: "Australia is a whiteman's land. It has been made what it is by the British race, and we are determined that the fearful mistake made in the United States of allowing an inferior race to do the labor of the Southern States—a mistake that cost that country a bloody and costly civil war—shall not be repeated in Australasia." The result is a restrictive law against the Chinese, which will soon be extended to the other colored races from Asia, for the Hindoos, the Javanese, and the Japanese are becoming almost as dangerous as the Chinese. The working classes are keenly alive to their interests in this respect, and the local politicians know well what fate awaits them if they neglect or ignore the colored labor question. And it is well that it is so, for nothing is more certain than that, if rigid restrictive laws were not imposed upon these colored races, Australasia would speedily become a second edition of the Southern States of the American Union. The Australian working man may safely be left to protect his own interests in this particular. Any political leader in Australasia who dared to propose a relaxation of the restrictive laws against the Chinese would be hurled from office in ignominy and contempt. A proposal to separate the northern portion of Queensland and form it into a separate colony, which has much to recommend it, has been several times defeated on the ground that it might lead to the encouragement of black labor for the working of the sugar plantations. Should the Australasian colonies become a federated nation one of the first laws which the intercolonial congress will pass at an early date will be a rigid restrictive enactment against all colored labor, even if it comes from the British possessions in Asia, or the trade and labor organisations of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia and New Zealand will know the reason why. The question is one with which they cannot afford to trifle. A great number of Chinese had settled in the colonies prior to the passing of the restrictive laws, or in defiance of them, and their competition in some walks of industry is already very keen. If they or the Hindoos, Javanese or Japanese were to be allowed to arrive in large numbers the occupation of the white laborer in Australasia would soon be gone. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and actuated by that natural law the white laborers of Australasia, while they have the power, will insist upon protection against the danger alluded to. This may, no doubt, seem an outrage upon the sublime doctrine of the brotherhood of man, but it will be done nevertheless. It is of little use passing restrictive laws against Chinese if Hindoos, Javanese or Japanese are allowed to immigrate to Australasia, and the politicians of the latter country will soon recognise that fact when *vox populi* is heard in the matter.

The question now arises—will the laboring classes of Australasia be able to hold their present proud position when the pressure of population makes competition for employment more keen than it has been since the golden age of 1851? The reply is, they will do so for the next century at least. To understand this reply, it must be borne in mind that the area of Australia alone is 3,075,030 square miles—that is to say, she is larger than Russia in Europe, Sweden and Norway, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey in Europe, Greece, Switzerland and Italy all combined. At the present time she has not a population of one person to the square mile. She is, perhaps, the most self-contained country in the world. Her gold, silver, iron, copper, coal and other mineral resources are practically inexhaustible. She has hundreds of millions of acres of splendid agricultural soil, and timber that cannot be surpassed. She has splendid harbors, and she possesses a climate of the most varied character. The Laplander, the Italian and the Hindoo would each feel at home in some portion of Australasia. All these advantages point to the fact that Australasia will carry an enormous population, and carry it easily, for many generations. It is the natural home of a democratic people, and its isolation from the region of monarchy and despotism will keep it free from the corroding influence of these institutions. In Australasia hundreds of thousands have never seen a monarch, and they know nothing of class privileges. There one man is as good as another. The mechanic or laborer of to-day may be Premier or President ten years hence, if he have but the brains to climb to the position. In Australasia the power is vested in the people, and the government may truly be said to be "of the people, by the people, and for the people." There the workers and the wage earners are, and must continue to be, an overwhelming majority. The history of Australasia will not, therefore, be a drum and trumpet one, it will continue to be a history of industrial achievement—the history of a land in which "labor, with its thousand hands, knocks at the golden gates of the morning." Australasia is, therefore, a country in which democracy has taken a strong hold, and where the old and effete systems of Europe

have little or no influence. It is a country whereby the foundations of liberalism in every respect have been laid broad and strong, and where the influence of the industrial classes is likely to be long in the ascendant, for the simple reason that isolation from the rest of the world will keep Australasia out of great wars, and thus prevent the glory of naval or military conquerors overshadowing the industrial pride of the nation. In such a country the people must, and will, prevail for ages, until their stamina is sapped by luxury and wealth, and then, no doubt, the antipodean nation will go the way of Egypt, Greece, Carthage and Rome.

As to the aspirations of the working classes of Australasia, they may be easily summed up from the signs on the surface. They are protectionists by instinct, and, just as they have demanded restrictive laws against the Chinese, so will they insist upon protective laws against the products of the pauper populations of Europe and the prison-made goods of America. Already five of the seven colonies—Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania—have adopted protective tariffs, and it is only a question of time when New South Wales will follow suit. When federation is accomplished nothing is more certain than that it will be upon the lines of intercolonial free-trade and protection against the world. Even the free-trade party of New South Wales—the last hope of the Cobdenites in the southern world—are agreed as to that. There can be no doubt also, that the working classes of Australasia are Republican in sentiment. More than one-half of the population of Australasia is now native-born. They have been reared in the bracing atmosphere of democracy, and they are a naturally self-reliant and self-assertive race. Kings and nobles with them are mere objects of curiosity. The people of Australasia have had a veiled democracy as their form of government for over thirty years—and they have now come to regard the veil as unnecessary. Any attempt to establish a Dominion of Australasia, with an Australasian aristocracy—as was once proposed—would be scouted with scorn and derision by those who make our governments at the polls. Most of our public men have sprung from the ranks, and as they have generally proved to be men of wisdom and ability, the working classes of Australasia have ceased to regard titles and rank as necessary adjuncts of power. In proof of this it may be stated that nearly every politician in Australasia who have accepted a title—Sir James McCulloch, Sir John O'Shannassy, Sir Charles Duffy, Sir Graham Berry, Sir T. McIlwraith, Sir Julius Vogel, Sir Thomas Stout, Sir Saul Samuel, and others—have been relegated to the lumber-room of politics, and have now no more influence than so many Egyptian mummies. An exceptional case is that of Sir Henry Parkes, who has maintained his position as a political leader by his great personality, by bowing to the will of the people in labor reforms, and by occasionally supporting Australian nationalism to the detriment of imperialism. When Australasia federates it will be upon the basis of Republicanism, or there will speedily be a revolution to bring that about.

The noble attitude of the working classes of Australasia with regard to the London dock laborers' strike is a lesson pregnant with significance. When the sum of £31,000 was subscribed and forwarded to the suffering strikers at the East End of London it was not alone an expression of sympathy towards the strikers. It was also an intimation to the capitalists of the old country that there was in the Antipodes a determination to resist the further domination of that class. Like the French Republicans in the First Revolution the Australasian working classes having achieved industrial freedom, have decided that they will extend a helping hand to the suffering millions in the old world. The dock laborers' strike has been described as the bugle-call of a revolution. It will certainly prove the initial step of a reformation. In future all trades and callings that strike for a just cause in Great Britain and Ireland may rely upon the monetary and moral support of the working men of Australasia. The £31,000 sent to the dock laborers can be quadrupled without any great strain upon the resources of the trade unions of the antipodes, and no appeal to their sympathy will be made in vain if the cause at stake is a just one. The tie of kith and kin which binds Australasians to the Mother land is a strong one. They are not much enamored of the political institutions of the old country—they may even object to assist the immigration of the people of Great Britain and Ireland to Australasia—but they will not stand by and see their fellow toilers ground under the wheels of monopoly and capital. Every labor movement in the old country will henceforward have the support and sympathy of the laboring classes of Australasia. Just as they poured in their tens of thousands for the sufferers by the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Cotton Famine, the Irish Distress and the Indian Famine, so will the people of Aus-

tralasia gladly subscribe their tens of thousands to the support of the industrial classes of the Mother land. In the future the working classes of Great Britain will have to do little beyond organising their strikes; the funds will be supplied from Australasia if the cause be a reasonable and just one. Many of the Australians know too well from experience what the conditions of labor in the Old country are to be deceived in these matters. The Radical papers of London and other English centres are widely circulated among the educated democracy of Australasia. The aristocratic and capitalistic classes of Great Britain and Ireland may, therefore, take it for granted that the working men of Australasia are not likely to be deceived into supporting any bogus attempt to gain a concession or extort a privilege. But where the cause is a just and holy one money in abundance will be forwarded from Australasia to fight it. Just as Moses struck the rock and made the water flow, so will any appeal to the industrial democracy of Australasia from a deserving class meet with a ready response till victory is assured, and the condition of the long-suffering laborers of the Mother country is improved. The working classes of Australasia are, in fact, the reserve force of their brothers and sisters in Great Britain, and at the crisis of the battle they may be relied upon to enter the field and decide the conflict in favor of labor, if it has right and justice on its side. The London Dock Laborers' Strike has opened up a new development of the conflict between capital and labor, and the probabilities are that further developments will take place, until the poor downtrodden industrial serf of Great Britain is enabled to tread the soil of freedom with the elastic step of his Australasian brother.

IN THE WOODS.

ACROSS September's sunny brakes we go.
Flower-crowned, plucking flowers, she dreams, I know,
Singing as children sing in happy fields
The wordless songs I sang once, long ago.

My love, she is the Undine of the woods,
The fairy girl of elfin solitudes,
And I am the fond wandering knight that yields
His heart and soul to her unearthly moods.

Thus have we changed the hour when, in my courts
Of silent brooding or rapt book-drawn thoughts,
Her sweet small heart will beat the bar that shields
The untrodden incommunicable resorts.

PROTEUS.

AUSTRALIAN CRITICISM AND THE REACTION AGAINST GORDON.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

IT was inevitable that sooner or later we should have a reaction against Gordon and his poetry. Gordon's faults are so glaring: his limitations are so obvious. And then, despite the wretched tenth-rate texts of him ceaselessly produced by his publishers, he is distinctly popular. There are plenty of other causes yet to account for this reaction, but two of them will suffice for us here.

Our young friends who concern themselves in any serious way with our budding literature and art are for the most part members of the first generation of our higher middle-class education, that is to say, of our grammar schools and universities, and I am sure it is exceedingly pleasant to find Matthew Arnold's prophecy concerning this education so soon turning out to be incorrect. It is now some four years ago that he wrote to me in a letter which I ventured in part to reproduce in my "Australian Essays" (p. 65) in this way: "On the continent of Europe," he said, "the endowments of education have in general been seized by the State, and the State has directly subsidised secondary and superior instruction. In England it has not, but the endowments which these instructions enjoyed have been left to them. Probably they will not be taken away, but further public aid will hardly be given. Nor do I think it will be given in the colonies; and as there the endowment of secondary and superior instruction is inconsiderable, these instructions will be, as they are now, at a great disadvantage. The wealthiest people will send their sons to be educated in England; private schools will, of course, exist locally, but *I do not think they will have influence enough to create a class and a power out of those they train.*" I remember I thought at the time that Arnold had not quite grasped the educational problem here in Australia. The process of years has only confirmed me in that view, and now —chiefly through the medium of THE CENTENNIAL, whose work, as I was saying the other day in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, we must all gratefully acknowledge as distinctly nationalistic in scope—we are having it made quite clear to us that our secondary and superior instruction *is* having influence enough to create a class and a power out of those it trains. For really, taking the whole domain of our budding national art, literature, science and politics, our first specimens of this power and class are indulging in quite a Bacchanalia.

> See, on the cumber'd plain
> Clearing a stage,
> Scattering the past about,
> Comes the new age.
> Bards make new poems,
> Thinkers new schools,
> Statesmen new systems,
> Critics new rules.

And when a poor benighted European like myself, with only the old rules, old systems, old schools, and old poems to go by, takes up reviews of what our Australian writers and politicians have written and done, what our painters have painted and our musicians have sung, it quite takes his breath away to think of our astonishing achievements, and all in one short hundred years from the days when our land was, so to say, a blank.

> Look! ah, what genius,
> Art, science, wit!
> Soldiers like Cæsar,
> Statesmen like Pitt!
> Sculptors like Phidias,
> Raphaels in shoals,
> Poets like Shakespere,
> Beautiful souls!

And here, before I was ready for it, I have, I see, touched on the second of these causes which have led to the present reaction against Gordon and his poetry, and that is this Australian and nationalistic sentiment which is having such a variety of at bottom anti-English and anti-European manifestations. It is a little curious, however, to note the alliance between what we may call our first educated and our first uneducated generations in a matter like this; for it is a fact that the young men and women of our secondary and superior instruction have looked coldly and askance on the present "nationalism" of the Queensland and New South Wales masses, so that "Hail, Australia!" has so far been sung by unrecognised voices in our lighter "society" weeklies. The attitude now being taken up by the latter towards Gordon is rather negative than affirmative, rather passive than active. The

merely recognise the fact that we have advanced into a new sphere of poetical emotion where Gordon has no appeal. But our new thinkers and new critics and new bards are on a quite different line. They are compelled to acknowledge Gordon, and even to bow at his shrine, but they deny him his place of supremacy and insist on his inferiority on many points to others of his fellows, dead or living. The fact is that the new poems and new schools and new systems and new rules of our young friends concern themselves but little with either the phase of thought and feeling or the actual *technique* (if his slovenly workmanship is worthy of the name) which Gordon expressed or held in view. And there is nothing surprising in this, for that phase is rapidly, if quietly, passing away, and even the students of literature, ancient or modern, at Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide will no longer put up with Latin like *Et tu quoque, frater meus** or with verse like

Hush, what is to be, to be is

We have been taught better, and the demand is justly raised for a higher stamp of verbal, not to say artistic, excellence.

Well, all this, only on a very much larger scale, was gone through in England in the case of Byron, until at last that man and poet of whom Macaulay, in the full glare of his own ephemeral vogue, could speak of as "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century," had fallen so low that there was none but the very highest to do him reverence. Mr. Swinburne's account of it (he used to write something like critical prose in those days—twenty odd years ago—not rhapsodical rhodomontade as he does now) ran like this: "Men born when this century was getting into its forties were baptised into another church than Byron's with the rites of another creed. Upon their ears, first after the cadences of elder poets, fell the faultless and fervent melodies of Tennyson. To them, chief among the past heroes of the younger century, three men appeared as predominant in poetry: Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. Behind these were effaced, on either hand, the two great opposing figures of Byron and Wordsworth. No man under twenty can just now be expected to appreciate these." Two decades have somewhat altered affairs, and Byron has slowly assumed his true and final place in the history of our literature, a place which is assuredly above those of Keats or Shelley or Coleridge, and which he is hardly likely to again resign in obedience to the dictates of either reaction or poetic fashion.

And it seems to me that, in our quite too pretty little literary Australian tea-cup, we are going through, as regards Gordon, something very like what Mr. Swinburne tells us the good poetry-reading public of England did in the forties, and, indeed, the fifties, sixties, and even the seventies as regards Byron. And it is because this seems to me the case that I want to try what I can do to put before our young friends the reasons which make a poor benighted European like myself hold to an opinion so diametrically opposed to their own —to the opinion, namely, that Gordon is the supreme Australian poet, nay, that he is the only Australian poet who has any future otherwise than local and temporary, and that in his work in his best work, we have our sole contribution, so far, to the literature of our race and of the world.

But let me quote some samples of the sort of criticism current among us at the present moment. And since it is always pleasant and edifying to observe how those of our own way of thinking will on occasion talk just as wildly as those of any other way, I will take first the dictum of one of our young Victorian critics on Gordon. I have quoted this panegyric before, but I think it will stand repetition: "In the whole range of English literature," he says, "there have been few poets possessed of a finer lyrical faculty than Adam Lindsay Gordon. 'Ashtaroth' is worthy to rank with any of Tennyson's songs, and is far more musical than the best of Browning's;" and then he goes on to praise our poet for the "beauty of his ballad poetry, such as 'Fanconshawe' and 'Rippling Water,' which are perfect of their style," and so on. Now let us hear what another of our young critics has to say about Kendall. Kendall, he declares "incontestably possessed high lyrical genius. If ever a man was dominated by what might be termed intense intellectual patriotism—by a burning desire to mirror in musical verse the bewildering beauty of the fauna and flora of his native land—Henry Kendall was that man. Australia has produced no sweeter singer," and, finally, Kendall is the author of "much that posterity will not 'willingly let die.'" Now, let us take a few of Mr. Sladen's opinions as to our poets. Mr. Dommett is "the New Zealand Lucretius." Gordon is "the Australian Burns." "Since Shelly and Keats died no one has so nearly approached them" as Kendall. Mr. George Gordon McCrae, "a poet of first-class reputation and achievements," has written "an Australian Hiawatha." Kendall, again, has "perhaps

* "*Road to Avernus*," Scene vii. Last lines.

written the finest prize poem in the English language." Hengist Horne, "the little warden of the Australian goldfields," almost rivalled Keats as a handler of Greek myths. Mr. Henry Halloran is "a poet of great culture," and Mr. Brunton Stephens is "a humorous poet of a very high order." Sir Henry Parkes is "in his inspiration a true poet." Mr. Ebenezer Storry Hay "had perhaps the makings of a New Zealand Shelley," and I myself am blushingly compelled to remember that I am "a journalist well known in Australia, and also a real poet."

Now the prevalence with us of criticism of this rather alarming description is not confined to our young friends alone, but it has also gained on the rude forefathers of our literary hamlet.

I remember one of our foremost writers, whose friendship I must always look upon as a pleasure and a privilege, saying to me (and I am sure he will not mind me putting on record in this anonymous shape his expression of opinion in this case—though he is very averse to all public enunciation of his opinion,—because it is really so very interesting, coming from my friend): He said to me that he considered Hood's "Song of the Shirt" to be an absolutely perfect poem in every way, in fact the ideal of a poem, or to that purpose. And I remember it struck me at once what a very curious thing this was to say, because most people would reserve praise like that for such pieces as the description of Colonus in Sophocles' "Œdipus Coloneus" for example, or Dante's canto which tells of Paolo and Fancesca, or Shakspere's or Goethe's finest lyrics, or three or four of Milton's sonnets, or things like this, but scarcely for Hood's "Song of the Shirt" or any other song of his. And I was surprised that my friend should speak in this way, and after we had discussed it a little, and he still seemed to think this was the proper sort of literary criticism in which to indulge, I was more surprised than ever, and could not for a long time account for it.

Then at last it struck me that since my friend lived in the midst of our new poems and schools and rules, as expounded by our new bards and thinkers and critics, perhaps they had succeeded in persuading him of all the genius, science, art and wit of the men of the new age, and just as he looked upon Hood as a poet like Shakspere, so he looked upon Colonel —— (I really forget his name, but he was the gentleman who commanded the New South Wales Contingent in their expedition against the Arabs of the Soudan) as a soldier like Cæsar, or Sir Henry Parkes as a statesman like Pitt, or Mr. Marshall Wood (who has got such quite too pretty statues of Sappho and other young ladies in supposed classical attire in the Sydney Art Gallery) as a sculptor like Phidias, or those Victorian artists headed by the dreadful Mr. Folingsby, whom my friend Mr. Broomfield has written about in this magazine with such enthusiasm, as being Raphaels in shoals.

But I have not yet set my doubts on this matter at rest, because I feared I might hurt the feelings of my distinguished friend by questioning him on the subject, and this I would not do for worlds. Moreover, I have a sort of idea that he is in reality quite as well aware as I am of the difference between the dreadful Mr. Folingsby and the Victorian artist Raphael, Mr. Marshall Wood Phidias, Colonel —— and Cæsar, Hood and Shakspere, and that he sees quite well that our young friends when they take to writing reviews of our poets and prosemen, our artists and musicians, our statesmen and men of action, are apt at times to talk a little wildly, even though they have sucked in literature and science and art at our splendid State schools and Grammar schools and Universities. And really it would indeed be surprising if we consider those disadvantages under which, as Matthew Arnold saw, our secondary and superior instructions labor, and the budding condition of our art and literature and politics, and so on, that our first generation of thinkers and critics should not be a little callow, so to speak, and wanting somewhat in the acquisition and perspective of their knowledge and criticism.

Well now, I fancy that even our young friends themselves, when they faced those critical pearls of theirs in the light of common day, or took to cold-bloodedly examining the critical pearls of their companions, must have felt a sensation of doubt and uncertainty creeping over them. Here, for instance, is Mr. W. H. O. Smeaton, who has discoursed so eloquently in THE CENTENNIAL about "A Quartette of Australian Singers" and their achievements in "the *elements* of style and the *qualities* of style," with incidental remarks on their "verbal *thesaurus*" and "imaginative *afflatus*," their "*exoteric* or *objective description* and *esoteric* or *subjective description*," and a final excursus on their powers of dropping into "*The Sublime*." Does Mr. Smeaton in his most calm and disillusionised hours, in the dead unhappy night and when the rain is on the roof, seriously believe in this sort of thing in connection with "a quartette of Australian singers?" Or does he,

indeed, seriously believe that Kendall occasionally exhibits "somewhat of a combination of the profound sadness of Tennyson in 'In Memoriam,' with the weird subtle pathos of Shelley in 'Adonais,'" or that our quartette "might fittingly afford matter for a volume," like Mr. Dowden's "Shakspere: His Mind and his Art," or one of the English Men of Letters Series (say) rather than "one short review," which is a sample of "the temerity of a pressman?" Or will he not admit that criticism in the key at which he has pitched it on this occasion is a little strained, a little excessive, a little silly?

And the worst of it is, that by indulging in this way in native melodies in the style of "Rule Britannia" we do no good, but rather a very considerable amount of harm. For we renounce all hope of really getting at the true significance of our own efforts, that is to say, of our writers and artists and politicians, and men of action generally. We merely make current false and foolish theories and foolish and false notorieties—with the first, destroying all real and veritable criticism, which is the very air and breath of art and all progress, and with the second, corrupting the ideal of excellence which should be held up to our young writers.

This high-toned panegyric of ourselves does us harm, I say, in our own land, and it renders us ridiculous in others. In making such palpably outrageous claims for our "first-class reputations and achievements" we only succeed in getting our claims denied altogether. The literary public of the European countries cannot be "bluffed," as the card-players call it in this way. We must remember that in England now this literary public is a large and organised section of society with a current in it of genuinely critical ideas, and that our trumpet-blasts of self-laudation impress it much as those of the Lilliputians did Gulliver. Occasionally they provoke counter-blasts of the contemptuous kind. I was reading the other day in the signed portion of "one of the great London literary weeklies," as Mr. Sladen calls them, a statement to the effect that Adam Lindsay Gordon, the only Australian poet of any note, seemed to have been a second or third rate English poet who had been spoiled by living in Australia. By asking too much, you see, we end by getting nothing at all.

And this seems to me to be a real pity, at any rate in the case of Gordon, because I cannot help thinking that it is possible to make out a claim for Gordon to a niche somewhat higher than those of the meagre temple of local fame. This claim I have elsewhere done my best to make out, and I am not about to go over all the old ground again here. But it seems necessary to advance some reasons for one's adherence to so unfashionable a faith as that which I have expressed with regard to Gordon, and therefore I will try to justify myself by proofs.

The man who went round with a brick in his pocket as a sample of what his house was to be like has incurred some deprecatory criticism; but, supposing our houses to have been built, a specimen brick chosen from each in a judicious manner may serve to help us in more ways than one to a comparison of the respective buildings. And this is what I purpose presently to do with our poets. My contention about Gordon is two-fold. Not only does he in my opinion strike at his loftiest, a note quite beyond the reach of any other of our poets, but also, what I may call his average good verse is on a higher plane altogether than that of any of his fellows. I have nothing to say about the *elements* of style and the *qualities* of style, the verbal *thesaurus* and imaginitive *afflatus*, the *exoteric* or *objective description* and the *esoteric* or *subjective description*, nor yet even of *The Sublime*, with regard to him and them. A poet is to be judged in a simpler and more direct way than this. A poet's contribution to literature is simply the ideas on life, on man and on nature, which he is possessed of and the greater or less degree of technical skill with which he expresses them. Gordon had faced life in many aspects, and had felt and pondered a good deal. He reached to the reality of things. He escaped out of the prison of the effete and conventional social instincts of his time. He was not an amateur in life. He did not pass his time in side-waters or back-waters, but in the main-stream of things. And he did this no less in the realm of thought than of action. The result is that there is about him, about his average good verse, a sort of fiery insistence. The bulk of it is inevitable. There is nothing artificial or deliberate about it. We do not detect the careful or careless versifier, the more or less cultivated man sitting down to "compose," or the newspaper "jingler" who turns you out "copy" *ad libitum* in verse or in prose. He has, too, a personality. We feel *Him*—we know *Him*. His being, his character, his very *tone*, are decisive. And what I say is, that there is little or nothing of these precious qualities, these qualities without which no poet can enjoy anything save an ephemeral vogue, in any other Australian poet that I know of. Certainly Kendall does not possess these qualities. So far as ideas

go he might just as well have lived a hundred years ago as to-day. Modern culture, with all its stupendous results in the domain of science, all its magnificent organisation in the domain of literature, is a sealed book to him. His friends talk of his interpretation of nature. What did the man know about nature, anyway? Its spirit was utterly unknown to him. He could only paint its most superficial aspects. And the same is to be said of his interpretation of human life. He comprehended nothing of it. Mr. Smeaton quotes one of Kendall's exoteric or esoteric, or objective or subjective descriptions with admiration.

All the calmness and the color—all the splendor and repose,
Flowing where the sunset flowered, like a silver-hearted rose!
There, indeed, was singing Eden, where the great gold river runs
Past the porch and gates of crystal, ringed by strong upshining suns.
There, indeed, was God's own garden, sailing down the sapphire sea—
Lawny dells and slopes of summer, dazzling stream and radiant tree.

And so on in the same style so long as you please. It is alright. It is passable verse, even passably pleasant verse; but compare it with one of Gordon's descriptions:

A grim, grey coast and a sea-board ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men—
Where the batter'd hulk and the broken mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years ten.

Love! when we wandered here together,
Hand-in-hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
God surely loved us a little then!

What a different *tone!* What a different *note!* Here we come into contact with things; we see, touch, feel, perceive them. In the other case they stand afar off like the mirage semblance of some sweet and sickly dream.

Kendall again has been praised as the singer of women, and one thinks of his Rose Lorraines, with their "slow sweet names," and then of the women in Gordon—his Annie, his Estelle, his Ellen Raby, his Gwendoline, his Guinevere. I am not speaking of differences in kind—I am merely speaking of differences in quality, in actuality. It is not only that the Rose Lorraines, with their "slow sweet names" and everything else of theirs, are of such a much lower human type, but that they are of such a much lower poetical type, so inferior as imaginative conceptions as samples of descriptive work. Kendall's ideas on life are like the snakes in Iceland, and it is obviously a pure waste of time to go looking for them; but we can find other instances whereby to compare Gordon's criticism on the pains and pleasures of our existence. Take verse like this which impresses Mr. Smeaton so deeply:—

Die then sad memories leaving behind you no token or relic;
Hark how the tremulous night wind is passing in joy-laden sighs;
Soft through my window it comes like the fanning of pinions angelic,
Whispering to cease from myself and look out in the infinite skies.
Luminous streams of delight in the silent immensity flowing,
Journeying surgelessly on through impalpable ether of peace;
How can I think of myself when infinitude o'er me is glowing—
Glowing with tokens of love from the land where my sorrows shall cease?

Now take Gordon:

The restless throbbings and burnings
That hope unsatisfied brings,
The weary longings and yearnings
For the mystical better things.
There are others toiling and straining
'Neath burdens graver than mine;
They are weary, yet uncomplaining;
I know it, yet I repine.
I know it, how time will ravage;
How time will level, and yet
I long with a longing savage,
I regret with a fierce regret.

How emptily grandiose, how removed from all reality as we feel and know it, how played out and effete is all that poetical imagery culminating in that nonsense about the sidereal system glowing with tokens of love from the land where the sorrows of the gentleman who wrote it are (he is quite as aware as we all) not going to begin or cease or do anything at all. A belief in the "land" beyond the earth's atmosphere, somewhere up in the "infinitude" of the sidereal system aforesaid, is a belief which is at best totally unverifiable, and at worst an "idea on life" of about the same force as that of the "land" Jack reached by climbing his beanstalk. What a difference to this outlook into things natural do we find in verse like:

In thy grandeur, O sea, we acknowledge,
In thy fairness, O earth, we confess
Hidden truths that are taught in no college,
Hidden songs that no parchment express.

Or if Mr. Smeaton wants to show us "the most suggestively imaginative lines in Australian poetry," which are these:

Naiad-like, laving white feet in the dimpled disturbance of waters;
Dryad-like peering, bright-visioned, through tremulous umbrage of leaves—

How edifying it is to take up Gordon and read verse like:

Through the lattice rushes the south wind, dense
With the fumes of the flowery frank-incense
From the hawthorn blossom thickly ;
And gold is showered in grass unshorn,
And poppy-fire in shuddering corn,
And May-dew flooded and flushed with morn
And scented with sweetness sickly.

Perhaps Mr. Smeaton thinks that it is easier to paint a picture like this with no Naiads or Dryads or any other pseudo-classic and pseudo-poetic "mountings" in it? But that is a mistake, as I have no doubt Mr. Smeaton will yet live to discover, if he goes on extending his culture into the vast fields of foreign study which are implied in references to such admirable critics as Sainte Beuve, or painters like Titian, and so on, though he must really beware of taking third-century Roman critics on literary matters, like Longinus, or eighteenth-century English critics like Burke, too seriously.

It is at once needless and tiresome to proceed to much further detailed comparison of the style of work produced by Gordon and his fellows. Enough has been said to indicate the reasons why he must always seem to us as for the most part living, moving, and having his being in a higher poetic plane altogether than they. There is only one other aspect of it all that seems worth touching on, and that is but a subsidiary one. Just as Gordon is above them all in the depth and significance of his ideas about life and in his interpretation of nature, so is he in his dramatic and analytic power. Mr. Smeaton quotes for our admiration as a sample of "a vivid sense of self-introspection" unknown to Gordon, a passage like :

Fanned by a low mysterious wind
We left the dreadful isle behind,
Below the thousand lighted sky
We drifted onward—She and I ;
Across the lake where heaven lay glassed
Its placid mimic stars we passed ;
And when again my mind was brought
Back to the realms of lucid thought,
A feeling nigh of triumph stole
Deep into all my widowed soul ;
A moment's silent savage joy
To feel that I—the broken toy
Of these cold shreds inanimate—
Had been received by mystic Fate,
Had battled through life's storms and pains,
At last to tend her poor remains :
While those who loved her, far away,
Watched wearily from day to day,
And, with a grief grown grey and dumb,
Sat wondering why she did not come.

Here Mr. Smeaton has chosen from his poet's book one of the few—the very few passages after the earlier narrative style of Byron, wherein the distinctive note of poetry, as differentiated from that of prose or verse, is reached at all; but it cannot for a moment be admitted that the dramatic power of "Adrift" is on the same level, except in snatches, as that reached again and again by Gordon, in such poems as "Wolf and Hound," "The Road to Avernus," and so on, not to mention a literary masterpiece like the "Rhyme of Joyous Garde." And in the domain of analytic "self-introspection" a poem like "The Swimmer" is completely above this other, not only by reason of the far greater depth and significance of the soul analysed, of the ideas treated of and the manner of their treatment, but also through the far greater and more regular volume of poetic inspiration which it possesses, and even this leaves out of account Gordon's splendid dramatic power.

I am making no claim for Gordon to a high place in the crowded temple of our literature or the world's literature. He cannot be put on the same level with most of the other poets whose work can be compared with his—whose ideas approximated to his—whose spirit was the same as his. Men like Burns and Byron, like Leopardi and Heine, like Musset and Swinburne, are to be recognised as of a loftier lineage and superior category. But men like Clough, like Bandelaire, like Poe, like James Thomson, can justly be called his equals and companions, and the place they own in that temple is a real if it is not a very prominent one. There are not more than two or three poets in any generation who win such a place, and Australia must content herself, as (or so, at any rate, it appears to me) she may well do, with advancing the claims to it of the man who crowned a not inconsiderable structure of genuinely good work that will stand the test of time and transcend all vogues, by the superb pinnacle of "The Rhyme of Joyous Guard," the one really great poem that has yet been written under the Southern Cross.

PENELOPE.

"VETULAM PRAETULIT IMMORTALITATI."

STEALING the hours from restful sleep,
A woman's aching hands outfray
The web she wove throughout the day;
And nightly doth she toil and weep—

Weep for lost years of wedded bliss,
With drooping head, like poppy bent
'Neath rain of many days. For blent
With pain she feels again that kiss,

When she a veiled bride was borne
Unto her waiting bridegroom's love,
The while the merry dancers move
To gleeful notes of flute and horn.

She sees the torchbrand's smoky light,
Hears the loud "Io Hymen" fill
The air: no shade of future ill
Falls o'er the present's full delight.

She breathes the calm of following years,
When in their child, their mutual pride
And love flow on in mingled tide.
But now despondence only sears

The unburst buds of hopeful ways
That they together trod. Alone!
Shall aught of future bliss atone
The anguish of these waiting days?

So, as she toils for his dear sake,
Her thoughts are borne, now here, now there,
Like swallow circling through the air
Seeking afar its missing mate.

And pictures she the shady grot,
Where oft the summer hours they spent,
The feathery palm that o'er them bent,
Yes, all is there! But he is not!

She sees the vale slope toward the shore,
And there the bubbling waters meet,
Where oft they roamed in converse sweet,
Or conned the doughty deeds of yore.

And so until the morning light
Another round of sorrow brings,
Thus shape themselves in murmurings
The thoughts that throng the silent night.

"Again within the citron-grove
Soft petals fall like flakes of snow
Upon the perfumed earth below,
Where he and I were wont to rove.

"And amorous leaflets pitying bend
  O'er golden hearts left bare and lone;
  And night winds sigh with gentle moan,
That beauty's day so soon must end.

"Our mossy seat the glow-worm marks
  With mimic lantern all ablaze;
  And fireflies through the leafy maze
Flash, like a shower of meteor sparks.

"They tell me that thou hast forgot
  Our sea-girt isle: that never more
  Thine hollow ship will seek the shore,
And that for thee our past is not.

"But oh! I know that cannot be!
  So long our wedded lives were one.
  It may be, e'er this night is done,
Thou wilt return to love and me.

"And while my hand unweaves and weaves
  Each night and day the endless thread,
  I listen for the strengthful tread
I welcomed in those bygone eves.

"As seeks the hunted bird its nest,
  As longs the prisoner for the light,
  As craves the blind one moment's sight,
So yearns my soul for thee and rest.

"And oft-times in the silent night
  Sweet dreams from Morpheus' ivory gate
  Bring all the rapture I await;
But, when dawn puts the stars to flight,

"The vision fades, the dreary void
  Alone remains, and all the pain
  Born of thy absence lives again;
Yet faith in thee stands undestroyed.

"I watch the snow-white sail outspread
  Afar on Tethys' azure plain.
  It nears the shore. 'He comes again,'
I cry, 'he comes, he is not dead!'

"'Alas! not yet he comes!' And oft
  I watch the sphere of heaven move round,
  And pay rich vows on holy ground,
Still crying to the powers aloft:

"Send him, ye gods, or make my pain
  Soften the stony hearts of those
  Who do but mock my bitter throes,
And fain would force me wed again.

"My constant love, once by thee won,
  Glows bright as fire upon the shrine;
  My honor, which is thine, shall shine
Pure as the light that feeds the sun.

"Ye birds, that come from lands afar;
  Where stays my lord and king so long?
  With strains as sweet as siren's song
Draw him to me. Oh! golden star

"Of love itself, do thou outshine
  All other stars; and let thy light
  Direct his vessel's onward flight,
Swift cleaving through the seething brine;

"And bring him home. Ye altars, burn
  Your choicest incense, till it roll
  In clouds to him, and steep his soul
In visions of a glad return.

"Ye summer winds, oh, quickly bear
  My cry to him! Ye gods on high,
  Will your omnipotence deny
To grant a lone wife's ceaseless prayer?'

* * * * * *

What beggar at the gate doth stand,
  Unkempt, in sorry garments clad,
  And, leaning on his staff, with sad
Grey eye surveys the glutton band?

Lo! from within fall on his ear
  Loud song and strains of lute and lyre;
  Scarce bridles he his rising ire
At the rude scoff and ribald jeer.

He scans the revellers round, as one
  Who knows, and yet knows not, the throng
  Of faces, and who, absent long,
Returns to find some changed, some gone

Maybe he is himself forgot!
  Maybe no place in home or heart
  Is kept for him! He has no part
In that gay scene, they know him not.

And now with scorn they call him nigh:
  But see, the blind old hound, that lie
  Before the ashen threshold, tries
To lick his hand as he goes by.

* * * * *

The feaster's song is hushed, and groans
  And sudden vengeance heard! Then fall
  Strange silence on the blood-stained halls,
Broken by feeble fitful moans.

Lo! Him who begged the court obeys—
  Lord of his realm and long-left love.
  And in a turret-room above,
The shuttle rusts, the web decays.

K. MCCOSH CLARK.

restless beasts that tramp the yards into depths of dust or mud, as the season chances to be, they can never keep it long enough to recognise the animal again. But the trained stockman needs no brand to help him; each of those white and tan faces and branching horns is familiar as the faces of the horses that hunt them—and nearly every snub-nosed little calf or starting heifer is well-known to him from the first day it learnt to stumble weakly over the rough bush grass. All the "loafers" of the neighborhood hang over the fences smoking and talking "cattle," among whom, of course, is the "generally useful boy," the station children perched on the rails beside him. The mob is their particular attraction. They never tire watching the impatient beasts bruising each others flanks and tramping round and round the great yards. If any branding is to be done the interest is increased tenfold.

Perhaps when the herd is culled for the market a river is to be crossed; a fording rarely accomplished without difficulty and loss of time. Indeed, I have known nearly a week pass before that narrow strip of water was overcome, the beasts meanwhile not being improved for market by days of frantic galloping under a running fire of stockwhips. How pretty they look, though, when they do take to the water as docile, amiable beasts should do—careering down the banks and over the rushes, and sheer into the clear bush river. Its lucid expanse becomes studded with branched bovine heads and then they emerge cool and sleek on the white sands of the opposite bank, soon to be lost behind the clematis and wild glory-pea tangles that hide the high-road from the river. We children used to sit among the wattles and watch them go away with heavy hearts—there was always some favorite in the herd that we could not resign to the butcher without regret. When the "mob" is away mustering ends for a while, and the squatter is free to till his cultivation field, or "grub" the stumps from the homestead paddocks. Also, if he be a wise man and an artistic man, he will plant fair orchards and kitchen gardens, and cover the nakedness of fence and out-house with vines and flowering creepers. Astonishing it is how little planting and training is necessary to transfigure the rough fences and bark roofs into things of beauty. I remember now the glory of roses that luxuriated in the old station home—their sweet blowing clusters climbing from end to end of the homestead, even over the pigsties where the wind-tossed petals floated the broad fat backs of the occupants. I do not now suppose the rosy briars above their heads improved the morals of the pigs or made their bacon one whit the sweeter, but I have a lurking idea that I imagined so in those childish days; and what tranquil, wonderful days those were before the peg of the selector was within coo-ee of us, and not even the first plank sawn for the township. We used to wander over the site that was to be, gathering ferns and mosses, and listening to the delicious laughter of the jack-asses in the fresh bush mornings and fragrant evenings of the summer. We never realised that the time was drawing nearer and nearer when our old rambling freedom was to be arrested by the foundations of public-house and store, foundations which, by the way, they had the audacity to lay right in the heart of our fairyland, on the bosom of green moss which we had carefully guarded from even the desecration of our swift young feet. We went up bravely enough to see the ruins, but I can still remember my passionate dismay when the reality of a new order of things forced itself upon me, and I understood that the echo of hammers and the sawing of planks was to drive away all the music and the poetry of the early times we should never know again. All too soon the old order changeth. The run became crossed and recrossed with fences; bark huts shot up in all directions with mysterious rapidity. In the bowers of the river-banks the ruthless and unsparing axe was making short work of our beauty spots, levelling the exquisite growth of centuries to make a space for potato plots and pumpkin-beds, hacking the gnarled, picturesque trees that are still a vision of beauty to remember, and tearing from the superb old boughs they had clung to for ages, all the infinity of delicate parasite life that will never more be feasts of shape and color for our beauty-loving eyes. A perfect anguish of regret seizes me even now to know those wonderful haunts by the river are ruined where the ferns were like trees in their magnificence, and specimens that would have tantalised a botanist with their complexity grew in profligate abundance of rioting nature. Now it is all chopped and torn and dragged to death—the glaring sun smiting tender boughs that so soon lost the tints painted on them by the secluded blue-green atmosphere. For never an arrow of light was allowed to fall until filtered through depths of leaves and twigs, swinging fern fronds and hoary litchens; and the birds' nests, so thick in those leafy lattices, and the bird-song so wildly sweet, when the crimsoned skies send a searching flush across the sheath-like curve

of the river to give a reminder of the glorious sunset that is burning unregarded over the westward ranges! That was the hour when the river banks grew wild with melody, and every quivering throat was shaken with the even-song of the austral bush. My young soul was shaken too, and in the city streets, under city skies, my eyes are tearful now to remember it.

As the settlement increased a minister used to visit us, and everyone went to church. The services were held in the largest barn in the district, the corncobs being swept away into the corners to make room for benches and pulpit—both improvised by planks and packing-cases or any article of furniture found suitable. It was truly a bush scene—the old two-floored barn with its low roof and paneless windows, through which the congregation could only see the primeval forest, too dense for even an horizon sky to be descried—where the cockatoos wheeled upwards above the tree tops, and the magpie's notes put to shame the shrill-sung hymns of our untrained choir. Not that there was quite a dearth of sweet singers amongst us; we had many true voices a little roughened, maybe, by too much shouting when the bullocks lagged on the sidlings. The evening service was my favorite one. In the moonlight the forest was majestically beautiful; stars looked down so clearly through the luminous air, the night winds swept the leaves together with a soft rustle that somehow always caught my ear above the drone of the good preacher who delivered the beautiful Anglican service with such orthodox stupidity. Amid the swell of organ music, and kneeling before the splendor of orient windows I often seem to hear the preacher's voice crooning in the old barn, and watch again the dew-glistened leafage swaying silverly in the windy forest. The barn, however, was not kept sacred for church purposes; many a night the selectors danced merrily, though laboriously, away upon its rough boards, and country concerts were given therein, in spite of the fact that the tallest man could almost fill the space between floor and ceiling. Here, too, were held all those wonderful "meetings" without which no country community is organised. Every shock-headed settler from the backwoods has something to say there; some grievance to ventilate or suggestion to make for the future of that settlement whose interests he is always certain must or will be of the greatest moment to the whole colony at large. Everything was done by a "meeting"—the farmers gathered together and talked and argued, quarrelled and made friends with one another as worthy gentlemen do all the world over for interests more or less important. This meeting mania reached its maximum at election time—no seat in Parliament was ever contested with more energy and enthusiasm than that newly-established membership in the local shire council. Canvassing went on briskly for many weeks before polling-day in spite of unmade roads, uncertain weather and the odd miles between the voters' residences. Manuscript posters inscribed with the opinions and promises of the candidates appeared on every gate and slip-rail on the principal roads, or were nailed to the trunks of the most conspicuous trees. All the local literary and artistic talent added to the attractiveness of these with rickety doggrels and caricatures hitting off the eccentricities of the opponents, and twitting them with certain little irregularities in the past, which charitably considered, came under the heading of "things better left unsaid." In looking back upon those days of station life one vivid memory stands out perhaps more clearly than any other—the first bush burial The hideous procession that crawls a black trailing horror about our cities always brings the scene to me—an English youth had been killed by a falling tree, and they lifted the first sod in the cemetery for his body. The forest had just been swept by a fierce bush-fire, parts of it still smouldering in spite of a passionate downpour of autumnal rain. Every tree was charred into an inky blackness, intensified by stray trembling leaves of a bright brown or crimson color that hung from the denuded branches. The hardy green of the rushes had defied the flames, and they looked all the more verdant on the scorched forest floor. Overhead the sky was freshly blue, and the mountains against the horizons were lovely in tones of purpled brown. The plain deal coffin was almost hidden in flowers—a nameless coffin and a nameless grave, for the dead had been a stranger among us. We had but a hazy idea of his name. The coffin rested on the blackened ground among the few vivid leaves blown from the fire-scathed trees. By-and-bye those trees would be full and green once more and wave wonderful shadows across the new God's acre, and the charred grasses and twigs would be hidden under fresh grasses and be quick with blossom and berry again. The echo of chopping axes swinging into the staunch old trees broke in sadly and appropriately enough as the service for the dead was read. The bush rang with their echoes—what mattered it

to the selector that a tree had fallen yesterday, crushing out a warm young life without a moment's warning? He, maybe, thought of it as he plied his axe against the unyielding bole, particularly if he was from other lands and could picture the vacant chair that would surely wait for him somewhere.

And so they buried the youth that autumn day. Afterwards we children used often to go and put wild flowers on the grave; it was long a lonely one, for deaths were rare in that sparce community. I have been writing of the past; now they say the primitive township has swelled to quite unrecognisable proportions, and even a doctor is practising in its midst. I shall see it in its changed aspect someday, but just now I like to think of the old station as I first remember it, nestled against the purple-brown woods with the mossy morasses gathered round it. All the ferny uplands and bush ways secure from the selector's axe and the sportsman's gun; no fences to shut out one's favorite crossing, no potato garden to flourish under the skeletons of one's idolised trees. Let me imagine the silence that used to brood over those inland lakes and moss-flushed marshes unbroken still, that the sunset hours are yet sacred with the sense of infinite beauty and infinite rest, that the throbbing of a thousand wings may again be heard as the water-fowl skim across the great pools of the Maratime Valley, and bush spaces overflow with the laughter of unfearing birds.

Vastness of verdurous solitude, forest complexity boundless,
Where is no stir save the fall of a leaf or the wave of a wing.
Lone sunny regions where virginal nature roams ceaseless and soundless,
Rich with the richness of Summer, yet fresh with the freshness of Spring.

Where is no stir save of leaf in its falling or bird in its winging,
Or the infrequent sweet idyl, low-murmured by devious streams;
Where is no passion, or sign of desire, save the infantile clinging
Of the young tendrils or opening of flowers to a morning of beams.

That was but yesterday. Comes a brief journey . . . a sleep . . . and the morrow
Wakes on the city, with issuing forth of tumultuous life—
Wakes upon quickening footsteps and faces acquainted with sorrow,
Hurried uptaking of burdens, and voices familiar with strife.

AN AUSTRALIAN IDYL, A.D. 3,000.

(From the Painting by Charles H. Hunt.

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GASPARINI'S ESCAPE: AN UNWRITTEN TALE.

BY EDWARD J. HART.

A SUBJECT possessing any connection with the penal settlement of New Caledonia cannot fail to be of interest to Australian readers, inasmuch as the French Government having thought fit to pollute that fair island with the scum of its criminality, necessitated the inauguration of what may be called our foreign policy.

If in course of time war should break out between France and Great Britain, New Caledonia, with its hordes of convicts, a majority of whom have been trained to arms, would, it has been ably pointed out, constitute a menace to our security too terrible to contemplate with equanimity.

In the normal condition of affairs it forms a plague spot in the Pacific, wherein such horrors are enacted as involuntarily cause the mind to revert to the old days of convictism in Norfolk Island and Tasmania when they were at their worst, and spur men on to such desperate efforts to regain their liberty as the following narrative records. Nor until such a story as that masterpiece of fiction, "For the Term of his Natural Life," ceases to stir a thrill of sympathy in the breast of average humanity, will a courageous dash for freedom unstained by outrage, be heard of with indifference, even though the actor be naught but a common criminal probably well deserving of his punishment. To a nation that rightly places a high premium on pluck and endurance wherever manifested, such an adventure appeals with a force, calculated to mitigate the weight of censure which is otherwise the inevitable portion of all transgressors of our social polity.

One day, some months ago, a friend who had passed thirty years of his life in France and Italy, and who was considerably better acquainted with those countries than with his own, paid me an unexpected call, and without any preamble startled me with the question, "Would you like to interview Gasparini, the New Caledonian escapee?"

In common with others I knew somewhat of this Gasparini; had been in New Zealand at the time of his recapture in Auckland, and felt considerable interest in what had been then gleaned of his Rufus Dawes-like adventures. Readers of the New Zealand papers will doubtless remember a letter written by Cury, Gasparini's companion, which appeared about the month of August, 1888, describing in a vague and highly hysterical manner their voyage from the penal settlement to New Zealand.

The extradition of both prisoners was demanded by the French Consul, but was only granted in the case of Gasparini, who, being a native of Italy, had his interests looked after by the Italian Consul, which occasioned considerable friction between that gentleman and the representative of the French Republic. Eventually, Gasparini, in charge of a New Zealand detective, was placed on board the U.S.S. "Wakatipu," bound from Wellington to Sydney, where he was to be taken charge of by the French Consul in that city, pending his transhipment to Noumea.

The latest up to date that was known of the prisoner was contained in the telegram dated Sydney, August 16th, 1888, which stated that: "On arrival of the 'Wakatipu' it was discovered that Gasparini, the escapee from New Caledonia, sent from Wellington in charge of Detective Walker, of Auckland, was missing. The cause of his disappearance is a mystery, and it is not known whether he jumped overboard from the vessel."

When, therefore, I was calmly asked if I should like to interview a man who, with the generality of people, I believed had long ago found a watery grave, I was sufficiently surprised to voice a whole torrent of questions as to when and how he had escaped, and how he had managed to elude discovery all this time.

To all of which my friend quietly replied, "Step round with me to my chambers, and he will tell you all his life and adventures. You will hear all the details of his last escape from his own lips, or rather from my lips, for I shall have to act as interpreter."

"Can't he speak English!" I queried.

"No, nor French, nor Italian; he expresses himself in a cheerful jumble of the patois they speak down in Spezzia, Genoese, mingled with a little Italian and much bad French, and I shall have a nice job to translate your questions and his answers. He came to me as a beggar, having been misinformed that I was an Italian, and I afforded him a little relief, in gratitude for which he will give us his history; but mind, you must give a solemn promise not to reveal any of this till he is well out of the country. His re-capture in Auckland was partly owing to Cury's letter finding its way into the papers, and he has no desire to again thrust his head into the lion's mouth" In consequence of this pledge the publication of this article has been long delayed, until, in fact, the hapless prisoner has been enabled to put half the globe between himself and the consequences of another possible extradition warrant.

We had scarcely seated ourselves in my friend's apartments when the redoubtable escapee was ushered into our presence, and while it was being explained to him that his revelations should in no way be utilised to his hurt, I had ample leisure to take stock of his appearance A man of about forty, with a massive round head, a broad face and a broad but not receding forehead; short dark hair slightly grizzled and somewhat bald at the temples; a thin prominent nose of the hawk's-beak pattern, coming down over a short bristly moustache. The forehead was deeply lined, and the small brown eyes placed a little far apart had a remarkable brightness and glitter under the well-defined brows; high cheekbones and a tanned skin made up a face which though rugged was essentially not of the ordinary criminal type, nor yet repulsive; the smile was not unpleasant, and he was constantly smiling. I would willingly stop here, but in spite of the foregoing, am compelled to add that taken altogether there was yet something sinister in the countenance, as of one who could look into a world of the unspeakable order and possessed an acquaintance with dark sides of life—a knowledge of something hidden. Without having exactly a hunted look, there was an expression of habitual watchfulness, a readiness for the unexpected—unrestfulness, and it held possibilities of being a very terrible face if excited by hate or fury. The man was remarkable looking and once seen not likely to be forgotten; remarkable besides other things for the contrast of seeming openness of countenance, and that restless air and look of something suppressed. A little over the middle height, almost bull necked, with enormously broad shoulders and deep chest, his whole torso and short sturdy legs were indicative of great strength. He was very clean in person and decently clad, though his dress showed unmistakable signs of long service. His speech was accompanied by considerable wrinkling of the brow and dilating of the small eyes which were almost hidden when he smiled. He was not particularly gesticulatory for an Italian, save when excited, but then he made up for lost time, and had I been merely a spectator of the dumb show I should have deemed my friend in danger of his life more than once. The latter I soon found had not overstated the difficulties of his rôle of interpreter; sometimes the translation came trippingly enough and I was able to note down Gasparini's literal expressions; at others both question and answer had to be repeated over and over again, dissected bit by bit and then altogether recast, so that there was no resource but to set out the result in the most lucid English possible. I may add that wherever it has been possible his statements have been carefully tested and proved truthful, and this, combined with the fact that he in nowise attempted to palliate his misdeeds, exaggerate his achievements and hardships, or indulged in any fierce denunciation of his gaolers, induces a strong belief in his veracity, on this occasion at least.

Feeling very much like a grand inquisitor, I then opened the interview with the stereotyped questions, "what is your full name, place and date of birth, family and occupation?"

Looking carefully round the room and at the closed door, as though such a vital and compromising piece of information was not to be given without the utmost caution, he leans forward and whispers, "Girolomo Gasparini, but the French over there," jerking his thumb in the direction where he supposed France to be, "called me *Capitano* Francesco Gasparini, because I once commanded a

small ship trading between Genoa and Marseilles. I was born at Rio Maggiore, near Spezzia, on the 2nd of April, 1851, and I am not married; I have a sister and a brother. Yes, they are still alive. I have been a sailor all my life—from boyhood upwards. When I no longer commanded the little boat I have spoken of, I shipped as a sailor on board of a steamer trading between Marseilles and China, and made many voyages. When I returned from one of these voyages, I with a companion—a Frenchman whom they called Blachér—thought we would enjoy our lives for a while *(ci divertiremo un po')*, and we drank wine, good wine in the cafés, and we played at mora and dominoes and got drunk, and I know not what we then did, but all our money went and we found none of it left, so we decided to rob a jeweller's shop, Guionvar's, in the Place D'arme, Marseilles."

"How did you manage it?" asks the questioner.

"Broke the plate-glass, and so entered at the hour of one in the morning; robbed the shop of everything of value, about 17,000 francs' worth, took it all away, broke the jewellery up and sold it for about 4,000 francs, and the man who bought it betrayed us to the Gendarmes, but we were not made prisoners till a month after the robbery, which occurred on the 7th May, 1882. We were remanded—sent to Toulon, and afterwards tried at Draginino, Department of Duval, on the 11th May, 1883, and condemned to eight years of hard labor. On the 8th of August we were embarked on the transport 'Loire,' from San Martin de Ré, Ile de Ré opposite La Rochelle, and sailed for Noumea. On the transport they treated us very well, treated us as well as the sailors, giving us good food and everything being kept clean. We had on board 376 prisoners, of whom 90 were placed in each department, which was like a cage with barred sides and in which we slept in hammocks; every day for three hours we were allowed on deck, and while on deck we might smoke, but not elsewhere, and this created an incident which might interest Signor."

"Assuredly, go on."

"Well, one day the wind was very strong, and a young prisoner got into a deck-house and thought he'd smoke there, and with a flint and steel and piece torn from his *camiccia* he kindled a light, which flared. A sentry happened to look through a spy-hole, and seeing a large flame, gave the alarm, and the commandant of soldiery was overcome with fear, thinking this was a mutiny and an attempt to set fire to the ship, so he ordered his men to fire upon us all. The soldiers made ready. *Sapristi!* We *were* afraid. Some of us crouched down low, and some ran to where they thought there would be shelter from the bullets, when the commandant of the ship came on deck and cried out he would have no murder done on board of his vessel; if they wanted to do that they must wait till the prisoners were landed at Noumea and out of his charge. So we were saved. The *Capitano* then called on the man to give himself up, which he did; the matter was explained, and the offender was placed in irons for fifteen days."

Gasparini arrived in Noumea on the 10th December, 1883. We have got into a loose way of speaking of all New Caledonian deportees, saving political delinquents, as Recidivistes, but, as a matter of fact, they are divided into two classes—the Recidivistes or incorrigible old offenders who have already served a term of imprisonment in France, and who are relegated to the Isle of Pines, and the men like Gasparini, who are sentenced to transportation on account of the seriousness of their first offence.

In the penitentiary the higher officials do not maltreat the prisoners, and are humane enough, but the subordinates belong to the regular petty tyrant stamp, neglecting their duties and illusing those under them. The warders are not supposed to strike the prisoners, but they do so to a very considerable extent. Before the prisoner can lay a complaint the official has sent in a report to his superior accusing the prisoner of gross insubordination, and explaining that he struck him with his cane in preference to shooting him. The roll is called every morning at eleven, when each prisoner is given a glass of wine, and in this connection Gasparini says, "One morning a prisoner was late, not appearing till the roll was closed. The warder took his name though to complete the roll. Then the prisoner asked if he might not have his wine. The warder said no,—then changed and gave it him, but told him he would not get it if again so late. He cursed at him and rated him so soundly that the prisoner sulked, and said 'If you don't want to give me the wine you needn't,' and so threw it out of his glass over the officer's white trousers and boots, leaving a red stain. The warder was furious, and reported that the prisoner had assaulted—had tried to murder him, so he was court-martialled and guillotined.

"Did I see him die? *Altro!* We have all to appear at every execution."

The sanitary regulations of the prison are excellent, and their application is precisely in

inverse ratio to their goodness. The duty of keeping their quarters in a state of cleanliness devolves upon the prisoners, who conscientiously neglect it, nor do the authorities bestir themselves to any extent to secure its enforcement, with the result that the cells, &c., remain in an intolerable state of dirt and swarm with vermin; bathing is not compulsory amongst the prisoners, and but seldom indulged in.

After the new arrivals have served a certain time within the walls and among the road gangs, if they are well conducted they are allowed the privilege of working three hours a day on their own account, their earnings being handed over to them. Some farmer or other employer of labor, who is responsible for their safe custody, utilises this respite from prison work, but the money thus earned is often a fruitful source of trouble and danger to the more industrious prisoner. The convicts are a terribly bad lot, even from our prisoner's point of view—scoundrels of so dark a hue that even the adage "honor amongst thieves" is unknown to them. When it was known that a prisoner had money about him his companions would make a paste or powder from the seeds of a fruit called the datura and drop it in his food, the effect of which would be to drive the victim almost crazy for three or four hours, and by the time the attack had worn off the money had completely disappeared. When in the penitentiary each prisoner sleeps in a separate cell, but when engaged in road-making or other outside work, eighty or ninety are crowded into one barrackoon constructed of the bark of the nioli, where they are allowed the luxury of hammocks. During the time they are thus herded together unmentionable iniquity is rife amongst them, and the punishment that awaits its detection forms a satire on the administration of French justice and prison discipline. The penalty for an "*acte d'immoralité*" is only two months extra tacked on to the term the culprit is already serving with every third day on bread and water, while for stealing a pair of trousers Gasparini was sentenced to forty years additional imprisonment, and for an attempted escape, resulting in his being at large for ten days before he was re-captured, he was awarded another five years.

I now requested our interpreter to ask Gasparini if he had ever been an eye-witness of any of those prison murders we so frequently see recorded in the news budget from Noumea, and the next moment almost regretted that I had pushed my inquiries into *this questionable* region. The effect of the question was instantaneous: the Italian sprang off his chair, poured forth a whole torrent of excited recitative, rushed at my friend, placing a hand on either side of his ribs, then clapped his hands to his own breast, threw up his head uttering an awful groan, and made as if to fall backwards. Then came another fast and furious descriptive passage, the man's face working and his eyes blazing with mingled horror and excitement, after which he again sprang towards us illustrating by the play of his wrist a knife stab or blow, giving one a cold sensation to witness, and before which my friend perceptibly retreated, and again he imitated the action of a falling body; then lowering his voice he added a few words in a quieter tone and sat down all in a quiver, mopping the beads of perspiration off his forehead. There could be no doubt that in the man's inner consciousness the memory of some ghastly tragedy was passing, and the scene had again been enacted before his eyes; his pantomime gestures were so vividly expressive as to hardly require augmenting by words, and the whole effect was very fine, but we felt that the room was too small for its complete enjoyment. Some illustrations are too realistic, and this was one of them. The description by itself, however, gives but a very inadequate impression of the effect it produced on the two listeners.

"Have I seen any assassinations? Yes, two—more occurred while I was there—*Dieu Garde*, I should have seen more! Two were enough for me. The first took place just three months after I arrived in New Caledonia. There was a warder who beat the prisoners. We were out working on the roads and sleeping in the bark buildings I told you of; we were all supposed to be in at a certain hour, but amongst eighty or ninety it was not easy to see if all were in their hammocks when the sentries peeped in, and the prisoners used to slip out and purchase things. A young prisoner, whom the warder never passed without beating or giving a kick, went out one night and bought a long knife. Then the next time he was struck he warned the officer that he'd better leave off striking him or it would be the worse, and for an answer the officer raised his cane and gave him a greater beating than ever. The prisoner said no word after that, but I knew by the light that was in his eyes he would be an assassin before the clock struck. Then the officer having finished his inspection sat down and began brushing his clothes, suspecting nothing. The prisoner crept up behind him and suddenly sprang on him—so

—and with his long knife stabbed him in eight places, and kept on stabbing, stabbing, until they dragged him away from the body. The other was yet worse. We were working down near the sea coast, and I with several other prisoners who had ceased work, was sitting smoking. One prisoner had borrowed the cook's pouch of tobacco and was rolling a cigarette, when another prisoner asked him to pass the pouch, which he did. Presently the cook came out and asked for his pouch. The first prisoner said he had handed it to the second, and the second prisoner returned it to the cook, who, looking into it, called out 'Who has stolen my nugget?'—a little lump of gold worth about ten francs that the cook always carried in his pouch. The cook accused the prisoner to whom he had lent the pouch of having stolen it, but he said the gold was there when he handed it on to the second prisoner, who was accused in turn, but who also denied knowledge of the gold. He and the cook got heated, and then enraged, the cook telling him he had hidden the gold in the mouthpiece of his cigarette, and after many fierce words and threats the cook went away for a moment and returned with a great carving knife, and rushing on the prisoner he ripped his stomach open with it from side to side. *Accidente!* What a sight! The prisoner jumped to his feet and held the frightful wound with his hands, and then gave one cry—which I hear now—and dropped dead. We all then withdrew quietly away, for we knew if any of us touched the body and got any blood on our clothes we would be accused of the murder. We stood together hardly whispering, each man frightened of what might happen next. The warders came up, and seeing the body, paraded us in line, and asked who was the assassin. Each one denied for himself, but they made nine prisoners step to the front, saying, 'It must be between you nine,' and they were placed on bread and water for a month. The cook was a great favorite with the officers, because he was skilful, and they did not suspect him; but some of the prisoners went to him in a body and told him unless he gave himself up they would murder him. He preferred the guillotine to death at their hands, for they would have made it some fearful atrocity, so he confessed and I saw his head fall."

It was a relief to get away from this revolting topic and learn something more of the strange customs of the place of which the marriage of the convicts form surely the strangest. In this matter the same rules apply to the Recidivistes and the ordinary prisoners. All the women convicts, as soon as they arrive, are placed in a prison surrounded by a high stone wall, which, from the fact of its being managed by a community of nuns under the supervision of the Government, is generally known as the convent. After a condamné has served some time in the Penitentiary, and has also been employed on the roads and at other outside work, and proved himself a well-conducted prisoner, if he manifests a desire to get married he is allowed to visit the convent, where he is placed in a room which has a glass panel looking into another apartment. Into this latter some nine or ten women are introduced, who walk round and about until the prisoner, peering through the glass, which is so arranged that he shall be unperceived by the women, makes his selection. Then he has an interview with the abbess, to whom he describes the girl on whom his choice has fallen, and she, in ignorance of this, is then brought in, and the prisoner is permitted to talk with her in the presence of the abbess, and if she confirms his first impressions of her, he proposes marriage. If she fails to please him when thus brought face to face he need not put the question; or having asked her she may at once refuse his suit, and in either case she is then taken away, and the prisoner is given another opportunity of choosing a helpmate. But if the proposal is made he is allowed to see her for an hour each day for five consecutive days, still only in the presence of the abbess, and then if she should accept him they are allowed to marry, the Government furnishing the girl with a bed and a certain amount of clothing, and in addition providing them with thirty weeks' rations, at the expiration of which time they are supposed to be able to support themselves.

Observers of the law of hereditary tendencies will not fail to note how grave a responsibility the French authorities are taking upon themselves in thus permitting and encouraging the intermarriage of their criminals. The character of the future population of New Caledonia sprung from such unions, though it may form only a subject for interesting speculation in the present day, will involve some very grave issues for immediate posterity; and unfortunately even now we are not without some evidence of the direction whither such a policy must inevitably tend. Amongst the items of continental gossip which lately reached us appeared one, announcing that Marie Rougerie, forty-two years of age, had been sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of one of her children; she had "previously been trans-

ported to New Caledonia where she had married a liberated convict, named Boyer, by whom she had had two children. Both these, however, as well as her husband, had mysteriously disappeared."

In this instance at least we have clear proof that the ameliorating conditions of wedded life had been ineffectual in dispelling the woman's criminal proclivities; that it may have this counteracting influence is the only argument that can be adduced in favor of the marriage of condamnés, and when it is remembered that this is no isolated instance, it will be admitted that the problem of the future is very dark indeed.

Gasparini having served four years of his original sentence, towards the end of the year 1887, determined to again attempt an escape, this time profiting by the experience gained in his former endeavor. "I was working," he says, "with a party who were splitting wood near Mont Ravel where we slept, and which is some three miles from Noumea. Mont Ravel is surrounded by a stone wall, but the barracks are only nioli bark. I had earned one hundred and forty francs by stealing flour and other provisions from the Government stores while working on the roads, which I had concealed under logs and trees and sold whenever the opportunity offered, and besides this I had some little money I had made by work, at a bankers. I got away from Mont Ravel one night, but I knew I must not try to leave the island for a while as all would be on the *qui vive*, so I stopped in the house of a liberated prisoner—a Genoese friend who was helping me, until the 25th of February.

I was not going to escape alone. Isotiér, who was the prison baker, had conspired to escape with me; he, and a man named Amouroux had stopped and plundered the Diligence, near Chalons, and were transported for this brigandage. Isotiér managed to get clear of the prison, but when I pointed out to him the boat I intended taking, the sight of her frightened him; he said she was too small for the distance, for I intended trying to make for the Australian coast, and refused to go. Here was a difficulty. I could not go alone, as I should want to get some sleep, so I returned to my Genoese friend and asked him if he knew of anyone else who would go, and he told me to wait a little and he would see, and in a few days he arranged that Cury would join me.

Cury was not then free; I bought some clothes for him, which cost me fifteen francs, and placed them in an undergound drain over which he and some other condamnés were working in the Valley du Tir, and on two occasions I had sent him three francs when he was in the prison. All his own money he had given to the overseer to put him on some work nearer to the point of escape. He asked me for some more money to buy a moustache, for all the condamnés are shaven clean and so easily recognised, but I told him to make one for himself out of tow as I had done, and if he wanted more money he could get it from my banker, when he was free. Well he at last got away and stayed in my room with me for five days. The boat I intended taking was a Chinaman's fishing-boat that laid up near where I was staying every week from Saturday till Monday. Many other escapees had tried to seize this boat, and it was known that I was a seaman, so it was for a long time watched by sentries in ambush, and had I attempted to sail soon after breaking prison I would have been shot down or overhauled by the government launch. But now I had been out of prison for about two months, and the officials must have thought that I had either left the island or had been drowned in trying to leave it—at least so my friend reported, and told us the boat was no longer guarded.

One morning, when it was very dark and a strong land breeze was blowing, at the hour of two we waded out to the boat, which was five metres, eighty centimetres long and partly decked, and got away. I had provisioned the boat with twenty-five kelos, forty litres water, four litres cognac, four tins of meat, some biscuit and some chocolate which I had paid for; we were two days before we could pierce the reefs which surrounded us,—so—" and with his swart forefinger he traces the line of reefs encircling the island on an outspread map before him—"but at last we landed, climbed a mountain and saw the opening, and then sailed through."

"How was it," I now interrupt him, "that the owner of the boat, when he discovered it missing, did not report the loss and have you pursued?"

"*Altro!* The wind was too strong, Signor. He may have done so, but by that time we were too far away for pursuit. Once outside the reefs we made great way. Lady of mine! how it blew. I shaped our course before the wind, but I dared not use any sail but the jib—so—" and with a pencil and sheet of paper he showed us how he took in his bowsprit, and using it as a yard at right angles to the mast, made fast the feet of the jib to either end—Italianwise—in fact used it as a fore-course.

"Cury was of no use. He was always seasick and very ill besides, and for the fourteen days we were at sea I never left the tiller or lay down; sometimes I could sleep a little

with it in my hand, but I was just dropping from exhaustion when we were rescued. Eight days from New Caledonia we lost our rudder; a sea came over us, then Cury thought we were lost and drank a bottle of cognac which made him dead drunk, and we had only half a bottle left; he eat almost nothing. After that the sea calmed down a bit, and I managed to rig something in place of our rudder. On the fourteenth day when we sighted the barque "Howard," Cury got up and fell down on his knees, and cried out "take me on board for the sake of my two daughters," and on the ship he told the captain we were New Caledonian fishermen blown off the coast.

"I did not wish to be picked up by the vessel, and on first seeing her topsails was for keeping out of her way, and still trying to make the mainland or New Zealand, as I was afraid those on board the ship might give us up, but Cury implored me to steer for the barque, saying he would surely die before we would reach the land, and this was his only chance; he said it was better even to be returned to Noumea than to die of starvation, and promised he would successfully deceive the Captain as to who we were."

This account of the voyage does not tally with that contained in the letter written by Cury, before mentioned. In that epistle he certainly makes himself out to be the hero of the adventure, and ignores his companion altogether. He describes how he provisioned the boat with money he had caused to have sent to him (source of which not mentioned), how *he* went to steal the boat "exposing myself to be shot," how he climbed the mountain to discover an opening in the reef, "in danger from Kanakas" etc., at the same time admitting that he was sick all the while, "a walking skeleton," and that during ten days at sea he ate only two kilogrammes of biscuit Yet after the gale he goes on to say "*I* then put in order such sails as were left to us; then came a calm that frightened us more than the tempest. It meant death from hunger, from thirst, and afterwards drowning. It was awful, and I wept very bitterly for my poor children." Also "a tear escaped from my eyes" when the "Howard's" Captain sank their then useless boat. At the time when I first read this, it struck me that this very incoherent and emotional person was hardly the man to be of much use in a difficulty. One who in addition to sickness was so constantly weeping, does not appear a likely individual to carry out a dangerous enterprise, and navigate a small boat for fourteen days exposed to tempestuous weather; it requires a man made of sterner stuff for work of that sort. Cury was formerly a wine and lace merchant in France, and on four occasions had been convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy which resulted in his being sentenced to ten years' transportation, seven of which were to be with hard labor. Now, without wishing to institute any comparison between the relative merits of the two men, and admitting that Gasparini was a desperado of a highly dangerous and undesirable type, it will yet be conceded that he was likely to possess a desperado's virtues such as animal courage, physical endurance, and readiness of resource, the very qualities of most value in an adventure of this description. Add to this the fact that Gasparini had been a sailor from his boyhood upwards, an occupation calculated to develop nerve and practical skill, while prior to his exile Cury had chiefly been acquainted with the routine of a counting-house, of all places the least likely to teach him experience useful in such a juncture, and I think we can have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that Cury's version was that of a gifted liar. Their relative physiques go far to confirm this view, for it was a subject of comment when the two men were brought before the Acting-Governor of New Zealand, that whereas Cury looked pale, thin, emaciated and utterly broken down, Gasparini presented much the same appearance as I have before described. Cury, by his letter however, succeeded in enlisting all the sympathy of the good folks of Auckland and Wellington on his own behalf, a sympathy the more ignorant Italian was unable to arouse, save from a few of his own countrymen in Wellington.

The "Howard" was bound to Kaipara, New Zealand, and landed them at Helensville, where the Captain, having shrewd suspicions as to the character of the castaways, took them before the magistrate, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining relief for them as shipwrecked seamen, but was informed by that functionary that he had no jurisdiction. He, however, advised the men to apply to the French Consular Agent in Auckland, which Cury promised to do; Gasparini also promised, but at the same time made a mental reservation to the effect that he would deny himself the pleasure of calling on that estimable official The Magistrate stated his intention of giving them a letter to the Consul, and procuring railway passes for them to Auckland, but both men decided not to wait for these boons, and after a consultation started to walk to Auckland.

(To be concluded.)

THROUGH CROAJINGOLONG.

BY W. BALDWIN SPENCER.

IN all maps of Victoria, even the Departmental ones, Croajingolong figures merely as a blank space in which the draughtsman has perhaps hazarded the position of one or two of the principal peaks and the course of a few of the larger streams. The district is known otherwise by the name of Eastern Gippsland, though it is sincerely to be hoped that the older name —derived from a native word—will not be allowed to die out as so many of the native names are doing at the present time.

The district is a large one, bounded eastward by the Snowy River, southward by the Pacific, and northwards by the straight line which runs from Cape Howe till it cuts the Snowy River and forms the division between Victoria and New South Wales.

Before the white man came the tract of land lying between the hilly country inland and the sea, and extending from Cape Howe to the lakes' entrance was occupied by a tribe known as Krauat or men of the East. North of these dwelt the Bidueli—a mixed lot of natives regarded by the others much as mongrels are doubtless esteemed amongst dogs. They were comparatively seldom seen, living as they did in the dense scrub of the upland region.

To the west, again, was Brabralung. True modesty is said to consist in knowing the truth about oneself, and hence it was, doubtless, that the natives of this part called their county the Country of the Manly Men—and their language "mūk-thang"—*the* language *par excellence*, whilst the dialect of the Krauat was "thang-quai" or the broad tongue. The narrow strip of land between the lakes and the sea was known as Tatungalung or the Country of the Men of the South.

It is from the word Krauat that the name Croajingolong has been derived.

At the present time Croajingolong lies far to the east of any railway line, and the traveller who wishes to explore its hills and forests must first reach Sale or Bairnsdale, then steam along the Gippsland Lakes, and thence coach on to Orbost. The way from the lakes' entrance skirts the shore passing close to the native settlement on Lake Tyers, and then for some thirty-five miles leads through a monotonous forest of gum trees. The journey is only broken by a call at a solitary bush accommodation house rejoicing in the name of the Tydesley Hotel; and, after being nearly shaken to pieces by the jolting of the coach and broiled by the heat of the midsummer sun we are thankful when the road turns sharply down the face of an escarpment, and we can see lying stretched out below us the fertile flats of the Snowy River.

Close to the other side of the stream—which is here thirty or forty yards wide—lies Orbost. Life, like the river, must run smoothly in Orbost, where the very existence of the word "hurry" is probably undreamt of. The River is crossed in a punt, and it is very refreshing to hear in response to a cheerful "coo-ee," (showing the puntsman that you want to get across), the reply: "Wait till I've filled my poipe," and to see the speaker very quietly, and with no undue haste, sit down on the opposite bank, pull out his plug of tobacco, cut off the correct amount and light up.

Orbost lies close to the sea and will form the natural outlet to the west for the produce of Croajingolong. What is needed and must come before long is railway connection westwards with Melbourne, and the construction of roads into the interior. At the present time there is only a partially constructed road northwards to Bonang, which follows by no means the most convenient line, and a track leading eastwards and north-east towards Bendoc—still further east again to the Genoa Country. These can only be used for packing on horseback.

In Orbost we have to make arrangements for pack-horses and a guide to take charge of them, to show us the tracks, and to prevent us from being absolutely lost when we leave the scanty tracks and take to the bush. Our party numbers five besides the guide and a boy, whose particular function appears to be that of devouring as much of our stores as possible. Three horses carry our packs—which are heavy with collecting material. The guide and boy ride, but we are resolutely determined to walk, almost to the horror of the Orbostians, who prophesy a speedy return of the party. This event has apparently

happened before in the case of others who have essayed to traverse the Croajingolong bush, and now that we are back again we have a good deal of sympathy with them.

Each horse has an idea that it should act as leader, and the struggle for pre-eminence is rather a severe one, and also somewhat trying to our packs as it takes place in thick scrub. Even the stoutest strap must at times give way when attached at one end to a branch of a sturdy gum tree and at the other to a healthy pack-horse. When this little difficulty has been got over we tramp along through very uninteresting country, covered with a forest of stringybark gums, until at nightfall the River Brodribb is reached. It runs through a pretty valley shut in with hills, and we camp by the side of a deep quiet pool fringed by ferns and cotton trees and lillypillies, the dark thick foliage of which is a pleasing change from the thin leaves of the gums. Now begins our amateur cooking. The *chef* is soon at work, and we do not ask too many questions but are thankful for what we can get. The day has been warm, and one or two platypus haunting the pool gladly surrender it to us for the evening. There are few things more delightful than an evening in camp after a hot day's work, more especially if a quiet pool be close at hand and there be not too many mosquitos or ant-hills about.

Early next morning we start with the idea of getting to Cabbage Tree Creek. The track known as Bruce's leads away to the north-east, but as we want to go nearly due east we strike off into the bush. It is a very hot day in January, and the scrub is dense and about twice the height of the tallest of us, and it is easier work to the horses apparently than to us. We have to push our way amongst prickly bursarias and acacias, and the ground is covered with a dense growth of star and coral ferns, with patches of sword-grass and fallen logs in plenty. This kind of uncomfortable work goes on for some miles with the sun beating down upon us until we long for a cool stream or a breath of fresh air, and are delighted to at last come out on to a ridge recently fired. After this, except for a patch of thick jungle, the country is a little more open, and in parts there is an attempt at a slight track. By the side of the creek the king and the maiden's hair fern grow luxuriantly. A patch of tea tree in blossom sends our entomologist in search of his collecting umbrella, but only to find that it had been lost in the scrub. What conjectures the sight of this implement will give rise to in the mind of some future selector who will doubtless come across it when he is clearing the bush it is impossible to fancy. At all events its loss occasioned remarks not altogether complimentary to the pack-horses. At length our guide told us we were near Cabbage Tree Creek, though the scrub and forest were

A GROUP OF HUMEAS.

so thick that we could see nothing save the trees within a few yards of us. It was decided to go to the top of a hill close at hand and camp there for the night to get as much fresh air as possible. The hill is covered with the native honeysuckle, or banksia, in flower, and as we put up our tents amongst them it comes on to rain heavily, but not until we have got a good fire going.

The hill overlooks the creek, and we can just make out the tops of a group of palms far down in the valley below us. The vegetation is rich and dense, and the palms give quite a tropical appearance to the scene.

We are up early in the morning, and though the sun is shining brightly there is a prospect of rain to come as we set off to spend a day amongst the palm trees. The hillside which we descend to the creek is covered with a scrub bearing a yellowish flower and having pods like those of the pea; in the warmth of the sun the ripe pods are

"popping" all around, making a curious sound. We cross the creek, which is about twenty-five feet wide, by a mossy trunk, and turning into a fern gully see a solitary palm standing out high above the other trees. The stems of the tree ferns are covered with a rich growth of epiphytic ferns, and the vegetation is very thick with musk, and lilly-pillies, and cotton trees, and pittosporum, and long festoons of clematis, and the prickly smilax. To add to our discomfort it has begun to rain in torrents, and we are soon wet to the skin. However, we are determined to see as much of the palms as we can, and if possible to get a sketch or two of them—unfortunately we have no camera with us. A soaking wet day is scarcely an ideal one, especially for sketching amongst thick foliage. It takes two or three hours of hard work cutting down young gum trees and scrub, and clearing away the dense growth of ferns before we can get anything like a good view of what appears to be the best group of palms, and even when this is done the dripping wood-cutters and the "special artist" under his leaking *mia mia* of fern fronds present rather a pitiable sight. However there are no living things save cockatoos and lyre birds to take any notice of us, and once in camp we soon get dry in front of a blazing fire, and are grateful both for a fine night and for a little of the medical comforts prescribed by our most experienced member.

The cabbage tree palm is not, of course, a rare one in certain parts. The peculiarity of these is that they are found so far to the south of the region to which, with this one exception, they are confined. Here they are within twenty or thirty miles of the southern coast line of the continent; there is just a small group of them growing along the banks of this particular creek and nowhere else in Victoria. It is possible that in times past these palms may have sprung from seeds carried in the "dilly" bags of the natives.

Their tall thin ringed trunks run up to a height, in some cases, of one hundred feet and are each crowned by a tuft of leaves, the long finger-like processes of which hang down and give a very characteristic appearance to the trees. The more beautiful are the younger ones, from thirty to sixty feet in height, which have not yet grown up above the general vegetation and are still sheltered by the gum trees. Their leaves seem to be larger and are much greener than those of the older trees, which look brown and scorched. As they die off they are replaced by a constant growth of new ones, and when withering hang down for some time by the side of the trunk and finally fall off.

Retracing our steps to Bruce's track we turn northwards towards the McCulloch Ranges. A long spur leads up to these and the ground gradually rises. We are in a forest which has been recently burned, and the effect of the numberless charred trunks of the gum trees tipped with the fresh green of young leaves is a very strange one. As we rise on to higher ground we get at intervals glimpses through the trees of the valley beneath and the blue hills beyond, and towards the north lie Mounts Lookout and Tanglefoot, and to the south Mount Raymond. All are conical peaks clothed with dense forest to their tops.

Just before mounting the last rise of the ridge a halt is called and we have our usual midday rest and billy of tea: we are on the slope of the hill looking south just by one of the heads of the Cabbage Tree Creek: around us are huge white gums with cotton trees and pittosporums, and great hanging festoons of smilax and supplejack. Save for every now and then the screech of a cockatoo and the call of a lyre bird perfect silence reigns around us. Of animal life the traveller sees and hears comparatively little in most parts of Croajingolong. An exception to this statement must, however, be made in favor of ants, which simply abound.

It is difficult to turn over a log without disturbing a nest of bull-dog ants, and not infrequently our feelings are distressed by the sudden cry of one or other of our party who has inadvertently sat down on the "business end" of a "bull-dog" or a "jumper." The mounds of the latter are in some places so numerous that there is considerable difficulty in choosing the spot for a tent. But to return to our track. We begin again to mount, and at the height of twelve hundred feet come across the first blue gum amidst a forest composed chiefly of stringy and iron bark and white gums. It is a curious point to notice that where in this part the blue gum appears the ironbark disappears. At the summit of the ridge our aneroid marks eighteen hundred feet, and leaving the main range which runs north towards Mount Ellery and on to the coast range, we turn along a spur leading east. We are on the side of a ridge which runs down very steeply into a deep gorge filled with ferns and dense scrub: to the south of this again lies the gently undulating country thick with forest and watered by the Cabbage Tree Creek and Yeerung River, and away in the far distance we can just see the level line of the Pacific.

Suddenly we descend the eastern end of the ridge and find ourselves in a lovely spot just where amongst the hills the Cabbage Tree Creek takes a sudden bend and encloses a small piece of comparatively level ground big enough to make a small encampment upon. It is just the spot in which to camp for a quiet Sunday, and we are soon comfortably settled down, some of us chopping the wood supply, others fishing, and our *chef* at work with an instrument which does duty for a frying pan.

Immediately in front of our tents, rising directly from the water's edge, is a beautiful waratah plant some thirty feet high, and a little further on by the river side is one fifty feet high. It is not generally known, perhaps, that there are three species of waratah, one in New South Wales, one in Tasmania, and one in Victoria. The latter was first found by Baron von Müller in 1860, and of the three it is considerably the largest, but being entirely confined to this comparatively inaccessible district it is but seldom seen. It is very plentiful in parts and is found from the bottom of the deepest gullies to the very summit of the highest hill. In the flowering season the hillsides where it abounds must be one mass of flaming crimson.

For several days we travel northwards, the hills growing higher and the valleys deeper. We cross the Mackenzie River where recently the finding of gold has been announced and come across a party of prospectors at work. It flows through a broad valley with good land which will well repay cultivation when the country is opened up.

DISTANT VIEW OF MT. ELLERY.

GRANITE BLOCK ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. ELLERY.

We are now on the eastern side of the main watershed of the country, which is here well irrigated by streams flowing to the south-east. Between each of these streams lies a high ridge of land covered with the usual scrub of young gum trees, native cherries and acacias, and with blue lobelias and white and yellow everlasting flowers, and small red orchids, giving a little color to the ground. In parts we pass through acre after acre of the beautiful star and coral ferns. After the ridge comes a valley with its creek and rich gully vegetation and large white gums, then another ridge and another valley, and so on mile after mile.

One evening, after a hard day's tramp, we are obliged to camp in a not very inviting spot, but it is impossible to go further and so we have to choose the best place available.

In the morning, when fortunately we are all out in the open, our instructive dislike to the place is justified in an unpleasant but fortunately harmless way. We are by good luck all out in the open when a tree falls between our two tents, catching the corner of one and flattening it out. Had it fallen in the night at any rate one member of our party would have gone the rest of the trip minus his toes. A little further north and we come across the Goolengook River, which runs down from Mount Ellery and then climbs a steep ridge before descending to the Black Watch Creek known as the scene of a slight "rush" a few years ago. From the hillside we look far away northwards up the valley of the Goolengook. On each side the hills come down into the broad deep valley, blocking up the end of which is Mount Ellery with its main peak prominently crowned by a huge mass of granite which stands out clearly against the sky. Save for this single block of granite there is nothing to be seen but one vast extent of forest, looking down upon which the tree tops seem to form a perfectly flat field. Up the hill on which we stand the track winds with the pack-horses in single file. In the middle distance everything is purple, beyond this, range after range of blue hills falls into the valley until in the far distance the large mass of Mount Ellery closes in the scene.

At length we strike the Erinundra, the main stream, into which as it flows south these others fall, and then our track lies northwards along the deep valley which it has hollowed out for itself as it flows down from the coast range. The weather is extremely hot and and we halt for a day, pitching our tents on a small flat where the Buldah Creek joins the river. The scrub and grass around are very dry, and a few sparks from our camp fire set the bush ablaze. We have no little difficulty in extinguishing it, for there are only two of us left in camp, and we have to take the tents down hurriedly and carry all our stores for safety to the bank of the river. In this part of the country there are plenty of snakes, especially near to the water, into which they will at once plunge in their efforts to escape. We chased one into a water-hole in which it remained totally immersed for an hour and a half, and then came up apparently none the worse for its immersion. As we are seated at breakfast one morning a large copperhead, apparently frightened, makes for the spot on which our senior member is gracefully reclining. He arises hastily, so does the rest of the camp, and in two minutes the beast is safely bogged alive. Again we sit down and in less than ten minutes comes another disturbance. This time it is a large tiger snake which makes for just the same spot, but only to find almost before he has time to realise his position that his head is transferred to spirits of wine.

Travelling still northwards the valley gets hemmed in more and more closely by hills which increase in height, until at length we find ourselves at the base of the coast range. The scene is a very fine one. Straight in front of us the coast ranges four thousand feet high block the way to the north; to the right rises Mount Bungywarr peaked and crowned to its summit with forest; to the left we are shut in by lofty white gums running up the mountain side, and beneath us the hill runs steeply down to the river which we can hear as it tumbles down from the mountain over its granite bed, but cannot see for the dense mass of vegetation. The track descends rapidly, and we pitch our camp close by the river and near to a lovely group of humeas in full bloom. Each of these—some of them are twenty feet in height—is crowned by a plume-like mass of flowers of a delicate cream color, tinged with a shade of salmon pink and picked out with darker streaks of amber. They form beautiful objects standing out in front of a dense background of ferns, waratahs and acacias. Two streams unite to form the Erinundra; the one close to our camp flows down from the west side through what has been called the "gorge of foaming waters," where the stream runs through narrow clefts between great grantite masses. Though it is but early in the afternoon the sunlight has left the valley, and as evening comes on we can see it long after we are in deep shade lighting up the tops of the mountains.

Regretfully we leave the camp and across the stream begin the steep ascent of Goon Murk. For three thousand one hundred feet the hill rises abruptly until we come to a sassafras gully. Then the rise is more gradual as we pass between waratahs and hazel, musk and pepper trees and fine white gums. Three hundred feet higher we come upon a curious species of dogwood found only here, and meet also with a little sub-alpine conifer which elsewhere grows only at greater elevations. After a rise of three hundred feet more we reach the highest point of the track, and find ourselves on a flat stretch of park-like land with a thick growth of snow grass, whilst of trees there are only waratahs and the silver wattle, the

back-ground. An abrupt descent brings us into Bonang, whence we turn southwards on our homeward journey to Orbost. The afternoon is very oppressive. There is a thunder-storm in the distance and the clouds are heavy with a lurid light in the sky behind them which serves to make the hills, by contrast, look dark and purple and the deep gorges darker still. To the south the sky is laden with dense smoke of bush-fires, and the scene is made still more weird by a sudden storm of wind rushing in a narrow path up the valley and making the trees bend and creak as it passes along. One big tree which blocks the path has evidently fallen not many hours ago, and we stand still watching to see if any amongst those immediately around us is going to follow its example. As evening approaches we press on, anxious, if possible, to reach the station at Goonegerah. To the right of us bush-fires are burning on the hillsides, and the ground we are traversing is all hot and burnt, and as darkness falls we feel almost as if it were all a dream of some weird "black country" from which we shall awake to find ourselves once more amongst the blue hills.

Soon the valley expands, and crossing the Brodribb we leave the burning country behind us, and with feelings of relief turn into the cultivated flats surrounding the homestead of Goonegerah.

Early in the morning we leave the pleasant farm-house with its garden full of old English flowers, and once more pass into the bush with the intention of climbing Mount Ellery. At first we follow the track to Orbost, but soon leave this and turn to the east, into the scrub. The country is very uninteresting, but mounting a ridge we come to a small clearing amongst the trees and see the big hill lying to the east of us.

Here we hold a council of war and determine to ascend a certain ridge leading up to the mountain. The task is by no means an easy one, so dense is the scrub and so steep the climb that it is six o'clock before we have done more than five miles, and we are obliged to camp, where, from the marks on the trees, it is evident that the blacks have done before us. Some of us clear a space from the dead ferns and branches which lie thick upon the ground before we dare light a fire, whilst others go in search of water. Owing to the thickness of scrub and the abundance of smilax and supplejack getting the latter occupies two hours. A dearth of water after such a fatiguing day is somewhat depressing, and hence this spot receives the name of Starvation Camp. It is not possible to take the horses further, so we leave them here and start for the mountain top. Sword grass, and climbing grass, and supplejack, and a dense growth of ferns hinder us everywhere. Now and then we come to a more open patch, but this is only for a short time, and then comes the climbing over rotten logs and the vain attempt to proceed with a festoon of smilax grasping you round the legs and one of clematis encircling your neck. High above us we can see the peak, and for the last hour-and-a-half we are climbing amongst huge masses of granite, some fifty feet high, weathered quite smooth and covered with lichens. They are thrown about in great confusion, and we have to make our way on hands and feet through the rough crevices between them.

As we get nearer the top the mists are coming on, and at length, after a stiff climb over an enormous pile of granite masses which form the summit of the mountain, we stand by the side of one seventy-five feet high, which is perched upon the others and forms the prominent peak of the mountain, only to find that we are enveloped in a thick mist, and can see nothing whatever but the granite masses around us and the tops of the gum-trees on the mountain side below. We can do nothing but bemoan our fate and descend to our old camp, the mists, of course, clearing off very soon after we leave the summit. We have walked only ten miles, but yet evening comes on as we reach the camp with clothes considerably less entire than when we started.

From Starvation Camp we turn southwards again, and in four days are once more in Orbost after a tramp of three hundred miles on foot through one of the wildest and finest parts of Victoria.

BUTLER COLE ASPINALL.

THREE MELBOURNE BARRISTERS.

A Recollection.

BY DAVID BLAIR.

I.

THE flood of population that, with the vast volume of a deluge, poured into Victoria in the three years succeeding the gold discovery forms one of the most striking and romantic incidents in the annals of the Australasian Colonies. Borrowing a phrase from our Californian neighbors, this advanced army of fortune-seekers might appropriately be designated the "Victorian Argonauts." Of sheer natural necessity the great majority of these daring adventurers were men unaccompanied by wives and children. The presence here and there of a woman amongst them was almost in the nature of a phenomenon. And, taken as a whole, a thoroughly masculine and picturesque crowd the Argonauts were. Drawn from various climes and of many nationalities, they were, as a rule, picked specimens of their several races in all that respects the best physical qualities of the human being. Men for the most part in the prime of life, they were instinct with the spirit of enterprise, reckless of toil, careless of personal endurance. Nor does the circumstance of their being gold-hunters detract in the smallest degree from the merit due to them as courageous leaders and indomitable workers in the cause of the world's advancement. Their governing motive of action needs neither defence nor apology. All question of personal moral considerations apart, mankind have not yet settled down into the sad conviction that human life is a failure, and that the opening up of virgin territories to settlement, the development of fresh sources of wealth, the reclamation of barren wildernesses, the spread of civilisation, are all heinous iniquities to be punished with universal execration and rigorous banishment from human society.

production of such forms of wealth as *do* enter into the network of exchanges This accounts, on scientific bases, for the brief season of hectic and unnatural prosperity which invariably attends the conversion of a heavy loan into permanent "national assets," or the introduction by other agencies of foreign capital on a large scale. To borrow a simile from physiology, the colony at such a time resembles a man in a perfect state of health, the rapid wasting of whose tissues by an active life is as rapidly counterbalanced by the robustness of his functions in the rebuilding of such tissues. Deprive the colony of the recurrent loan bonuses and a marked discrepancy is seen to exist between the sum total of wages and interest on the one hand and the total produce on the other. The country then resembles the same man with his tissues being rapidly consumed, but who lacks the recuperative power of renewing them. The greater this discrepancy and the more confidently can it be predicated of any boom that it will terminate in exhaustion and paralysis.

The story of Victorian finances for the last few years, when all the tawdry and extravagant embellishments of imaginative politicians have been stripped off, has been one of the most remarkable exemplifications of this that possibly the modern world has ever furnished. Since 1886 there has been an extraordinarily heavy influx of foreign wealth estimated at not less than £25,000,000, the year before last witnessing the culmination in an addition to the indebtedness of the colony of upwards of £10,000,000. The strong stimulus given to land speculation and the consequent fevered mounting-up of economic rent have prevented labor and capital from reaping any material advantages from the accelerated ratio of production, but the latter has had one important result which has not escaped the notice of critical eyes—that of averting for a time the ruinous collapse which otherwise such an accumulating weight must inevitably have brought about. When, however, speculation in land reached its highest point in that insensate boom towards the close of 1888, the sudden and mighty increase of pressure proved too severe for even the solidity of Victorian enterprise, backed and buttressed though it was by these incoming millions, and there was a series of disastrous crashes in the financial world which caused the banking institutions to grow cautious and wary in a moment, and acted like an unexpected plunge into cold water upon overheated speculators. Victoria is popularly *supposed to be* extremely prosperous—prosperous beyond the dreams of avarice, and to enjoy such an equable diffusion of that prosperity that the wealthiest of the other colonies can only act as foils to her. Mr. Gillies informed an audience at Kew towards the close of December last that in ten years the wealth of the colony had more than doubled itself; and although the press telegrams conveying that cheering epitome to the four-winds of heaven did not say so, it is reasonable to suppose that the statement evoked a storm of congratulatory applause, lasting long enough to enable the busy reporters to repoint all their pencils and exchange quite a number of confidential opinions on the subject. But in conjunction with this glittering generalisation there is an element of the darkly-suspicious, not to say the alarming, in the strange fact that, notwithstanding the phenomenal avidity with which the people have applied themselves to the philosophy of borrowing, notwithstanding the phenomenal accumulation of wealth, it should still be an axiom of statesmanship to keep on good terms with "mine uncle," and obtain from him the wherewithal to recoup the treasury for advances and to make timely provision for pledging the security of the state and mortgaging the energy of the future for a further loan to be distributed in the specific form of public works. Apart from excessive private borrowings the public debt has increased 70 per cent. since 1882, a type of financing which irresistibly suggests the grim adage—*facilis est descensus Averni*. Prosperity which ultimately rests upon such a flimsy and unstable basis is nothing more than the fallacious prosperity of the spendthrift merrily dissolving the family estate by the aid of Jewish money-lenders. It is the transient crackling of thorns under a pot.

It may opportunely be asked who are the parties who have profited permanently by the distribution of these incoming millions and the doubled wealth of the colony. Mr. Samuel Rinder, of Wedderburn, in a letter to the *Argus*, recently subjected Mr. Hayter's conclusions on this point to analysis. For purposes of comparison he placed a list of wages paid to representative classes in 1877 in juxtaposition to a similar list for 1887. The conclusion arrived at after a comparison of the two lists may be given in Mr. Binder's own words: "In the majority of cases wages remain the same, and where there is any alteration it is generally for the worse. Wealth has most certainly increased, but the increase does not seem to have gone into the wage-earners' pockets. Indeed it is well-known that wages are lower now than when protec-

tion was first established." This agrees so thoroughly with the conclusions of other independent observers that we are perfectly justified in saying that of the acknowledged large increase in wealth only the minutest fraction, if any, has been enjoyed by labor. Has it gone to the capitalist? If the complaints of business men, the intensifying competition between capitalists, and the decline in the value of nearly all shares representing companies which do not rest upon monopoly in one or other of its phases, afford reliable testimony it is just as patent that the additional wealth has not been appropriated by the capitalist. Where then has it gone? "In ten years the wealth of the population," Mr. Gillies assures us, "has more than doubled, and now amounts to £317,000,000." Perhaps the extraordinary advance in land values will account for the marvellous absorption and also supply an intelligible reason why a community, after boasting of successive surpluses and inviting the world to admire the swiftness and stability of its material progress, should very inconsistently be found lodging its securities with the pawnbroker.

Thus borrowing obscures the operations of the law of rent and blinds the eyes of even observant men to the ruinous exactions of land monopoly. The total cessation of borrowing would precipitate a commercial and industrial crisis on a scale of unexampled magnitude; because apart from the artificial stimulus of the periodic bonuses labor and capital would be crushed irresistibly to the earth under the Himalayan burden of the landlord. As I have already pointed out, when the temporary stimulus from the distribution of one of these recurrent bonuses dies away a marked discrepancy is seen to exist between the sum total of wages and interest on the one hand and the total produce on the other. The discrepancy grows larger, and ultimately borrowed money has to be brought in and a bonus placed to credit to enable the accounts to be brought to something approaching a balance. Land monopoly is the dominant cause of the hiatus; and the plain fact is that our Australasian debt of £170,000,000 is a partial measure of its legalised plunder, while a further measure is furnished by that constant tendency on the part of wages and interest, in the face of a steadily-increasing ratio of production, to sink to relatively lower levels. Thus men starve in the midst of plenty because they cannot see the iron barrier which shuts them from the soil. They are bitterly conscious of wrong, but know not whence it comes. Their shoulders are deeply scored with the whip, but the instrument of torture and the hand which wields it are alike invisible. When at length their eyes are opened, like those of the young man who stood with Elisha in Dothan, they will make short work of the obstructive barrier; and the invisible hand which wields the lash will be withered as the sacreligious hand of Jeroboam at the altar in Bethel.

When the Treasurer of the neighboring colony of Victoria brought forth one of his budgets, with its dazzling surplus and its hints of bonuses to be showered profusely abroad for the "encouragement of industry," some brilliant and enthusiastic scribe declared that its effect had been to increase the aggregate wealth of Victoria by £50,000,000. What he meant to convey was that the contagion of an overflowing exchequer had infected land values, and that the then speculative worth of the soil of Victoria was £50,000,000 more than before the budget speech was delivered. Assuming the average return from invested capital to be five per cent. per annum, a little calculation would suffice to show that such a notable increase in capitalised rent would, under existing modes and measures of production, necessarily signify a reduction in wages equivalent to at least 5s. per week for every adult male. An increase in land values does not in itself constitute an increase in general wealth, although our statisticians stupidly make their calculations as though it did. It really means that the tribute to monopoly has become greater; and if with such increase there has not been a corresponding increase in production it is self-evident that wages or interest, or both, must be mulcted to make up the deficiency. A man does not grow wealthier by transferring half-a-crown from one pocket to another, much less by being robbed of it. Therefore the woeful confusion of thought exhibited by that brilliant genius who was gravely of opinion that fifty millions of tangible wealth had sprung up fungus-like under the magic of the Treasurer's incantations. To hear such extravagant and hair-brained conceptions put forth as reasons for jubilation on the part of the working classes is exquisitely absurd; but to feel that the million, blinded by prejudice or misled by political sophists, unthinkingly accept and act upon them as true and philosophic—preparing with their own strong hands the insidiously-lethal potion which by-and-bye will relax every muscle and paralyse every nerve, forging in fatal ignorance their own and their children's manacles, digging with incongruous jests their own graves—this is most gloomily and piti-

fully tragic. I know of nothing more inexpressibly tragic in the whole circle of life's tragedies.

I purpose, with the help of the *Statistical Register* and Mr. Coghlan's valuable work of reference, *The Wealth and Progress of New South Wales*, examining in a concluding article the effects of land monopoly on a very important section of colonial life and development—that of settlement on the soil (as regards the mother colony) and its reflex influence on Governmental expenditure. The standing ambition of all parties is to encourage the setflement of a prosperous population on the soil. Every Land Act has ostensibly made this its central principle, and heaven knows in what a disorganised, scattered, economically-indefensible manner it has been realised. If our statesmen had designedly set themselves the task of distributing people in the way least conducive to stable and progressive prosperity they could scarcely have succeeded better than they have.

MY LOVE TO MY LOVE.

MY love has set me on a pedestal;
He sees no fault in me;
He offers me sweet tenderness,
Counsel, and all graciousness,
Almost idolatry.

Since neither death, nor fate, nor change, nor time,
Nor all the powers that be,
Can turn his heart from loving mine,
I'll strive alway to burn and shine
As his divinity.

My love sets Honor first, Duty, and God,
My place is after these;
I would not have it otherwise;
I claim not ought that he denies,
Love but what him doth please.

Upon his strength I lean and am at rest,
For who so strong as he?
My happiness is in his sight,
Yet absence still is a delight,
For then he trusts in me.

Heart of my heart! God-given to my life,
I look to Heaven with thee:
Over rough ways, up the hill-side,
Through the strait gate, my trusty guide,
I pass, thou leading me.

ALAN WALTERS, M.A.

THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

BY THOMAS HENEY.

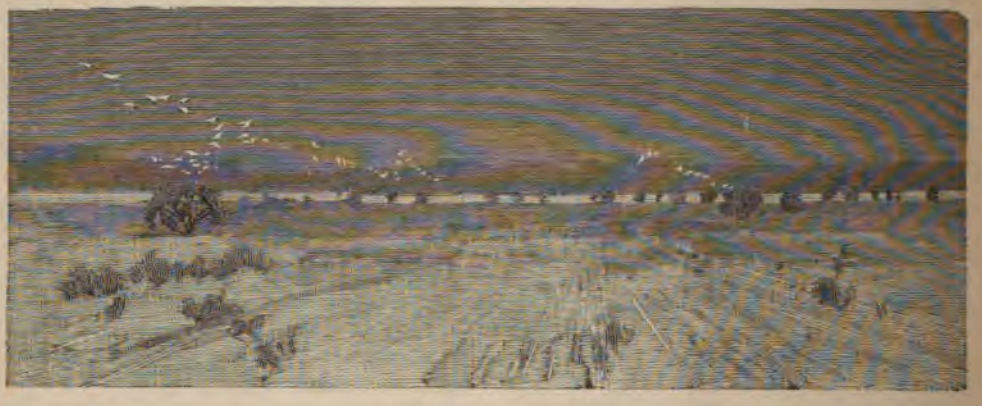
I.—DROUGHTLAND.

PEOPLE are very indifferent about affairs which do not touch them intimately. If it were not for the knowledge of this very human trait, one would be somewhat at a loss to explain the popular ignorance of the pastoral life of this continent, the indifference towards all that picturesque and free life of the bush and the plains. The ordinary citizen is not at all nonplussed or ashamed at his ignorance, his indifference. The pastoral articles in his newspaper on prices of crop and stock, the state of the roads, the condition of sheep and cattle, the water supply, land bills, special reports – in a word, all that puts into commercial terms the condition of the pastoral industry is intolerably dreary and boring to the man of the city. There is much to be said for him—the pastoral business is as much a specialty as agriculture, mining, viticulture, manufactures, and it is unfair to expect any one man to know and to be intimately interested in more than his own calling. It must also be conceded that, as a rule, the men who have set themselves to act as the interpreters of the pastoral life to their fellow citizens have not uniformly studied the reproduction of the essential and characteristic features of that life. We—I mean the men who have never been on a station, and gather their impressions of such a place from vague hearsay, chatter, newspaper chit-chat—we dread looking into anything bearing upon the squatting interest lest we be precipitated into a question which no man is now able to understand—the great land question. Once embarked on that wide and always stormy sea, there is no knowing when we shall see safe anchorage again. I, for one, quite comprehend and quite sympathise with the half-indignant bewilderment of the man who sets out to find what manner of life this is which runs on four-fifths of this colony; and lo! he is tossed a dreary wreck upon a sea of technicalities, average carrying capacities, approximate rents (with or without jump-ups), wool as affected by climate, rates of carriage, interest charges, improvements, compensation, mean date of determination of leases, tenure. I understand the mental exasperation when at last he confesses more in anger than sorrow, if this is the pastoral question all I have to say is that the less a man knows about it the more chance he has of getting some reasonable enjoyment out of his life. If, further, our poor citizen has had the misfortune to run against some sallow, sun-melted, acrid, and eager back-countryman, full of his grievances against this or that Act, and, like Coleridge's mariner, impelled irresistibly to detail his many and more or less vague and incomprehensible wrongs, then, indeed, his cup is full. So we have managed to stifle in the minds of men all or most of their interest in the pastoral life. The newspaper articles, the talks in Parliament, the talk outside amongst men who know and men who do not know what they talk about, all cheerfully proceed in their various grooves. You would not—nay, you could not—gather in all this wilderness of words that there is a real life "out back," that men and women live out all their years on the great sheep stations, that, in short, there is any appreciable human interest in the business of breeding sheep and shearing them.

Yet such a life there is, such an interest. First let us take a look at the landscape. You sit on the box seat of one of those red vehicles known all the colonies through as Cobb's coaches. At the back, upon a projecting platform secured by leather bands and protected by a canvas cover, are piled Her Majesty's mails and part of the passengers' luggage. On the level roof, which is protected by standards and running irons, a sunburnt fellow lies in the sun sleeping placid as a child. To be sure the coach moves softly enough. It is a sandy road, and the four horses, tired of the long stage they have now nearly traversed, drag the vehicle noiselessly and slowly through rather than over the sandy ground. The animals present a sufficiently strange appearance. The dust has settled upon their rough coats; where the harness has touched the skin is clean, but where the sweat has been profuse it has caked into slime; the color is hardly to be distinguished, so thick a dusty accretion has

hue. The very stems are whitish, and the whole appearance of the shrub is suggestive of a heavy unthawed frost. Except in seasons of abundant rain little grass grows or herbage, which is the inexact name given to various kinds of shortlived growths. The severer the season is the more withered, the more hoary the saltbush, but only in years of quite exceptional drought does this hardy plant give up its eternal struggle for subsistence, and drop off its leaves and lift a handful of bare twigs as a witness of the hostility of nature. The frequent wind-storms bringing up masses of dust cover these clumps with yellow and reddish sand, so that if there is any vegetation of which it may be said that the last stage is worse than the first, it is the saltbush. Intermixed in it are growths of other plants, all generically termed bush, bluebush, a low shrub covered densely with tiny bluish balls, cottonbush, hopbush rather higher—imagine just these few growths flourishing in little separate tufts or plants over miles and miles square of territory, the bare reddish or brown soil showing between; here and there a taller bush of another variety topping the lower sorts, and rarely a single low tree with slender stem and pendulous thin boughs. That is what you will see along hundreds of miles of country. Ridges rise low now and again, seldom a single hill breaks the monotony of the plain; bluish by distance, you will on certain roads see lying far out ranges of hills bare and low. Sometimes in suitable situations there are sparse myall, groves of quandongs, belts of pine, mallee, turpentine and punty scrub. Wiry and forbidding this scrub is, though as a relief from the saltbush the fresh *green of the* pine is welcome. Then rises the thin straggling line of swamp-oak or river-gum or box along the course of some dry channel, where in happy but rare occasions brown tides of flood waters go racing and swirling and eddying to lose themselves in rotten and thirsty sand, or to merge their infrequent streams in yet more infrequent rivers, or to swell the volume of some shallow and treacherous lake never to be trusted in any man's need.

But no water! Only land and sky. You roll along for leagues till you are weary of thinking what might be the distance you have come, but only once or twice in the ordinary season will you catch the gleam of water. Far ahead in the desolate extent of the plains the road winds along, and far along you see rude traces of man's habitation. The driver picks up his horses, which of themselves seem to know of their vicinity, and the tired and jaded animals in the traces make a gallant show of speed. Set right down in the midst of a wide plain is a hut of the meanest construction. Littered around it are two or three iron tanks, quite unsheltered, which are used to hold the water brought from a neighboring dam; a dray, its harness lying where it dropped from the horses as they were unyoked, stands near, for every drop almost of the water supplied here to horses and grooms or passengers has to be carted from a squatter's dam four miles away. There is a rough yard where the horses for the mail change, brought in from their pasturage over miles of the adjacent plain, are kept, and a few rude, temporary and unsightly erections stand promiscuously around. In the doorway of the principal hut a lean and awkward figure rests against one side, and as the coach draws up with a rattle of equipage the man



THE MIRAGE.

comes out to unharness the exhausted horses. Trousers and shirt of marvellous dinginess, dirty handkerchief around a dirty, sun-blackened neck, wide brimmed slouch felt hat, and spurred half-wellington boots make up the costume of the groom. There is no time lost here. While the groom puts in the fresh horses, and the driver superintends, the passengers alight to stretch their cramped limbs and to refill the canvas bags of all shapes that are used in the drought country to cool the drinking water. The outside is caked with the dust of the road adhering to the cool wet surface of the canvas, but inside the fluid, however discolored, is of grateful coolness. The passengers resume their positions in or upon the coach, the driver climbs up to his high seat, the reins are handed to him. He lights his pipe, settles down into his seat, "Well, so long, Andy," is replied to with, "Mind the off-side leader, he's fresh; good day, Jimmy," and we're off again.

All day, and day after day that is the landscape. You halt for meals along the road at ramshackle public houses, calling themselves "Travellers' Rest," "Stockman's Hotel," "Ten-mile Arms." Many queer titles are painted in faded characters on the old-fashioned swinging sign boards. If it is summer you will see the mirage, of many-shapes, sometimes marvellously like blue and calm waters, deep shade of forest trees and lawns of tender grass; at other times just a suggestion of far waters. The heat burns and blisters your exposed skin, the sweat rolls from under your hat with smarting pains along your burning and dusty face. As you move the sand drops out of the creases of your garments. You can hardly tell their color. Your lips are sore, and the friendly pipe no longer consoles and soothes. Your coat feels like an intolerable constraint. The harsh light tries your eyes, but it is not possible, even by closing them to shut out the sun's rays, for a red blur passes before the lids over the throbbing irids. There is no variety in the interminable vista of saltbush.

Occasionally a something white and regular rises in the track. As you approach it is seen to be a white gate in a line of all but invisible wire fencing that stretches in a rigidly straight line, as it seems from horizon to horizon. Once in a couple of hours you come to one of these fences, they do not mark the boundaries of squattages, but of sectional parts of squattages - paddocks, what in England, applied on a comparative scale, you would call fields. These gates, kept closed by law, are to be opened as the coach passes through, then closed; again the slow, weary yet dogged advance, still the intolerable day, still the illimitable landscape in all its aspects sad and monotonously forbidding.

Sweltering right to its close the day departs. Night comes, not with coolness, but at least with darkness and a less intolerable heat. Large isolated points of light burn in the heavens, the lesser stars seem dim for the dense hot air of the earth only permits the greater fires to shine through and adds a vague corona to each one. Mingling with the dusty smell comes a resinous and evanescent perfume from the neighboring scrub. By degrees a dry coolness comes. The coach is stopped for a quarter of an hour while we drink deep draughts of the now cold water, shake the dust out of our clothing, exchange positions, light pipes, and a conversation with intervals of silence or of monologue begins. As the night progresses sleep becomes possible, though the coolness smarts the sunburnt face and hands.

Travel the same road in winter. The landscape is the same, but there is not such heat, and from the clear stars by night falls such a piercing and unmerciful cold as you shall not find in the rest of New South Wales. We say winter and spring and autumn and summer up here, because as yet we are only transplanted Englishmen out in this Australia which so few of us know. In the arid part of our continent there is indeed distinction of heat intense in summer and cold intense in winter, but the real distinction is altogether dependent upon rainfall. There is no constancy of seasons, as in India and other more tropical countries, where the rainy season may be predicated with unerring exactitude, and the dry season also. For in our dear Australia the rain is a law unto itself. But in a good, that is a rainy season, the landscape, while the same in its more general features, puts off a little of that wild and persistent individuality of the summer. A great variety of grasses, herbage, and other temporary growths cover the earth, to be burnt out of the soil to the roots by a few days of droughty hot weather. The air is milder and the sunlight also; the horses are better—a great consideration in a long coach journey. But woe to you if you have the misfortune to travel in heavy weather. There is not, properly speaking, a road in the country, only cleared bush or scrub tracks where each teamster or coach driver makes his own path through the soft ground. One-third, and often half the total time which your journey would occupy under ordinary circumstances is added by rain.

A MEMORABLE CHAPTER IN QUEENSLAND POLITICS.

THE GREAT STONEWALL.

BY W. O. HODGKINSON, M.P.

TO "stonewall" is to bar, block, or impede, and implies the erection of a barrier more or less potent against constitutional trespass. The site of construction is a legislative chamber. The materials used are settled forms of procedure. The object sought is the protection of a numerically weak minority against a majority. If the latter, emboldened by force of numbers, resolve upon an attempt to attain some unconstitutional end by the power of those numbers, it becomes the duty of a conscientious minority to block the passage of the obnoxious measure by a free use of the privileges of debate and the rules of the House. Reason having lost its weight the *argumentum ad hominem* must be brought into play, and the hundred odd contrivances for stopping the progress of the question to a simple "Yes" or "No" be resorted to. It is unjustifiable to revert to stonewalling except in the last extremity. Impugning the divine right of the majority to ultimate control seems at first blush like flying in the face of parliamentary practice; but there are exceptions to most things save death, and occasions may and do arise when it becomes a bounden duty to waste public money, fritter away public time, and inevitably exacerbate political contention. Precedents for the adoption of such a course are by no means wanting. The Imperial House of Commons supplies many, and the records of Westminster relate how a stonewall sitting lasted eighty hours. In the land of the Maori and the Moa ninety hours were consumed in one continuous trial of endurance, but New South Wales cannot point to any instance exceeding fifty-five hours. Our northern neighbor, Queensland, has at a bound gained a champion record in this respect, as her Legislative Assembly commenced stonewalling at 3.30 p.m. on Thursday the 24th October last, continued until 10.45 p.m. on the Saturday following, *resuming* at the usual hour of sitting on Monday the 28th, and terminating at 4.20 p.m. on Friday the 1st November, 1889. Exclusive of the fifty-five hours continuous sitting prior to the Sunday interval, the resumption of business on the Monday following inaugurated a second continuity of ninety-six hours, in all making one hundred and fifty-one hours of wearisome attendance. No men lightly undertake a task of this nature, and without championing the cause of either party to the dispute it may not be devoid of interest to examine the leading features of the contest. To do this so as to present to persons unconnected with Queensland a fair view of the subject, it is desirable to note, first, the constitution of the opposing forces; secondly, the technical nature of the dispute; and thirdly, the details of the proceedings in connection therewith. Such a course involves considerable retrospect. In 1887 the electoral distribution of the colony was varied, and the number of parliamentary electorates increased to seventy-two. This involved a general election, at which Sir Thomas McIlwraith, a protectionist of advanced views, came to the new parliament with a large majority, and ousted his predecessor, Sir Samuel Walker Griffith from office. The phases of political strife need not be here recapitulated, except so far as they elucidate the subject matter under notice. The health of Sir Thomas McIlwraith broke down, he retained the Vice-Presidentship of the Executive Council but resigned the Premiership to its present holder, Boyd Dunlop Morehead, a pronounced free-trader. With these two gentlemen were associated as colleagues John Murtagh Macrossan, Minister for Mines, Hume Black, Minister for Railways, A. J. Thynne, with a seat in the council, Minister of Justice, John Donaldson, Minister for Education and Postmaster-General, William Pattison, Treasurer, with, at the period of the stonewalling, Charles Powers, Minister without portfolio. In spite of vigorous denials a rift was currently believed to exist in the Ministerial lute, and suspicion became certainty when the Vice-President of the Council announced his retirement from office, alleging as the motive, dissatisfaction with his colleagues on some

trumpery item in the estimates for the construction of a metropolitan railway station. This act led to some recriminations between the Treasurer and his former colleague, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, Mr. Pattison bitterly complaining that he had not received certain promised assistance in the preparation of his financial statement. At one time a division inimical to the life of the Ministry was imminent. Many of the members supporting Government were returned as pledged adherents of Sir Thomas McIlwraith. They and the public were conscious of those pledges. Had an adverse motion been moved in the excitement of the Vice-President's retirement, grounds exist for believing that twelve or thirteen members on that side of the house would have supported it; and these, if recruited by the whole force of the opposition, would have formed a majority and snatched a vote fatal to the continuance of the Ministry in office. But Sir S. W. Griffith was not anxious to precipitate matters. He had no chance of a working majority. The colony was hardly ripe for a change. The £300 a year to be enjoyed by members on the close of the session largely discounted the joys of a dissolution and the cost of a contested seat. The chances of the occasion were let slip on the only night they might have been realised. Next day a Ministerial caucus was held. The wavering rank and crowd were cemented to adhesive party loyalty, and poor Sir Thomas was treated as a political Jonah, and thrown overboard by the very men to whom he had given political prominence.

This brief retrospect brings us to the eve of the battle. A roll-call of the forces engaged naturally follows. It is impossible to do more within the limits assigned than to note the chiefs of the fray; lesser lights must stand aside, or as a chorus simply swell the clamor of the scene. The Cabinet now holding office in Queensland, disintegrated as it is by a variety of circumstances fostering innate discordance, may, individually, be fairly deemed a strong one. Its members rank as men of more than average intellectual calibre. Even where fitness for the responsibility of office might reasonably be doubted, native shrewdness precludes gross exposure. Its chiefest danger lies in its head, the Honorable Boyd Dunlop Morehead, who, justly or unjustly, has the reputation of sacrificing grave issues for a jest, and wounding firm adherents by an ill-timed sarcasm. Undoubtedly this is due, in a great measure, to the crass stupidity of the average sufferer from such undiplomatic excursiveness. A man gifted with a keen perception of the ludicrous like the Premier of Queensland must discharge his little joke or explode. Lately Mr. Morehead has been ill, so ill indeed that he perforce escaped the tedium of the stonewalling. It might be diagnosis in the right direction if attention were paid to the undoubted fact that his illness was concurrent with a clear recognition of his dignified position, and a stern repression of any humorous tendencies as tending to impair the gravity of a responsible office. But the darts had been discharged. The barbs still rankled. The dull man has just sufficient perception to feel a blow, and tingle with a smart without knowing the nature of the missile or the depth of the wound. His tenacious memory, impervious of wit, firmly hugs any ridicule involved, and will, even at the expense of self interest, nurture the hope of revenge for years, and seize the first opportunity of gratification. Thus Mr. Morehead has many unsuspected enemies whom he has unwittingly seared with irony. His bucolic supporters gaze upon him with divided feelings of fear and admiration. His tenure of power is momentarily jeopardised by his moments of imprudence, though beneath all this persiflage lies a deep-seated conviction and firm advocacy of the dignified destiny of his native land.

The Honorable John Murtagh Macrossan is a notable example of an acute mind imprisoned in a frail body, from which it seems striving to escape. He is in all respects a remarkable man. *Impiger*, *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*, a mental Achilles in his ruthless enduring hostility of those who cross his purposes. Miner in long distant days. Demagogue, appealing to the passions of a crowd in the fervid, rough imagery of a true Celt; assiduously studying and establishing a repute for subtle logic at the camp fires of Northern Queensland. Entering Parliament on the sturdy shoulders of the digger, losing little, if any, of his inherent fire, speaking in the telling tones of conviction, but step by step alienating himself from former political associates, he is found in the closing years of life chastened in many by-gone expressed convictions, the mouth-piece and brain power of a traditionally unprogressive party, and virtually the universally credited controlling influence of the strange cohort serving under the standard of the self-dubbed National Party. But the astute mind of John Murtagh Macrossan has larger aims than the retention of political office in a provincial sphere. Like Disraeli, he is a devotee to the faith "that everything comes to him who waits." Like Bismarck he has an object, and knows

government, and, finally, that like the sea captain's nineteenth excuse for not saluting his admiral's flag—want of powder—they, the Opposition, would not do it.

Then rose the wordy war, led off by the Minister for Railways' protestations against sarcastic and pertinent interjections. Nelson, who has largely developed his national antipathy to a jest, almost piteously appealed for forbearance, but was finally and naturally stung into retort. "He," Nelson, "could not pretend to contend against the honorable gentleman's craftiness." It is a never-tiring and unending Ministerial missile to hurl at Griffith the reproach of being crafty. This preliminary skirmish over, up rose Tozer, member for Gympie, and with sonorous voice in impressive tones forthwith cannonaded the unhappy Ministry in about forty-two inches of closely-printed *Hansard*, with quotations in pica type, demonstrating forcibly the insidious and iniquitous features of their scheme. In reply the Minister for Mines also revelled in verbiage, but it was on this occasion inferior in extent and quality to the voluble Tozer. In fact, throughout the debate, though Mr Macrossan and ability are integral parts of a physically fractional humanity, he lacked his usual force and fire, contenting himself for the most part in watching the issues of the battle and restoring the combat to something like an equality when his side lay in sore stress. Then occurred an interlude, when attention was called to the state of the House, after which the versatile Tozer again rose and buried the shrinking Ministry under a pile of statistics. On this second occasion the honorable and learned member for the mining constituency of Gympie discharged about four columns of *Hansard*, or, at a moderate calculation, five thousand one hundred words of vigorous Saxon assault. And be it noted, Mr. Tozer's deliveries were not unmeaning dribble or "Cheap Jack" volubility, but lucid treatment in many aspects of the question, never degenerating into unpleasant personality or dwarfing into inconsequent balderdash. The then budding Minister—Powers—who is to the full as voluble as Tozer, went one better in a speech verging upon five-and-a-half columns—a novel yet not unfair gauge to apply to this discussional go-as-you-please contest—after which Sir Samuel Griffith, not to be outdone, poured out some four columns interspersed with ejaculatory matter as he touched upon the raw spots of his opponents, whereupon a verbal duel of some intensity followed, and Mr. Hyne, the member for Maryborough, closed the night's debate by an *olla podrida* of five columns, in which local railways, press notices, the sugar industry and Kanaka coachmen were inextricably combined. Then members went home to bed, and the great stonewall debate was in hot blast, though not yet continuous. The afternoon of the 22nd October opened with a motion for the adjournment of the House, during which half-round sleepers, rabbits, public parks and reserves, with cognate matter, occupied considerable time, to be in due course superseded by the £1,000,000 vote and stonewalling. Griffith and Macrossan having discharged something over four columns of recrimination, Hodgkinson, late Minister for Mines, chipped in and made things lively all round, elaborating in some five columns upon the sins of the party in power. His diatribe caused Mr. Gannon, the member for Toombul, where the tiger-growing interest is predominant, to squirm for about seven inches of *Hansard*, when Tozer took up the running, but was headed by Philp, who, in a practical speech of two-and-a-half columns, put a good conversational leg forward. Bundaberg, by its member, tempted the perils of the fray in a column, mainly quotations, when the combat was adjourned till the next day. On the 23rd October another motion for adjournment filled ten columns, diseases in sheep infected one-and-a-third, and our friend the million loan vote took up the rest of the night. Mr. Annear made a good speech, and, quoting poetry with a slight variation,

> Did good by stealth,
> Blushing to find it fame.

Nothing of moment occurred this day, though the sitting was protracted and the stramash intensified. On Thursday the 24th, after thirteen-and-a-half columns of *Hansard* as a preliminary breather, Supply again stepped into the arena with some five columns of verbosity, after which, radiant with the fierce joys of fight, Tozer rushed into the thick of the contest laying his enemies low with a club of stately diction fully twenty-one inches in length. A lot of interjectional matter passed time until Mr. Grimes, the member for Oxley, Messrs. Sayers, Goldring, Hunter, and others merged in the *melee* and commenced the first night's continuous sitting. From this out it would need a *Hansard* to elaborate the varied phases of the row which raged until 3 p.m. on Friday the 24th inst., when it terminated by effluxion of time, and the sitting of the 25th October commenced by a motion for adjournment on a subject fraught with interest. The leading journal of Queensland has for literary conductor a

gentleman of repute whose duty leads him to the House, in pursuance of which duty he found himself at an early hour of the morning of the 25th, or about midnight of the 24th, in the precincts of the House, by invitation of a member; in fact, on a chair in the dining room snatching a few moments' rest from the harassing exhaustion of prolonged work. While in this unconscious state some legislative larrikin disfigured his person by clipping his beard, and it was to this outrage that on a motion for adjournment Sir Samuel W. Griffith called the attention of the House. It is due to the fair fame of the Queensland Legislative Assembly to state that nearly every member concurred in reprobating this dastardly act. It remained for one honorable gentleman, himself not a total abstainer, to aggravate the insult by a charge of intoxication against the sufferer of the outrage, a charge repudiated in a most manly way by the accuser's own partner—the then Colonial Treasurer. The debate on this unpleasant incident occupied seven columns of *Hansard*, but resulted in nothing beneficial to anyone concerned, the culprit involved, if known, being screened. A debate on the Croydon to Georgetown railway absorbed ten more columns, after which the gay Kanaka claimed a solatium of three columns, when the £1,000,000 vote steadily forged again to the front—in the shape of a discussion on a point of order—occupying eleven columns and the rest of the day. Saturday, the 26th October, was distributed in driblets of addresses still on the interminable million. Sunday desecration was not yet dreamt of so the first act of the stonewall drama, having lasted fifty odd hours, closed at the comparatively early hour of 10.47 p.m.

Monday, the 28th October, saw a renewal of the conflict, the Minister for Mines occupying a large share of the sitting, and the facile financial ability of the member for Toowong, Mr. Unmack, finding free exercise. The *Hansard* staff now felt the stress of the strain upon their endurance, in truth these special correspondents from the bloodless verbal campaigning ground had in some cases to retire disabled, so that the coruscations of discursive intellect, delivered in the later or rather earlier hours of the sitting, are lost for ever, except in the fond memories of the orators who delivered them. On the 29th, the weary hours from 3 p.m. to the same time on the 30th, were consumed in the continuance of the strife, the opposition troops having long since been divided into cohorts of talking brigades set to relieve each other at appointed hours. The duty of keeping a house, lest the opposition should snatch a vote, devolved upon the Government, the supporters of which began to feel the strain and to exhibit exacerbation. Nothing of great importance occurred throughout this phase, members had long since resigned themselves to the position; pillows were brought to ease the slumbers of suffering solons, coatless legislators reclined at ease on the cushions provided by a thoughtful country. Defeat on either side was as yet unthought of, debate had given way in some cases to discursive verbal incontinence; budding aspirants, to wit, threw pillows or pulled off their boots, men who could not talk intelligibly snored with splendid force, yet throughout all, above all, around all, the resonant tones of unwearied Tozer claimed attention, and the undisputed title of Champion Stonewaller was conferred upon him. Effluxion of time closed this as previous sittings. Wednesday afternoon of the 30th October re-introduced Supply, Tozer rushing to the van with three-and-a-half columns of courteous attack. Mr. Murphy, of the Barcoo, followed with a pastoral of four columns, in which he made a flagrant bungle, similar to that which annihilated Young Cooper's career in the New South Wales House of Parliament. Columns almost beyond count absorbed the dreary hours past midnight, through the still grey hours of dawn, even to the afternoon of the succeeding day, when the sitting of the 31st October commenced. Mr. Drake, naturally enough the honorable member for the Enoggera district, which includes a large reservoir, orated, and was followed by the late Minister for Mines, who hurled eight columns of small type at the unshrinking Government, he, in like manner, receiving a counter shot from the member for Clermont, who thereby incautiously drew upon himself a castigation from the leader of the Opposition. By this time both parties were weary of the contest. The Ministerialists wanted to go to their beeves, muttons, commerce or unfettered conduct of departmental business. The weather was hot, the House close, the discussion a weary iteration of parrot-like repetition. The determination of the Opposition was marked as clearly as their inevitable success, so a compromise was suggested in a proposal that the leaders of both sides should meet and arrange Peace with Honor. This idea was hailed with delight; the House adjourned at 4.15 p.m. on the 1st November, to reopen the following Monday at the usual hour and learn that difficulties had been satisfactorily adjusted. The Premier, B. D.

Morehead, had been spared the agonies of the stonewall through illness, but was sufficiently recovered to announce the conclusion of the truce, the terms of which were that the offending estimate should be withdrawn, with the understanding that the Opposition offered no further obstacle to supply. Then the Great Stonewall was thrown down, to live hereafter in memory as a precedent of the power of a skilfully wielded minority in accord with public opinion. Nothing, with the exception of the one lamentable incident referred to, occurred to mar a display of good feeling throughout. Naturally, the more thoughtless members of the Assembly occasionally broke loose from restraint and indulged in a mild species of horse-play, but there was no deliberate intention to wound or to be malevolent, and little was said to excite lasting feelings of anger on either side.

Hereafter, when legislative grandsires shall babble of legislative war to incredulous neophytes of coming days, the history of the Great Stonewall of 1889 will severely test the credulity of a race which will know no parties and subordinate politics to an impersonal electric affinity.

THE VALLEY OF ST. ALBANS.

Thou who woulds't see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face
Ascend our rocky mountains.—BRYANT.

[The Valley of St. Albans is situated away in the wilds of the Hawkesbury district, and may be reached by following the course of the Macdonald River per Wiseman's Ferry. In point of natural beauty and picturesqueness it is, perhaps, unequalled in the colony, and should be a popular resort for tourists.]

BELOW the tree-clad hills which rise
To meet the morning sun's embrace
A pretty little hamlet lies—
A dear, delightful rustic place.

The craggy hills like sentries stand
Guard o'er its beauty, Nature's prize,
To those who toil to till the land
In this sweet modern Paradise.

A winding track through clumps of trees—
Whose foliage on this summer morn
Is softly rustled by the breeze—
Leads to the place. The misty dawn

Enshrines its precincts, till the glance
Of sunlight o'er the mountain's crest
Beams out across the broad expanse
And bids the laborer rise from rest.

The Macdonald, like a silver thread,
Flows murmuring onward to the sea,
And dewdrops, from their verdant bed
Still sparkle in the distant lea.

The yellow fields of waving corn
Surmounted by the golden fruit
And silver tassels hail the dawn,
And bowing low their heads, salute.

And lowing cattle on the heath
Quit grazing, and with necks outstretch'd,
Inhale the morning's fragrant breath,
Or seek the brook to be refresh'd.

From chimney-tops the smoke-wreaths curl
And wander upwards to the skies,
And in fantastic shapes unfurl
Their beauties to discerning eyes.

In many an humble garden plot
Flowers their tender buds expand,
And lend a charm to every cot
And cast their fragrance o'er the land.

The old church stands upon the hill,—
Its porch with clambering ivy clad ;
Without its precincts, all is still,—
Within it, all is mournful, sad.

The sun's full rays now fall upon
The church, the cot, the pastures broad,
And ne'er has his clear radiance shone
On fairer gift from bounteous Lord.

Fair Albans beauty ne'er will fade,
Its native grandeur ne'er decay ;
The streamlet's bank, the hill, the glade
With Time will only pass away.

J. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

he soon gave up the profession for the more lucrative one of the law.

The first of the Ballarat rioters placed at the bar by the Government was a black man (a west Indian) named Joseph. Aspinall, in defending him, after a prologue of gravely serious law, fell into a style of the liveliest and wittiest irony. He pictured to the minds of the jury the poor "darkey" standing before them in the light of a rebel against the Queen of Great Britain, a conspirator engaged in a deep and dark plot to overthrow Her Majesty's throne and revolutionise the Empire! The picture was so exquisitely, overpoweringly ludicrous that the Court was convulsed with laughter. Even the stern-looking Judge on the Bench could not contain his gravity. No jury could withstand the sweeping effect of such combined reasoning and raillery. Under the crushing weight of Aspinall's arguments and sarcasms the case for the prosecution completely collapsed. A verdict of acquittal was delivered almost instantaneously, and the triumph of popular liberty over bureaucratic despotism was gained for ever for Victoria.

Looking calmly back upon those events now, the strongest feeling evoked in the mind is one of blank amazement at the mingled weakness and folly—amounting, in fact, to blank fatuity—evinced by the men in power. To arraign the Ballarat rioters on the charge of rebellion against the Queen's authority was about equal, in point of practical wisdom, to indicting a street larrikin who struggles in the hands of the policeman arresting him for insulting behavior on the grave charge of robbery under arms!

At the epoch of the introduction of the New Constitution occurred the notable incident known in local political history as the "Leg-out-of-the-window oration." After the proclamation of the new order of things the Haines Government tendered their resignations to the Governor (Sir Charles Hotham) who immediately reappointed them as his first constitutional advisers. This act was, of course, denounced as glaringly illegal by the popular party. Not the Governor, but the people's elected representatives, had the power to choose the men to govern them; so ran the argument. However, the re-appointed Ministry held on until the first general election came round. Mr. Attorney-General Stawell was one of the candidates for Melbourne. His first meeting to address the electors was held in the old Princess' Theatre. So dense was the crowd that the ricketty stage gave way whilst the candidate was speaking, and a heaving mass of mankind lay sprawling in the gulf beneath. Happily no serious harm accrued, and the Attorney-General, gathering himself together, resumed his interrupted speech from the window of the neighboring hotel. In order to steady himself he hung one leg outwards over the window sill, and in that attitude finished the oration. Just below him, while he was speaking, stood three young journalists, one of whom was Aspinall. As the three walked away they debated which of them should write the leading article, of course on the subject of the speech they had just heard, for the next day's *Age*. The lot fell to Aspinall. He sat down to his desk accordingly, and in about an hour had finished an article which set all Melbourne laughing next morning. It began thus:—"The position of the Haines Ministry at this moment is exactly like that held by the Attorney-General after the breakdown in the theatre last night. *They are half in, half out, and very much in the dark!*"

Writing with the fullest appreciation of the value of the statement I am about to make I deliberately affirm that Aspinall, at this period of his life, was equal, as a wit, to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. His conversation, like Sheridan's, flashed and sparkled with an incessant play of brilliant things. Every incident, however trifling, elicited some unexpected and mirthful turn of phrase. And every lively sally came with perfect ease and spontaneity. Nothing was forced, or labored, or premeditated. But, also, all was as evanescent as summer lightning. The wit was like the effervescence of champagne, excepting that when inhaled it left no residuum of dulness or commonplace. And for these reasons Aspinall's wit was unreportable. You could not put his brilliant things in your note-book, and then commit them to print. The circumstances that elicited the bright flash were too instantaneous, complex, transient, to be recalled and recorded. The finest kinds of wit, depend upon it, are not to be conned in jest-books. A felicitous phrase, a happy turn of thought, an ingenious play upon words, can all be duly registered and handed down to posterity. But the conversation which is all shot through and through with witty suggestions and allusions, like a piece of rich Indian tapestry with frequent threads of gold, cannot be caught up and type-written word for word. The indefinable charm of the living voice, and the deep delight of the responsive intellect, are both lost for ever. Decidedly the wittiest man I had ever met with up till that date in my life, Aspinall was in addition one of the

handsomest men I had ever seen. There was a stamp of Apollo the Sun-god upon this young man. Everybody acknowledged at once the combined charm of his personal presence and his shining wit. This latter point is worth dwelling upon, for undeniably the possession of a fine physique is a large factor in a young man's stock of ways and means for acquiring social, and even political distinction. Had he played the game of life skilfully there is no position, even the highest, in our free democratic community that Butler Cole Aspinall might not have attained.

But, as in the case of many another wayward child of genius, the brilliant promise of my youthful colleague's early days was not fulfilled in the sequel. To tell the whole truth in a single phrase, Aspinall was the spoilt child of Society. And one of its saddest victims, let it be added. His election to the Chairmanship of Committees was fatal to his career as a politician. It prevented him from ever becoming a leading speaker in the House on either side; and a politician who cannot make effective party speeches must "take a back seat" in any democratic assembly. Both Speaker and Chairman are "out of the running" when a grand party contest is going on. Occasionally Aspinall made a few witty observations on some question of a neutral stamp; but, on the whole, the pages of the earlier volumes of the "Victorian Hansard" will be searched in vain for any specimens of his happier vein of speech-making. Another evil effect sprung from that first step of political advancement: it compelled his constant attendance at the House, whilst it prohibited him from taking part in the debates. Almost inevitably the Chairman was thus driven upon the resources of the refreshment room to kill time. Naturally of an exceedingly genial and companionable disposition, habits of joviality were (quite literally) imbibed, with resulting consequences of a truly deplorable kind. And the pleasantly downward course was accelerated by the immense popularity the already famous wit had won in what, for want of a better term, may be called the social circles of the time. Aspinall was, out of all comparison, the favorite diner-out of that wild period. Wherever there was a jolly dinner-party being held his presence was indispensable. And, truth to speak, a most dashingly reckless time it was: to quote Dryden's description of the days of the Merry Monarch, "a very merry, drinking and unthinking time." That heterogeneous population already described was a terribly fast-living race. They had evidently made up their minds to drink the wine of life to the lees whilst they had a chance. Then, social safeguards there were absolutely none in existence. It was Bachelors' Hall and Liberty Hall in every house from one end of the colony to the other. Money was as plentiful as stones in the streets. Champagne—or the doubtful effervescing liquor so designated—flowed like water in every direction. For occasional "nips" brandy—or rather a variety of poisonous concoctions called by that much-abused name—was the favorite beverage. It was many years afterwards that whisky came into fashion. All these facts taken together in their bearing on the daily life of my friend and colleague carried with them their irresistible sequel. Power to accomplish high public objects, and the influence that guides and directs a young nation's course, never really came to him. He won criminal cases, and coined money thereby, at the bar. He even came back into politics as a leading figure, during periods of extreme political crisis, and was once or twice Attorney-General. So late as the date of the Duke of Edinburgh's first visit to the colony Aspinall's reputation as a wit still survived, and I have been told (but this is merely hearsay), that the Duke much affected his company at dinner. But this was only the last flickering of an already burnt-out torch. A short time subsequently the bolt of doom fell fatally on the once gay, festive and deeply engaging Aspinall. That fine intellect which seemed to have all the combined fluidity and lambency of the electric light was submerged in the blackness of darkness of hopeless lunacy!

It is none of my purpose, even if this were the place and occasion for it, to moralise on this other illustration of the Nemesis that ever tracks the footsteps of uncontrolled self-indulgence. Enough to state here that, for all the later period of his life, Aspinall and I were not companions. Our paths lay widely diverse the one from the other. To me, I own, the greatest of all earthly enjoyments (outside the sacred circle of the home affections) is free and frank intellectual intercourse. Much as I prize the unspeakable delights of silent, individual thought and reading, I value the keen encounter of wits in friendly fellowship still more. No man revelled in the play of Aspinall's flashing wit and joyous humors more thoroughly than myself. But my personal limitations to unrestrained mental revelry are, from the sheer sentiment of self-respect, strictly defined. Constant dining out, even though the viands served up at the festive banquet be turtle

and champagne, with truffled turkey and nesselrode pudding superadded, becomes in time monotonous even to the most pronounced gourmand, the jolliest of *bon vivants.* Men of simpler tastes and habitudes care but little for these exquisite epicurean delicacies. They choose rather to regulate their conduct on the fine Wordsworthian principle of "plain living and high thinking." They soon find themselves obliged to part company with the professional diner-out. These and the like considerations separated me in the later years from my early colleague, although the old personal friendship was never broken. With an aching heart I noted, year by year, the gradual advance of the Dark Destroyer. But I was just as powerless to intervene effectively to arrest that dread advance as I was to change the course of the seasons. Nothing less than the omnipotent force of a direct Divine agency can avail anything in these cases of self-doomed genius. Woe worth the day! It is the old legend of Mephistopheles and Faust verified, the antique story of Samson and Delilah reacted before one's eyes perpetually. In a strange autobiographical poem, bearing the title of "The Nameless One,' poor James Clarence Mangan—first of Irish poets—pourtrays with heart-piercing pathos the downward descent to darkest, irrecoverable ruin of such errant sons of genius :—

> And he fell far deep in the pit abysmal,
> The grave and goal of Maginn and Burns ;
> And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal
> Stock of returns.

How long a list of victims of the same sad stamp any man who has lived his three-score years and ten could draw up from his own experience simply ! The theme is too dreadful to dwell upon. *Ah miser ! Digne puer meliore flammâ !*

PROSERPINE TO PLUTO.

AGAIN I lose my life beneath earth's skies so sweet.
The flocks—the kine with steeds amongst them strayed—
The harvests to the threshing circle laid—
Grape-girls with swift smooth pace of naked feet,
Moving like cloudlet shadows thro' the wheat,
Until their sunlit bosoms gain the shade—
The peaks—the shores with azure gulfs embayed—
The vivid cities and the seaward fleet

Fade out as Ceres' daughter grows divine ! . . .
With thine immortal nectar O recruit me,
Quenching the savor of Sicilian wine !
No shameful human evils here we pine.
Great ghosts new-fallen round Ilium salute me.
Thou art more great always and thou art mine !

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT.

DOROTHY.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

I.

THE history of Dorothy begins, so to speak, definitely with Dorothy's mother, who was also called Dorothy. The first Dorothy was the second child and only daughter of a small Essex farmer. Her mother died when she was quite young, and she was little more than thirteen when she became the housekeeper. Two or three years later her father met with an accident which resulted in his death, and his son, six years older than Dorothy, succeeded to the farm, she still continuing to look after things. Their mother had died of phthisis and Dorothy had in her the seeds of the same disease. The bleak east winds that came howling down across the German Ocean were very trying to her. At last she started what is called a winter cough—a cough, that is, which comes regularly with the winter and does not disappear till far on in the spring. Dorothy one morning announced to Tom, her brother, that she wished to go into Colchester and see the best doctor there. Tom at once acquiesced, as he did in everything she wished. He believed in her. He knew that she never mentioned a thing until she had thought it out. The doctor, impressed by her calm and simple manner, spoke to her with complete sincerity. He said that if she continued to live where she was she would be a *poitrinaire* in a few years. She asked what was a *poitrinaire?* He explained.

"Where had I better go then?" she asked.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "Oh, well," he said, "perhaps the south of England would do, but more to the west—or Italy—but I should *advise* Australia."

This was an intelligent young man, come straight from London, and having a "modern" halo-like reputation in Colchester that warned off as much as it attracted the country people. He prided himself on keeping up with "the best information of his time." Dorothy paid her fee, half-a-guinea—a large fee for Colchester—and went away.

Tom asked no questions. He saw that Dorothy was considering the matter, and he knew that when, and not till when, she had thought it out and arrived at a conclusion, would she speak of it.

The matter stood thus: Tom was engaged to Fanny Hopkins, a neighboring farmer's daughter and a girl whom Dorothy liked exceedingly, but he hesitated to marry her from his affection and respect for his sister. He could not bear to think of her as ever being anything at the farm but mistress. On the other hand he saw clearly enough that Fanny, who had plenty of "spirit," could not long endure such a state of affairs; it would not *work*. Dorothy saw and combatted this view of his; she had no care to be mistress for the mere sake of being so. But Tom was obdurate; he could think of her in no other capacity. Dorothy was now considering how the doctor's dictum bore upon all this. She had an affection for Tom; she had an equal affection for life and health. Despite her perfectly-regulated household she found time for reading strange heterogeneous matter, as of a short-sighted spirit which picks up all it happens to see and has but a faint idea of what happens to be outside its vision. A few volumes of essays and sermons by Channing, whose style anticipates Macaulay's; of Wilson, our old friend, Christopher North, who shovelled about "musty fusty" literary stuff for the typical readers of *Blackwood;* Milton's poems and Shelley's; many religio-instructive books of the type of *Sandford and Merton*, now forgotten; and so on. Dorothy's reading and her retired life, in which she had always been able by her quiet reflectiveness to bring about what she wanted, made her look upon life generally with a perfectly *naif* trustfulness.

When, then, she arrived at the conclusion that the best thing for her to do was to *go* to Australia, she anticipated no great difficulty in either going or providing for herself when she got there. She told Tom calmly of her conclusion. He could scarcely believe it, and asked her to repeat it to him. It took him several weeks to acquiesce. For the first time in his life he opposed her personally and almost violently.

"Oh, Dolly," he burst out once, the tears in his voice and eyes; "oh Dolly, don't you love me then that you want to go away?"

"Yes, Tom," she said, looking at him, "I love you, but it is best for me to go—best on the whole."

In the end of course he submitted; Dorothy saw him and Fanny married; took what money belonged to her—a few hundred pounds—and prudently engaged herself to go out as a servant in one of the Government emigrant ships. Some of her books, her favorites, accompanied her.

The ship was a sailer and carried five or six hundred emigrants, men and girls and married couples. The men were put up for'ard; the married couples amidships, and the girls aft. Dorothy, as soon as she had got over her sea-sickness, which was in about a week, greatly enjoyed the three months' voyage. The tropical heat seemed to give her new life. When almost all the others were in a state of languor or exhaustion she was brisk and bright.

On the ship arriving at Melbourne she was draughted off with other girls to the depots, where they waited till situations were found for them, she getting one in her turn. Sometimes she had fits of home-sickness or loneliness which depressed her, but as she used to say, *on the whole* she got on alright. The real trouble which came upon her now was of another sort. The Melbourne climate with its swift and intense changes tried her. She began to think that after all there was Australia and Australia, and that the Australia she had lit upon was not much, if at all better than England or Essex, for her winter cough had returned. She made enquiries as to who was the best doctor for lung complaints, and having received information on the subject went to him and told him her tale with her usual calm simplicity. He examined her lungs which he found quite sound.

"You should not live in Melbourne," he said, "the climate is too trying for you. Go further north—to Sandhurst would do. The climate is much more equable there."

"How many miles north is that?" asked Dorothy, who was rendered more particular as regards changes of abode by her late experience.

"About a hundred miles," said the doctor, but the climate is, as I say, much more equable. You see," he went on, attracted by her quiet look of intelligence, "here in Melbourne we get the cold winds straight from the Antarctic regions; hence these terrible extremes of temperature. But between here and Sandhurst there is an intervening range of mountains which arrests the cold south winds and does not arrest the warm north winds. You find the hot winds trying perhaps?"

"No," she said, "I like them."

Then she thanked him for what he had told her; asked how much she was to pay; paid her half-guinea again, and went out. The doctor's fee was a guinea, and he remarked to himself as he stood in the middle of the hearth-rug that he was a fool; a remark apparently which people not unfrequently make to themselves when they act on good intuitive impulses.

A month later Dorothy was installed at Sandhurst as maid at "Bristow's." Bristow, who had just married and set up for himself, kept, what he called, dining-rooms, and took in boarders. He was simple and kindly, and so was his wife. He, his wife, his younger sister, Dorothy and the cook, all worked and lived together like members of one family. The boarders, young men in business in the town, were on terms of perfect intimacy and kindliness with them. They used to speak pleasantly of Bristow as "the boss," and of Mrs. Bristow as "the missis." Dorothy was quite happy. The climate was delightful and her place suited her.

In six or seven months, however, a change came. An epidemic of typhoid broke out in the lower part of the town where they were, owing to the bad drainage, and Mrs. Bristow caught it. Dorothy nursed her as few can nurse, but vainly. She died. The epidemic passed; things returned to their usual course. Then one day, some four months after his wife's death, Bristow asked Dorothy if she would marry him.

The young woman demanded a day to consider the matter, which had taken her by surprise, and then decided to accept his offer. There was something of resignation in her acceptance of him. She had had her own ideas about love and a lover, but she believed that they would not—almost could not—be realised. She took, therefore, as her husband a man whom she respected and liked, and so far as he was concerned had, she thought, no cause to regret having done so.

She bore him two children, the eldest a girl—Dorothy; the second, a boy—John, named after his father. Then Bristow, seeing an advantageous business opening in Melbourne, they went there, and Dorothy, weak with the bearing of her children, slowly began to sicken. Her third child was born dead. She neither complained nor made any effort to escape. Bristow was doing well in his business, and

and let her die—just for the sake of the money? What's the money now, what's the money now?" The sob was rising in his throat and the tears in his eyes. He cursed, a rare thing with him. He was facing the purposelessness of his life, and recognising that he was too weak-minded to alter it.

That evening, after tea, he watched Dorothy till she had finished her work and gone into the parlor to sew.

It was a fine summer night, and all the boarders were out. His wife and Johnny were out. Bristow was quite sober now. He had been holding his face in water and bathing it to make himself feel calm and collected.

He came into the parlor, deliberately closing the door behind him. Dorothy sewed on unregardful. To-morrow she was going to answer an advertisement she had seen for a place as chambermaid.

Bristow sat down on the sofa in front of her.

"Dora," he said, moistening his lips with his tongue. (They had all called her Dora ever since his marriage, "Dorothy," in Mrs. Bristow's opinion, being "such a mouthful.") "Look here," he proceeded with some energy, "I want to tell you something, Dora."

She stopped her sewing and looked up. He could almost think it was his wife looking at him. The thought unmanned him. He coughed to clear his throat. Then:

"When I married your mother," he said, "she had some money of her own. She'd brought it out herself from the old country. Well now, Dora, I look at that money this way: it's yours! There's £300 in the bank. I'll tell 'em at the bank it's yours, and you can take it out when you want it. That's all. It's yours, you know, by rights. It isn't mine, nor *hers*" (he meant his wife's), "nor yet Johnny's. It belongs to the female branch of the family: that's your mother and you, Dora."

He explained to her how she might get it out of the bank.

"And I know," he said, "that it's alright, giving you the money. You're not like other girls; you're like your mother—God bless her!"

His voice broke, the tears rushed into his eyes, he covered his face with his arm and sobbed aloud.

Dorothy comforted him, and at last she offered to stay with him. But he, recovering himself, refused her offer, rallying himself on his breakdown.

She sat looking at him with her deep stedfast eyes, and offered again to stay with him.

He became almost angry. He knew it was better for her to go, and yet how he longed to keep her! He felt as if in letting her go—in *making* her go—he was throwing away his last chance. He saw the career of drink and degradation that was before him, but he was firm. She must go. He had killed her mother. This was his expiation.

"Well, well," he said at last, smiling and laughing as he best could, "it's alright, lass, it's alright. We're all agreed about it—just you and me, you know. Now give us a kiss, and it's all over and settled."

She kissed him.

"Let me stay, father," she said softly.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "Don't say that again or I'll . . . There, there, then!" and he kissed her quickly and went out.

Next day she answered the advertisement, which turned out to be a small boarding-house in Fitzroy, and was engaged for the place. She had promised her father not to keep it if the work was too heavy.

III.

Dorothy soon found that her place was no sinecure, and indeed once or twice had an idea that she was not strong enough for it. She would, however, never have thought of giving it up until she was certain, and all the more so as she liked her mistress, Mrs. Mitchell, who was a kind little widow woman, and herself did not much less work in the house than the cook or Dorothy.

Dorothy, with her quiet reflectiveness, was one of those precious souls that rarely make the same mistake twice. In working she wasted none of her energy. She was always noticing how to do things most quietly and quickly. Mrs. Mitchell soon saw this, and appreciated the fact that she had got an excellent servant. Also she saw that Dorothy, with her sweet face and gentle manners, was, in a boarding-house where young men were in the predominance, an attraction. Mrs. Mitchell had no wish that Dorothy should overwork herself, and made her wish apparent. The cook, a pretty fat Irish woman, was of the same opinion.

Dorothy's tender and quiet nature drew to it those natures which had anything of either quality in them in a sort of almost magnetically-intuitive manner that, if she had noticed it, would have surprised no one more than herself. But she did not notice it. Kindness to other people was simply a part of her nature, but so far she had not known what it was to be more than kind—to feel affection or love to anyone for their own sake, except

her mother. Her mother had been so all her life.

One afternoon, when Mrs. Mitchell was out, a young man called to see the rooms in the house. He had just arrived in Melbourne, and was going the round of several boarding-houses, the addresses of which he had copied out from the daily papers.

He and Dorothy had scarcely exchanged half-a-dozen words before they to a certain extent understood one another; they talked quietly together as if they had known one another for long.

One of the upper rooms at the back of the house seemed to please him, but he was anxious to know if the sun was upon it in the mornings? Dorothy said it was.

"You are sure?" he said gently, looking at her. Then, recognising that she, like himself, was not one to say that a thing was so unless she knew it, he smiled and added: "I beg your pardon. It is alright."

They smiled together.

In the end he said that he was going on a round of places, and could not tell if he should like this one best, but he would let Mrs. Mitchell know to-night. He gave his name as Rose.

At about eight o'clock that evening he arrived in a cab with two boxes, a camp-chair and a violin-case, and installed himself in the upper room, Dorothy assisting.

To say that she was struck or impressed with the new boarder would not describe her somewhat mixed feelings towards him. Here, she recognised at once, was a nature full of sweetness and gentleness, a nature such as she had never known except in her mother; but in Mr. Rose there was something that was not in her mother, something which Dorothy had never known before and which, while impressing her with a sense of distance between her and him, did not altogether please her.

The fact was that Rose had, in addition to his innate sweetness and gentleness, that quality which is termed breeding; he had the manners of what we call a gentleman. Now the elder Dorothy did not possess this quality; she had not what we call the manners of a lady, but she had (what is better) the refinement of a woman: hers was not self-possession; hers was simplicity.

To the younger Dorothy, however, who had a certain happy love for wayward form and color and scent, this now-first met quality of breeding was not, as has been said, altogether attractive. It was a pleasure to her to meet and exchange a few words every now and then with Rose, words nearly always brightened with a smile, and it was a pleasure to him, but there were times when she could see he was not quite at his ease with her, and this was troublesome. Rose had not faith in his own sweetness and gentleness, in his own simplicity; he used occasionally to envy other people their self-possession. There was a slight strain of artificiality, of smallness in him; it had been developed by his contact with the world wherein he had found that he was, as he once heard some blockhead say of him, "quite like a child," and this had wounded his sensitiveness grievously, and for this reason. The said blockhead had done him a service. Rose, miserable in his London loneliness and the realisation of the difference between the tender refinement of his old home-life and the life of a noisy profession, had gone to him impulsively before two or three acquaintances and thanked him for his kindness. The blockhead had colored a little, laughed awkwardly, and said it was nothing.

Then, a few days later, Rose had by chance overheard his comment on the incident, and had never forgotten it. It was the final touch to his realisation of the tyrannous artificiality of every-day life.

This realisation sunk into him, and acted and re-acted upon him perpetually. He had been literally driven out to Australia for his health; if the ship in which he came had sunk on the way he would have accepted his fate without regret. He did not seek death, but if death through no fault of his own had taken him he would not in his heart of hearts have regretted it.

It was now November, and the weather with its chill showers and searching heats tried him. He too, like the elder Dorothy, was beginning to suspect that after all there was Australia and Australia, and that the Australia he had lit upon was not much, if at all better than England and London.

Melbourne and its people oppressed him. He found them so quick and hard. He had a certain attachment to literature and painting, and at any rate the first of these he could satisfy here well enough; but for the chief passion of his life, music, he was driven almost entirely upon himself.

Every morning, as soon as his bed was made and his room done, he would take out his violin, adjust his music stool and music stand, and sit there playing till lunch time.

The first morning after his arrival Dorothy, coming in to do his room, had found him sitting playing, and despite her protestations, he would not let her leave his room till late

"The coffee cup steaming on a chair beside him, the fair and rare girl standing behind him, thrilling, almost weeping, and yet smiling under the spell of the melodious witchery."

but put away his music and went down into the dining-room. Thenceforth, needless to state, his room was always done first, the girl leaving her breakfast things untouched to hurry up to it.

She used to like to hear him playing as she went about her work. (There were four other rooms on the same landing as his and two others, including Mrs. Mitchell's on the one below.) Before this she used to sing softly to herself as she worked, a wordless song that came from her lips by snatches as her thoughts listed; now, she used to think, there was no need to sing.

Sometimes she would stop and listen for a little. This violin music, generally Beethoven, appealed to her strangely. It seemed at once like a part of the music of her own nature and of his, and of some nature beyond them both. Now it would thrill her, now bring the tears to her eyes, now brighten her lips with smiles. There was witchery in it, she thought.

At eleven o'clock she always brought him his cup of coffee (an arrangement with Mrs. Mitchell) and having one afternoon after lunch brought him a cup of tea, for which she observed he had a liking, and he having accepted it with pleasure, this too became a custom.

These two incidents were to her the most pleasant intervals of the day. They used always then to talk together for a few moments, sometimes longer, and he was, at any rate in the morning, always free from self-consciousness. This was the effect of his music;

when he played he became "quite like a child."

Ultimately they got to talk together of the violin. On this topic Rose could be rapt eloquence personified. Few sights more charming than those that many mornings saw in this little bedroom; the sunlight flooding through the window, Rose in the middle of it with his rapt face bent above the violin, playing, as he always played, with more or less passion, his eyes and chestnut beard and dark hair taking wonderful hues in the sunlight, as the music passed into and out of him; the coffee cup steaming on a chair beside him, the fair and rare girl standing behind him, thrilling, almost weeping, and yet smiling under the spell of the melodious witchery.

One afternoon a friend of Rose's, the only one he had in Melbourne, an old fellow passenger, came to see him, and they went down into the dining room (all the other boarders were in business in the town and left the house from after breakfast till late dinner) and had a regular concert, the friend playing Rose's accompaniments on the piano.

Mrs. Mitchell was out, there was no work to do. Dorothy therefore took her sewing into the hall and listened to the music.

Never before in her life had she had delight of this sort.

Then the friend played some pieces alone, and Dorothy was completely spelled by it.

The next morning when she brought up the coffee the conversation drifted imperceptibly to the friend.

"He is going away to-day" said Rose with a certain sadness, resting his chin on his violin and dropping his arm and the bow. "I shall not see him again."

"How beautiful he is!" said Dorothy simply, looking at the friend's face rising before her.

Rose seemed half-startled, half-surprised at her remark. It was not that he had not grown accustomed to be spoken to simply by the Australian "lower orders," as he would have called them, and more particularly by Dorothy. He had got over his surprise at the tone of equality with which waiters and waitresses, for instance, addressed him, for he had seen that it was not in the least impertinent. It was this expression of "beautiful" that was now setting him wondering in silence.

Then Dorothy went out, thinking to herself: "I never saw anyone so beautiful in my life. He's almost like a woman, and yet not that. Women don't *look*" (with their eyes she meant) "as he does. But I can't understand it."

Rose sat still for some time, his thoughts reverting from his friend, Medwin, to this girl, Dorothy.

Suddenly he felt himself tremble, and went on trembling. At times he was subject to these trembling fits. Any great excitement would produce one, or even little excitements of some sorts, but precisely of what sorts he did not know. At this present moment he was feeling almost acutely that, as he put it to himself, he was going too far with this girl.

He got up, laid down his violin with his usual care, and threw himself onto the bed. The sweat was wet on his forehead.

"Good Heavens!" he said to himself, "If I were to fall in love with her—or if she were to fall in love with me!"

(To be concluded.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

BY T. J. HEBBLEWHITE.

II.—LAND MONOPOLY THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF DEPRESSION.

THERE is a sort of rhythmical swing and beat in industry. Activity alternates with stagnation, prosperity succeeds depression, and depression supervenes on prosperity. Ever as the pendulum swings heavily over there seem to arise particular forces, latent or but feebly operative before, which, after a longer or shorter period, check its momentum, finally arrest it, and then, with a steady reversal of the motion, send the pendulum swinging heavily backward through its long sweeping arc to the other extreme. These irregular pulsations are well known to every student of commercial history. Tracing back the time to the beginning of the existing commercial epoch we can see with what irregular regularity these recurrent and opposing cycles, like strong world-pulsations, have come and gone, modifying in their passage the features of political, social, and industrial life. They have left traces of their existence as palpable and indelible as the glaciers of the dim glacial age. "Good times," as in the honest vernacular they are termed, have invariably given place to dull times; and these again—after a period of diminished production, reduced profits and general disorganisation—have gradually been revivified, and the rusting wheels of industry under reawakened impulses have hummed and rung with activity. For many years gloom and catastrophe have hung like a portentous thunder-cloud over the whole industrial world. British trade—the last to feel the incubus and the earliest to cast it off—is experiencing a remarkable revival throughout its multiplex ramifications, and business is at highest pressure. But how long the commercial fever will run before it induces exhaustion is a question that does not appear to be considered relevant. And yet it is a query which, in the light of past experiences, we may legitimately and reasonably desire to know something more about. One thing in particular has been remarked with respect to these alternating phases, and every successive cycle tends to establish the universal and uniform truth of it. The times of prosperity, omitting the sudden bursts due to special causes, are more fevered and unnatural; they are also more ephemeral. The times of distress and depression, on the contrary, take a wider and wider sweep, throw a partial paralysis over more and more industries, and continue longer with us at each return. Like a rudderless ship at sea with all sail set, continually rushing up into the teeth of the wind, and then with canvas shivering and cordage straining falling slowly off again, buried in spume and froth, industry is perpetually making rapid and breathless spurts, only to be checked in mid-career, to the disastrous straining of all its closely-locking and interdependent mechanism and the shrinking of capital into obscurity.

In the increasing complexity of production and exchange, an intricacy and interdependence enhanced by every invention for the further facilitation of production and every day's increment of population, many proximate and secondary causes may combine to emphasise this rhythmical ebb and flow of activity. But patient observation, starting from any point and proceeding step by step and stage by stage down the long line of exchanges, will bring us ultimately face to face with a great primary cause in one phase of land-monopoly, common enough in these colonies—the speculative increase in land-values, or, as I may otherwise phrase it, the artificial inflation of economic rent. Rent lies at the very root of production. It stands side by side with the foremost links of that indefinitely-extended chain of exchanges which in its entirety constitutes the full circle of industry. As we have seen in a preceding article it controls the laws of wages and of interest. In fact the law of rent gives us the dual law of wages and interest just as any two angles of a triangle give us the third, and no modern discovery in economics is of more momentous importance than this correlation of the triple laws of distribution. Land-monopoly lays arbitrary tribute on production and interferes to vast incalculable extents with the whole complex mechanism of society. To those who have carefully fol-

lowed out to their logical conclusion the few converging threads of argument which I have endeavored to spin there is little need for any further enquiry. "Over-production," commercial paralysis, closed factories and rusting machinery are closely allied with the question of wages. The wages question is only a synonym for the labor question, and the labor question stripped of its disguises is fundamentally identified with the land question. But there are others who have not devoted any close and serious thought to this problem and who are not able to mentally fill in the details of an argument of which the leading outlines only have been presented. These may easily overlook the vital links of connection and fail to trace the pernicious and far-reaching effects of land-monopoly, in its more speculative phases, on general industry.

The frequency with which we hear of over-production as a determining cause of stagnation instead of an effect is proof positive of an inability or a repugnance on the part of our economic surgeons to lay the affrighting bugbear on the dissecting-table and subject it in the light of modern thought to a dispassionate and scientific examination. To the man who in a moment of forgetfulness, or by a determined effort of the will, loses sight of, or wrests himself free from, preconceived notions, the question of over-production in a world ever straining after more wealth is revealed as a gigantic absurdity. Relative over-production there may be, arising primarily from either a disproportionate production of some form, or forms, of wealth, or quite as likely from a sudden diminution in the production of others. All trade, whether home or foreign, being in essence an exchange of commodities for commodities, a falling-off in the supply of one series must result in an apparent overplus of others. This overplus disturbs the equipoise, and is called over-production. But while the desire for wealth remains unabated, concurrently with a diminished aggregate of production, it is surely the quintessence of absurdity to speak of the friction set up as springing out of actual over-production. Yet this is continually being done, even in admittedly intelligent circles. Much of this pitiful confusion of thought is traceable to misconceptions as to the real part played by money in modern processes of trade. Even Mr. David Buchanan, voluminous as appear to have been his studies, cannot shake himself free from that venerable old wife's notion that imports are paid for by gold, and that a nation can grow wealthier by hoarding up the mere counters of trade. Three generations of economists have wasted their labor as far as he is concerned, and the weaving of endless webs of drivel goes on merrily.

One of the earliest and, broadly speaking, most reliable evidences of a revival of industry is an upward tendency in land values. Land is a sensitive barometer in this respect, and it is accepted as conclusive evidence that the tide has turned when the market begins to harden. This is just what, from an examination into the facts, we might expect, for, as George phrases it, the industrial pyramid manifestly rests on the land; and, taking the whole community into consideration, the prosperity of the subsidiary or derivative industries is dependent upon the prosperity of the primaries. The first impulses of quickened life must clearly be experienced, not at the apex of the pyramid, not midway in the chain of correlated and interdependent industries, but at the root and basis, thence communicating new energy from stage to stage from the simple and fundamental upwards into the more complex. All wealth being the result of labor applied to land or its products, or, in the last analysis, the result of labor applied to land, it follows as obviously as a Euclidean deduction that any increase in production, be it in whatever industry it may, or in other words any improvement in trade, increases the demand for land, with the immediate and natural effect of influencing land values. The more rapid and general the recovery from depression the more rapid and marked will be the advance in land values. Under proper conditions, such as the Single Taxers aim at establishing, such industrial activity would inevitably imply corresponding increases in the average rates of wages and interest on capital; but generally, taking industry throughout, the contemporaneous increase of economic rent swallows up the increase in production, and wages and interest remain practically stationary. Capital may find a few fresh avenues for investment, labor may meet with a few additional opportunities for the exercise of its functions, but in neither case do labor and capital combined retain more than a fraction of the increased produce, and that only for a time. Improvements in the arts and sciences, new facilities for exchange, thus releasing energies to be devoted in directly productive enterprises, and more expeditious processes of manufacture, each of which *should* influence wages and interest permanently for the better, are thus largely, and ultimately wholly, neutralised as far as labor and capital are concerned.

To one who has studied carefully and without prejudice the philosophy of Henry George, and has observed again and again in the brief history of these colonies how the successive conclusions of that magnificent thesis have been verified, all this is as a twice told tale. But it is necessary thus briefly to refer to it in order to demonstrate the proposition that the labor question is at root only a phase of the land question, and to show the vital connection between land monopoly in its strongly speculative aspects and those periodic cycles of depression which are sometimes attributed to the greed of capitalists and at other times to a mysterious Providence. That they are in reality neither the results of rapacious capital nor the retributions of an irascible Divinity smiting the just and the unjust and involving the worthy and the unworthy in one common doom will, I think, be clearly substantiated further on. The *deus ex machinâ* mode of escaping from a difficulty is fatally easy, but apart from its unphilosophic nature it fails to satisfy any but fools.

Contemporary writers of the severely-orthodox type, who in word and thought and action are careful not to transgress in any way the acknowledged canons of orthodoxy, in dealing with the subject of land speculation have repeatedly made use of expressions which indicate a hazy, nebulous recognition of some relationship of cause and effect between it and the collapse of prosperity. Readers of an influential morning journal cannot have failed to notice how again and again throughout its eminently sober editorials on the recent wild inflation of Victorian land values there ran a tiny twitter of warning, as of a wren ensconced in a thicket. But while indulging in this faint twitter of remonstrance the anonymous moralist was supernaturally vigilant lest the truth in a moment of negligence should be blurted forth, and land monopoly stand revealed to warring labor and capital in all its native hideousness. The non-committing attitude assumed by the conventional school was admirably illustrated by no less a person than our promising ex-Attorney-General, in a pamphlet published some years ago on the wearisome fiscal controversy. It was a masterly and philosophic review, and a notable contribution to the polemical literature of the time. In his closing remarks Mr. Wise, like a man bitterly conscious in his own mind of having in all that he had previously written been dealing for party's sake with secondary issues, turned to "The Manner and the Causes of the Distribution of Wealth." "Closely connected with this," continued the pamphleteer, "is the question of the Land. . . . It is simply astonishing to see so-called working-class politicians clamoring for Protection while they do not lift a finger to remove that great cause of poverty—speculation in land." There, where his logic was beginning to lay hold of firm premises, he stopped; and at this turning point on the highway towards truth the conventional school always slacken pace, fearful lest inconvenient discoveries to existing property relations should follow further explorations.

In countries where wages and interest are already very low land speculation necessarily does not fluctuate so wildly. But where material progress is rapid, where population is also rapidly increasing, the mounting up of land values, apart from speculative influences, is correspondingly rapid and sure. The rapidity and certainty of this increment, and the strong expectation that the ratio will be fully maintained, directly induce speculation, landholders demanding much more than is warranted by the present conditions of production. It is no uncommon thing for land values in certain localities to treble and quadruple themselves in a few years. Occasionally the increase is forty-fold. The construction of a railway, or even the mere prospect of one, will often suffice to lift values to an extraordinary height. In either case there is a promise of increased production and rent makes haste to anticipate it. It is possible the value may decline again to some extent, for it contains a proportion of the purely speculative element, but when, after the lapse of time, something like an equilibrium has been brought about the value will almost invariably be found to have gone up considerably. What takes place under exceptional circumstances like these is emblematic of what in a less striking degree is taking place constantly throughout the colonies. Progress is discounted sometimes years before there is reasonable expectation that it will be achieved. Wherever land suitable for any purpose in the production of wealth is located, there, in proportion as population increases and the demand for access to the soil becomes more imperative, land values invariably manifest a strong upward tendency. It could not be otherwise so long as the rigorous law of demand and supply remains in force; and the secret of successful speculation is to forestall population and seize upon the basis and the raw material which in course of time that extending population will require.

If a time of prosperity sets in, accentuated by profuse governmental expenditure, specu-

lation passes into a more acute and unnatural phase, culminating in a fierce ungovernable mania. Land values are urged far beyond the point at which under existing modes of production labor and capital can profitably hold their own. There is a sudden downward impact on wages and interest, which is accompanied at some point, or several points, by a checking of production. This is an important phenomenon—for diminished production necessarily reveals itself in an inverse form as a partial cessation of effective demand —and is worth an extended illustration. Our periodic droughts furnish us with one sufficiently striking. The wholesale destruction of pastoral wealth, the decimation of flocks and herds, the barren wheatfields—these represent a sudden arresting of production and an enormous falling off in supply. The result is immediately apparent in a phenomenal falling off in effective demand. At such times we are accustomed to hear of the money market being tight, or of money being scarce ; but these phrases are obviously conventional and will not bear the test of analysis. They clearly originate in that popular and tenacious misconception regarding the function of money in the economy of trade which constitutes such a big bee in Mr. Buchanan's bonnet. The real facts of the case are evidently these : The commodities—the cattle and sheep and other produce—which under more favorable auspices would have been available to the pastoral and agricultural population for exchange for other commodities have been swept away, and supply being heavily diminished demand as naturally suffers a heavy decline. The effects of a drought are by no means confined to those who actually in their own persons suffer tangible loss, but the reflex action set up by the very conditions under which modern exchanges are carried out involves the entire community. The work-girl in a Sydney or Melbourne factory, who never saw a sheep out of a butcher's shop or a picture book, feels the strain perhaps as severely as the inland squatter whose wealth lies rotting in a dried-up water-hole. This reflex action would be felt as a sudden and paralysing blow were it not for the elastic buffers which our system of commercial credit (and in a more indirect way our loan system) interposes at various points in the chain of exchanges. In young countries where there is a wide margin for the relatively free play of industrial forces this elasticity is remarkable ; but as rent absorbs a greater portion of the produce of labor and capital the margin becomes narrower, the elastic buffers sensibly grow more rigid, and the recovery from depression is a slower and more painful process. It has been remarked frequently as a proof of the wonderfully recuperative powers of the colony that one or two favorable seasons have often sufficed to blot out the losses of even the most protracted and widely-extended drought. Here, again, the correlation of supply and demand lies on the surface. Just as the temporary depression subsequent upon a drought is directly traceable to the excessive curtailment of certain readily exchangeable forms of wealth, thus limiting demand for other forms of wealth and with it the demand for labor to produce them, so the revival of pastoral and agricultural interests under more encouraging climatic influences is the invariable herald of a revived demand for the commodities produced by labor in other fields of industry, demand being measured by and keeping pace with supply. What a drought does in one way a land boom does in another. The inflation of rent by speculation beyond the present capacity of labor and capital to pay it has precisely the same effect upon the community as the annihilation of so much land with all its potentialities. It lays a heavy repressive hand upon production and checks supply. A limitation of supply here necessarily means a lessening of demand there. The interdependence of industry, with its myriad intersections and interlacings and overlappings, renders it exceedingly sensitive to disturbance; and the depression which originated in the speculative increase in land values and started on its mission from some point which, perhaps, it would be impossible to define, spreads rapidly from circle to circle and industry to industry. Generally in the early hours of the strain, before there is any general recognition of a falling barometer, a big firm goes down unexpectedly, carrying with it half-a-score others. Confidence is shattered, capital contracts, enterprise is paralysed, labor is discharged, the effective demand ebbs and ebbs, and we find ourselves quite unexpectedly face to face with a crisis. What has happened, however, is very simple. It is nothing more than the breaking up of the order of things, the disturbance of the old equilibrium. The explanation is contained in the innocent-looking equation—

Produce – Rent = Wages + Interest.

Henry George's reasoning on this point seems to me unanswerable. The stagnation once developed will continue until by natural growth of population, greater subdivision of labor, or improvements in the

industrial arts, the normal rent line is brought abreast of the fictitious one carried inordinately forward by speculation; or until labor is driven by pressure of physical necessity to accept lower wages and capital lower interest; or until the speculative increase in land values is lost. Generally there is a combination of the three. The depression reduces land values considerably, as every successive wave of commercial disaster shows. At the same time the diminished trade intensifies competition and leads to the invention and application of highly-improved enginery, giving additional force to the aphorism that "necessity is the mother of invention." In the third place labor and capital taken as a whole are compelled to accept a smaller proportion of the total produce, notwithstanding that wages and interest as a quantity may seem to have undergone no change. When by the interaction of these causes a new equilibrium has been slowly established—it sometimes taking many years to achieve it—there will be a renewal of production, with its correlative—an awakening of effective demand. A new era of activity will commence, hesitatingly at first but more general and unmistakable by-and-bye. Land values retarded or perhaps depressed by the dull times will immediately begin to harden—a sure sign of increased production. The Government may judge the moment of revival an auspicious one for constructing a series of railways. This will give business a fillip, capital will extend its operations, and forge and field will ring with the musical clamor of industry. Land speculation will simultaneously quicken until sooner or later it culminates in the usual boom. Then production will be again checked, demand will fall away in sympathy, and the weary cycle will commence anew.

In the earlier days of settlement, before Governments had become such apt students of the philosophy of borrowing, the periodic land booms with their linked sequence of crises were so pronounced and so clearly related that, looking back, one may well wonder the relationship was not discovered a dozen times over. Possibly there was no very strong or persistent desire to make any discovery at all, most of those whose duty it was to be wise and scrupulously honest finding it more profitable financially to subordinate their duties as the people's representatives to their special opportunities as speculators and log-rollers. In 1842 Victoria was suddenly confronted with a crisis, and by a very curious coincidence it was preceded by one of the most insane of many irrational manias in land speculation that have raged in that colony. Nine or ten years later the boom recommenced. Land, like a gay shuttlecock, was tossed to and fro from one buyer to another, gaining additional fictitious value at each transference. Many astute thimble-riggers rose like rockets into regions of affluence. For months the blowing of speculative bubbles went on assiduously, until in 1854 the inevitable crash came with its concomitants of panic, disaster and ruin. Of late years we have attained to a more perfect knowledge of how to laugh at the retributive action of violated natural laws. When difficulty meets us in the way we borrow largely, laying up for posterity a fine accumulation of trouble, both financial and industrial. It is more convenient to transfer the burden of repentance to our successors, and also more in harmony with average human nature; but there are more improbable contingencies in the world than that those successors may refuse to be bound by a covenant in the drafting of which they had no part, and may be tempted, in the interests of justice itself, paradoxical as it may seem, to seriously inquire into the meaning of the ugly word "repudiation." The masses have barely asked themselves yet what the true philosophy of borrowing is, or what is ultimately the invariable economic destination of the moneys which impecunious Treasurers borrow on mortgage. With increasing knowledge will come greater inquisitiveness.

The subject of loans, in their relation to the question of land monopoly, is one which might profitably be examined at length. I cannot here, however, without departing somewhat from my line of argument, do more than present one aspect of it, and deal in a rapid fashion with the policy of borrowing in its close relationship with wages and the distribution of wealth generally. Let us try to approach the subject from another side than that usually displayed to the popular eye, and show in what way borrowed capital tends to obscure and disguise the operations of the law of rent. It is sometimes advisable in prosecuting one's studies to get altogether away from the subject and examine it, as it were, from a distance where the minor details will no longer be able to divert attention from the matter as a whole. By transferring himself in imagination to the surface of the sun, Galileo was able to detect the errors of a thousand years and give us a new and authentic theory of the solar system.

The production of wealth in these colonies is very much smaller, relatively to the actual-producing population, than it is in England.

ACTRESSES OF THE FIRST RATE.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MISS MYRA KEMBLE.

BY GERALD MARR THOMPSON.

MISS MYRA KEMBLE'S success in Mr. Robert Buchanan's new piece "Man and the Woman" has gladdened many a heart in Australia. In London itself the actress has been banquetted by prominent men from New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and New Zealand, who federated upon their common admiration of the accomplished artist, if upon no other ground of agreement. Indeed, it is very probable that the guest of the evening was the only person at table who was recognised "on sight" by everyone there. During the last fifteen years Miss Myra Kemble has been known in every town in Australia or New Zealand big enough to boast a first rate theatre, a thing which cannot be said of politicians who have been before the footlights of public opinion for twice the time. The distances between our great centres of population are wide, and the journeys costly. Thus the number of South Australians who have seen Sir Henry Parkes, or of Victorians who have seen Sir S. Griffith, for example, are few indeed, compared with those who are quite familiar with the face and gesture and trick of voice of a popular actress accustomed to be "on view" for weeks together in places as widely separated as Adelaide and Brisbane, Sydney and Hobart. But to be known and remembered in this way an actress must be of the first rate. I use this term without any local qualification, and in the course of this paper I shall endeavor to show well-founded reasons for doing so.

Miss Kemble's absence leaves us to the chilling reflection that the only first rate actress of Australian training now actively employed here is Miss Nellie Stewart, who has but lately resigned the position as *prima donna* of the Royal Comic Opera Company, which she has held pretty continuously for some seven years or more. It is a remarkable coincidence that these, the two most popular artists in the Southern Hemisphere, made their first appearance on any stage on the same occasion, when also a third of our popular actresses was new to the stage. These shining lights twinkled simultaneously, their effulgence at that time of the palest, in a pantomime appropriately entitled "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and produced at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Boxing-day, 1874. They are both big "stars" now, though their orbits are widely different. Miss Kemble played in pantomime for the last time the following year, when she appeared as the Fairy Queen in "Hey Diddle-diddle" at the Sydney Theatre Royal under Mr. Lazar's management, and thereafter abandoned burlesque for ever. Her *début* was in an ornamental part as Venus, when Miss Stewart was Jupiter, and I believe that this was the only occasion on which the pair appeared together in the same piece.

It is worth recording that Miss Clara Thompson was the "Tommy Tucker" (her second appearance on any stage), of the "Twinkle, Twinkle" pantomime, but the lady, since her marriage with Mr. Henry Bracy, and his subsequent success in London, has lived so long away from this part of the world that playgoers no longer identify her with the Australian stage. As Stephania, the hungry hoyden in the "Beggar Student," however, Miss Clara Thompson did much last winter to revive the popularity which had faded during ten long years of absence from our shores.

It is interesting to explain by illustration what is or may be meant by an "Australian stage-training." When Miss Kemble was interviewed by the indefatigable *Pall Mall Gazette*, she used this expression to qualify the statement that by birth she was a native of Sligo, and it was one which doubtless fell strangely upon the Londoner's ears who may have wondered how Miss Kemble's genius survived the ordeal of such training. As a matter of fact, her instruction was of a kind which many a beginner in London might sigh for in vain. Eighteen months after her *début* in burlesque the young actress supported Mrs. Scott-Siddons in a long season in Shakesperian drama, became a great favorite with the famous star, and received many a kindly lesson from her in elocution and

deportment. This was in 1876, and in less than a year she had improved sufficiently to be engaged by Mr. Lytton Sothern to play such parts as Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin" and Maria in "The School for Scandal." The arrival of Mr. Wm. Creswick in 1877 proved the turning point in Miss Kemble's career. She was cast to play the Fool in "Lear," and so delighted the actor with the freshness and originality of her conception that he at once took her in hand, read all the great female characters in his repertoire with her, and at the end of the year made her the leading woman of his company in succession to Miss Helen Ashton. Miss Kemble's long-cherished ambition to appear on the London stage would have been gratified twelve years ago, and immensely to her own advantage, but for her marriage at this time to Mr. J. H. White, of sporting fame. If, as Scott has it, "Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove," much more may it be said to govern the stage, where many a fine actress deprives thousands of the sweetness and grace she reserves for one! Mr. Creswick offered Miss Kemble a year's engagement as his leading lady during his return season in London and the provinces, and the actress refused it! In this case, however, the Australian stage was no loser, and a long and successful career has since raised Miss Kemble to a high place in the esteem and affection of her admirers. It is not necessary to remind readers of THE CENTENNIAL of the details of the last ten years of her public life on our stage. A long account of her doings was written by me for the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of June 15 last, and on her departure from Melbourne a month later the subject was revived in all the principal papers of the colonies, both metropolitan and country. Enough has been said for my purpose, if I have shown how sound is the training open to students of the drama in this part of the world; for, if Mrs. Scott-Siddons has been seen no more, Miss Geneviève Ward has since played season after season here, and though poor Creswick is dead we have been visited by scores of finished actors, and have resident amongst us such experienced actors and stage-managers as J. C. Williamson, George Rignold, Alfred Dampier, Robert Brough, Dion Boucicault, jun., Royce, Elton and Titheradge, and many more whose influence makes itself felt in various walks of their art.

I began by calling Miss Kemble a first rate actress, and now I have shown that her training was first rate, without which we may be quite sure that the *Times* and the London *Daily Telegraph* would not have made special reference to her "*sound* and earnest method.' Over an imperfect training, or one radically at fault, only genius could triumph, and I am not now speaking of that rare quality whose fire transmutes poorest clay to purest gold, the genius that makes a great artist like Sara Bernhardt possible, but merely of the talent which springs up every few years in congenial soil, and gives us what I have termed actresses of the first rate And if London readers of THE CENTENNIAL—for Sir Charles Dilke's reference to it shows that its readers are not confined to Australia—ask me how I can reasonably call any actress "first rate" who has appeared only in the Antipodes, my reply is ready. I do so because I have been satisfied since I re-visited England three years ago, after four years of dramatic work in Sydney, that the general standard of acting here is as high as it is in London, at least at theatres where the Kendals, or Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, are not acting. We are not often visited by great actors (the world can boast so few!) but we have a constant stream of well-known players from the London and American houses ever coming and going. It is by the merits of these that a native actor is judged. This competition, with talent from anywhere and everywhere, makes managers moan, and well-wishers to our stage cry aloud for joy! "Miss Fitz-Snooks is an Australian," says the new-chum manager of a Sydney or Melbourne theatre, "pity her infirmities!" "Not a bit of it," replies the matter-of-fact playgoer; "can she play as well as Miss Kate Bishop, or speak her lines like Miss Watts-Phillips, or sing like Clara Merivale and Leonora Braham, or show the refined attractive grace of Mrs. Robert Brough," as the case may require? "If so, well and good, if not, let her play seconds; we will have none of her in leading parts." I have long thought that an actress who took a really leading place in Sydney or Melbourne would be kindly received in London. Miss Kemble's success affords proof that this is so, for she is the first Australian actress of first rate ability that has appeared on the London stage. It is somewhat significant, too, that this success was gained in an unsympathetic and verbose part. The London papers all refer to the heroine of Robert Buchanan's new play as an "argumentative" character; the dramatist has apparently used Gillian Dartmouth as a peg on which to hang pet theories of the marriage laws and the relations between the sexes. Naturally this has been to the hindrance of the dramatic action, and Miss Kemble's long stage expe-

rience and sound method must have been taxed severely to compel the admiration of the captious critic under such circumstances.

London playgoers rather resent any reference to the way things are done in Sydney and Melbourne, and are strongly disposed to regard new-arrivals from those barbarous places as people wholly ignorant and uncultivated. It is not only that the high standard maintained in Australia is unthought of, but that Londoners are too apt to measure everything by the rule of their three or four show companies at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, or the St. James' Theatres, wholly oblivious of the fact that their casual representation is something altogether different. How different it is may be seen by comparing the mid-winter production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Globe Theatre, London, with the one just withdrawn from Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, after a run of fifty nights. Anyone who reads the cast of the Globe production will be struck by the fact that of the twenty-three actors concerned, the name of only one (Miss Kate Rorke) is known even to local fame. The director and organiser of a production which has been noticed at very great length by all the London papers is Mr. F. R. Benson, a young actor whose London experience has been gained in two-line parts, and whose entire stage training, provincial or metropolitan, has been limited to a few years. Without quoting the shoal of unknown names advertised in the Globe bills of 19th December, it will be sufficient for me if I name the principal characters:—Theseus, Mr. Sidney Price; Lysander, Mr. F. R. Benson; Demetrius, Mr. Herbert Ross; Bottom, Mr. G. F. Weir; Oberon, Mr. Otho Stuart; Titania, Mrs. F. R. Benson; Puck, Miss Grace Geraldine; Hermia, Miss Ada Ferrar; Helena, Miss Kate Rorke. He would be, indeed, a "young" manager who attempted to stage the "legitimate" with such a cast in Sydney or Melbourne! At Her Majesty's Theatre, on the contrary, all that Mr. George Rignold's long experience and very unusual skill as a stage-manager could do has been done. He has himself played the part of Bottom; Miss Kate Bishop was our beautiful Helena; Miss Roland Watts-Phillips spoke her lines with the weight and emphasis of a long London experience, and Miss Madge Seymour, well-known at home as a pantomime artist, moved with fairy grace as Titania. Messrs. H. R. Jewett and A. E. Greenaway, who played Lysander and Demetrius respectively, are artists who have had a long Australian experience, and the former has been for two years leading man of Mr. Rignold's company. I do not quote this cast as exceptionally good. Indeed, the great feature of the production was the romantic beauty of the woodland scenery, with its plashing fountains and purling streams to give an air of Nature where all else was illusive. My point is merely that it was a great deal better than was vouchsafed to London audiences. And if we glance at the other pieces now current, we find the best London or Australian artists in every case lead the company. In Sydney, Miss Jennie Lee was the Aladdin of the Christmas pantomime; in Melbourne no less an artist than Miss Clara Merivale sang in "Cinderella." "Caste" is at this moment being revived at the Sydney Criterion Theatre with Mr. Robert Brough as Sam Gerridge; Mr. G. W. Anson as Eccles; Mr. G. S. Titheradge as Captain Hawtree; and Mr. Percy Lyndal as George D'Alroy; whilst Mr. Dion Boucicault, jun., stage manages for a company which includes names honored as highly here as the ones quoted are in London. The Gilbert-Sullivan operas have, in the same way, nearly always been staged here at least as well as at the Savoy Theatre. The cast of "Iolanthe," for example, included Miss Leonora Braham and Miss Alice Barnett in their original characters, with Mr. Frank Boyle in the tenor rôle, and when these artists terminated their two years' engagement their places were taken by others of the same calibre. This state of affairs is vainly represented by the travelling Australian to London playgoers, who think very "small beer" of any theatrical entertainment outside the four-mile radius from Charing Cross.

Much of this incredulity is, unfortunately, due to the fact that every artist who reaches London exaggerates the importance of the position they held here, and that the few articles on the drama here that reach the London papers are sure to be crowded with misleading fiction. An instance of the first kind which comes readily to mind is that of Miss Jenny Watt-Tanner, whose arrival in London was followed by puffs extraordinary of every description in which the lady was described as a "representative Australian actress," etc., etc., and in an interview published in the *Figaro*, the lady certainly gave the interviewer and his readers the impression that she had occupied some such position as that held by Miss Kemble. Now the real fact is that Miss Watt-Tanner nearly always played second parts. One of her last engagements was as Virginie in "Drink," when Miss Isabel Morris was leading lady, and I am unable to recall a single occasion on which she was better placed.

This incident is of no importance, except as showing how it is that Miss Watt-Tanner has fallen in with the rank and file of the London stage instead of commanding a whole company. When the London critics are constantly misled in this fashion, no wonder if they are inclined to think our standard of acting decidedly low.

In the same way, in the December number of the London *Theatre*, Mr. J. F. Hogan writes an article on "The Theatre in Australia," which is well calculated to make Londoners think that young ladies from England of the shortest stage experience can jump at once into leading positions in our principal theatres. Writing of Miss Gracie Warner, he says, "In supporting her father she has appeared to the satisfaction of the colonial critics in this formidable array of standard heroines—Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet, Galatea, Pauline, Lady Teazle, Grace Harkaway, Stella Darbishire and Dora. She ought to be quite a finished actress when she makes her reappearance in London." Of course this deduction would be justified had the young lady played in Sydney or Melbourne, and with success, all the parts named. But what are the facts of the case? Mr. Warner's Ophelia on the two-night revival was Miss Isabel Morris, who, as leading lady, played Dora and Pauline; his Lady Teazle was Miss Dargon, and Miss Emma Chambers played Grace Harkaway—a part which, of course, was quite out of her line. Miss Warner appeared as Desdemona in the third act only of "Othello," on the occasion of a benefit, and some such event caused her to play in the balcony scene only as Juliet. So that of all the "formidable array" quoted there remains only Galatea and Stella. I believe Miss Warner played Galatea one night in Melbourne with some amateurs. Stella in "Captain Swift" was the only character of importance she played in the regular bill, and she showed in it a feeling and sympathy which justify Mr. Warner's hope that she may do well in time. There is, however, no royal road to learning, and the inference naturally drawn by readers of *The Theatre*, that Miss Warner had left London a *débutante*, and had landed in Melbourne six weeks later to play leading parts there, is certainly not calculated to make them think highly of the cultivation or intelligence of Australian playgoers. Miss Warner, I see by a book of Press Opinions lately published, has revisited New Zealand since Mr. Hogan's article appeared, and has there played many parts to the satisfaction of the "colonial critics." The *Daily Times* say her acting "has never been equalled by any former impersonator of Pauline in this part of the globe, and has, perhaps, been *seldom excelled in any theatre in the world*." Perhaps the whole thing is explicable by the supposition that Mr. Hogan was thinking of the New Zealand press only when he referred to "colonial critics." But if this method of criticism were adopted outside of Maoriland it is not of one or two "first rate" Australian actresses I should now be writing, but rather of one or two hundred.

Of actresses who, without being great, stand higher than those classed above, we have as yet produced but one. Great actresses, indeed, are so rare that those at present upon the active list of the English stage may almost be reckoned upon the fingers of one hand. Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Geneviève Ward, Madame Modjeska may be named with some feeling of certainty, but further enumeration would not pass without challenge. There are actresses who have become famous, and whose names may live, whose title to the term "great" is still not firmly established. Miss Mary Anderson's name suggests itself as in this honorable category. Australia has not, so far, produced a great actress. There are, however, many who think with myself that had Miss Essie Jenyns appeared upon the London stage she would, in brief time, have been placed side by side with the few actresses of the day of whom, for the sake of illustration, we have chosen Miss Anderson as a type. Now that Essie Jenyns has preferred a happy marriage to the hard won laurels of the stage, playgoers are only too apt to forget the recorded facts of her career. If we except Miss Geneviève Ward, we can recall no actress who, upon the strength of her own acting, has drawn crowded houses for long weeks together in legitimate drama. It must not be forgotten that Miss Jenyns, with a support admittedly mediocre, and with a "leading man" not only "old enough to be her father," but who literally stood in that relation to her, played a fourteen weeks' season to packed houses in Shakesperian drama in Sydney when she first appeared there; and that on two successive seasons in after years, of which the first lasted sixteen weeks, the same impersonations had lost none of their potency whether with the frequenters of the dress-circle or the gallery. Mr. Holloway, the competent and worthy actor who managed Miss Jenyns seasons, not only freely admitted that this bright young star brought him fortune, but at once relinquished business upon her retire-

ment into private life. And when the many failures on the part of Shakesperian actors who have had no star to support them in the principal female rôle are considered, one cannot blame an actor-manager from vacating the field.

There is a large fortune at this moment awaiting any manager who can import into Australia a really first rate Juliet, Portia, Viola, Imogen, or Ophelia, but playgoers may feel quite sure that unless recourse is had to one or other of the famous actresses of the day, the demand is not likely to be met. The last attempt in this direction, if I rightly understood one of our managers who was gravely assuring me that Sydney people had not as yet seen a star actress in youthful Shakesperian rôles, resulted in the engagement of Miss Janet Achurch. But as Portia, the new-comer does not appear to have "come off"—as cricketers say—in Melbourne, and it seems probable that the actress, whose welcome in Sydney is sure to be appreciative, will be called upon to win our hearts in modern comedy. In the meantime, it is significant that there have been no revivals of Shakesperian drama in which the leading female character has been of importance since Miss Jenyns left Australia eighteen months ago. "As You Like It," "Cymbeline" and "Twelfth Night," have not been staged at all, whilst "Antony and Cleopatra," as produced in Melbourne by Mr. Miln, proved a disastrous failure. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" has been put on by Mr. Chas. Warner for one night, and the same actor has staged "Hamlet" for two nights, and "Macbeth," with Miss Augusta Dargon as support, for six nights. Mr. Miln played "Hamlet" and "Richard III," for a poor week each. The fact is, that had not Mr. George Rignold—himself in his youth the Lysander of Phelps' famous production—given us his timely revivals of "Henry V," "Julius Cæsar" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," with a promise of other of the Poet's plays to follow, Shakesperian representations in Sydney would now be of the most casual and infrequent character. But the mention of these revivals in no way affects my contention that Miss Jenyns' retirement has left a void which the present generation of Australian playgoers is unlikely to see filled. "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Henry V" and "Julius Cæsar" are remarkable in this connection for the weakness of the female interest. Mr. George Rignold, as I have already said, has promised a succession of those less frequently acted Shakesperian plays of which "Julius Cæsar" was the first of an intermittent series. This policy, and the splendor with which the dramas are always staged at Her Majesty's Theatre, are things to be thankful for, and that the Roman tragedy should have run for two months is decidedly a feather in the managerial cap. But just because this is so the tremendous seasons played by Miss Jenyns, with an inadequate support and a staging poor, indeed, beside that to which Mr. Rignold has accustomed us, bear all the stronger witness to the very general character of the sway she held over the hearts of playgoers in Sydney and Melbourne. Her marriage and consequent retirement robbed the Australian stage of its brightest ornament; and it is not without a feeling of regret that the possibility of the second loss inflicted by Miss Kemble's long absence from this country can be contemplated. Actresses of vivid sympathies, gracious presence and method at once earnest and restrained are rare, and Miss Kemble's speedy return will be regarded as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ever for you just for this very bit of impudence. D——n ye! Get back to your muck."

As he spoke the last words, ending with a foul expression, he had drawn near Lance, and raising his foot as if for a contemptuous kick he placed his hands on his shoulders. The long corridor between the cells was for the moment without a second warder. With a panther-like bound Lance sprang forward, and in another moment his hands were at Bracker's throat, clutching with the grasp that death alone relaxes.

"Dog," he ground out between his teeth. "Your last hour is come. Die, wretch, and go to hell—die, if you had a hundred lives, scoundrel and villain that you are—die for your cruelty to a helpless wretch that never did you harm!"

So sudden was the onslaught that Bracker, though a powerful man, had no chance of resistance, never dreaming that the cowed convict, as he took Lance to be, would turn upon him. In another moment he was on his back on the floor of the cell, his foe with knee on chest awaiting the moment when the blanched features should display no sign of life, nor abating for one second the deadly gripe of the slayer of his kind.

Of his own safety—of his assured doom for killing a prison official—he thought not. The blood fury was on him. His unendurable wrongs, his daily torment, had reached the point of desperation when the human animal turns at bay, disregarding alike the hunter's spear, the baying hound, the fast-flowing life-blood.

"'Die, wretch, and go to hell—die if you had a hundred lives, scoundrel and villain that you are—die for your cruelty to a helpless wretch that never did you harm!'"

Another minutest subdivision of time would have settled the matter. Another dead warder would have been found by the side of a reckless and desperate prisoner. The usual inquest would have been held,

when after a verdict of wilful murder the rope or a sentence of imprisonment for life would have terminated all public interest for a season.

But in mercy or otherwise to Mr. Bracker an attendant accidentally returned to the corridor and noticed the open cell door. This, of course, was irregular. Rushing towards it he was just in time—hardly a second too soon—to prevent Mr. Bracker, "our late respected head warder of Ballarat gaol" as he would have been styled, from posing as a corpse, and Lance Trevanion, late of Wychwood, Cornwall, from becoming a murderer!

Some considerable time elapsed before Mr. Bracker returned fully to his senses after regaining consciousness. He had been hurled to the cell floor with such violence that concussion of the brain had taken place, while his swollen throat testified to the deadly gripe of the victim who had so nearly turned the table upon his tormentor. It was fully a week before he was in a condition to give evidence before the Visiting Justice. The interval Lance was condemned to spend in "solitary," to be nourished wholly on bread and water. To be abandoned in fact to the society of the Furies, which none the less mordantly than in the days of the world's green youth rend the heart and shatter the brain of their ill-fated or guilty victim.

Lance was rapidly passing from one stage of misery to the other, from the unmerciful to the merciful woe—as he sat or lay in his cell the long hours through—the thought crossed his brain, revelled and ran riot there that if he had only persevered in his policy of endurance, if he had been strong and patient instead of weak and impulsive this needed not to have happened. He might probably have found some door of escape from his tribulation, not literally of course, but through the clergyman and the Visiting Justice, the latter of whom would have been most uncompromising in punishing an official who misused his power.

Now that the storm of passion was over, the fury spent, the *brevis insania* passed away, calmer reflection would intrude. To what further sentence had he rendered himself liable? Would he be committed for attempted murder, or would it be manslaughter? Should he be condemned to a further sentence of years—long years of imprisonment? Might he not be *hanged* for the attempt to commit the capital offence? No doubt he intended to kill Bracker, that he would not deny. His mind was made up. If a shameful death or long imprisonment was to be his doom, he would rid himself of a worthless life. He had procured the means of self-destruction during his first remand. The feeling aroused among his fellow captives by his daring attempt to take the life of his gaoler was peculiar and exceptional. Though many of the prisoners from motive of policy were subservient to Bracker he was liked by no one. He had been known to be trying to "break" or crush Trevanion. Cruelties and unnecessary severity springing from the irresponsible use of power are presumably not unknown in gaols. But the prison head knows that at a certain point despair sets in. Reckless retribution follows, and the life of the agent leading actor in the tragedy nearly always exacted convicts with himself and his fellows merely as dust in the balance.

The criminals like to think that from their midst will arise at least one man who devotes himself to sacrifice, so only may he avenge himself and them upon their enemy. The time comes and with curious certainty the man. Then the words of the first warder come true. The sullen patience of the harassed convict who rarely resents routine discipline however severe becomes exhausted, and the debt is paid in full by a brutal murder or a life long injury. Let it be borne in mind that "early in the fifties" the problem of successful goldfield management was yet unsolved in Australia. The legislation had been chiefly tentative; the police and prison arrangements were incomplete. From the seething mass of the mining population, not always ruled with tact or temper, smarting under alleged injustice and excited by the enormous yield of the precious metal arose a dangerously large and increasing criminal class. The overcrowded gaols, ample for a pastoral colony, were unable to contain them. Among the more experienced officers apprehensions of a revolt of the mining population —unhappily but too well-founded—began to assume the appearance of certainty. In such event the prisoners—if altogether centralised or confined inland might easily be liberated —would hardly fail to be so on the first outbreak. Considering these contingencies, the Government of the day determined to relieve the pressure upon the metropolitan gaols by establishing prison hulks. Vessels moored in the waters of Williamstown Bay could be more easily guarded—would obviously be more difficult to escape from. Ships by scores deserted by their crews lay at anchor motionless and tenantless as that of the Ancient Mariner. Their owners were too happy to sell at any reasonable price. The idea was approved—not sooner approved

than acted upon. "The President," "The Success," "The Sacramento," "The Deborah," were purchased and forthwith proclaimed to be, and to be considered Her Majesty's gaols. They became from that day floating prisons. There were those long after who did not hesitate to designate them as floating hells.

One of the leading ideas connected with the scheme was the compulsory labor of the convicts, who it was thought might be employed beneficially to themselves and to the state in building at Williamstown—then a chief port of Melbourne—wharves, lighthouses and docks. There were millions of tons of blue-stone—a species of volcanic hap to be had near the shore for the quarrying. Harbor accommodation was miserably insufficient. The labor of a thousand men was a valuable consideration in that day of dearth of every kind of manual labor. Long afterwards the navvies employed in the construction of the Yan Yean aqueduct received one pound sterling per day. At this time double the wage would not have furnished the labor these convicts performed, and in many instances performed well.

"The President" enjoyed the bad eminence of being styled and worked as a strictly penal hulk—an abode for refractory and desperate criminals. Many of these were in the prison slang "long sentence men," incorrigible felons serving sentence for repeated offences. Men who could not be trusted to work even in the iron-gangs—so skilful and determined were they in all methods of escape. Many of these were doomed never to leave "The President's" gloomy cells but for the coffin and the shroud. Others again, after performing the allotted form of strictly penal and reformatory discipline, were drafted on board "The Success," where they underwent the more popular and varied experience of working in the quarries on the mainland—in irons it is true—but having the excitement of a daily voyage to and fro in one of the barges used for the purpose.

* * * * *

When Lance was brought up for trial he found to his relief—if indeed anything could have afforded him a gleam of satisfaction—that in spite of the heniousness of his offence—penally considered—a favorable feeling had sprung up with regard to him, now that Bracker had in their opinion got his deserts, several of the "good conduct" prisoners came forward with voluntary statements. They had seen the injured man knocking about the prisoner Trevanion. He was always "tantalising," and seemed to want to provoke him to a breach of regulations. Had not spoken before because they were afraid of Bracker, who was well known to be revengeful. It was believed in the gaol (sent round, doubtless, in the wonderful way criminals have of communicating with each other) that he had caused a prisoner in another gaol to hang himself.

Two warders had also noticed his conduct to prisoner Trevanion when he came out of hospital. Thought it severe and unnecessary. The prisoner's own statement was taken on oath. He admitted the offence, but averred that he had become reckless through consistent ill-treatment. Bracker, of course, denied everything in the most unabashed manner, looking with evil eye upon the recalcitrant warders and the "good conduct" prisoners. But the papers had been sent for in the last inquiry made into his conduct, also upon a charge of cruelty to prisoners. The evidence, unfortunately for him, was very similar. Mr. McAlpine, who was an unsparing foe to all official misconduct, at once decided against him. After a terrific lecture he reminded Bracker that he had been disrated for a former offence of a like nature. He should recommend him, therefore, for dismissal, which recommendation, to the general joy of the inhabitants of the Ballarat gaol, was promptly carried out.

"Prisoner Trevanion, whose conduct if condoned must have a bad effect upon the other prisoners, (*other prisoners*, how the words fell like drops of molten lead upon his heart) is ordered to serve the rest of his sentence on board Her Majesty's hulks at Williamstown."

* * * * *

Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
In the cold and heavy mist,
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrists.

This verse, from Hood's pathetic ballad, Lance had been fond of and learned by heart as a school boy, little dreaming how closely the circumstances would apply to himself in the after time. It *would* keep ringing through his brain with incessant automatic iteration, as Lance found himself early next morning driven off to Ballarat, leg ironed and handcuffed, in charge of two warders. The two men with himself in the centre took their seats in the back part of Cobb's coach, and in company with various other passengers, clerical and lay, male and female, as is the slightly unfair practice of the Government, looking at it from the standpoint of the travelling public. However, no great

inconvenience having so far resulted, the sentimental objection to travel with criminals has lessened. And being decidedly the more economical mode of escort, as far as the Government is concerned, the arrangement is continued.

Of course glances of pitying wonder were cast from time to time, especially by the female passengers in the crowded coach, at the men in police uniform and the sad, sallow, clean-shaved man sitting between them. One young girl alone, though sitting nearly opposite, had exhibited no interest in the trio. She sat near the right hand door of the coach. Closely veiled, she had turned her head towards the town and the crowd always attendant on the departure of a coach.

The clock struck six. The powerful, high-conditioned horses sprang at their collars, obedient to the practised hand of "Cabbage-tree Ned," one of the "stage" heroes of the period. The heavily laden coach swayed on its thorough-brace springs and rattled down Sturt Street at the rate of twelve miles an hour. More than once had Lance been the envied occupant of the box seat beside this very driver, who smoking the proffered cigar, was as civil to Trevanion of Number Six as an official of his exalted position could afford to be to anyone.

> And now he sat, chained and alone,
> The "warder" by his side,
> The plume, the helm, the charger gone, &c.

Gone, gone, indeed, how many things had gone! fame and fortune, hope, honor, all that made life worth living. The sooner that wretched dishonored life went too the better for all. Thank God it would be easy to drop over-board from barge or boat—the waters of the bay had ended the sorrows of many a hopeless wretch, it was said. The heavy irons provided for a quick and silent escape from life's weary burden.

An involuntary sigh, as the sequel to the train of thought, from the fettered captive together with a faint but distinct tinkle from his leg irons appeared to arouse the girl from her reverie.

She gazed at the prisoner long and earnestly, then with a cry of grief and despair which thrilled the hearts of all who heard her she threw herself forward, and clasping his manacled hands within her own looked into his face, worn and altered in every feature as it was, with the piteous agony of a frightened child.

It was Tessie Lawford!

"Lance! oh, Lance!" she cried in tones so full of anguish that the warders forebore to interfere, and the coach passengers listened in sympathetic wonder. "Is this what they have brought you to? Oh! wicked, wicked girl! Worse and more wicked man! For I know now how they plotted to destroy you. Your blood will be on our heads. Surely we must suffer for this if there's a God. Where are they taking you to? Oh, God! have mercy!"

The driver having enquired tersely into the occasion of the disturbance, and having gathered that a girl had recognised a friend or relation in the prisoner, lighted a fresh cigar and let his horses out adown the incline with the remark that accidents would happen, but a good-looking girl like her had no call to fret; she might have her pick of twenty new sweethearts long before this one had served his time. Women would go on like that, he supposed though, to the end of the world.

The public, as represented by the twenty inside passengers, did not exhibit undue surprise or other emotion. Some of the women whispered "poor thing—fine young fellow too—pity he's gone wrong," and so on. The men kept mostly mute though not unsympathetic. They were not unused to seeing tragedies acted in everyday life in those unconventional days of the early goldfields. The passions had lacked hiding places such as are furnished by a highly-civilised community.

The crowded goldfields camp more nearly represented "board ship" than the provincial life pure and simple, and things were done and said, necessarily *coram publico*, which in more conventional communities would have been wholly suppressed or excited inconvenient remark.

Therefore, after a vain attempt to persuade poor Tessie to moderate her feelings Lance was fain to yield to the contagion of her grief. Weakened in mind and body by his late sufferings, softened by the tenderness of her every tone, and touched by the first kind words he had heard since his imprisonment, he was fain, though hating himself for the weakness, to weep for company. As the tears streamed down the convict's grief-worn countenance—tears which he vainly strived to hide with his manacled hands—every heart was touched, and those emotions of our common humanity which ennoble the species were deeply stirred. Murmurs of "poor things," "poor girl," "hard lines," etc., were heard. Even the warders, though unused to the melting mood, were raised from out of their ordinary groove of total indifference to human suffering not provided for by the gaol regulations. After a short colloquy the one nearest to Tessie motioned to the girl to

exchange seats, an offer which she thankfully accepted.

There was no dereliction of duty involved in this charity, which was heartily and unanimously endorsed by their public. Relaxation of discipline was necessarily permitted in the case of escort of prisoners from one part of the country to another. Such a task was generally looked upon in the light of a holiday by warders or police troopers. It involved change of air and scene, higher pay for a time and with various perquisites and indulgences. All that was required of them was to deliver over their charge safely to the authorities. That being the result they were allowed a certain latitude with regard to the means. If the prisoner thereby escaped their punishment was exemplary. It often happened, however, that the prisoner, being a fair sort of fellow (as prisoners go) was conversed and generally associated with on terms of equality. Of course proper security was exacted. A single trooper, camping out through a stretch of thinly-inhabited pastoral country, has been compelled to handcuff himself to the prisoner nightly for his better safeguarding. But these formalities apart much cheerful companionship has ere now been enjoyed between the (official) "wolf and hound."

Hence, as the first warder observed in a gruff whisper, "they had no call to bother their heads if the poor chap's girl wanted a yarn with him. It was the last one as he'd see for a spell unless he fell acrost a mermaid." Here the speaker, who had been a ship's carpenter once, growled a hoarse rumbling laugh. "Let him have his bit o' luck for once. He'd got stiffish times to come or else they'd heard wrong."

So Tessie, sitting on the right side of Lance —there being no one to the left of her at the coach window—leaning her head on his shoulder commenced to whisper in his ear. The friendly warder studiously gazed at the fast flying landscape, as if it possessed peculiarly picturesque effects. The second man almost turned his back upon Lance in his anxiety to be out of the reach of confidential communications, while Tessie's murmuring voice, instinct with more than womanly tenderness, sounded in the ear—aye, in the heart of the captive, so lately sullenly despairing of God and man—like the voice of an angel from heaven.

"You may think me immodest, Lance," she said. "I may call you that now, may I not? but I don't care! There are times when a woman must follow her own heart, and this is one of them. I would tell you what I feel now if there were hundreds looking on. I cannot help it; and what does my poor life matter? When I think of what you were when I first saw you! full of health, hope, and spirits, with a smile for every one, and under compliment to no living man. I felt as if my heart would burst when I saw you—saw you—as you are!"

Here the girl's tears streamed down like rain —and she sobbed, though striving with all her will power to restrain her feelings—till her slender form shook and trembled in a manner piteous to see. Her forlorn companion gazed at her silently, with a world of misery in his hollow eyes. Just at that particular juncture the conversation in the coach became, if not more cheerful, decidedly more loud and animated, and their united voices helping to drown poor Tessie's lamentations some poor opportunity was given her to recover herself.

"You think me very silly," she said, with a miserable attempt to smile. "I did not know how much I cared for you until the trial—women don't always. I thought I had a friendly feeling, and no more, till I felt I could have killed Kate—wretch that she is! for the part she took against you. Then I knew—that I loved you! Oh! my God! I know now! But you would never have been told it if you had been free and rich—not now—not now either—except I thought I could do you some good—some good, after helping to ruin you. God forgive me!"

"I have been back to Ballarat, back to Eumeralla and the Snowy River, to other places, too, because I was determined to find out how the thing was worked between Dayrell and Kate."

"And did you find out?" Lance said, and his voice sounded strangely hoarse in the girl's ear, even his voice had changed, she thought. "What fiends there are on earth!"

"I am certain that I have," she answered. "I daresay you wondered—and so did I—what made Kate so venemous against you all of a sudden? Dayrell didn't like you, because you thought yourself above him, and for another reason, and besides he wanted to get his name up for a conviction, because so many horses had been stolen and the Comissioner had been blaming the police."

"What was the other reason, Tessie? I never did him any harm."

"Well, it doesn't matter now, but—he—he chose to fancy he admired me—poor me!—when we lived at Eumeralla. I never could bear the sight of him—and showed it. One of the boys stupidly chaffed him about it after we came to Growlers', and said I was

"gone upon you," as he called it. That foolishness made all the mischief, I believe. He set himself to have you somehow."

"And he did! May God blast and wither his soul and body, as he has mine!" groaned Lance, with a savage intensity that made the girl shudder.

Oh! don't—don't!" she cried. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that, you seem so different when you do. Then, when you were searched, he found a letter which you had half-written to your cousin in England, and out of that he made greater mischief still He finished it himself in his own way, and then read it to Kate, making her believe that you had been engaged to your cousin all along, and were making game of her as a half-bred, common bush girl that you were amusing yourself with."

"Then how about seeing me at Eumeralla? *you* swore to that!" said Lance, reproachfully, unable to repress his anger as he thought of the strange medley of fact and fraud by which he had been betrayed.

"I did, God help me!" said poor Tessie, very humbly. "Why couldn't I swear falsely like others? It was that villain, Trevenna. I have seen *him* since, but only for a moment or two. It is the most extraordinary likeness that ever was seen. I was deceived, and so were the other honest witnesses. He was also in the plot against you. He was an admirer of Kate's, and she played fast and loose with him. When he heard that you and she had met at Growlers', and were seen riding about together, he was furious, and vowed to shoot you if he got a chance. He was in with Ned and Dan in some cross work at Eumeralla, but only showed on occasions. He used to come across from Omeo, where, if all reports are true, the worst villains in all Australia are gathered together.

The day was cold and long besides to the crowded passengers, relieved only by a short mid-day halt for refreshment. The roads, chiefly unmade and deep with mud, through which the steaming team rushed, unrelaxing the high rate of speed with which they had started. Their colors were hardly discernible. Along the plank road for twenty miles matters were something better, here the pace was at times little less than full speed. Even then occasionally a loose plank would fly up as a horse trod too near the end, and a shower of mud and water would be impartially distributed. Two persons only felt not the enforced tedium to be a weariness. Lance and Tessie, in the early gloom of a winter evening, were enabled to talk still more at ease. They enjoyed their opportunity, this wintry smile of fortune as those who might never meet again in life. So many chances were against it. But this strange interview had been most beneficial to Lance. It had softened his heart and revived his drooping, well-nigh extinguished faith in Providence and his fortune. The girl persuaded him to promise that he would do his best to disarm his gaolers by good conduct. The chances were against his finding a second Bracker. She would find means of communicating with him from Melbourne. Trust her for that! She had already given liberally to his present guards, who were fully convinced that she was a young woman deserving of every consideration. "You promise me, on your honor," she said, as the lights of the town and the well macadamised street warned of the approaching halt. "My honor!" he said, drearily. "Yes! your honor!" she answered proudly; "I believe in it, and so will others yet."

"I promise," he said, "may God bless you, Tessie, whatever may be my fate." They sat silently, her hands clasped around his, her head against his shoulder.

Mine is a strange love tale," she said, "is it not? but for this meeting it might never have been told. No living man shall hear such words again from me. And to think that you and I may never meet again!"

The coach stopped. There was the usual bustle of escaping passengers and mislaid luggage, as the girl threw her arms around Trevanion's neck and kissed his lips, his cheeks, his forehead, with passionate fervor.

"You are mine," she said, "for this day if for no other, and unless my heart tells me false, it is the last, last time! Do not forget poor Tessie, if she could have saved you with her life you would have been free and happy. May God bless and keep you."

She descended the coach steps slowly, and walking calmly down the lighted street without looking back was soon lost in the crowd of busy or pleasure seeking wayfarers.

(To be continued.)

THE REBELLION IN THE KITCHEN.

BY THOMAS COURTNEY.

EVERY now and then "Society" is heard piteously condoling with itself through the medium of print over the wrongs which it has to endure at the hands of the modern servant girl. This social bugbear who is usually spoken of as if she were a sort of animate machine, invented by Providence for the special use and benefit of a certain class who choose to style themselves her "betters," we hear charged with undermining at different points the whole fabric of nineteenth century civilisation and threatening to bring the world to a dead standstill. Already she is accused of successfully scaring timid young ladies away from matrimony, and causing them to prefer the tranquil but melancholy bliss of old maidenhood to the terrible trials of genteel house-keeping. I have seen even in quasi-democratic journals that charge levelled with a quite serious vindictiveness against the servant girl, and grave discussions started as to the best means of counteracting this extremely dangerous tendency on her part.

The ways in which she accomplishes her fell purposes are described as manifold. To the imagination of the timid young lady who dares to contemplate matrimony she presents herself in all sorts of terrible shapes and forms. She appears, to begin with, as discarding the orthodox names of Bridget and Mary Ann, and in a fashionable angular handwriting signing herself Maud or Gladys. A vision also arises of this rebellious "young person" sallying forth from the kitchen arrayed in dresses and bonnets built on the same plans as those worn by her mistress, and perhaps having the audacity to set them off to more advantage by a neater figure and fairer face. Furthermore she is so hopelessly lost to all sense of obligation to her betters as to demand wages which will enable her to dress in this utterly unservantlike style, and opportunities for "going out" and cultivating social relationships like other people do. Worse even than that is darkly suggested. "Young persons" of the present day have been known to lay sacrilegious hands on society's piano, and to rattle off a sonata just as freely as they might peel a potato. Reasonable rest and recreation such as would befit young people instead of "young persons" are also insisted upon, and other things beside toiling and sleeping are openly asserted as requisite to fill up the measure of rational life even for a domestic servant. If the slightest objection is raised, the "young person," forgetting all about the station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place her, and callously indifferent as to how society is to get its boots polished or its menial housework done, falls defiantly back on her public school education and flounces out of the kitchen to take a situation as saleswoman, clerk. amanuensis, teacher or typewriter. Angelina, shrinking from this appaling bugbear of housekeeping life, often refuses, so we are told, the proffered hand of her Edwin, whereupon that blighted youth invests in a black pipe and a chronic sneer and sets up straight-away as a confirmed boarding-house bachelor. This is how the servant girl is getting her destructive lever under society's foundations and ruthlessly using loving hearts as a fulcrum for prising over the whole edifice.

How to prevent this dire cataclysm has become one of the leading problems of modern life, and under the name of the "Servant girl question" it is being discussed in most parts of the civilised world. In Australia, however, its acutest phase has been reached, and for my part I rejoice to live in a country of which this can be said. It is the best evidence we can possibly have of the happy, enlightened and prosperous state of the people. In a miserable, poor, or degraded community there will never be any trouble about solving the servant girl question. China experiences no particular difficulty in this regard, and in the poorer and more crowded countries of Europe the foundations of society are still considered tolerably safe from the insurrection of the "young person" who is said to threaten such havoc here. Nevertheless, as the world progresses and the general conditions of human life gradually improve, the servant girl question, as it is called, must necessarily begin to show itself sooner or later as far as the light of liberal civilisation extends. The nearer we approach to an ideal commonwealth the fewer poor men will be obliged by grinding necessity to send their

daughters to perform menial offices for the idle daughters of rich men, and in a corresponding ratio will the servant girl difficulty assert itself. And the equanimity with which he accepts this is the crucial test for the metal of which your loud-talking or tall-writing conventional radical is made. The ideal radical community is one in which no man would be obliged to make his daughter wait on the daughter of his neighbor, or compel his wife to wash another woman's husband's shirt. It is a community in which the gordian-knot of the servant girl question would be solved by the abolition of menialism altogether. Of course the consequence would be that the "young lady" would have to comb her own hair and make her own bed instead of having a despised "young person" to perform these offices for her, and the old lady, perchance, would have to cook the old gentleman's dinner, as it is quite right and fitting that every good wife should know how to do. It is because the levelling up of the "lower orders" has brought us nearer to that supreme democratic consummation than the more class ridden countries of the old world that the servant girl question has reached an acuter stage here than anywhere else. The constant wail of society is that the rising generation of Australian "young persons" refuse to go to domestic service. The reason is that the improved conditions of her life are removing the compulsion which alone can drive a poor girl to service under its present socially repulsive conditions, and which she has just as much right to keep away from, if she can, as the daughters of the rich have. This is the thing which we frequently see alleged democrats rising to publicly deplore. Most men are by instinct democrats from their own social level upwards, but conservatives from that downwards. The democracy of very few, therefore, reaches to the servant girl, and in all programmes of radical reform she is overlooked. Her emancipation, however, is being wrought out by that process of social evolution which universal education has recently brought into play.

The servant girl question originated in English speaking communities with the abolition of villeinage. Of course when all the men and women born in one condition of life were the personal property of those born in another, and legally secured to them as beasts of burden by right of birth alone, the difficulty of getting servants on any terms could not exist. But as soon as the first dawn of modern liberalism put an end to this the present problem arose. For a long while the masses, however, continued in a state of helpless ignorance, poverty and social degradation, during which servant girls were only too plentiful at any price. The question consequently gave little or no trouble, but in this country at the present time of day matters are becoming different. Happily the disparity between the number of people who can afford to keep servants and the number who are compelled to send their daughters to service is here minimised to an extent never witnessed in the world before. This is what makes the "servant girl question" the perplexing problem which colonial "society" finds it growing into. Is that anything for the genuine Australian democrat to grumble about? Ought it not rather to be his boast and pride that in this bright country of his the daughters of the masses are able to maintain a spirit of independence which scorns to perform menial work for the daughters of the classes?

A "young person" who goes to service in Australia requires wages which will enable her to dress as well as the idle "young ladies" whom she waits upon. She must also have reasonable leisure and the opportunities of meeting her friends and participating in the enjoyments of social life which, hitherto, servant girls have been under the sternest of "society's" unwritten laws debarred from. If these terms are refused she leaves her place, and she can either support herself elsewhere or her father can keep her at home. And all honor to him say I for doing so, and may the day come in this sunny land of ours when every father will be in a position to keep his daughters under his own roof until in the course of nature they remove to homes of their own. As servant girls are treated and regarded in this community he is justified in making every sacrifice for that purpose, and the joy of every real liberal will be to see the difficulties which mistresses have about procuring menials from amongst his countrywomen increasing day by day.

The way for the mistresses to get over this difficulty is by making the attractions of domestic service superior to those offered by other avenues of female employment. First and foremost the social brand of the menial must be obliterated. Give the domestic a chance to cultivate those arts and graces which will fit her to be any man's wife such as other occupations afford her, and remove the bann of social excommunication which her mistress herself is the first to pronounce as soon as the girl enters her kitchen. If "society" won't do this, but means to insist

first and last try for those precious stones that I am going to tell you about.

"It cost my mate his life.

"I found out all that about the deposit from a scientific chap who came along with two horses and stopped a night at my hut. Said he, 'Somewhere about the district where you got that blue deposit you will find the real matrix of the opal. It mightn't be just on the spot, because those stones came down on the flood water long ago. But when you strike a reef, or even a big hill of hard chocolate colored stone, *peg in*.'

"I remembered those words, sir, you may depend upon it, and gave him some of my specimens to take to town. Soon afterwards a young jackeroo coming out with rations, brought me word from Mr. Clarke, the overseer, that my sheep—two thousand fine fat wethers—were to be on the road for the Adelaide market in a week. There were eight thousand going altogether, and the gentleman who was to take charge of them was in at the station. The overseer complimented me on my sheep. They were the finest and best conditioned on the run, he said, and he would be glad if I would shepherd them along the road. Adelaide was a thousand miles away. So at the rate of five or six miles a-day there was over six months work in it, wages a bit extra of course, a cook to look after your grub, and nothing to do but to head your sheep in the proper direction, and let them munch quietly on. Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't know which way to look at the question. I'd saved over a hundred pound, and the money was safe in the bank. The trip would put, perhaps, forty pound more in my pocket, but I'd got those opals in my head, and though I felt sure Mr. Clark would be disappointed, I might beg him to put on another man in my place.

"When the jackeroo went back to Zandilla I sent no reply, only that I would think it over. So I lit my pipe, and sat on an old log outside my hut door, and thought a good bit as I puffed the bacca. 'Suppose I went? Well, there would be a hundred and forty quid for me in Adelaide. That meant new clothes, new boots, new fixings and hotel dinners, with perhaps the barmaids wheedling a lot out of me besides. Very likely I shall get drunk and run through that money in a fortnight,' I argued. 'I have done the same thing before often enough. But then Mr. Clark wants me to go. There's nobody that can look after the jumbucks as I can. I'd like to see those fellows top the market,' I said out loud, and I'm blowed if the bull wasn't looking at me and shaking himself as much as to say, 'that's right, don't leave us, old man, we can't forget you, you know—you're too ugly.' Then I looked at the other side again. 'Now Baines,' I said to myself, 'you know you're a thundering fool in a big town; you can't keep your money, but up here in the bush there are few fellows who pull along as well you do. You are in good health; probably you have got a long time to live. Why don't you make a big pile and give up shepherding altogether. *Those opals*, sonny!'

"There you are. I was in a quandary—what the scientific chap would have called fixed between the horns of a dilemma.

"I brought out my old watch and put it down on the stump beside me.

"'There's about fourteen Rockhampton doves gone to the water past the old copper-leaved gum at the corner,' I says. 'If five more pass before you get once round the second dial, old ticker, I'll give up the sheep and go prospecting.'

"There were six, so it was opals.

"Mr. Clark laughed when I told him, and says he, 'you take care you don't get 'boomallied' or speared by the Warrigal blacks, Baines. There's a strong Eepai tribe out there somewhere.'

"I told him I was sorry to leave the sheep, but he knew that as well as I did, and he also knew that I should not have a farthing left if I went to Adelaide, for I was reckless in those days. However, I bought a first-class prospecting rig-out from the Zandilla store—picks, shovels, three horses and a rare lot of tucker—so some of my hard-earned money benefited the station anyway. Who was my mate? Only a blackfellow, and he didn't belong to that part of the country but came from the Roper River up north, and it was a favor of Mr. Clark to let me have him, for Bobbie was his own boy.

"Well the sheep started, and I sold my dogs.

"It was a lovely summer, and after three days' travelling Bobbie and I were in as fine a piece of country as could be till it ran out against high ranges and awful thick scrub. Mortal man couldn't get over those ranges with a pack-horse, and the range in front of us was between us and the Boree Range, where I wanted to go. That Boree Range was a oner. None of the Boree fellows cared to climb it, but I was bound to get to the Zandilla side. I had this map along with me. Here, you see, is Zandilla to the north. There's the Tarcoo River—right! Two days down we camped *there* near that big

waterhole. Next day we left the river and steered due east coming at length to the mountains. You remember the sheer range that I told you of, which the Boree fellows never went near if they could help it. That's all chocolate stone, sir, and there's enough opals there to make your hair stand on end. But you won't want to carry any off."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I'll tell you why," he continued.

"Bobbie and I struck this country there—right up against the interposing range among those high scrubby peaks and boulders of rock. It's forty miles back from the main river, at the head of a creek called the Yelcomorn. In our days the main river was the highroad of commerce and civilisation, and there was no fear of the ordinary traveller being found forty miles back when he knew that the dividing ranges were called the Never Never Mountains. Ah! the sort of country the Barrier was, bar the scrub, before they found the silver there, wouldn't feed a rabbit one side of it, and there was nothing but precipitous cliffs on the other. But inside, down those steep walls of cliffs, it he only knew, it is lovely. It took us a day and a half's hard dragging to get to the head of the creek, and where we ought to have gone on comfortably through a deep up-and-down ravine when the creek branched we were brought up all standing by a wall of rock that looked as if is had been built by giants.

"You couldn't get horses or anything else *up* the hills around us. They were like the sides of houses, and the wall of rock was just a whole hill-top slid into the hollow. Well, I thought we were beat! Bobbie climbed up about thirteen feet to the jutting ledge of one of these huge rocks strewn about the bottom of the gully like paving stones. There were hundreds more on top of this one, and the wall branched sideways and filled up the ravine completely. I joined Bobbie, and, would you believe it? there was a tunnel four feet high by three broad between the boulders, zigzag, and black as pitch. In we went, half stooping, half crawling, and lighting matches every few yards.

"Here, you see, is Yandilla to the north."

"We may be in a python's lair, I thought, but we kept going, winding sideways and forward, and sideways again, just where the *debris* had been picked out between the huge

rocks. At length we saw a glimmer of light.

"'By the Lord, we're through,' shouted I, mad with delight, 'come from nowhere to paradise!'

"Fifty yards in a straight line; double that if you count the turns and twists.

"As I stood on the ledge of the last rock inwards, I said, 'I've seen some strange things in my life, Bobbie, but this'—pointing to the landscape, and that, pointing to the tunnel—beat all I ever *did* see.'

"'Mine think it,' says Bobbie coolly, 'where yarraman?'

"You might have knocked me down flat on my back, and I wouldn't have opened my lips.

and emus, galahs, ducks and cockatoos, hopped, stalked and flew about in multitudes. Ah, it was a fairy spot, though I have a curious name for it sir: I call it 'The Ghosts' Glen!'

"There was no entrance and no exit but by the tunnel or over the great high walls in a balloon. And that tunnel had been made by blackfellows, yet no blackfellows had used it for a century or more. There were no tracks, no half-burnt 'fire-sticks'—nothing.

"'Bobbie,' said I, 'we'll camp in this paradise to-night and do a bit of exploring to-morrow.'

"I could see the Boree Range, the side I wanted, sticking up over the tree tops. 'You

"'By the Lord, we're through,' shouted I, mad with delight."

"Horses indeed!

"Our horses were the other side of a safeguard from anything larger than a man, impregnable, unalterable, unfathomable. Those millions of tons of fallen rock had turned the real spring source of the old, half dry creek on the other side into the new Yelcomorn, running through this valley, beautiful and fresh as the Garden of Eden itself. As far as I could estimate from where I stood, it was a five mile block of virgin country, the very finest I had ever clapped my eyes on, with timber in it grander than any I had ever dreamed about. There were enough 'beef-woods' and 'blood-woods' on the ridges to shingle a dozen townships, and the kangaroos

think it,' continued I, 'we get pick and shovel alonga hole?'

"'Mine think it,' said he, 'fetch 'im billy, blanket, plenty tucker, picketul (pistol).'

"'Yes, my boy, we'll go back and hobble the horses. We'll have to take them a mile back to water, clear of the scrub.'

"And we did it, and crawled back again with our traps as the sun threw a golden light upon the gidyahs and yapunyahs and box-trees of this unknown and marvellous region beyond the wall of rock.

"It was of course too late to prospect that day, and Bobbie's tomahawk went to work at once on the white box-trees by the creek for sheets of bark to build a gunyah

with close to those lovely blue, sedge fringed waterholes.

"As the first ringing stroke of the keen blade fell on the nearest tree a 'Coo-oo-ee!' very faint and far-away came to my ears, and there was a trembling cadence in it, a sort of quivering despair, as it floated nearer and nearer, till it mingled with the whispering of the winds in the tree tops.

"Ah, the wildness of that cry! The pathos of it!

"It was a *death-cry*, if there ever was one yet.

"'That's not blackfellows,' said I, 'They're *demons*. 'We're in a land of spirits!'

"Bobbie still chopped on. He hadn't heard 'em.

I looked to my revolver and strolled across one end of the waterhole. Kangaroo grass and wild oats there were — over your head. The green sedge-rimmed banks of the water contrasted with its clear blue depths, and every white-waisted gum-tree on each side shot its reflection straight down until it looked as if there were a double army of ghosts watching that pool. Overhead on the long streaming branches the nankeen cranes, and parrots, and cormorants sat as still as if they had been carved in stone.

"I passed on quickly. But stay! What's this?

"A native grave!

"And another!

"Oh, Lord! and there a skull and thigh-bones dragged up out of the ground.

"Under the mulgas more graves—hundreds of them.

"Spears, hielamans (shields), coolamans (cooking utensils), stone tomahawks, boomerangs, were lying about in every direction, mildewed and rotten, hard wood though they were, with many years of exposure.

"I could trace the dark stain of blood on one iron wood hielaman. The spears were crossed in groups.

"On I went, the same thing meeting my eye everywhere, more graves, more loose bones and skulls. Very old marks of the stone tomahawks could be seen on the trees, and the fallen mulga poles of very ancient gunyahs were strewn about here and there.

"I stooped to pick up a boomerang. Ah that dreadful cry again!

"'Coo-oo-oo-ee!' moaning and writhing away through the air.

"I crossed over to where the 'yapunyahs' stood in dusky battalions, and beneath them were still the same mournful relics and many graves.

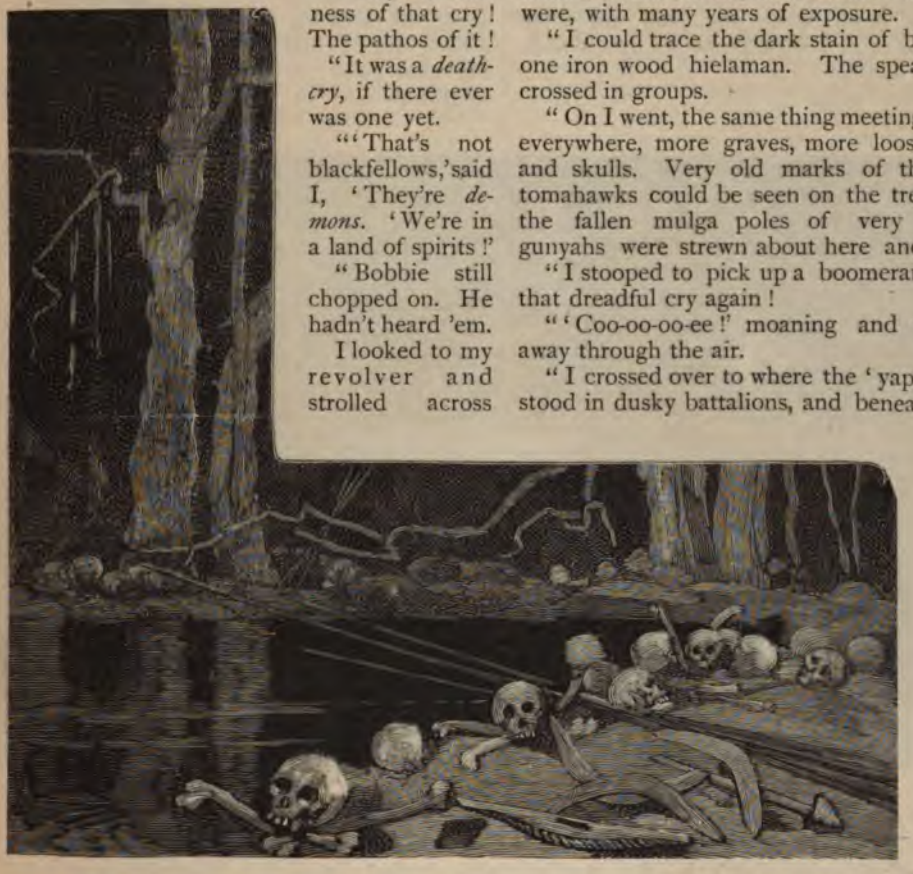
"Did I sweep aside a bough to peer into the ghostly vistas—

"'Coo-oo-ee.'

"Did I touch a grave with my foot—'coo-oo-ee,' in the same low mysterious manner.

"I got back to the camp. Bobbie's tomahawk was sticking in a tree, and he was lying at the foot of it—dead!

"'Oh, Bobbie, my lad!' said I, 'What is it?' But his limbs were drawn up as if he had died in frightful agony. I straightened



On I went, the same thing meeting my eye everywhere, more graves, more loose bones and skulls."

them as well as I could, and threw a blanket over him.

"He'd gone!

"He'd heard them, perhaps seen them, the ghosts haunting that lovely valley; and his soul had gone out to those dismal 'coo-ees.'

"It was pretty bad, but I hadn't seen it all yet. When I'd covered Bobbie and moved him to the head of the waterhole, just a few yards, where the sand was loose and easily dug, I kept watch in that dreadful place alone.

"'Coo-oo-oo-ee!'

the sacred wambiloa wood upon him. And I reckon that made him a ghost like themselves.

"How did I know, sir, if I was senseless? I saw them do it first, and my nerve kept good until I fired all the barrels of my revolver slap through a fellow who was standing with a spear up ready to throw at me. He was the king, I think, for I never saw such a feather mat before. It was like bronzed gold. At length I fainted. By daylight I came to, and buried poor Bobbie with my pistol close handy. Not that it was any real good, but it made me feel more comfortable. It was time too that he

"The moon rose that night, sir, on a strange scene.'

"Ah—the sorrow of it! ah—the weeping of it! Shivering, shivering away—away—away.

"The moon rose that night, sir, on a strange scene. At the head of the waterhole lay dead Bobbie with his mate senseless beside him, whilst flitting in the corroborree dance, close by, under the tall yapunyahs, went the skeleton-painted wraiths of those warriors who in the dim long ago had fought and fell in that spot—that sweet valley between the two dividing ranges. As the battalions of twenty—spear in hand, heilaman on shoulder, foot to foot, hand to hand—trooped past, they'd stopped and bowed their heads to Bobbie, and cast the phantom ashes of

was buried; the flies told me that. As I went away I struck one blow at some rock with plenty of deposit in it, but that awful, ghostly, shuddering cry came pealing out again directly.

"'So' said I, 'If I'm meddling with things that are beyond my ken I'm off.'

"And I got through the tunnel with my traps, blocked up the other end so that a mouse couldn't get out or in, caught my horses and went clean out of the district. I never stopped till I got down here, eight hundred miles from the spirit land.

"How do I know those opals are there, sir? Why, bless you I've *seen* them in my dreams. I often go there hunting with poor Bobbie."

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

BY SIR HENRY PARKES, G.C.M.G.

UNDER the words "Australian Federation" I propose treating of two subjects very different in their nature and significance. First, the object and limited function of the Melbourne Conference; second, the meaning and very nature of Federation itself.

It is certain that many persons who set up as teachers of the public have never understood the reason for calling together the Melbourne Conference or the object of its assembling. I have seen well-written articles in respectable newspapers the writers of which appear to be under the impression that the Conference had failed, whereas the fact is that it was completely successful in doing all that was possible for it to do. The error arises from these writers never having given themselves the trouble to ascertain what the object of the Conference was. It was not to frame a Federal Constitution; it was not even to lay down principles on which a Constitution should be framed. If the Conference had attempted either of these things, its authority to touch either might have justly been questioned, and it would certainly have exposed itself to public ridicule. Its business was set within very narrow limits from the first, and it never for a moment sought to go beyond those limits. This business was, nevertheless, of the highest importance, and embraced two firm and clear steps in the great work to be done.

A reference to the public correspondence which raised the question of Federation towards the end of last year will show the object of the recent Conference beyond dispute. In my letter of October 30, I proposed on behalf of New South Wales that a National Convention should be called, the members of which should be elected by the several Parliaments, in each case equally from both political sides, "for the purpose of devising and reporting upon an adequate scheme of Federal Government." Objections were raised to my proposal, on grounds which it is not necessary to mention here, and eventually the other colonies concurred in a course which is explicitly stated in the letter of Mr. Gillies of November 13, in these words: "I would suggest that instead of going through the form of the Parliaments appointing representatives to a Convention, it should be accepted as sufficient if the representatives of the various colonies at the Federal Council were to meet representatives from New South Wales to discuss, and, if deemed necessary, to devise and report upon an adequate scheme of Federal Government." Though my words of October 30 are quoted at the end of this passage, I never understood that a consultative body such as was now proposed could be invested with authority to frame a Constitution; nor have I any reason to think that that was understood or contemplated by the Victorian ministers This modified proposal was accepted on behalf of New South Wales, in my letter of November 28, "to discuss the whole question as now presented, and in the light of what is best for Australia." I have contended throughout that the authority of Parliament was indispensable to the framing of a Constitution; and the proceedings of the late Conference conclusively prove that all the other colonies entertain the same view. The business of the Conference, it will be seen, was to consider two questions:

1. Whether the time is come for the union of the Australian colonies under one Government.
2. The best means of framing the new Constitution.

It may be well to scrutinise the men who were called upon to pronounce these decisions. Nine were members of the Federal Council, some of whom appeared by virtue of that membership, while others appeared under special commissions from their Governments. Four represented the colonies, New Zealand and New South Wales, that stand outside the Federal Council. To take into account their official standing, Victoria was represented by the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary; South Australia, by the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition; Queensland, by an influential Member of the Ministry and the Leader of the Opposition; New South Wales, by the Prime Minister and the Treasurer; Tasmania, by the Attorney-General and the Treasurer; New Zealand, by two leading Members of the Ministry; West Australia, by the Speaker

of the Legislative Council. The fact of one of the delegates in two instances being the Leader of the Opposition arose from the arbitrary circumstance that he was the second member of the Federal Council. It may be confidently asked whether any men could be chosen by any process of selection who would be more entitled to pronounce the public opinion of the seven colonies on the two pregnant questions stated above. They decided by a unanimous vote—first, that the time is come; second, that the best means of framing the Federal Constitution is by a National Convention elected for the purpose by the several Parliaments. That was the work, and the only work, to be done, and the Conference did it with dignity and thoroughness, and with as much authority as any similar body could be held to possess. The Conference represented all the colonies, and its members presented a fair average of their representative men.

My second subject is one of much greater weight and consequence—the full meaning of Federation. In so many words, it is the making of Australia into a Nation; and Nation-making is not work for children or half-hearted men. There must be whole-souled discernment of the object to be achieved, and whole-souled devotion to the service of its achievement. It is, in fact, the sublimest work on which civilised man can engage. Who can clear his way through the squandered sums of blood and treasure, and through the widespread devastation of all industrial interests, to accurately trace the building up of any nation of modern Europe—Germany or Italy, for example? But we can get a truer glance at the nature of the work in North America. The thirteen colonies set up as separate States, and the baleful doctrine of State sovereignity was promulgated from the start, with a plentiful crop of confusion and disaster, until the birth of the great Federal Constitution in 1787, and on still—though by the voice of a minority – throughout the marvellous strides of progress under the Union until South Carolina declared her right to secede at her own pleasure, and led her sister States into armed rebellion in 1860. Then began the appalling work of re-cementing the Union by the blood of free citizens, of restoring the Nation at all cost and hazard. It is estimated that in that bloody work of re-making the American Nation two hundred and eighty thousand lives were lost on the battle field, from wounds received in battle, and from consequent disease; and it cost the Federal Government seven hundred millions sterling. Federation, then, means, in the first place, avoiding, providing against, removing the causes of, the fratricidal animosities and conflicts which are certain to follow here as elsewhere, if we go on in separation and in hostile political action. The report of the Victorian Committee of 1860 declares that "neighboring States of the second order inevitably become confederates or enemies." Let us not go on blindly till we become "enemies."

But Federation means vastly more than the avoidance of the evils of separation, great as they threaten to be. We are not thirteen colonies, but it is absolutely certain that within a measurable time we shall be eight or nine. Will it not be of unspeakable advantage to the whole population, present and future, that Australia herself should have a voice in determining the boundaries of Australian territory? It seems to be admitted on all hands that the effective defence of Australia in any vulnerable spot carries with it the guardianship of the whole coast. Who can do that but a United Australia? Federation means the life and power of a Nation in contrast to those of a colony It means a place in the family of Nations, and a proud place ever increasing in importance before the world. In credit, in honor, in influence, it means a political existence incomparably higher and grander than is possible to be reached by any single colony, or any cluster of colonies. With this nobler status would come a finer stimulus to nobler effort on the part of the people.

But the "higher act" of forming the Nation cannot be accomplished without sacrifice and devotion, and obedience to the promptings of disinterested patriotism. In that arduous war to hold together the American Union the sons of the richest joined the ranks by thousands, and fought side by side with the sons of the poorest. On one occasion, soon after the opening of the war, the funds did not arrive, from some mischance, in time to pay a New England regiment, when a private stepped forth and gave his cheque for the amount of their pay. Hundreds of such men served in the ranks, regardless of all considerations but the preservation of their country. The sacrifice and devotion of the New England volunteer are essential to any great achievement, and the creation of an Australian Nation will be one of the greatest achievements of this generation.

It is a fact not to be lightly estimated by the advocates of Federation that nearly every man in the past, of striking ability and forecast, has been a Federalist. In New South

Wales we had Mr. Wentworth, Sir Edward Deas Thomson, and others. In Victoria the parliamentary records contain a rich federal literature. In 1870 a Royal Commission sat "to consider and report upon the necessity of a Federal Union of the Australian Colonies for Legislative purposes, and the best means of accomplishing such Union." Among the members of this Royal Commission were Sir C. Gavan Duffy, Sir Francis Murphy, Mr. Justice Fellows, Sir Charles M'Mahon, Mr. Edward Langton, the late Mr. Justice Kerferd, and Sir Graham Berry. The following are extracts from their Report :—

The indispensable condition of success for men or nations is that they should clearly understand what they want, and to what goal they are travelling, that life may not be wasted in doing and undoing ; and as we are persuaded that the prosperity and security of these Colonies would be effectually promoted by enabling them to act together as one people under the authority of a Federal Compact, they cannot, we believe, too soon come to an understanding upon this fundamental point.

The difference in strength and *prestige* between isolated communities having separate interests and a national confederation, with a national policy, has been illustrated in the history of almost every great State in the world, and conspicuously in the history of States of which we share the blood and traditions. The effects of such a confederation, when it is voluntary and equal, are felt throughout all the complicated relations of a nation's life's, adding immensely to its material and moral strength. By its concentrated power it exercises an increased gravitation in attracting population and commerce. It multiplies the national wealth by putting an end to jealous and wasteful competitions, and substituting the wise economy of power which teaches each district to apply itself to the industries in which it can attain the greatest success. It enlarges the home market, which is the nursing mother of native manufactures. It forms larger designs, engages in larger enterprises, and by its increased resources and authority causes them to be more speedily accomplished It obtains additional security for peace by increasing its means of defence ; and by creating a nation, it creates along with it the sentiment of nationality—a sentiment which has been one of the strongest and most beneficent motive-powers in human affairs. The method, indeed, by which States have grown great, is almost uniform in history : they gathered population and territory, and on these wings rose to material power ; and with the sense of a common citizenship there speedily came, like a soul to the inert body, that public spirit by whose inspiration dangers are willingly faced and privations cheerfully borne in the sacred name of country.

We cannot doubt that it is the destiny of the Australian Colonies to pursue a similar career, and their duty to prepare for it. They possess resources and territory which fit them to become in the end a great empire : they are occupied by a population already larger than the population of many Sovereign States ; and they yield a revenue greater than the revenue of six of the kingdoms of Europe, and we believe they share the sentiment, which may be noted as among the most subtle and pervading influences of our century, the desire to perfect the union and autonomy of peoples of the same origin.

The form which a Federal Union ought to assume, and the time at which it ought to be brought into operation, are subjects which must be reserved for a Conference of Colonial delegates accredited by the respective Governments and Legislatures concerned.

In approaching the second question referred to us, however—the best means of effecting a union—it is necessary to point out that a Federal Compact for legislative purposes may represent widely different ideas and measures of power. The Canadian Dominion furnishes the most perfect example of Federated Colonies. Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, enjoyed constitutions substantially the same as ours, and were consequently under the control of Governments responsible only to the Local Legislatures. For the purpose of attaining the increased vigor and authority which result from union, these Colonies agreed to abandon some of the powers enjoyed by the Local Legislatures in favor of a General Parliament and Government authorised to act on behalf of all the Confederated Colonies. A constitution was framed accordingly, under which each Colony retains a Local Legislature, possessing complete control over purely local interests, and over the public lands of the Colony, while the Parliament and the Executive of the Dominion are charged with what may be distinguished as national interests.

Twenty years ago the Commission spoke of the United Colonies as possessing a larger population than that of many Sovereign States. It is now much more than doubled. On the ground of population, which is the principal ground for nationality, there can scarcely be any reason urged for delay. Numerous are the sources in past years from which authority might be produced in support of the present Federal movement ; but I content myself with the report just quoted, and the weight of the names attached to it.

It might not be irrelevant to the position, and I have taken up to examine the objections of those who present themselves as opponents of Federation, but it is extremely difficult to discover the definite purpose or the tangibility of these objections. The time not yet come? They might be answered in a very matter-of-fact way by the able men of the Victorian Commission, who said the time was come twenty years ago, or they may be answered by the poet :

Already here to hearts intense,
A spirit-force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
To bid her tremble into form.
Already, like divining-rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls !

But we are told that the colony of New South Wales is sufficient of itself, and that we have nothing to gain and all to lose by joining our neighbors. I marvel if those who hold this language have ever thought out what it implies. Putting aside all trifling matters of dispute, which are unworthy of

count in the contemplation of a great question, are we really prepared to say that our neighbors are not equal to ourselves? And do we really desire to grow up as a foreign people side by side with a people of our own blood and our own nationality? Is it our settled policy, in fact, to coop ourselves up on our own patch of Australian soil? Then we hear men say that they are in favor of Federation, but they will not consent to surrendering any power or privilege which the separate Governments now possess. This is not much unlike Miss Flora McFlimsey's notion of marriage:

> This is a sort of engagement, you see,
> Which is binding on you but not binding on me.

Then again, we hear of the Quixotic insistance of some colony that her infant system of protection must have time to grow up to put her on an equal footing with the other colonies before she can make up her mind to federate. This, strictly interpreted, is neither more nor less than a policy of internecine strife, the total obliteration of which from the face of the country is one of the nearest objects of Federation. In some other quarter we are told that the collective weight of the public debts of the colonies is too stupendous a burden for the Federal Government to carry. The answer is at hand, founded on the world's experience, that whatever the colonies can do separately, the Federal Government would be able to do far better. Such are the chief of the querulous objections that meet us on either side of the way. But do they not come from that class of pessimists who see evil in everything which they have not given themselves the trouble to comprehend? Every cause worth living for is worth dying for, if need be; and in this cause of a United Australia men must free themselves from the benumbing hold of their daily pleasures and personal purposes. It must be seen as Pym and Hampden saw in prospect the regeneration of the English monarchy.

In the ranks of the Federalists there is no enemy of any single colony or of any single individual in any colony; "all are for the State"—the one great Australia of the future. On the other hand, it is hard to distinguish between the anti-Federalist and the Provincialist. If not for Union, where is the ground on which Australians can take their stand, except for disunion, dissension, disaffection, perpetual dissatisfaction and turmoil, aggression and reprisal, and, in the long run, border anarchy? Let no man beguile himself into the belief that he can find a neutral ground. There is none. Australia as one, or Australia torn to pieces: one or the other for one and for all.

The colonies of Australasia have pledged themselves by their accredited representatives to the election of a Federal Convention to frame a Constitution. Let no party considerations influence the choice or fetter the minds of the men chosen. We may with confidence leave the adjustment of the powers of the Federal and the Provincial Governments to that body, the highest that we can create, and whose deliberations and decisions will be tried before the tribunal of posterity. But even the jealous and suspicious, and the men of little faith, have nothing to fear. The several existing Governments will have their safety in their own hands. They will possess the power of review, revision, modification, rejection.

But is it nothing that the best men thoroughout the world are witnessing our work with approval, and that the message sent to us across the sea from our kindred in Europe and America is one of God-speed. The time is come, the path before us is clearly defined, and the goal will be triumphantly reached as surely as the Australians are a brave and intelligent people.

SOLD.

BY WM. GAY.

I AM a very young man. I think that must be the reason why I have this story to tell. I don't think I would have it to tell if I were an old man. I am not good at writing. I never wrote anything before, except some poetry. I thought it was pretty good poetry. I thought it would look very well in print. I think so yet. But it has never been in print.

But although I am not bad at poetry I don't feel comfortable at this sort of thing. You can't get into a swing the way you can in poetry. Some fellows I know that write for the papers can go along like a steam-engine. They get along fast and without any hitches. I feel as if I were jolting along in a bullock-dray over stumps and things. Perhaps I will improve as I go along. I will try.

I live in a boarding-house in a fashionable suburb of Melbourne. I won't put down its name. I think it will be safer. The landlady's name is Mrs. Robinson. There are several other fellows living here. Mrs. Robinson is a widow; I believe she is an orphan as well. She has no children; I don't know whether she ever had any. Her sister had one once. Her sister's name is Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones's baby was a girl. Miss Jones is grown up now; she is seventeen. She is on a visit to "Rallaroo" at present. "Rallaroo" is the name of Mrs. Robinson's boarding-house. Miss Jones is awfully nice; I can't tell how nice she is; perhaps I could manage it in poetry. She is pretty, too, at least I think so; so do all the other fellows in the house. There's only one who says he doesn't, but I don't believe him. His name is Smith. He says he was born in London; I suppose it is likely enough. He pretends he hates women. I think it is all put on. I came on him once all of a sudden and caught him looking very hard at a photograph. He put it away very quickly into his pocket-book, but not before I saw there was a pretty girl on it. I don't think it was his sister. She wasn't a bit like him; she was much prettier. He thought I didn't see him, but I did. So I don't believe him when he says Miss Jones isn't pretty. Miss Jones's name is Alicia. Smith calls her Elijah. I once thought I would like to punch his head, but I have given up the idea. He can call her Elijah if he likes. Alicia is very tall; she is also slender, but I don't think she is very slender; just right. She has long hair; it is very long. She told me herself that when she let it down it went a long way past her waist. It has a very nice color. I don't know what it is exactly—golden, or yellow, or something. It looks beautiful when the sun shines on it—something like a brass door-plate when it is polished up. Brass door-plate doesn't sound well, but I can't think of anything else, except a brass door-handle, and that's just as bad. Then her eyes—I can't describe them; all I know is they are blue, and they have given me a lot of trouble. Her skin is awfully white and her cheeks are pink, but not awfully; at least I don't think so, but Smith says *he* does, although I don't believe him. I often wonder what is going to become of Smith.

I suppose I had better out with it. I fell in love with Alicia the first day. I couldn't resist. It was no use trying. It was this way. She sat opposite me at dinner. The potatoes were beside me. I asked her if she would have some. She looked at me and smiled, and then in about ten seconds she said, "Yes, please." I felt going then. There was a salt cellar just close by her. There was one close by me too. I asked her if she would have some salt. She looked at me again and smiled, and said "Yes please." Then that was two salt cellars she had. I felt as if I were going still further.

After dinner all the other fellows went out. I go out very seldom—mostly to church on Sunday evenings. I am trying very hard to be good; I am afraid I don't succeed much. I went out on to the balcony. It was very hot; I suppose that was why Alicia came out too. It was rather dark. I don't think she saw me, but perhaps she did. I didn't say anything. I felt a little timid; I always do feel timid with girls. I like a little encouragement; I don't feel so timid then. By-and-

bye I felt as if I wanted to clear my throat awfully; I couldn't help it. I cleared it.

"O, Mr. Black, is that you?"

I wondered how she knew me in the dark. I supposed she recognised my voice.

"Yes, Miss Jones," said I.

"O, I am so glad," said she. "I felt so lonely all by myself. Isn't it much cooler here than inside?"

Of course, it must be," said I, feeling as if I were being encouraged.

Then she got up and brought her chair over beside mine. I felt as if I were being encouraged still more.

"Aren't you going out to-night, Mr. Black?" she asked.

"No, Miss Jones," said I. "I'd rather be here."

I didn't mean it for a compliment or anything like that. I would have said the same if she hadn't been there.

Mrs. Robinson said, "Is that all, you silly child?"

Then she looked at me very sly and said, "I thought it was something dreadful—Mr. Black wanting to kiss you, eh?"

"O, Auntie dear, don't! How could you say such a thing; then to herself, though I could hear it quite plain, "no such luck."

I went to bed about twelve that night. I was completely gone.

But there is another fellow in the house who is in this. He is only a boy. He hasn't a hair on his face. He is in a lawyer's office in town. He was staying at Mrs. Robinson's when I came. He is a colonial—what you call an Australian native. He is very quiet. He hardly says anything but "yes" or "no." He is of what they call a retiring disposition. I am pretty shy, that is, till I get encouragement. But I always thought he

SHE SAT OPPOSITE ME AT DINNER

But she said, "O, Mr. Black, that *is* nice. I am afraid you must be an awful ladies' man."

I began to feel quite bold. It must have been the encouragement she gave me.

"O, yes!" said I. "I like them pretty well, but then I like some better than others."

"For instance?" said she.

"You!" said I.

I couldn't have stopped myself if I were to have been hanged for it.

"Auntie! auntie!" she screamed, "O, auntie! come here!"

I got an awful fright, I can tell you. When Mrs. Robinson rushed on to the balcony I was shaking all over. What had I done? What would be done to me? Would I have to go to jail or anything?

"I didn't mean—" I was stammering, but Alicia cried, "O, Auntie! do come here! Just look at the moon rising behind those trees. Isn't it lovely?"

I felt a ton lighter about the chest.

was a lot worse. He used to stick in his own room a lot. He went to bed early. He got up early. It is the early bird catches the worm. He was a very good young man. He went to church twice on Sundays. He was always improving his mind. He is the sort of fellow who is sure to get on. He is the best Australian native I know. Most Australian natives don't go twice to church on Sundays.

Nearly every evening I was on the balcony. Alicia was generally there too. We began to get quite thick. Mrs. Robinson never saw us. If she did she never said anything. I am in a Government office. I have besides a private income of £250 a year.

One night I was rather late. After dinner I went on to the balcony as usual. Alicia was there; so was Brown. I was surprised. But he wasn't saying anything. When he saw me, he got up. He wanted to go away. It was just like him, I thought. He hadn't a a bit of pluck.

"Don't go, Brown," said I—I wished him far enough.

"I must; I have a meeting at eight," said he.

"At the Y.M.C.A., I suppose," said I.

"Yes," said he, and left.

That evening Alicia was livelier than ever. She looked perfectly lovely in the moonlight. Nothing but poetry could express my feelings towards her. To put my arm round that waist I would have given a year's screw. One kiss and I would have died happy.

She said good-night about eleven. I went to bed. I could not sleep. My brain was on fire. My heart was bursting.

"I must put an end to this," said I, "to-morrow night I pop the question."

My bedroom opened on to the balcony. It was a beautiful moonlight night. About a quarter to twelve I thought I would go out and cool myself. Sometimes some of the fellows sat out there and smoked after coming home from the theatre or anywhere. I looked through the laths of the venetian blind to see if there was anyone there. There was. Brown was. He was back from the Y.M.C.A. Alicia was there too. Brown's arm was round Alicia's waist. Alicia's head was lying on Brown's shoulder. Alicia turned her face up. Brown turned his down. Then there was a sound like the chirping of a bird. I was very much surprised; I may say, very, very much. I was also shocked. I am going to write a poem on inconstancy.

I LOOKED THROUGH THE LATHS OF THE VENETIAN BLIND.

I forgot to say that some people say that Brown is very good-looking; I'm dashed if I can see it. And he's as poor as a church-mouse; and he's only a boy.

I am leaving here; I'm going to "digs" on the other side of the river, nearer the Kew Asylum.

TO A. M. M.

MAY Time, who loves to sear the brow
And load with woes the weary head,
Forget to marr thy future so,
And give thee kisses, dear, instead.

May every year awaiting thee
Add golden grains unto the past;
And every morrow yet to be
Dawn brighter o'er thee than the last.

All buds be fair that sleep unborn
Within the deep hearts of the flowers;
All songs be sweet that wait to sing
Thro' some tuned harp in destined hours.

And when I wish thee all of these,
Bright joys thy coming days to fill,
Sweeter than song or blossom dear
Is this one hope remaining still,—

That when the voice that greets thee so
Is silent in a day to be,
May some warm human heart remain
With half the love of mine for thee!

JENNINGS CARM

MR. GLADSTONE'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

FROM THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Fac-similie of his letter to Sir Henry Parkes.)

Hawarden Castle
Jan 2. 1890.

Dear Sir Henry Parkes

Allow me to offer through you my best and most respectful thanks for the remarkable, perhaps unexampled, tribute of kindness and respect which you were good enough to transmit together with your letter of Nov. 4 to my wife.

Beautiful in form, it is of still higher interest to me for its substance, and I feel that I can heartily return the sympathy which prompted it.

Without pretending to forecast too precisely the forms of the political future, and as one who knows that he is near the time of bidding his farewell to public life, I have an

unbroken faith in the principles which have now for a long time formed the foundation-stones of the relations between this country and the Constitutional dominions of the Queen. I believe that they have produced in the past honour, good-will, and sincere affection; and that they will continue to produce like happy fruits in the time that is to come. I remain dear Sir H. Parkes

Very faithfully yours

W E Gladstone

FATHER DAMIEN.

PALE vapors brood o'er Molokai,
Whose crown of palms and cross lie hid
From strangers' sad inquiring eye
That scans yon mountain pyramid,
Whose purple peak from out the sea
Climbs slow tow'rd Heav'n in gradual toil
And hinted speech of cross and tomb
That murmurs 'mid the perfumed gloom
While gleaming thro' the dappled shade
That wavers o'er the upturned soil
Pale wreaths the island-children made,
And where the wasted corpse was laid,
A Rose in bloom.

His leprosy his glory is
The scars that mark a victory won ;
The souls he succored, all are his—
The children of the childless one.
And as the mists before the sun
Must melt and die with morn begun,
So in the day-spring, cool and gray,
Their woes and pains must fade away :
There's joy beyond the tomb !

'Fore God no man a leper is,
Unless a leper in his soul
That bears of unrepented sin
The weary weight, the aching dole,
And sinking to a lower sphere
Beyond despairing kith and kin
There, blends with those that learn to fear
The leprosy of sin.

* * * * *

The canker'd tree its fruit has shed.
The root, the branch, the leaf is dead;
Yet, from the shadow of the cross
That stains the mound and all beneath,
And from the dust that hides our loss
And flow'rs that fell from votive wreath
See all those swelling fibres firm
Massed in this green expanding germ.
As bursts in resurrection grace
The harsh and wrinkled outer case,
Seamed o'er like Damien's patient face,
That bright young tree must bloom : it drew
Its nurture from a martyr's tomb,
Transmuting all of old to new,
To joy what once was deepest gloom,
A corpse into a palm-tree plume.
Oh! Wondrous Alchemy!—And we,
With all our philosophic airs,
The "Life-in- Death's" sealed mystery
Ne'er touch 'spite all our pains and cares.

* * * * *

But when some future Damien casts
His love-spell o'er the sacred isle
And bears his cross through feasts and fasts,
And, dying, cheers her with his smile,
Then bow thee! Martyr-nurtured palm,
Bow all thy crested glories down,
Transform'd to gold in sunset calm,
And add unto the Cross, the Crown!

GEORGE GORDON MCCRAE.

IN THE BRUSH, GOSFORD DISTRICT.

(From a Charcoal Drawing by George Collingridge.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

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SHORT STORIES.

BY WALTER E. ADAMS.

NEARLY everybody knows that it is impossible to give an infallible receipt for writing stories of any kind; yet in all literary work there are certain conditions that must be observed with the view to bringing about an artistic result. The labor in this connection, as far as the short story is concerned, is very arduous; so much so, in fact, that nothing but undivided worship of the art and unremitting toil can possibly avail. It is an old tradition, this, of the labors of writing, but it is always a dawning truth. One must write and re-write, and then write over again until he has added all the subtleties of art to the charm of creation. It is imperative to read deeply and searchingly. The successful author of to-day has to compete with centuries.

There are many kinds of short stories, but they may be chiefly divided into two great classes. A small number, embraced in one class, have earned immortality; a vast quantity, represented by the other, have yielded for their authors a maximum of remuneration and a minimum of renown. With the latter we need not concern ourselves as they bear no relation to art.

Owing, perhaps, to the assiduity with which authors have hitherto pursued the study of the orthodox novel, an art standing midway between the novel and poetry has been but little cultivated. It is very natural that the novel which at once offers the widest field of action and the greatest facility of expression should have become the prevailing fashion, or that, when poetry was contemplated, verse should have been the chosen vehicle. To the novelist the short story appears too circumscribed for the working out of any great purpose; to the poet it seems a method capable of unlimited expression but devoid of music. A great deal of poetry consists of mere beauty, and as with this material at hand verse alone can attain the desired effect, verse has grown by habit to be almost the only expression of poetry. Men by instinct choose the easiest path, and thus it comes about that the art of short story writing, developed most in America, has not yet been fully developed anywhere, has been neglected in England, and in Australia is hardly known.

That the short story writer requires a very different kind of training from the novelist is plainly indicated by the fact that the greatest novelists have generally proved signal failures as writers of short stories, and this not by any means because the work was necessarily beyond them, but because success in the one direction was inimical to cultivation in the other. The short stories of Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Scott, Besant, &c., are either sketches or abridged novels. Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne better understood the capacity and strength of the short story and have left examples of it in its highest form. "The tale proper," says Poe, "in my opinion affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent which can be afforded in the wide domain of prose."

One of the first questions to be settled in determining what a *short* story is, is naturally that of length. Poe declares that no poem should be too long to be read in a single sitting, and no better definition could be given of the short story. Length, however, be it understood, is not so radical a characteristic of the short story as style. A certain degree of duration is of course necessary to produce any effect at all. Poe says that the long poem is a paradox, and that epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of art so that their reign is no more. On the other hand a poem too brief may produce a vivid impression, but never an intense or lasting one. The philosophy of this is simply a natural law that the degree of intensity to

which the mind may be excited varies as the length of the interval; the most impassioned and burning lines fall flat and become even repulsive when overdone. Stories that aim at the purely beautiful, prose poems in fact, such as Poe's "Eleanora," are necessarily very brief; while stories such as "Undine" tend to run to the fullest extreme and often as in this case mar the effect by overstepping the necessary bounds.

A close examination of all the best short stories to be found seems to prove that their scope is somewhat circumscribed. There are, for instance, certain subjects that could not be made effective in concentrated form any more than "Enoch Arden" could have been as well told within the limit fired by Poe—one hundred lines. It is not possible to formulate the subjects that are within the field, for it enlarges or diminishes according to the author's ability. Goethe's beautiful "Sorrows of Werther" might more easily have filled a volume than those hundred vivid pages; none but a master hand could have achieved success with it in its present form.

Not a very long while ago Mr. Walter Besant published a very interesting and instructive little work entitled the "Art of Fiction." This is the best of several modern attempts to expound as much of the art of novel writing as can be reduced to rule. The matter of the book is well thought out, and carrying as it does the weight of experience has much value. Though very little of what Mr. Besant says has any application to the short story the book is well worth reading for that little. Like most works of its kind this book suffers from a radical defect, for which it was very severely handled by Henry James, junr., in an essay on the same subject. The defect lies in the perhaps unconscious endeavor to restrict the form of all novels to the admirable style after which Mr. Besant's own are patterned. It is plain throughout that he is not treating of fiction in a broad sense so much as the particular class of fiction of which he is so worthy an exponent. The evils that such restrictions would inevitably work were fully pointed out by Mr. James, and the moral of his essay appears to be that in the short story as in the novel no single form can be advocated as especially excellent.

Having now arrived at some kind of a definition we may as well proceed to enumerate and discuss the various heads into which the short story may be divided. Our examination cannot begin at the beginning, for the first mental process by which a subject is conceived is beyond investigation, however plausibly Poe may have seemed to analyse the process of thought by which he *reasoned out* his poem "The Raven." It may possibly be an assistance, as he avers, to choose the *impression* it is desired to produce, and then set about grouping such odd circumstances together as would be best calculated to effect the end in view. All attempts at doctrine at this early stage, however, have always proved futile; with the subject given in some more or less vague form the labor really begins.

The constructive part of the story may be divided under the following heads:—1. The plot complete in all its details; 2. The arrangement or order of sequence; 3. Harmony of style throughout; 4. Beginning and ending.

Were all that is required of the plot simply its narration the matter would be easily disposed of with a little care. Plain narratives, however, do not satisfy the cultivated taste of the day. Something of the orchestral effect of modern music is demanded, whereby a number of subordinate impressions in perfect harmony with the leading theme are kept constantly alive, and without which the story would be as an air played with one finger. We cannot suppose that a whole plot, complete in all its details, would suddenly "occur" to anybody without the exertion of reasoning powers; the first vague conceptions have to be worked out by a process which requires a considerable amount of art. "Nothing," says Poe, "is more clear than that every plot worthy the name must be elaborated to its *dénoument* before anything is attempted with the pen. It is only the *dénoument* constantly in view that can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or causation." It should be borne in mind that nearly the whole power of the short story lies in awakening the subtler emotions, and as this is only attainable by allowing the story to reveal itself in its own style due allowance for this must be made in the plot. There is one thing more of importance: the limit of space enforces such concentration of purpose that nothing that does not tend directly to the *dénoument* should be admitted. Work that does not comply with this requirement belongs to that sketchy class which, though often clever, never attains to a high standard of art.

The most effective order in which the details of a plot should be revealed consistently with grace claims a very large share of attention. The countless subtle effects that may be produced by skill in this direction

are so far-reaching that they often pass for originality. There are several ways of detailing almost every plot. A study of R. L. Stevenson's novelette, "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," affords a notable example of the way in which a straightforward tale may be dislocated and rearranged. True, the arrangement in this case was a dangerous experiment; artistically it has not nearly the merit its success seems to claim for it, but it is well worthy of a little study. Symmetry of form should usually be the aim, though there are cases in which a well-sustained irregularity tends materially to heighten the effect. Such was evidently the author's intention in the instance of "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde."

One of the greatest and most persistent of difficulties that beset, not only the young story writer but many a one, is the attainment of uniformity of style. It is clear that in any work that aims at high art the wording and phrasing must be in perfect harmony throughout. When these conditions are fulfilled the story may be said to be in *tune*. Now it is further necessary that the work not only be in tune, but that the tune harmonise with the theme, and when this has been attained we have a story in the proper *key*. It is not easy at first to keep these points separate in the mind, but recourse to example readily clears up the matter. For instance Poe's "Tell-tale Heart" and "Eleanora" are two stories in perfect tune, but in widely different keys. Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Birthmark" is an example in yet another key. A great many short stories exhibit in a single page several distinct keys *all out of harmony*. It is in this particular that the novelist nearly always comes to grief in his short stories. One of the best instances of a work in perfect tune and written in a sublime and difficult key is the Church of England Prayer Book. The theory of discord plays an important part in literature as in music, but the art of short story-writing has not been sufficiently developed to render it possible to say more about it.

Many of the best short stories come and go as gracefully as Beethoven's sonatas, as stealthily as one falls asleep, dreams and wakens again. There is room for considerable ingenuity and skill here. The elusive spirit of romance is seldom captured by brute force; it is shy and must be won over, for at the slightest hint of its own existence it takes flight and vanishes. During the interval in which the reader's mind is supposed to be under the influence of the plot nothing should be allowed to intrude to remind him that he is only dreaming. It is, therefore, often found expedient in writing stories of the imagination to make no direct reference to either time or place. As a study in the matter of beginning and ending attention might be directed Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Seven Vagabonds," which affords as beautiful and artistic an example in its particular line as could be found. Again there is Poe's "Descent of the Maëstrom," an instance in which the spirit of romance has been boldly seized and resolutely held throughout. Hawthorne's "Snow Image" furnishes an example of another kind well worthy of study. The ending of a tale is almost always more difficult than the beginning, and therefore should receive the lion's share of attention.

We have so far dealt with the constructive or mechanical part of the story, but there yet remain some attributes of an abstract nature well worth studying and which may be classified under the following heads:—1. Originality; 2. Ideality; 3. Causation; 4. $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{Inspiration}\\ \text{Art}\end{matrix}\right\}$ Genius. No mechanical means, no tricks or subtleties can conjure up these; they must come out of the author's natural resources. All that can be said about them can do little more than suggest their vital importance.

The question of originality is, perhaps, one of the greatest of all stumbling blocks to the young author. "How easy," they groan, "was it for the earlier writers to gather all the literary gold that lay on the surface? Now the gold has given out; all the stories are told and we have merely the 'color' left —nothing but stale news to repeat." But that is the wailing of weaklings—not the cry of genius in despair. The man with a spark of immortal fire will never fail to fan it into flame when he puts his heart into his work. People often wonder how new matter can possibly be found. Thackeray tells us that all stories are old, and Besant in his "Art of Fiction" advises the young novelist not to waste precious time in trying to be original, as it is impossible. Under these conditions the outlook seems far from bright. All stories are not old, however, with all due deference to Thackeray. Countless numbers have died young, of constitutional weakness, and the old ones and those that will survive are easily reckoned up. Besides which new combinations and conditions of life will never become exhausted as long as the world continues to progress. The creative power of the author will always hold its own against the past; the resources of originality will never be exhausted. Every generation demands and must have its own authors, be they good, bad or indifferent.

The great stronghold of the short story lies intrenched within the realms of ideality. The subject matter being condensed it must be purged of all commonplace. The mere photographing of types must not be sought, but rather the types idealised. Bad imitations of Bret Harte show how true this is. Vulgarity is, of all transgressions, the most unpardonable, however easily it may be passed over in novels; it is quite imperative that the most brilliant imagination should be fully controlled by taste. Imagination is essential, but imagination run wild, as it so often does, destroys itself. This touches upon the theory of Causation. The question of probability or improbability in fiction has always been a cause of dispute, yet a story of what is usually termed the most improbable kind may be strong in Causation, and thus have a good reason for its existence. Nobody quarrels with Æsop on the score of probability, and yet his fables simply turn facts upside down. The spirit of poetry is neither fact nor fiction, yet it may employ either as its tool with equal advantage. The probability or improbability of a plot is of little moment provided the plot is complete within itself. If the plot is complete within itself the story will be true to some natural principle, and therefore well found in Causation.

There seems to be a deal of misapprehension with regard to what properly constitutes the higher class of imaginative work. As a matter of fact work that purports to be above the plain of the everyday life of the world must be very delicately executed. There is a prevailing impression amongst a certain class of writers that the more wildly imaginative a work may be the more valuable it becomes, probably as an example of the powers of human invention. Within certain limits this may be true; but mere astonishing invention that has no undercurrent of intuition, or is not based upon a little sound philosophy, is nothing more than balderdash. Broadly speaking, if a story has its roots in the Infinite, the question of probability or improbability may be left to take care of itself. It is rather surprising to find the allegory so conspicuous in some of Hawthorne's stories, while in others he has left nothing to be desired; and it is the more surprising to find that in one of his prefaces he himself points out this error. It must be admitted that some very good work has been done with the theory of Causation left entirely out of the question. A story like Tieck's "Goblet" has some beautiful points, as has also work like Schiller's "Ghostseer," but as they have no reason to offer for their existence their force is nearly destroyed The stress laid upon Causation renders stories of adventure extremely difficult to deal with in narrow limits.

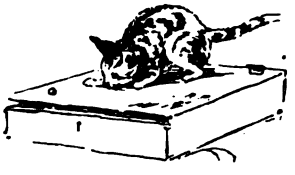
It is possible by patience, indomitable labor, and study, to build up in perfect symmetry the outward semblance of a story The body may be fashioned by skill and patience, but the inspiration must be gathered from another source. Inspiration is bound and gagged until it is released by Art; the two go hand in hand, joined in that great and prevailing scheme of Duality which Ralph Waldo Emerson takes for the text of one of his beautiful essays. The combination of the two is nothing less than Genius. The importance of art is then manifest. It has been said by an able critic that Lord Lytton through art has almost created a genius. While this is tantamount to denying that he possessed genius, it is paying his artistic attainments a very high compliment, perhaps not higher than they deserve. Now it not unfrequently happens that in the arduous labors of attaining the necessary art the inspiration is neglected. It is absurd to accuse Lytton of this score, but there is a certain school of American writers who do profess and abandon themselves to the study of the art alone. Some time ago Mr. W. D. Howells made a statement to the effect that genius was nothing more than a capacity for infinite painstaking. The folly of his words needs no comment; it arises from the deification of art and the neglect of inspiration. Art is a good servant but an indifferent master; it is the means, not the end. The following words, put by Goethe into the mouth of that supersensitive and somewhat extravagant genius, Werther, though rushing to extremes, are not without considerable weight:—"This confirmed me in my resolution of adhering for the future entirely to nature. She alone is inexhaustible and capable of forming the greatest masters. Much may be alleged in favor of rules, as much may be likewise advanced in favor of the laws of society; an artist formed upon them will never produce anything bad or disgusting, as a man who observes the laws and obeys decorum can never be an absolutely intolerable neighbor nor a decided villain; but yet, say what you will of rules, they destroy the genuine feeling of nature as well as its true expression. Do not tell me 'that this is too hard, that they only restrain and prune superfluous branches, &c.' My good friend, I will illustrate this by an analogy. These things resemble love. A warm hearted youth becomes strongly attached to a maiden, he spends every hour

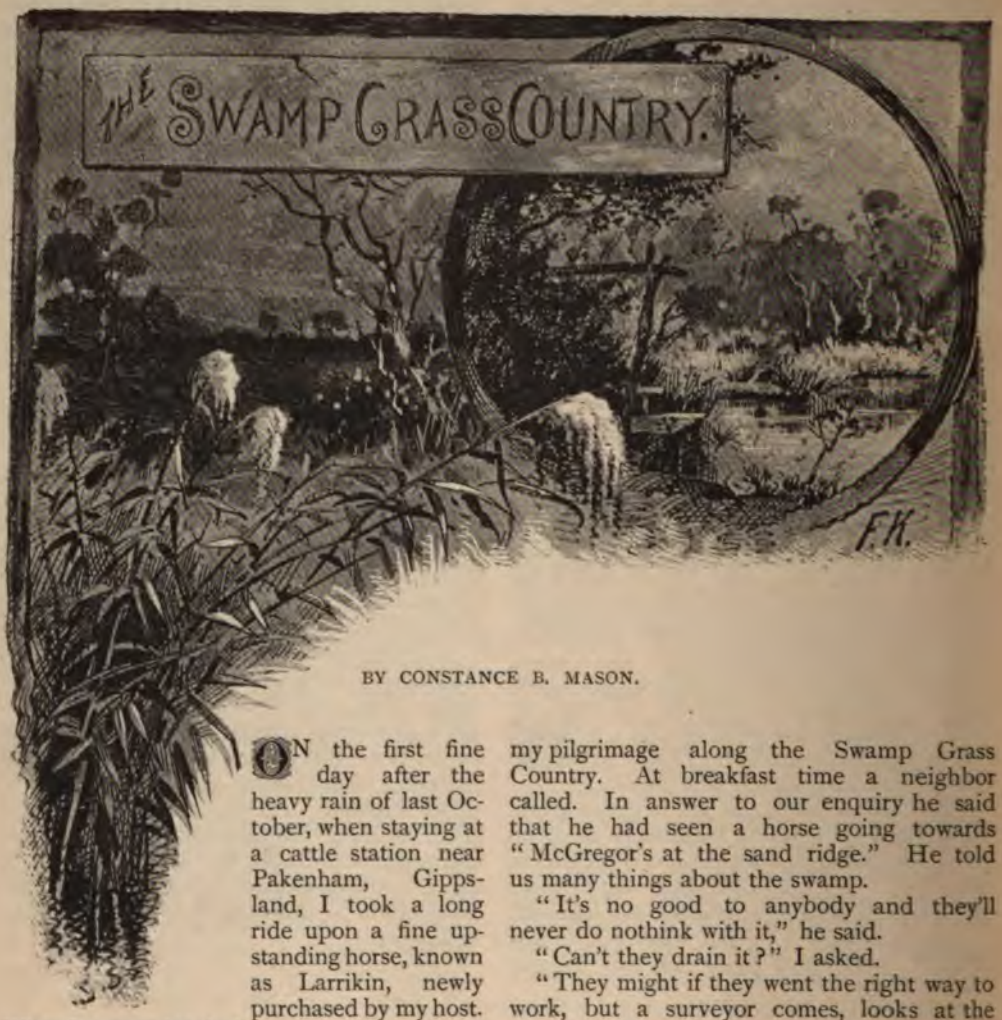
of the day in her company, wears out his health and lavishes his fortune to afford continual proof that he is wholly devoted to her. There comes a man of the world, a man of place and respectability, and addresses him thus:—'My good young friend, love is natural, but you must love within bounds. Divide your time, devote a portion to business and give the hours of recreation to your mistress. Calculate your fortune and out of the superfluity you may make her a present, only not too often, on her birthday and such occasions.' Pursuing this advice he may become a useful member of society, and I should advise some prince to give him an appointment, but his love is annihilated, and if he be an artist his genius is fled. Oh, my friends, why is it that the torrent of genius so seldom bursts forth, so seldom rolls in full flowing stream, overwhelming your wondering soul? Because on either side of this stream cold and respectable persons have taken up their abodes, and forsooth, their summer-houses and tulip beds would suffer from the torrent, wherefore they dig trenches and raise embankments betimes in order to avert the impending danger."

"Art," says Goethe in another book, and speaking this time for himself, "is based on a strong sentiment of religion; on a profound and mighty earnestness." This is something akin to Howells' definition of *genius*.

This brings us to the end of our analysis. We have seen that the short story demands more than the simple narration of a succession of events. We have seen that the beauties of the theme must be intensified and idealised by the presence of the harmonic effects of art. We have seen that we require besides something stronger than humor, something more subtle than pathos, more stirring than tragedy, deeper than romance, or than all these together. It is a touch of the Infinite. A perfect story should spring out of life as flowers do from the earth, beautiful, idealised, yet natural. And considering all these difficulties it is not very remarkable that so few good short stories have been written.

Here in Australia we find ourselves in the unique position before the world of a country without a history upon which a literature might be begun. To our young *literati* this has been an almost insurmountable barrier, and so it will no doubt continue until somebody opens up the way. The difficulty, however, is only a difficulty after all, not a barrier. It seems eminently proper that in the new world we should find ourselves under such conditions as would force us into new literary developments. Necessity is the mother of invention; we must have a literature, and we must make a new one. Two alternatives seem open to us: either to push imaginative literature to its utmost limits, or to confine ourselves to tales of the times. The field of imagination offers the widest and highest field, and in this direction it may be safely predicted that our best efforts will be made. Necessity is a keen spur. Galled on by its prickings we may some day hope to do ourselves justice. Indeed, taking the whole situation into consideration, I am strongly inclined to think that the short story will be a much stronger characteristic of the future literature of Australia than it is to-day of the American.





BY CONSTANCE B. MASON.

ON the first fine day after the heavy rain of last October, when staying at a cattle station near Pakenham, Gippsland, I took a long ride upon a fine upstanding horse, known as Larrikin, newly purchased by my host. When I returned to the homestead with a bunch of tall, grey-green bamboo-like grass topped with a graceful feathery seed I was told that it was "swamp grass," and that I must have ridden near the Koo-wee-rup, and as Larri ate a piece which he had pulled from my hold I remarked that I should like to see the Swamp Grass Country.

Had I possessed the Garûda Stone which caused Mr. Bultitude's distress I could hardly have had my desire fulfilled much sooner, for the next morning Larri (basely unappreciative of the "prairie rye" which Pakenham's loamy soil produces) had turned his back upon the she-oak rises. "He'll work his way along the swamp to his old haunts beyond the Bunyip," said his owner, and I, having a desire to see as much as possible, undertook to follow him. Thus came about my pilgrimage along the Swamp Grass Country. At breakfast time a neighbor called. In answer to our enquiry he said that he had seen a horse going towards "McGregor's at the sand ridge." He told us many things about the swamp.

"It's no good to anybody and they'll never do nothink with it," he said.

"Can't they drain it?" I asked.

"They might if they went the right way to work, but a surveyor comes, looks at the ti-tree, and goes away. If they made a road into it and looked round they'd likely see some good, but this scratchin' at the edge is nummore use than a fowl in a garden."

The road to McGregor's lay between gum and peppermint trees, with an undergrowth of ti-tree scrub. At the swamp the ti-tree held entire sway. "Between seventy and eighty thousand acres of it, all useless," said a man whom I met on the road. The sand ridge (one of the many eccentricities of this little-known Koo-wee-rup) is a narrow neck of sand rising between the long stretch of ti-tree. From there I saw an avenue of light-wood trees mixed with the tall flowering grass. "They are growing on the black soil thrown up out of a drain which goes to the inlets at Tooradin. Tooradin is at the outlet to Western Port Bay. This drain

was made by private enterprise and thousands wasted over it," said the man, who also informed me that the horse which I had followed belonged to him. When I returned to the homestead I listened to accounts of break-neck rides into the swamp after wild cattle; of one memorable chase sixteen years ago after a stag, whose antlers hung in the hall. That stag, which was certainly not a native, is, I believe, better known in the district than the Koo-wee-rup itself. "Koo" in the dialect of the Gippsland natives means a "basket," "wee rup," "black fish," the latter, in the season very plentiful in the swamp, are admitted to be far superior in flavor to any caught in the neighboring creeks.

On that October day when I rode after the missing Larri the white ti-tree was in bloom, its delicate cream-colored fluffy blossom honey scented, its leaves aromatic and pungent. The black ti-tree is of a denser color in foliage, its flower, which I was told blooms in winter, is a wide cup of five white petals. Between Pakenham and Nar-Nar-Goon the ti-tree at the swamp's edge grew taller, it towered in a dense solid mass, between twenty and thirty feet in height, an impenetrable wall of deep, dark, olive green. Unlike the storm-distorted, wind-tossed ti-tree of the sea-coast; branchless, leafless for twenty feet. Between its grey, melancholy stems, water showed under the tussocks of sword grass and flowering reeds. Once a Paddy-melon dashed by me, the notes of invisible birds were incessant, as night came on the croak of frogs and the chirp of crickets broke the silence, but there seemed little visible life about the place. Suddenly arose a sound as of some great animal bellowing under water, and the equally sudden appearance of a cadaverous-looking man (mounted upon a dun-colored apparition with prominent eyes and knees so bowed that it seemed as if at every step it meant to sink upon them) caused me to look, as I felt, amazed.

The stranger, who was adorned with a calfskin waistcoat, palpably home made, addressed me. "It's the Bunyip, hav'nt you heard it before?"

"Is it a swamp bull?" I asked, as the bellow continued.

"No, it's a smallish bird, the Bittern. If I had'nt seen it once I should'nt have believed it could make such a noise. Even now it makes me feel creepy." In answer to my enquiry about Larri he said that he had seen the horse and yet he hadn't, for as soon as his horse went through the scrub, the other had galloped off. At which I was not suprised, for Larri certainly had never beheld anything like this apparition, which he probably mistook for a swamp bogie.

"What is the matter with him?" I enquired, as the animal, closing its eyes, appeared about to sink to rest.

"He's all right, his legs got bowed waiting on the rank, he was a Melbourne cab horse once. I nearly lost him the other day, he went in after swamp grass and was nearly bogged. This swamp's no good except for destroying valuable animals."

All the people whom I met addressed me as though I had personally presented them with this undesirable expanse of country, and at last I found myself apologising for it. "It is pretty farther up, is'nt it?" I asked.

"Yes, the island's rather pretty." He was hugging a sack, which he told me contained mutton, indeed he verified his statement by pulling out a hind quarter. "I've a place between here and the road; I'm trying to start a meat business; I'm obliged to be cautious because there's a butcher farther down that's so jealous that one day he set upon me, and knocked me, the horse, and three carcasses o' mutton into the mud. I'm going to write to the Railway Commissioners because it was near the railway gate, so you'll hear of it again."

That he had not yet done so, was doubtless due to official red-tapeism—state affairs move slowly. He next told me that there were deer in the swamp, one stag of enormous proportions had been killed at Pakenham. Upon my professing acquaintance with that immortal stag, he enquired where I meant to stay for the night and advised me as it was getting late to push on towards a weather-board house standing in a cleared paddock. The last copper colored tints of a gorgeous rainy sunset had faded over the ti-tree, and presently a mist, like a grey veil, dropped over the swamp, advanced, and fell in the form of drizzling rain. Looking back (for the melancholy shadows were fascinating) I saw a light gleam through the mist, and riding towards it found myself in a family group consisting of a father, a mother, a daughter of about sixteen, two small children, and a prostrate cow. The latter (their only cow) had exhausted herself going in after swamp grass and rushes, and tottering to the boggy edge had fallen. The mother, whose chief concern seemed on account of a sickly baby, was remarking the hopelessness of any attempt at rescue; the girl (who held the lantern) was feeding the poor creature with cabbages; the father, having tied a rope round the animal's horns, was trying to arrange a method of hauling her to her feet.

When I had tied my horse to a sapling, offered my assistance, and the two children (whose awe-struck faces showed mingled interest and fear of the depths of the swamp) had been ordered to go home and stop "with Jenny and baby," we all pulled, but without avail.

"Perhaps her leg's broke," suggested the melancholy mother. The girl, while two tears ran down her cheeks, silently stripped the cabbage leaves and fed the prostrate animal.

"She is able to eat," I ventured.

"She'd eat if she had no legs left," answered the father.

The rain was falling fast as we made our dismal way to the house, leaving the wretched cow in the mud and darkness. I stayed with the unlucky family that night, they gave me a shake down on a stretcher in their living room. They enlivened the evening by tales of swamp disasters. Another cow and a horse had perished. "They will go in after swamp grass," said the mother.

"Why do you not gather it for them?" I asked.

"They wouldn't eat it if we did, they like wading in up to their necks."

Jenny, the eldest girl, probably with a desire to cheer me, told of a stag which had been killed at Pakenham. It was the same story unchanged, except that the greater the distance from the scene of the chase, the larger it grew.

In the morning when I went to look after my horse I found that my friend of the previous evening had been fetched, and was about to lend assistance to the cow's inexperienced owner. The way that that slab-sided man in the calfskin waistcoat worked, was something to remember. He swung his axe and soon had two gigantic forks, gum saplings, down, a third, a spar for a cross-beam, two tall black ti-tree poles.

"We'll sling her, me son," he informed the man, who was old enough to be his father.

When he had dug two holes over two feet in depth he put the forks about five feet apart in them, then he seized an auger and bored two holes large enough to carry the poles through the cross-beam. Having issued orders for a flour sack, a bullock chain and some strong rope, he cut two pieces of wood, from green timber near, and threaded them through the flour sack. Having felt the animal all over and come to the conclusion that no bones were broken, he proceeded with much skilful handling and an infinity of knots to pass the sack under her body, the ropes beneath her shoulders, around her rump. Two loops of rope from the sack he placed on the hook of the bullock chain suspended from the cross-beam, then with our assistance he steadily hauled the cow up, and when at a height at which her numbed legs would reach the ground he rammed one of the ti-tree poles in the earth. There she hung, her paralysed legs useless. He slapped and rubbed until he revived animation in one, then another, till at last, still supported by the sling, she stood upon her feet. Her owner went off to get some green stuff for her, and I, seated upon a fallen tree, looked around.

SLINGING THE COW.

The morning was bright after the rain, birds twittered in the scrub, delicate moss grew between the ti-tree, a graceful creeper with a blue pea-shaped flower clung to and mingled in profusion with the ti-tree bloom.

"Let's hope your horse aint bogged," said he of the calfskin waistcoat.

I hoped so too, and when the children from the house had come to stare at the cow, steadily munching green stuff I complimented him upon his skill and energy.

"She'll be all right now; it was only weakness," he explained, "but he (implying the cow's owner) is a one-horse sort, at cows."

By breakfast-time the melancholy family had brightened considerably. City men, full of great affairs, could not possibly realise the crisis represented here by one thin cow having wandered after swamp grass.

After I passed the Tynong Railway Station, I met a man carting wood with a team of bullocks. He told me that he had "seed a horse going swampways." This man, as a boy of fourteen, had settled twenty years ago by himself in a house built at the swamp's edge. I saw the place—a picture of desolation! A bush fire had swept across the swamp, the water gleamed through the solemn blackness of the charred ti-tree. Twenty years ago, when the boy sat over his fire one night (dingoes howling round the lonely house) he heard a distant cooey, and for answer, fired his shot gun. Soon after, his father and mother, who lived on a farm the other side of Melbourne, drove up in a dray with his baby sister. He had no table, no chairs, no food but flour and tea; still, in welcome he put on the "billy" to boil, and brought out a bucket of honeycomb.

Twenty years ago! To-day within two hours of Melbourne the Koo-wee-rup is as little known as then.

Crossing the hill away from the swamp I had to steer clear of numberless boxes—gin or kerosene cases placed on the grass for bees. The Koo-wee-rup is famous for honey. At Garfield, beyond Tynong, there is a bee farm carried out on the American system.

At the next house, standing in the middle of a crop, a pack of kangaroo dogs flew out, for though kangaroos are scarce they hunt rabbits, which are increasing.

Here a man yarding sheep suggested that my horse had been stolen.

"We had one stole!"

In reply to my inquiry of "how long ago?" he answered, "eighteen year come Christmas."

I rode from thence to "The Island," and saw the swamp in a new and pleasing aspect. From a hill I looked upon what seemed miles of meadow. The delicate green of rushes, deepened into olive where the ti-tree began, changed to bronze and silver where swamp grass flourished, and faded to cream where the white ti-tree bloom massed. In the distance, far as the eye could travel, lay a fringe of purple hills. The only inhabited island in the Koo-wee-rup is about one hundred and fifty acres, rising a steep hill above the swamp. A bridge of about two chains in length was built level with the water about fifteen years ago by an old Yorkshireman, since dead, who bought the island. The course of the water appears to have changed since the Gippsland railway was made, for the bridge has been flooded for several years. Communication with the opposite shore is now only possible by punting in a flat-bottomed boat over the floor of the bridge. The current, which flows from the Bunyip River, is so rapid that but for the hand-rail of the bridge the boat would be carried down stream to the water-holes which are concealed from the shore by the wall of ti-tree. The water of these five or six holes is too deep for grass or reeds to grow upon it, but the encircling ti-tree is covered with masses of luxuriant corral fern. Wild ducks and black swans are seen, but not in great numbers. Blue coots, with yellow legs, appear to have possession of the swamp. They run rapidly over the rushes, flicking their short tails and giving a pig-like squeal if startled. The bridge is a popular fishing ground. Sportsmen frequently catch flies off each other's backs, using the flies as bait for trout, which swim on the bridge; the trout they use as bait for blackfish. Residents prefer using small crayfish, locally known as "yabbies."

The old man who now lives upon the island with his family, a few head of cattle and pigs, gave me much information. He was formerly employed with his wife at the homestead attached to the opposite land. At that time the original owner of the island was alive.

A FISHING PARTY.

"It was the middle o' winter when he died. His wife, who was over eighty, only came back from Melbourne the day before; I took her across in the boat, and the next morning she found that he had died in his sleep. I sent to his relations for a coffin, then after a J.P. had been, and said 'death from natural causes,' I went to that house you passed on the road and got the two brothers to help me. I had the horse in the spring cart backed as near the end o' the bridge as I could. It was sunny for a wonder, but we got mighty cold, because after we'd put the coffin in the boat we had to wade at the side and push it across. When we'd lifted the coffin into the cart, I drove because I knew the horse; the brothers walked in front and cleared the track. They both got colds because they wouldn't wear their hats. They said they'd always respected the old man, and they wouldn't treat him with disrespect because they could only give him a poor funeral. We put the coffin in the train at Tynong, and his relations met it at the other end, so he had a proper funeral at the last. Then I took this place, and I wish that I had never seen it, for the water gets higher and higher. I brought down a surveyor to measure the opposite land, and found that I'd no claim to go through that slip-panel, for there is a proper Government road, although it is under five feet o' water!

Up at the homestead they get most pleasure out o' the swamp. They've got a boat on the cleared water below, and at holiday time they have parties o' young people. The current runs just as strong as here. Lovers go out and can't get back; it's nice for them, but makes the meals unregeler. The young fellers cut down ti-tree up stream and pile rushes on top, then they row the young ladies up to 'the tussock,' and all sit there laughing and fishing, and sometimes falling in. Once there were two artist chaps, both always wanting to make a picter o' the same young lady. One'd say, 'don't move, I'm just throwing you in!' and the other'd say, 'you can't go out with him, because I'm busy with your figger!' The one that had come first, and knew the ways of the place, offered

"'We got mighty cold, because after we'd put the coffin in the boat we had to wade at the side and push it across.

to take the other to see the water. He rowed him up to 'the tussock,' and said, 'just you step ashore while I bale her,' then he pushed off down stream and left the other chap there till evening. My word! the mosquitos nearly ate him up, but there he had to stop. He's in Paris now. That place to the south-east is Wattle Island. It looks brown because o' the dead blossom. Lots o' people have tried to get there after the bark, but only two ever did. One o' them's in Sydney now and the other in America. They carved their names on a tree and brought back a bit o' bark, but they'd hardly a rag on their backs, and were so black from the burnt ti-tree that when they got home their own mother didn't know 'em. Every now and again a fresh batch come; they start off through the water, walking on ti-tree they cut, and think they're nearly at the island, and find by night-time that they haven't got more'n a few yards from shore. It's a quare place is this swamp."

I rode past the homestead, which in 1847 was known as a cattle station, and though Larri could not have wandered there, because of fences I walked to the landing-place and looked at "The Lovers' Straits." The cut ti-tree had been left as a barrier across stream, the water rushed over it a miniature cascade, the tall grass was nodding there, the bended reeds rippling in the water, but the human interest—the picture of those young lives with their hopes and laughter—gave a new charm to the scene. In Sydney, in America, in Paris—who knows what the sight of one head of swamp grass might not conjure up to each of those absent men!

On the smooth hillside above the water, where granite was cropping through the grass, fine Romney Marsh sheep were grazing, pictures of contentment. The fences had maiden blush roses growing in profusion over them. The years that have passed since those roses first began to climb have brought many changes, and this homestead in its prosperity shows what life upon the edge of the Koo-wee-rup can become.

Near Garfield—formerly Cannibal, called after a steep granite hill, probably a corruption of the native *Meel-am-beel*—the swamp is so near the railway that the train passes through a portion of it.

Here I heard that Larri had been seen, had followed a wood-carter's dray, but when nearly close enough for inspection, had cantered off swampwards. Near the Bunyip, two miles from the station from where the river, joined by the Tarwin, feeds the swamp, in the tall desolate ti-tree, with pink bark hanging from it, I came upon him up to his knees in water, with a stalk of swamp grass in his mouth.

I coo-eed. He glanced at me over his shoulder. I coo-eed again, but he only waddled further into the mud.

"So this is your country," I said. "What is its future? Surely these seventy thousand acres will not always be 'the undecided question' of Melbourne legislation."

FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

OUR ITALIAN FRIEND.

BY MRS. RICHARD R. ARMSTRONG.

THE sun had just set over the fair city of Florence; the wind was blowing soft and cool from the west; a rosy glow lay on the hills, over the river, the bridges, the city itself, bathing each and all in its radiance. Two young Australians sat in the *loggia* of the Hotel de Russie watching the ever-varying tints of the sky and hills, the clear outline of domes, towers and pines against the broad line of brilliant gold on the horizon and the deepening rose above. It deepened, darkened gradually into a glowing purple as one by one the stars began to peep forth; the lights began to awake on the bridges, in the houses, by the river, and faintly to twinkle from the more distant villas. Suddenly rang forth from all the *Campaniles* the Angelus bell shrill and tinkling from the churches afar, quaintly and sweetly discordant from San Jacopo's just beneath, whose cockle shells were fast disappearing in the deepening twilight, though his crenolated outline still stood firm and clear. To the west the crest of the hills rose sharp and distinct, while their dim and dusky breasts were

sprinkled with the clusters of scintillating lights which told where by day the villages had appeared in pearly clusters. San Miniáto alone stood out grand and distinct from its olive groves reflecting back every ray of the fast-waning light.

"It is very lovely," at length said one of them; "but dear me, I have not got what I wanted in Florence."

"Why, Rosie, what on earth *did* you want? You are fond enough of the place, I am sure, and really you make me quite jealous with your Italians. I was listening to you bargaining with little Virgilia for her lilies this morning, and only wishing I could do it as well."

"That! why that was just everyday chit-chat, and even that I can't do much of; but I had made up my mind when we came, to master the language so as to read Dante in the original. I thought I should do it all in one season, and here we are at our third visit, and I am not much nearer Dante than the first day. It won't do to blunder and to stumble over him. I am just in despair about it."

The speaker was a girl of about three and twenty, bright and pleasant looking, with very beautiful grey eyes, which changed and deepened in color with every mood which influenced her mind. Her sister must have been some two years older, a very handsome woman, with clear cut features, and eyes in whose depths lurked the shadow of a great sorrow. She was a widow. Her husband had died of aggravated typhoid in Sydney some three years previously. Her loss had so told on her that the medical men, fearing permanent ill health, had ordered absolute change both of climate and scene. Her means were ample, and she determined to travel in Europe for an indefinite period, taking with her her sister who had just entered on what must, from the force of circumstances, be a long engagement; for though her betrothed was a young man of considerable distinction, who had taken the highest honors which the Sydney University can bestow, his means were entirely insufficient, and he had all his way to make at the Bar, to which he had been called shortly before the engagement positively took place. Rosie had a great idea of making herself in some degree worthy of the brilliant man she had promised to marry, and welcomed the idea of foreign travel as an aid to such a development. They had already been two years in Europe, and having spent a long summer in England and Normandy were now about half-way through their third winter in Florence, which they both loved above all the places they had seen.

A day or two after the conversation which we have noted the sisters had been to the Hotel d' Europa to see an English friend who was recovering from a serious illness, and were pacing leisurely down the *Via Tornabuoni*, when Rosie, still harping on her Dante and self-education, suddenly burst forth:

"I see how it is, Alice. We shall never do any good in Italian as we are going on now. We ought to live with Italians—gentlefolks I mean—and the thing would accomplish itself. Did you remark how beautifully Mrs. Camden spoke to-day? She knew less of it than we do when she came. It is that bright lively little Sister she has had nursing her who has done it all."

"Well, perhaps you are right," returned Mrs. Langdale, "but I do not quite see how we are ever to live with Italians, unless," she added more slowly, "we could get one—a lady—to stay with us awhile—as companion, say—but I am afraid that would be very difficult."

"Oh, Alice! how lovely! Let us ask Sister Veronica. She will set us in the way of it if it can be done."

Sister Veronica, when asked, stammered forth in her pretty broken English that it would be difficult—*difficoltissimo*. The Italian ladies did not leave their homes much. Then, looking up at the sisters, she remembered that these *forestiere* were evidently people of position, and to be trusted; they were known in Florence, and were in the way of coming there. So she added that she might perhaps hear of some one through one of the other nursing sisters, and would the Signore give her a few days to think of it?

The few days were, of course, granted, but to Rosie's eagerness it seemed as though a month had passed, when about a week after, as she was poring over a volume of Goldoni, somewhat late in the afternoon, the *cameriere* ushered in Sister Veronica, accompanied by an Italian of some pretension to beauty, though faded, and of grave and stately manners. She was introduced by the Sister as the Signora Vercelli, and after a dignified curtsey she subsided into a seat, while Sister Veronica explained that she was from Fiesole, and that she, having heard that the Signore desired a "lady of company," thought that the position might suit her niece. A long and broken conversation then ensued between Signora Vercelli herself and the Australians, Sister Veronica acting as interpreter, though, indeed, Rosie managed to say a good deal of what she wished herself. The former explained

that her niece had been for some time out of spirits, not herself—*c'è un affare di cuore*—interjected the Sister, with drooped lids and lowered voice, and that change of air and scene had been recommended for her; but these were difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. Her mother had died when she was a little child; her father had some years later on married again; and from the time of this second marriage the child had left her home—a great *podere* in the hills above Florence—to come and live with her aunt in Fiesole. All seemed satisfactory; nothing remained but an interview with Beatrice—such was her name—herself. The aunt only made one proviso: that the girl should not be taken out of Italy. She was quite willing that she should travel with the ladies, but she could not have her go to *Inghilterra*, or cross the sea. This prejudice, so strong among the Italians, rather staggered the sisters, who had not thought of any other place than England for their summer; but after a little consultation they agreed that it might be better so. They could go to the Lakes which would be a delightful change, and they would thus be in the way of continual Italian both abroad and at home. Nothing now remained but that the ladies should see Beatrice for themselves, and accordingly an interview was arranged for the following morning.

Mrs. Langdale and her sister were both somewhat taken aback at the extreme beauty of the girl who presented herself, a beauty of a most unusual cast for so young a person, for its chief characteristic was a profound melancholy. Her great dark eyes seemed ever dwelling on a past, joyous and bright, which had vanished for ever; the drooping lids with their veil of long lashes seemed heavy with the weight of an unuttered sorrow. She remained perfectly impassive while all the arrangements were being made, though a sweet sad smile broke over her features as she listened to Rose's broken Italian; and when it was finally arranged that she should come to them the following week, and she turned to follow Sister Veronica, there was an air of satisfaction and pleasure in the gracious bend of her stately head.

The venture proved an entire success. Beatrice fitted at once and perfectly into her place. She was never in the way, and yet always ready, whether for conversation with Mrs. Langdale or readings with her sister; so that Rosie soon found herself passing from Goldoni to Metastasio, Manzoni, and even Alfieri. Dante, himself, loomed in the distance! The sisters thought they had never beheld so beautiful and graceful a creature. The massive folds of her dusky hair framed her brows like a diadem. The pose of her little head was that of royalty itself. The long dark eyes were an embodiment of gentle, mournful sympathy. One day Rosie was expressing her enthusiastic admiration of their new inmate to Sister Veronica, when the latter burst forth:

"Ah! if the Signora could only have seen her before—before this sadness came to her! She was, indeed, beautiful, *ma bellissima;* the very expression of radiant life and joy. She seemed to shed life on all who came near her. But now! Ah! *la poverina—la poverina!* Her life is all turned to sadness; and why? What can I tell!"

Thus far, and even a little further, could the Sister be brought. She would confess—as inded she had at the very outset—that it was an *affare di cuore;* but beyond this her lips were hermetically sealed. What had been the love affair? Who had won the bright creature's life and left her to so gentle and sweet a melancholy she refused in any way to say.

The winter passed on and warmer days were coming apace. April set in, and the streets of the fair city became each so many bowers of exquisite flowers of every tint and hue, the lily predominating and reigning over all. Mrs. Langdale began to speak of moving on to the lakes, but Sister Veronica persuaded them to remain for the great Centennial Festival of the Conversion of St. Augustine, which was to be celebrated in the church of his order, the *San Spirito*, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of the month, and was to wind up with the papal benediction and the solemn singing of the *Te Deum*, first sung at his baptism fifteen hundred years before. The eager little sister was full of it, and the Australians, who really had nothing in the world to call them away, were only too ready to remain. They accordingly delayed their departure, and with Sister Veronica attended most of the brilliant and solemn services. Beatrice, to their amazement, refused to join them. Indeed she carefully avoided all the great church functions, contenting herself with her daily attendance at early mass in the church of the S.S. Apostoli, which adjoins the hotel and which possesses a beautiful altar of its own with an exquisite Annunciation by Luca della Robbia. The Prior of the church and his sister lived in the hotel itself. They were old friends of the Signora Vercelli. Indeed through them she had conducted enquiries concerning Mrs. Langdale and her sister, which had mainly contributed to her readiness to send Beatrice to them. This

latter had known them from childhood, and was evidently the happier for her daily chat with them. She had introduced them to her friends, and the Prior who was a kindly, joyous old man of extensive proportions, would now and then join them in the *loggia* in the evening and talk to them in rapid Italian in which Rosie, to her great delight, was now able to join.

On the 29th of April, however, Beatrice owned that she would like to see the procession and hear the *Te Deum*, and accordingly she accompanied the sisters to the *San Spirito*. They went early and by favor of the Sacristan, who already knew the Australians well in their character of sight seers, made their way well up into the centre aisle, so they were full in view of the officiating priests. As the long procession filed past singing the ancient hymn, Rosie was struck by the face and expression of one of them. He seemed quite young, his features of the Roman type, slightly aquiline, his hair cut square over his broad brows, and his dark eyes, filled with a fire which was certainly not of earth, were fixed on high, above the crowd, above his fellow priests, and seemed to pierce into the very Heaven to which the glorious words were soaring. His face and whole person were thin and spare almost to emaciation, and with his white robes conveyed an ethereal, an altogether unearthly impression. Rosie was watching this wonderful countenance, which stood out apart from anything she had ever seen, when she was arrested by a gasp, almost a sob, close at hand. She turned to Beatrice, who knelt by her side, devoutly following the hymn. The girl's head was raised, her eyes were fixed on the priest as though they would never detach themselves, a mortal palor was on her countenance. Rosie glanced in wonder back at him who had so arrested her attention, and saw that he too had perceived her companion, that his eyes were now turned on her with a wondrous and radiant expression, an expression which in some indescribable way suggested the Infinite. Slowly, slowly, as the girl gazed a rosy flush spread itself over her colorless features, her head fell forwards on her clasped hands, nor did she raise it again till, the service over, they all prepared to leave the church. That evening, as they were completing their preparations for the departure which was to take place early on the following morning, Beatrice fainted dead away, and further looked so white and exhausted, not only immediately after her recovery, but even the next day, that Mrs. Langdale decided to postpone the journey. Rosie was on the point more than once of communicating to her sister what she had seen at *San Spirito*, but something, a sense of delicacy, of having touched the border of a mystery, a tragedy, always restrained her. She did not even mention the priest who had so strongly impressed her, though his unearthly countenance haunted her for days.

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A few days afterwards they were rapidly ascending towards the lakes; the fresh, pure air seemed to revive Beatrice, though she still retained a wan, washed-out-appearance, and remained languid and inert for some time. Mrs. Langdale had been advised to push on from Bellagio across the lake of Como to Menaggio, where the views were equally lovely and the cooking and attendance better; so, after a week's delay at the former place, they went on, somewhat against the wish of Rosie, who could not bear to leave the terrace shaded with magnolias which seemed daily to grow in loveliness. However Menaggio proved equally perfect, and the two girls made a habit of establishing themselves for their Italian readings under a great tree not far from the house. They

looked and looked at me so that I felt afraid and turned and ran away to some other little girls of my own age. And he stood and gazed after me awhile, and then went out and walked up the street towards the church, and I did not see him again until supper, when he sat a great way from me Ah, Signora! I have often wondered if that running away of mine and his going off a great way were a type of my life; and indeed so it has been. My father came to fetch me home in about two months, and how I did enjoy the journey! I can look back at it all now as a sort of dream under the scented pines, the brilliant blue of the skies shining through the boughs overhead, while the patient oxen crushed the pine needles under foot until the air was full of their fragrance. Then we would mount some wild craggy hill with here and there patches of verdure and yellow broom nodding from the purple rocks above. By-and-by we came to our own olives and vineyards, the vines hanging in luxurious festoons from tree to tree, and beyond them around the great old stone house the wheat fields brilliant with poppies—the largest and brightest I have ever seen. Ah, Signora! surely there were never poppies like those; I have never seen any. My heart sang and danced for joy in the midst of all that loveliness."

As the girl spoke something of the spirit of the time of which she spoke seemed to return to her, for in her face there beamed a life, an animation, which recalled to Rosie what Sister Veronica had told them of her early beauty. That reflection did not, however, last long; it died away softly, slowly, leaving behind the yearning sadness which her companion thought almost as beautiful. At length she resumed:

"That brightness lasted all the years I spent at home after our return. My father was goodness itself to me, and let me, I fear, have my own way far too much. I would roam idly about beneath the olives, chanting verses which seemed born in me from the loveliness around. At other times I would lie under the pines listening to the soft spirit music which the wind breathed through their boughs, and closing my eyes as I fancied I felt the wings of the zephyr brushing my face. One evening as I came into supper my father said, 'tell me, little one, how wouldst thou like to live at Fiesole with thine aunt?' At once a vision of the old town nestled away

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in its cradle between the twin hills rose before me. I remembered all the enjoyment I had had with the many companions who there surrounded me, the races across the hill in the sunset in the old Roman amphitheatre, and I said, 'oh, father! I should love it well.' 'Well then, little one. we will start to-morrow.' That evening my father amazed me by giving me solemnly all my mother's gold ornaments—beautiful ones for the head, neck and arms—and as he fastened them on me he gently kissed my brow saying '*bella, bella*, Beatrice;' and so I went to my bed. When I was with my aunt I found out the reason of this change. My father had made up his mind to marry again, and did not choose me to live under the rule of a step-mother. Also he had waited until I was in some sense grown up to send me away. Poor *padre;* I fear this new step was not for his happiness. I do not think his last days were as bright as those he and I spent together in the old home. My step-mother, who was a widow and wealthy, ruled things with a high and, I fear, a hard hand. I meanwhile stayed on with my aunt, whom you, Signora, have seen at Fiesole. Some time after I had been there my *festa* again recurred, and it fell on a Sunday. I was now seventeen, and I decked myself with much pleasure in all my mother's beautiful ornaments. My aunt gave quite a cry when I made my appearance thus embellished, and I was standing in the middle of the room enjoying her astonishment and admiration qualified with a sort of admonition that they were too handsome for a girl and should be put aside till I was married, when the door suddenly opened and Luigi entered. I did not recognise him, but he knew me at once, and stood gazing and muttering under his breath, '*sempre la stessa, la stessa Beatrice; bella, bella come una sposa!*' Then recovering himself he advanced, and after greeting my aunt bowed low to me with extreme courtesy. I think he spoke to my aunt about me that very evening, for from that time very few Sundays passed without his paying his respects to her; and very often in the evenings, when I was with the other girls wandering up the stony path to the monastery or returning from vespers, he would meet us and talk to us. He was now an *avocato* in *Firenze*, and found time for these walks after his day's work. He had known most of my companions from childhood, for he had lived with his mother at Fiesole close to my aunt's until his education had taken them to *Firenze*. He had distinguished himself in the schools and all Fiesole was proud of him, of his cleverness, and of his grave beautiful face with its sweet yet keen far-reaching glance; and my aunt, to whom I knew he had confided his love for me, never placed any restriction on our intercourse; indeed I was permitted a license granted to very few Italian girls of my age and position. One evening I had wandered from the others gathering the deep purple irises, and I sat down at length on the hillside, gazing up at the *Campanile* above me, hardly knowing what I was looking at when suddenly he came upon me from behind. I started, for I had not heard him coming; but he, Signora—he sat down and told me why he had come there, why he always tried to come to Fiesole in the evening. He told me how he had loved me—as Dante had loved his Beatrice—from the first time he had seen me; how my scarlet dress and my age—you know, Signora, when Dante first saw Beatrice she was nine and wore a scarlet robe—had stamped the likeness on his heart; how he would always love me and no other. And I, Signora—I felt my heart full of love for him. I felt that I had never known till then what life meant, and I could only gaze upon him and drink in his protestations of unalterable love, and think his face must be like Dante's own. But when he took my hands in his and covered them with burning kisses I tore myself from him, and scattering all my lilies, I rushed away, nor did I stop running till I reached my aunt's house, but when she asked me what had scared me I answered not. But the evening walks continued, and there soon grew up a feeling among my girl companions that Luigi had, as it were, appropriated me—had taken possession of me; and I underwent much teasing concerning the gravity and seriousness of deportment necessary for one who was to be the wife of so elevated and aspiring a personage. This teasing it is hardly necessary to say roused all the latent mischief in my nature. I ignored Luigi as much as it was possible for a girl like myself to ignore a man of his determination; whose love moreover seemed to possess him rather than he it.

One afternoon, as I with some other girls was passing the *Trattoria d'Italia* we saw a tall fair *Inglese* come out followed by a *ragazzo* bearing a basket with wine *fiashi* and glasses. The *Inglese* stood and gazed up and down the street, and then, coming to us, asked us in broken Italian if we had seen a party of *forestieri* pass by. He seemed to address himself more particularly to me, so I answered in the negative, whereupon, with

a look of bewilderment and a courteous bow, he passed on. We meantime made our way to the amphitheatre where we made sure they would have gone, for thither, as the Signora knows, all the *forestieri* go as if there was nothing else to be seen in Fiesole. And there sure enough, on the grassy knoll beneath the two olives just above the theatre, sat a gay and merry party. He whom we had seen soon joined them; and by-and-by he, with a young lady, made his way down to us and began to question us about the ruins. She was full of sweetness and brightness, and reminded me of you, Signora, a little; and when she asked me to join them, I, who had been made very angry by the other girls teasing me and asking me how I would account to the lordly Luigi for my *Inglesi* friends, went at once. The other girls maliciously turned homewards, leaving me alone with the *forestieri*. I was determined to carry it off with a high hand, and shewed them the whole place, explaining all I could. One of the ladies set to work to sketch the *Campanile*, and we left her busy over her work while I took the rest of the party to the Cathedral, and then up to the Monastery. We were all on the little grassy piazza talking and laughing—for by this time they had made me quite at home with them with their bright courtesy—when forth from the little church came Luigi. He stood perfectly still and gazed when he saw me among the *forestieri*; then coming forward, with a face like an avenging angel, he walked straight up to me and asked me if I wished to be escorted home. He spoke low and rapidly, but his manner must have told the *Inglesi* what he said, for the Signora who had first come down to us in the theatre said with much sweetness: 'Does your brother wish to take you home? Ask him to spare you to us till we return—we will see you safe home.' I thanked her with all possible animation; then, turning to Luigi, and, veiling with the most entire carelessness the fear which was gnawing at my heart, I told him that my friends would see me home as they left

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Fiesole. He gave me one glance, then bowing profoundly to me and to them, vanished rapidly down the steep stony path. That glance must have revealed all to the Signora, for she said: 'He is not then your brother. What a beautiful countenance, but Ah, how severe! It is like, I think, Signora,' she said, 'a picture which you English have of S. Augustine, I could not quite make out, but the others all agreed.' Then she said, 'He might be your brother, but your face has the beauty and brightness of earth, his beams with the light of heaven.' I meantime was silent with a deadly pang at my heart; for until now those dark eyes had ever been full of love for me; but now—I shivered. That glance of amazed wrath seemed to wither me up; but all the more I determined not to give way, and my anger was more than my fear. At length the strangers turned to depart, and while the others went to call the lady whom they had left in the amphitheatre, she who had first spoken to me turned towards my home with me. We met my aunt at the door, and the lady told her how they had asked me to stay with them, and begged that they might come some other day and fetch me to show them the surroundings of the old town. My aunt was charmed by her gracious manner and pretty broken Italian, and said yes readily. And they did come again more than once; she always came by herself to fetch me I think Luigi's glance of wrath had given her a hint which she was not slow to take—and I showed them every place I could think of. In the meantime we saw nothing of Luigi for some weeks, until one Sunday evening when my aunt was gone to Benediction, and I was sitting alone in the fading light under the trees in our little garden, he suddenly came up the path. I had been in such terror least he should never return that when I saw him I could not restrain myself, but rose to meet him with a great cry of joy. Then he came and thanked me, and knelt beside me on the ground and called me his own, his divine Beatrice, and told me that I made the earth a paradise to him; and Oh, Signora, if ever there was paradise on earth it was ours then. When that first joy had passed a little he questioned me about the *Inglesi* and I told him how they had asked me about the ruins, and had invited me to stay with them, and how I had done so partly to annoy my companions. He laughed but his face clouded over a little, though only a little as he said, 'Ah, Beatrice *mia*, I fear that with us men jealousy treads always closely upon the heels of love.' All through that winter he came constantly, rarely seeing me alone—that is not you know, Signora, the custom with us Italians—but the mere seeing each other filled us with joy and happiness. Once when he came I was out with the *Inglesi*, who had come for me; and when I saw his face of grief on his next visit I made up my mind not to go again. Nor did I, but hear what happened. One evening in the early spring I had been to vespers with my aunt, and, after vespers, when she went home I turned off to the hillside. More than once of late Luigi had sought me there, and I thought he might do so now. There was nobody in the theatre when I reached it, and I sat down on one of the old seats and gazing out towards *Firenze* fell into a sort of unconscious dream of happiness, when something stirred behind me. I rose quickly, and as I did so my foot displaced a great stone, which turned over on it, crushing it, and literally dragging me down on my face and knees. The person whom I had heard behind me bounded down, and, moving the stone, raised me in his arms, for I was quite faint with the pain. It was the tall Englishman, and he was bending over me, trying to restore me; then, glancing up, I saw above, under the olives, Luigi looking down on us. I frantically struggled to rise, to escape to him; but my foot was useless—I sank back into the *Inglesi's* arms Another moment and Luigi was gone. I really fainted then, and it was long before the ladies could restore me and get me carried home, for my ankle was badly broken and the bone much injured. Luigi never came again. My aunt could not understand it, for I said nothing to her or to any one of that sight of him under the olives; and no one but myself had perceived him. All through that summer, from my couch of pain, I watched and watched for him, thinking that every Sunday must bring him. But summer passed, autumn came, and then winter. We heard that he had left *Firenze* and no one knew anything more of him. My heart felt dead within me, but I dragged on till the second Christmas after it all happened, when I fell very ill; and O, Signora! I thought I should die, but I felt *I must* see him once more first. And slowly, slowly, as the cold passed away, I got better and my aunt sent me to *Firenze*, to my kind friends at the *S. S. Apostoli* for a change. I was to spend Easter with them, and then return to *Fiesole*. The services of that week did me good, Signora. They first seemed to take the bitter sting from my heart and to leave only sadness behind. The *Sabato Santo* is, as perhaps you know, *the* great day for *Firenze*, and we, of course, went

to the Duomo for the great service peculiar to the town—*the flight of the Dove.* You will have heard, perhaps, how, in the years long gone past, Count Raimond, one of the Pazzi, brought the sacred fire from the Holy Sepulchre to *Firenze*, bearing it in a vessel in the form of a dove, and tending it with such reverent care that he caused his horse to be led while he sat with his face to its tail, so as to protect the flame with his body from the rush of air as he rode. You may have heard all that this has since become to the Florentines—how the flight of the Dove from the high altar of the Duomo on the *Sabato Santo* has come to typify the descent of the Holy Spirit; and how, if the flight is direct and swift to the triumphal car outside and back, it signifies not only all spiritual gifts and blessings, but also abundant crops, and all the good things of this life. Though I had lived so long at Fiesole I had never seen it; but I think we Italians have but little curiosity. We went at about eleven in the morning, and we passed the triumphal car in the Piazza with its beautiful white oxen, their necks all wreathed with the loveliest flowers. We made our way into the Duomo, and managed to place ourselves on a bench close to the choir. I stood on the bench and so could see everything—the gradually filling building, the people pouring in by every door; till at length, vast as the Duomo is, it seemed really full, and the moving and the surging of the people to and fro sounded like the rush of many waters. Within the choir was a pillar which I had never seen there before; and from it a long line stretched right down the Duomo, through the western doors and was attached to the triumphal car outside. From this pillar and along this line was to be the flight. Meantime the service was going on, and after the solemn litanies the priests lay on their faces prostrate on the altar steps in complete silence. A sort of fear fell on me, and something, I knew not what, in that prostrate line of priests stirred my heart strangely. By-and-by the whole body of priests with the bishops at their head filed out into the sacristy, whence after a few moments they returned no longer in the Lenten robes of violet, but in the glorious Easter garments of white and gold. During their absence the altar had been quickly draped in white and the hangings of the archbishop's throne had been changed for the same color. When they came back it wanted but three minutes to noon, and the dense crowd in the nave was silent and motionless with expectation. The priests took their places, and the bishop went up to the altar and knelt a moment in prayer, then turned and blessed the people, and again turned to the altar, and at that moment there was a sudden report and every face in that great multitude was turned upwards. A white object in the form of a dove with outstretched wings flew with lightning speed all down the nave, scattering showers of sparks in its flight, disappeared for an instant through the great doors, then came whizzing back, still showering sparks, straight as an arrow to its pillar within the choir. Then came a burst of thunder from the Piazza, while shouts filled the air; all the bells of the city rang out, and the great multitude within the Duomo sent up a shout of joy, while the organ above pealed out in glad strains. The thunder in the Piazza continued for some minutes; one report followed another, and each seemed to shake the great Duomo and fill it with thrilling waves of sound. A strange feeling took possession of me as though I too must shout, when suddenly the face of one of the priests at the higher end of the choir caught my eye. It was Luigi! He seemed as though he heard not, heeded not the mighty outburst of sound. His face was slightly raised, his great dark eyes were fixed on high as though he *saw* the great Descent. On his countenance was the rapture of adoration. He shone as a transfigured saint of God. I gazed and gazed, and my heart drank in every line of his clear cut features, all the wonderful beauty of his face, and then I felt that its beauty was no longer mine, that his body, soul, and spirit were all offered where his glance was fixed. My limbs gave way beneath me, I tottered from the bench whereon I stood, and I knew no more. When I came to myself I was on the steps outside the northern door, resting against my kind friend, a crowd of people around helping to restore me, and all declaring that the heat and excitement had been too much for me in my weak condition."

Beatrice stopped for a few moments, her face hid in her hands. Then raising it she cast a sort of wandering nervous glance over the hills around, the lake below, and continued hurriedly: "Signora, I never saw him again until that grand *Te Deum* to which you took me—you know now why I avoided the Florentine churches—and there again I saw him, and he saw me and gazed at me as from the Infinite with a glance such as an angel might bestow on one of earth."

Rosie burst into a passion of tears, and flung her arms round her friend exclaiming: "O Beatrice, how could you, how could you bear it?"

But the other turned to her with gentle repression, almost reproof: "Signora, peace has come to me from that look."

Three weeks afterwards Rosie was married by the English chaplain at Como. She looked lovely in the full flush of her happiness beside the tall handsome bridegroom who had crossed the world to seek her, and whose pride and joy beamed in every look. The ceremony was over, Beatrice had helped her to exchange her bridal white for a travelling dress. She was quite ready, her very gloves buttoned, and still she lingered. At length turning to her friend and seizing her by both hands, she said: "And you, Beatrice, what will you do?"

"I, when the *Signora Sorella* leaves Italy I shall, with my aunt's permission, join Sister Veronica in her work. That is what I learnt from Luigi's last look, and it is you, Signora, with your love and kindness, who have restored to me the health and strength necessary for it."

One long lingering embrace and the friends parted, to meet again who knows where and in what regions?

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

En haut la cime,
En bas l'abîme—
En haut mystère
En bas misère.

THE path was steep, and dim the distant peak
Loomed o'er their heads. "Although ye toil and pant"
(So rang adown the night a solemn chant)
"Press on and doubt not. All below is bleak
And cheerless; but the higher planes bespeak
Pure joy; and upward still, through stone and plant,
Through plant and pulsing life participant
In Deity, all souls of men must seek.

"Afar, afar it gleams, the mystic light
Of life. Would ye behold it? Ye must use
Wide prospect and clear vision from a height
That few with toil attain, but many lose
Because their eyes are veiled with earthly dews
So that they reck not of that radiance bright."

Then died the voice. But still o'er sear and lea
The youth and maiden in their wayfaring
Sought that whereof its cadence seemed to sing
If haply they the light divine might see.
Down in the plains earth's thralls slept heavily
Sunken in lust and greed. At times the ring
Of clashing steel smote through their slumbering
Wild dreams of blood that mocked the Spirit's plea.

But onward hand in hand the pilgrim pair
Passed to the summit. At once in wondrous wise
The darkness fled, and through the golden air
The Spirit sang again. With sweet surmise
Each looked into the other's shining eyes
And lo, the mystic light of life was there.

JOHN SANDES.

IN THE CLOUDS.

BY JEANNIE LOCKETT.

IT is a common thing to hear people complain of the want of variety in Australian scenery. "Mile after mile without change—the same interminable stretches of plain, flat, stale and unprofitable, the same cheerless vistas of scrub, and, go where you will, the same dull gum-trees whose bark is too threadbare to keep out the cold, and whose leaves are too poor to afford any shade. To see one part of the country is to see it all. No variety from Dan even unto Beersheba, and very little beauty!"

So they say, and having said, consider that the last word on the subject has gone forth. No doubt, as far as parts of the interior are concerned, one of the most noticeable characteristics of the scenery is want of variety. But, even in the dead level plains, beauties *do* unfold themselves to the eyes that search for them. There are times when the sunlight falls, yet not fiercely, on far-reaching glades of seeding grass. There are times when the air is balmy with the breath of wild flowers, and penetrated with the balsamic odor of eucalyptus, pine and ti-tree; times when it is honey-sweet with the scent of the wattle-blossoms; times, too, when the gray old gum-trees break out into bloom, and the winds carry the news, far and wide, and tell it to the bees, the love-birds, and to the wayfarer. There are sunrises in those plains which have a glory of their own. And though the sun-god rides long in the strength of blinding passion he sinks to rest at last, and then even the gum-trees cast soft shadows, and between the shadows a soft, red dust, light as fairy smoke, creeps up from the parched earth and suffuses the entire landscape. In travelling across those plains, too, one gains from their very sameness ideas of breadth and spaciousness, he wots not of who lives amongst the varied scenes of hill and dale. They breathe of a vastness that even mountains do not possess. Yes, even the plains have a wealth of form and color for those who have eyes to see them: and as we all know, mountains and table-lands, winding rivers and peeps of blue sea are also essential features of the Australian landscape. But it is not of such scenery that I am going to write. It is of the source from which much of the distinctive character of Australian scenery is derived that I have a word to say, and that source is the clouds. Did you ever see a cloud created? No! Come with me then to an upland valley whose horizon is bounded by mountains and you shall.

The sun has not long risen and the season is spring, but spring verging towards summer. The air therefore is pleasantly cool, without being cold. The atmosphere is clear and transparent, and overhead the sky stretches in an unbroken canopy of deep blue. But, there, look away to the mountains bounding the northern horizon. Half-way up the side of that wooded range hangs a soft grey wreath of mist. See how it rolls and curves, how soft and light it is, how almost transparent, and yet it has taken to itself a cloud-like form. It is a cloud in embryo. Watch it and you will see that, with all its curving and wreathing, for all that it seems to cling so lovingly to the steep hillside, it is mounting upward and ever upward. The sun-god espies it, and there is a struggle. But the sun-god is not very thirsty as yet, and the dew, from the grass in the valley, has done much to satisfy his early needs. So the struggle is not so fierce, but that the mist-cloud has a chance, at least, so long as the mountain stands its friend. Then let the light film but reach a higher stratum of air, and, instead of being dispersed to the four winds, it will condense into a soft white mass of cumuli. Already the mist wreath has reached the crest of the mountain. There, for a time, it seems inclined to rest, as though loth to leave the shelter of those friendly brows, or to try the wings which are yet only in process of growing. But the hesitation is only momentary, it soon mounts up. And now so transparent has it become that we lose sight of it altogether. Look again however, and you will see a number of soft white flakes floating gently athwart the sky. These are baby clouds—the nucleus round which countless other cloudlets begin to gather as the dewdrops which awhile since were glittering in gemmed splendor on the

spears of grass, and nestling softly within the petals of the flower take white wings and soar aloft into space. And so the baby cloudlets grow. Again we look, and they are cloudlets no longer, but veritable clouds of the order known as cumuli. There is scarcely any wind, and therefore there are no cirri among them, though, here and there, there is a suspicion of what are called cirro-cumuli. How soft and white they are! How exquisite their many forms! With what gracefulness they move—"In their very motion there is rest." So lifted up above the stir and turmoil and unrest of earth, so beautiful, so like to white-winged messengers fresh from the throne of the Eternal. At intervals through the day we watch them again. Indeed we recognise in them now a prominent feature of the landscape. They soften the glare of the rocks, they deepen the shade of the pools, they vary the broad expanse of blue sky, and, by contrast, change the blue into indigo, or ultra-marine.

And now the day begins to wane, and those broad battalions of cloud troop off to the west. Their leader has received a mortal wound, and we are about to witness the glorious tragedy of his death. That death brings with it the mutterings, but mutterings only, of a revolution. Sadly and silently the weary Titan sinks into his bed, his glory for a moment dimmed and his fierce strength exhausted. The white flimsy creatures he had called into being with a nod that morning and held at pleasure all the long afternoon grow familiar now. Afraid of him no longer they crowd round his death-bed, and for a time, as though to smother what little life remained, even cover his face with their now dusky pinions. But no! the sun-god will be victorious even in death. As he touches the horizon all semblance of revolt is over. The clouds open out like a throng of admiring by-standers and down a splendid pathway he flings his last message to the earth. And how he rewards them for their sudden humility. The grey robes of homespun he changes in a twinkling to draperies of living gold; the gold deepens into many shades of red—here the redness of flame, glowing and burning, there the redness of roses, deep but soft, yonder true carnation red, and almost overhead where the line of light clouds fades away into that pearl grey strip of sky, the faintest and tenderest shade of pink—the pink that one might see in the lining of a strange and lovely shell from the depths of a tropical sea. Down near the horizon the red again deepens till it looks like the heart of a furnace. And there, on that cloud which has broken away from the rest, it is but the soft hue that tinges the cheek of a maiden.

Nor is that all. The colors do not remain the same for many moments together. As we watch them they change and blend, and change again. Here the pink deepens into glowing crimson; there the crimson softens into the hues of a blush rose; yonder all the varying shades of red are shot with gold. But the sky, as well as the clouds, shares in the wealth of color that the grand "old master" is spreading around with so lavish a touch. Overhead the heavens are pale blue, shading into pearl grey. Lower down, towards the westward horizon, in spaces between the clouds, the sky is almost violet, so rich and deep is the blue. But in a line along the horizon to our left a warm golden tint has mingled with the blue, and, as a natural consequence, it has become green—a lovely delicate shade of pale green. In faint tones and semi-tones the brightness lingers for a short time after the sun has set. And even after the gold and many-shaded red have quite gone the masses of grey clouds have a luminous tinge which they hold while the twilight lasts.

At this juncture I expect to be met with the assertion that other countries have their sunsets as well as Australia, and that masses of white cumuli may be seen in other than Austral skies. I do not dispute the assertion. Nevertheless I do maintain that Australian scenery owes much of its distinctive beauty to the clouds. What is more, we have various cloud phenomena which are peculiar, or nearly so, to our island-continent. In the first place the atmosphere is favorable to the formation of cloud phenomena not often seen in the northern latitudes. Its transparency and its capacity for holding a greater degree of moisture before reaching the *dew-point* than that of colder climates, as well as the unique position of the continent in the vast southern ocean, afford opportunities for the formation and appearance of clouds which countries differently situated do not possess. To a great many people these differences will not be apparent. To them a cloud is a white or grey mass of half-condensed vapor floating in the air. and, under whatever conditions it may meet their gaze, it wears pretty much the same face. But by people who have ever so slightly studied the subject, quite similar cloud formations are seldom, if ever, seen under other skies. There are wide variations too in the cloud scenery of different parts of Australia just as

there are differences of climate. The interior plains have their own peculiar cloud phenomena, which differ from those of the tablelands as much as the latter differ from phenomena peculiar to the coastal districts. The cloud scenery of the seaboard more nearly approaches that of northern climates than either of the others. But even there the transparency and lightness of the atmosphere preserve many peculiar characteristics. As a rule the moisture in the atmosphere reaches a higher stratum here before becoming condensed into clouds than it does in England for instance, and the softness and lightness of the clouds when formed are enhanced by the greater transparency of the air. In the coastal district, especially of New South Wales, cumulous, varied by cirro-cumulous clouds are by no means uncommon. But they do not form such a distinctive feature in the scenery there as they do in the interior where piles of cumuli may be seen day after day, and week after week, through a great part of the summer, even though not a drop of rain may fall. Indeed, the weather-wise folk of those regions may be heard to predict a long spell of dry weather from the very appearance of those same cumuli.

It is, however, in the table lands that the rarer and more beautiful cloud phenomena are visible, and a day in early summer, with a light breeze blowing, offers the best opportunity for their inspection. Let us go thither on such a day. Any of the upland plains, bounded on one side, at least, by mountains, would suit our purpose. We will choose the neighborhood of Bathurst. It is really scarcely necessary to leave the precincts of the town, but as we want a good open uninterrupted view we may as well stroll on one of those rounded hills close at hand. Masses of white cumulous clouds are floating hither and thither athwart an intensely blue sky. The first peculiarity about them which strikes us is that some are flying at a higher elevation than others—that, in fact, there are different tiers of clouds, occupying different strata in the atmosphere. Then, too, on watching them closely we see that they are not all moving in exactly the same direction, or even at the same rate. We conclude, therefore, that the different strata in which they are moving are influenced by different air currents. And therein lie the hidden causes of what we are presently to witness. The clouds themselves are as varied in their forms as they are soft and lovely in their appearance. They are not all pure white; some are pearl grey, but all are exquisitely beautiful. Neither are they closely massed, some, at least, of them showing a tendency to develop into cirri.

But now let us turn from the sky to the sunlit land where the clouds are telling a marvellously pleasant story. Except along the course of the river the country stretches away without a tree to cast a shadow; and yet it is laden with shadows. How cool and yet how light they look. They are cloud shadows and are soft and lovely like the clouds that cast them. But see, they do not remain in one place; they are never for one moment still There they go, chasing the merry sunlight up hill and down dale, and ever the sunlight flies before them. What a game of it they are having. A double game it is, too, for the sunlight, in turn, becomes the pursuer and chases with flying feet the shadows that now flee fast before it. We follow with our eyes until they reach the mountains which bound the eastward horizon. There the soft cloud shadows seem, at last, to have found a resting place, at all events. They are lying in irregular patches on the sides and crests of the rocks, throwing the sunlit spaces between them into brighter relief. But even here they have found no permanent resting place. The spots where they lingered a moment ago are again bright with sunlight. Still, other shadows are coming to take their place, and so the merry game goes on.

What a day it is. What a spirit of gaiety seems to be abroad. Nature is certainly in a jocund mood. And yet—hark! can you not hear it?—through all the major tones of gaiety and joy, ebullient, jocund, *riant*—a chord of sadness runs, faint and low; still it has an influence which, strange to say, is never more noticeable than on a day like this. For, after all, Nature is never wholly and entirely joyous in this land of ours. In her best moods there is always an *arrière pensée*. The spirit of loneliness which wandered for so many centuries over the land has not been quite exorcised. We have done much in a century, but we have not laid the early ghosts to rest. The centuries that went before, and who can tell their number, still project their spectres. We are too Anglo-Saxon to be in love with loneliness, and only one here and there, like Marcus Clark or Gordon has seen any beauty in it that they should desire it. So, as we watch the cloud shadows in their merry game of hide and seek with the sunlight, we are conscious of this minor chord. And we turn our eyes once more to the sky, but it is not there. The loneliness, like the shadows, is down

below. The clouds are moving still, but "with dove-like wings outspread," in whose "motion there is rest." There, at any rate, Nature has no *arrière pensée*. Her song is full of sweetness and joy. How intensely blue are the cavernous depths we see between the clouds, yet how soft and restful to the eye. How, as we look into those caverns, do the clouds surrounding them stand out and away from the sky. How infinite the variety of their forms. They have changed a good deal since last we looked at them. The cumuli still preponderate, but some have developed into cirro-cumulous forms, while a few are now pure cirri. The cirri stand behind their companions, and their curls and delicate tendrils seem close pressed against the sky.

Lingeringly we turn away. But the thought of them—the clouds and the soft shadows they cast, but the clouds more than the shadows—goes with us. We may never see those lovely forms again as we saw them to-day, but we shall still hold them in remembrance. Though it should be our fate to live out our lives under other skies the memory of them would still cling to us—they would remain, apart for ever, instinct with a grace and beauty all their own, no matter how fair those other skies might be.

SONNET TO ADELAIDE.

LEAST stately of the queenly sisters three,
Who hold the keys of this vast eastern land,
Thy modest grace and beauty still demand
A largess from each son of poesy!

For who can view thy plain so fair and free,
Thy spacious streets and parks so nobly planned,
Thy mountain-girdle and thy sea-kissed strand,
And fail to feel a thrill of love for thee?

Long may thy beauty last, and greater grow
Thy stateliness and strength; and round thy knees
May many many goodly children throng!

And mayest thou teach thy children how to know
The good, the beautiful, the true; for these
Alone are worthy of the poet's song!

E. VAUGHAN BOULGER.

A NIGHT IN AN OPIUM DEN.

BY J. J. ACHESON.

I HAVE always had the keenest objection to losing mastery over my senses. This more than anything else had brought it about that drink has never had any power over me, that I have never been drunk in my life—never, in any sense of the word, "the worse" for wine or spirits. In the same way I have undergone several painful operations without anæsthetics, although I am certainly as afraid of pain as the average individual is. It is easy to remark that this objection to losing the mastery over my senses is overcome every time I go to sleep; but the case is different. From sleep one can awake at any moment, while drugs render one the sport of circumstances for a more or less indefinite period.

No better proof, then, of the state of disgust and even despair in which I found myself a little while ago—my indifference to the satisfaction of every feeling, every idea, nay, every instinct, but the mere perfunctory ones of actual existence—can be given than that a chance remark of a chance acquaintance led me to spending a night in an opium den.

I read a great deal at nights, being unable to sleep, and, as my landlady has arrived at putting me on a weekly allowance of candles, I have to supplement it by my own purchases. One day I by chance bought a packet of candles from a Chinese grocer, a young man of the finest Mongolian type with lustrous brown-black eyes and a splendid swarthy complexion. He was selling candles at eightpence a pound, whereas all the other grocers I knew of were selling them at ninepence, and some at tenpence. On my remarking this to him, he said nonchalantly that he sold his candles at eightpence, because "evelyone" sold them at ninepence! The speech, and even more the manner of delivering it, amused me. I struck up an acquaintance with him and we used to chat together from time to time.

Then one afternoon I heard that casual remark about opium smoking. Opium smoking was a mere name to me. I had read descriptions of it, from De Quincy downwards, but always with the idea that there was something literary, factitious, exaggerated about them. I mentioned the subject to my Chinese friend, and on his enquiring if I had ever smoked, answered in the negative, adding that I would not mind doing so once in a way to see what it was like. In ten minutes or so we had arranged the matter. I was to come to him that evening at about half-past eight and I should have a smoke. I had a very languid interest in the affair. I had a very languid interest in everything—even in putting an end to such a condition of things. My indifference was of the real stamp. I was as indifferent to death as to life. The pure purposelessness of everything was upon me. My part in life seemed played out. I was utterly alone. Failure after failure came upon me—and amused me. The only suffering I had was an occasional attack of acute restlessness—restlessness in the daytime, insomnia at night; and, on more than one of these, a little precautionary phial of hydrocyanic acid at the bottom of one of my boxes was excessively near to being brought into requisition.

At the time appointed for my visit to my Chinese friend I was passing—just passing—from one of these attacks of restlessness. I was a little petulant—almost inclined not to go to him at all. However, as he was only four or five minutes' walk from me, and as I had nothing else to do, I got up, took my hat and stick, and went out. My stick happened to be a sword-stick, but I had not the least intention of taking it as a possible means of defence. I had no fear, because I had no care of being drugged and then

robbed or even murdered. What after all would it matter? It would settle many things. I should, on the whole, have to be congratulated on such an event. I had a few shillings in my pocket, more than enough to pay for my smoke. These and my watch and chain were all that would repay thieves or assassins. They were welcome. For me, I would have given them a receipt in full "for value received."

He was in the shop, behind the counter. His face always pleased me. I have always had a satisfying pleasure in the mere contemplation of anything strong or beautiful. Some of the Mongolian faces are both. Two years ago, in the Chinese procession at the Easter Fair at Sandhurst, I was enchanted by some of their faces. One little girl's (or was it a little boy dressed up?) haunted me for several days. I went five or six times to see her at the Chinese Theatre, and tried (ineffectually) to get to know her. My friend gave me pleasure merely to talk with him and to watch him. In the shop, sitting on a sack, was a Chinese of one of the more forbidding types, block-headed, long-lipped, filthy-faced. The grocer spoke to him, and then, telling me to follow, led the way out through the back of the shop. We passed through a small room out into a yard. It was a fine, still, starry, but moonless night. The lethargy that usually follows on my attack of restlessness was beginning to steal over me. I noticed things with a suave observation. I heard one or two notes as from a wire guitar. On the other side of the yard was a little shanty. He walked over to it, opened the door, and held it open for me to go in. I entered, and this is what I saw. There was but one room. At the end furthest from the door was a broad bed or divan with curtains. The bare boards of the wall were covered with strips of stretched linen tacked from beam to beam. There seemed no windows. The roof was covered in the same way. In the middle of the divan was a tray with a little lamp, two long things like flutes with a cup towards the end (the opium pipes), and several articles necessary for the smoking. On one side of the tray, half lying on the bed her pretty rosy face lit up with the intense light of the lamp, was a girl I had known two years before in Melbourne. She was the wife of an American who was a steward on a steamship, and earned her living by posing as a model and by playing in the pantomimes. She had two children, bonny little things, to which she was, or seemed, considerably attached. Weary of Melbourne, she had disposed of her children in some way and gone, as she told me, to take a situation at Ballarat. And now we met again. I made no sign of recognition. It fell in with my humor not to do so. There was one other occupant of the room. A young Chinee seated on a cushion against the wall beside the bed, fingering one of those wire guitars (as I have called them) which the Chinese delight to strum on. He was of singular beauty, a more youthful edition of my friend. On his knee was an open scroll covered with illuminated characters. A smell of opium pervaded the atmosphere.

Mrs. Marchant, or as I knew her best, Milly, was curled up with half-closed dreamy eyes. I stood looking at her. The two Chinese spoke together. I broke silence and spoke to her.

"Do you smoke often?" I asked smiling.

"No I like to sometimes. There's no harm in it. Six penorth does no one any harm." Ting, ting, ting went the guitar.

My friend lifted his head and came to the divan, sitting down at Milly's feet. The music of the guitar had become incessant. Ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting!

He took up one of the pipes and, having examined it, passed it to Milly, who accepted it. Then he began preparing the opium, drawing it out, a dark sticky gum, on a sort of pin and holding it over the top of the glass of the little lamp.

"Sit-t d-down," he said, looking up at me for a moment.

I fixed my stick against the wall and reclined on the divan, curled up conversely to Milly. She remained dreamily watching the process of getting the opium ready. I put off my slouch hat, and lay with a slight smile doing the same. Ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting!

Then my friend gave her the pipe, and sat looking at her as she began to smoke it. I, too, looked at her, but saw no change in her face. He took up the second pipe, and the process of getting it ready was repeated, I watching it with an entrancing fascination, forgetful of Milly. Presently, however, I looked at her. Her face was always pretty. Now it was lovely. A dreamy ecstatic light played on it, flickering on her lips like a faint but positive shine. She seemed crooning over her delight as a creature over its love. It almost made me laugh delightedly. Then the pipe was handed to me. Ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting—ceaselessly.

Smilingly I began to smoke. I felt a very slight tremor of nervous excitement. I smoked on. I closed my eyes. A dreaminess began to creep over me, vaguely delicious. Then it passed. I still smoked on. The pipeful was finished. I opened my eyes—nothing had happened. I stopped drawing. Without a word my friend took it from me and began the process of filling it again. A feeling of annoyance, of trouble, almost of anger began to stir in me. It was like the beginning of one of my worst attacks. The purposelessness, the malignancy of things presented itself to me. The ceaseless ting, ting-a-ting of the guitar was becoming intolerable. Milly's face (at which, however, I had no care to look) became bony and angular, insistent, at last haunting. I was just going to rise petulantly when I received the pipe again. I took it and began smoking quickly, venting my petulance in this way. Then a change began. The music became quite rythmical. Milly's haggard, London-pauper face grew full and dreamily delicious. A stretch of view and atmosphere began. A vast, level, treeless, brown-sanded plain was all about me. It and the atmosphere became one. The music was infinitely quiet and sweet. The lovely face hovered over me like an unembodied dove. Sometimes it was almost voluptuous, but with the voluptuousness of a woman with her new-born child in a deep and shadowy bed. It was the face of my Love. She had come back to me from the dark earth and death. No, I had passed to *her!* Then it changed. It was the face of a dear girl I knew, and yet it was still the face of my Love. More and more our rest grew upon us, until at last it was vast, limitless, infinite space and peace. A thought rose like a disquieting shadow. This peace and space were infinite, but not eternal. Then that too passed. It was all infinite, it was all eternal. There was perfect quiet. The very idea of the music and of her face was gone. I can never forget that quiet. It lasted for an age. Then it seemed

that she and her face rose up like an unembodied shadowy bird hovering about and over me. Music, rhythmical and honied, crept up, pervading everything. The face grew clearer and more real. I recognised it as hers beyond all doubt, and smiled at it. Although I did not speak I told her of the hours when I had thought of her. I encompassed her with my quiet love, and our child too was with us. We softly kissed each other Then I began to fear that all this was about to leave me. Her face grew hard, though it had beauty, as hard as I had seen it once when I had pleaded with her for a foolish woman who had wronged her greviously. The music began to throb behind me. The quiet was leaving me. Things moved and began to revolve, and at last swirled up and down and around. The music became distinct and harsh. I struggled and tried to cry out. I was alone in a black place under leafless boughs. I struggled and struggled. The music became like a rasping snake passing over my face and throat and lifted hands. I felt pain in parts of my body. Then all this slackened a little and I ceased struggling. I lay on a curtained divan in a shadowy-lit room with an intense light casting columned rays not far from me. I lay and listened to a fierce zither-player. The zither-playing passed into another playing—ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting!

When I looked round I saw that there was no one in the room but the young Chinee and myself. My friend was gone and Milly was gone, and the young Chinee, seated on the divan opposite me, was strumming industriously on his instrument. Presently, annoyed by it yet not caring to speak to him, I got up, found my hat and stick, and went with rather uncertain footsteps to the door. When I opened it I was blinded by the light for a few moments. It was early morning. I went out and dreamily crossed the yard to a door I saw in the opposite house. Ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting-a-ting, ting, ting.

I passed through the small back room into the shop, exchanged a few words with my friend, and came home. I flung myself onto my bed. Outside was the bright sunshine. A cock was crowing lustily. I could hear

the ceaseless tweeting of the birds. In this room I had lived with her, my Love, for three months. I felt like one who had passed into her realm of death for a space and had returned to earth again. Orpheus had seen Eurydice and been wafted back. I lay thinking of all these things, feeling somehow as if my Love, my friend, Milly and the young Chinee were all close to me—close but outside the house. Thus I fell asleep.

I can never forget that quiet of my opium dream.

GASPARINI'S ESCAPE: AN UNWRITTEN TALE.*

BY EDWARD J. HART.

GASPARINI and Cury accomplished their tramp to Auckland without meeting with any adventure, but on nearing the city they parted company, Cury deciding to go right on into the town, while Gasparini, thinking that by so doing they ran a strong chance of being recognised and their real character discovered, suggested the expediency of camping somewhere on the outskirts. Cury was obstinate, and insisted upon entering the town, so they separated, and Gasparini finding a tenantless and deserted house with all the windows broken, in the suburb of Kingsland, effected an entrance and slept there for the night. The next morning he started exploring, and finding a kitchen door open at the back of a house and no occupants about, he went in and made a breakfast, and for some five or six days managed to steal enough to eat to stave off the pangs of hunger. He also stole a change of clothes from a little suburban store, and some cigars. Some seamen of the "Howard" had told him that there was a ship going to San Francisco (the San Francisco mail) at the end of the week, and his plan was to go down to the quay shortly before the ship sailed and try to get permission to work his passage, or failing that to go as a stowaway, for he was determined to reach San Francisco in one fashion or another. One day he walked down to the wharf in the hope of being able to further this scheme, and suddenly chanced upon Cury who recognised and came up to speak to him.

"Cury," says Gasparini, "was with a Frenchman," and he said to me, "I want to introduce you to this friend of mine—this good M. Faravel, of Auckland, who has been very kind to me. I'm living with him now and he knows *all* about us." "*Madonna santissima! pour l'amour de Dieu, qu'as tu fait*—we are undone," I cried out, "thinking Cury must have gone mad to betray us so. But I reasoned with him in vain and was introduced to the Frenchman. M. Faravel said—"I understand you are *escapés* from New Caledonia." I said "no," and felt horribly uneasy; but he answered—"Cury told me so—you need fear nothing from me, they will do nothing to you here—cannot do anything even if they would—and indeed they will think all the more of you for being one; you are as safe here as if you were in the Arctic Regions." Finally M. Faravel, who is an Auckland hairdresser, induced him to accompany Cury and himself to the latter's house, treated him kindly, and talked of some mines where they would be glad to employ him; but Gasparini never saw those mines. The Frenchman, in order probably to do himself honor, persuaded Cury to write him a letter, and gave this fragment of their history to a reporter who published it in the papers. The French Consular Agent then had them arrested, and they were lodged in the Auckland gaol. Gasparini, however, certainly had a hand in his own undoing, for by his petty larcenies, in conjunction with this letter, he attracted the attention of the police. One night Dectective Walker, of Auckland, and the agent of the vacant house paid him a visit, and the former charged him with being an escapee.

"The *Carbiniere*," he says, "then asked me 'what are you concealing yourself here for?' and I told him that I had nowhere to sleep, so he said 'We don't want to do you any harm; if you come into town to-morrow I'll keep you for a week until you can find something to do.' The other man then said, 'He can stay here to-night, poor fellow!' and gave me a piece of candle and they then left me. I then did not know that Cury had written a letter, but have since found out that it was he who told the *Carbiniere* it must be his companion who had stolen the food and clothing."

I asked him if he had read the letter, and on his replying in the negative, got my friend to read it aloud to him, and asked him if Monsieur Cury's description of their escape and disastrous voyage was accurate and truthful. The amazement depicted on the Italian's face made it almost comical, as rising to his feet he exclaimed, "*Brutto Gagliotto che birbante!*" and repeated a rapid resumé of the account he had already given, concluding with, "If this is not true may I die with sins!" (*Vorrei murrì senza peccò*), which, coming from the mouth of a lower class

* Begun in March number, 1890.

:, is an oath of great emphasis and nce.

ıe 28th of April they were arrested and with the larceny of the boat "Mar- rom New Caledonia, and on the 21st ving passed the interim in the Auck- ɔl, they were brought before Sir James gast, at Wellington, to show cause ey should not be surrendered to the Consul. Cury was released on the that fraudulent insolvency was not under the Extradition Treaty, but ni, after some of the Italian residents lington had applied for a writ of *orpus* on his behalf, which was refused, refusal upheld by the Court of which did not sit till November, was ıanded over to the French Consul.

ɔunt de Jouffray d'Albans decided on ing him to the French Consul in by whom he was to be transhipped mea, and for that purpose obtained ıe New Zealand Government the ser- f Detective Walker, whom he for- onstituted a French military warder , and under whose charge Gasparini llington in the steamer "Wakatipu" 11th of August, 1888.

board the steamer," says Gasparini, ned to interest many. The detective passage in the cabin, first-class; I the steerage, and he left me free to bout where I would, and do what I I think I must have been pointed out passengers as an escaped Recidiviste, ard them speak of me by that name, me of them used to come to the sometimes to talk with me, and ch of the crew as I could make under- ne I used often to speak. It was ıle this recapture, after going through h. I had four years of my original e yet to serve, forty-five for stealing ısers and trying to escape, and I knew ɔuld give me another forty years for ape."

ıdre di Gesù! Two lives would not ıt all my sentences I thought. Then ed to me that I still might get away if l only manage to hide, for that was y thing still possible to keep me out ıands of the French Amongst those ed for the engines was a Genoese who sed to come and talk with me because d speak the same language. I asked there was no place where he could in the engine-room or the stokehole, said he dared not for it would get o trouble. One day when the watch l I slipped into the engine-room and down below to look about me, and noticing that the floor was formed of iron plates, I asked the Genoese what was under these, and he said 'nothing' I remained there some time unseen, and, when no one was watching, I walked away astern and found I was on the tunnel of the screw-shaft. When I was half-way towards the screw I stopped and tried to lift one of the plates, and found that I could do so, and that there was room for me to sit in though it was very dark and smelt badly, so I put back the plate, and still unseen came out on deck quietly I felt satisfied, and began making my preparations for hiding there for a long time, though I thought I might never come out again. I could not get to where the provisions were kept without being seen, and so could only manage to secrete two oranges, two apples and two slices of bread, and then kept on waiting and watching all the day and a night for a chance to get down below, but none came, and there was always someone about.

"At last, on the Wednesday, at four in the morning, when the watch changed, the engineer in charge came on deck for a moment, and I made my attempt. The engineer tried to light his pipe—three times I counted—but the wind blew the matches out. There was a cow-pen on the deck, and a sail had been rigged in front of this as an awning to give shelter from the weather, so that it formed an angle like this," and with his hands he forms a right angle. "Well, the engineer walked into this corner to be out of the wind, and I heard him strike another match.

"My faith, I was past him in that moment, and made my passage down below without his observing; I walked quickly out on the shaft tunnel, and in doing so brushed against another man, who, I cannot understand, did not see me. When I reached the place about where I had been before I lifted a plate, stepped down into the tunnel, and then replaced the plate on top of me. It was very horrible—so dark that I could not see my hands, even when it was broad day, and I found the tunnel was not high enough to allow me to sit upright, so I was obliged to be like this," illustrating the attitude known as squatting on one's haunches with the knees drawn up tightly to the chin.

"Then in the bottom there was several inches of filthy water, on which floated oil and grease and other things thrown off from the engines, and it stank abominably. After being there for days as it seemed, really only hours, the pain of sitting thus became worse and worse, until it was dreadful agony, and I

could bear it no longer, so I lay down full length in this vile bilge water, which (it was well) was not high enough to wash over my face, even when the ship rolled, else I had been smothered."

He remained there in the foul atmosphere, filth and gloom, with insufficient food for one meal, from Wednesday 4 a.m. till Friday midnight, and it was owing to this fact that when the "Wakatipu" moored alongside the wharf at Sydney, on the Thursday, at two p.m., Detective Walker was unable to deliver the body of Girolomo Gasparini, *alias* François, into the safe ward and keeping of M. Le Comte de Séguier, representative of the French Republic.

The conduct of the criminal in thus flouting the constituted authorities, more especially the New Zealand detective, who was also for the nonce a French military warder, cannot be too severely reprobated, but it affords another instance of the truth of the old saw that "the best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft agley." At midnight on the Friday Gasparini came out of his lair, to find, as he had hoped and more than half expected, his Genoese friend on the look out for him; the latter told him that the ship was closely watched and escape was simply impossible, so he immediately returned to his hiding-place, not before the Genoese, however, had given him some bread and meat and a bottle of tea to take back with him, with which mitigations of his miseries he again descended into the bowels of the ship. The "Wakatipu" was bound for Newcastle to coal before returning to New Zealand, and as the detective was going back by her he accompanied the vessel on her little trip north. Here was rather a unique situation! The baffled officer, while often doubtless wracking his brains to account for the mysterious disappearance of his prisoner, was separated from the said prisoner only by a few iron plates and bulkheads, and, as a matter of fact, was no further removed from him than he had been at any time since leaving Wellington.

The steamer left Sydney at ten o'clock Sunday morning and arrived at Newcastle towards evening.

"At nearly midnight," Gasparini continues, "I came again out of the tunnel—when in port, with the engines stopped and hardly anyone on duty below it was not difficult. Without making any noise I reached the deck and there found my Genoese fireman, who told me that the detective had been playing cards in the saloon from nine till ten, but now had turned in and all was quiet forward. Then my friend brought me a razor and I quickly shaved off my beard, and he gave some directions for the future—where to go and what to do—and then he brought me a change of clothes and four shillings and a sixpence, which was all he had, bade me *addio*, and kept watch while I crept away from the ship."

"He was a good Samaritan, that fireman," I said, a little moved in spite of myself by the simple recital, "but how did you feel in the first moments of your freedom—were you not afraid of being again taken?"

"*Altro!* I was in great fear of that; but in those first moments I was in a tremendous excitement. I don't know quite how I felt; it seemed as if I wanted to shout at the top of my voice, and as if I had never been free in my life before till then, and I felt strong. *Madre di Dio!* I felt as if I could walk for five days without stopping. I got on to a railway line, and as I had picked up a few English words in New Zealand I asked a man whom I met where it led to, and he telling me it led to Sydney, I followed it, walking hard till daybreak, when I came to a river. I bathed in this river over and over again, and lay in it for a time to wash away the filth of the shaft tunnel, changed my clothes, and then slept all the morning under a tree until three in the afternoon, when I again started to walk, following the railway track."

His journey lasted four days, during which he obtained food by begging at various homesteads, and at some places purchasing his frugal requirements. He arrived in Sydney on the fourth day, at two a.m., and walked about the streets until the ordinary avocations of life commenced, when he proceeded to the fish market, where he found some Italians, all according to directions given to him by the "Wakatipu" fireman. By these he was recommended to the house of a countryman, who gave him three shillings and directed him to an Italian eating-house, where he was fortunate enough to meet and fraternise with another Genoese, who told him he could find work at the silver mines, whither he (the Genoese) was himself going by rail. Gasparini left Sydney the same day, and walked to the Cordillera Mines in nine days. Here he found his friend, and through him obtained employment at sewing sacks for seven shillings and sixpence a day, the greater part of which he managed to save, living in the meanwhile with an amount of economy and deprivation such as can be practised only by a foreigner. He remained there some three weeks, and might have stayed on indefinitely had he not chanced to meet the ex-cook of the Auckland Gaol, a former prisoner, whose sentence had

expired, and who, unfortunately, remembered meeting Gasparini in the prison. The ex-cook told two of his friends, and the three of them charged Gasparini with being an escapee, an accusation which, of course, he strenuously denied, but in consequence of his detection thought it advisable to leave the same day, and started to walk to Goulburn, with the idea of getting on the railway line to Melbourne He reached his destination after three days' hard tramp, and here fate seemed to smile on him once more, for while loafing about the town he noticed a man whose face seemed strangely familiar, and who after a prolonged stare apparently recognised him and addressed him by name. This individual turned out to be one Pasquale, formerly assistant cook on one of the boats belonging to the China and Marseilles line, on which Gasparini had also been employed. He had prospered, and was at the time proprietor of the local Café Français, and being delighted at meeting with an old comrade took him to his home and made much of him, and kept him there as his guest as long as possible. Gasparini, however, being haunted by the fear of re-apprehension, left after twenty days' sojourn, much against the will of his kindly host, who, as a last good office, procured him a passage by a freight train one hundred and thirty-six miles on his road to Melbourne, and he walked the balance of the distance, arriving in Melbourne in the early part of December. When within three days' journey of the city he came across a Frenchman with a piano-organ who, on learning that he was bound for the metropolis, directed him to call on a French barber, who might be able to afford him some assistance, and who in turn recommended him to the Maison Dorée, where he got a billet as plate-washer and general handyman, in consideration of receiving his board and lodging and twenty-two shillings and sixpence a week. He remained at the Maison Dorée for some four weeks, but, disliking the work, was persuaded to join his fortunes with a Frenchman who was going to Tallarook, whither they both repaired by train; and Gasparini, with a sailor's aptitude for adapting himself to any work that came to hand, dug potatoes for three weeks, receiving two shillings per bag, and earning from seven shillings to ten shillings a day. The weather becoming bad and unsettled, and work in consequence getting dull, he proceeded to Camperdown, where he managed to procure employment on the railways for a period of three-and-a-half weeks, and which brought him in five shillings a day. He described the work as very hard and laborious, being at it from early morning till late at night, and in proof of his statement he showed us his hands, which, tough and hard as they were, showed signs of having been sorely blistered. All this time he went under the name of Francesco, or François, and on returning to Melbourne he obtained a billet at the Palace Hotel, whence he graduated to the post of *garçon de cuisine* at the French Club, and where, O satire of fortune! he was performing his duties in the culinary department on the occasion of the recent banquet tendered by the Club to M. Noel Pardon, the incoming governor of New Caledonia.

Gasparini told us this episode with a twinkle of considerable amusement in his eyes, and all through his relation of the plain unvarnished tale I have here endeavored to set forth, he showed a considerable appreciation of humor, an abstention from any desire to degenerate into querulousness, to rail against his hard lot or palliate his misdeeds. He gave us the impression that he regarded himself, owing to his first lapse into crime, as merely on the wrong side of a game with the world in which he had had tolerably hard cards to play.

I asked him if any reward was offered for his recapture, and if again in Noumea what extra sentence would he have to undergo. Gasparini glanced suspiciously at his questioners, and doubtless concluded it would be inadvisable to put such a temptation in their way, for he answered cautiously "No, no reward is offered, at least I have not heard of any, and I don't think it likely they would reward anyone. If I am taken again they would give me another forty years."

In answer to another question he admitted that at first he used to live in a continual state of apprehension of being rearrested, but that the feeling was gradually wearing off, though he thought he ran considerable risk of detection, as so many people saw him in Wellington and Auckland and on board the "Wakatipu," and he was pointed out to them all as an escaped Recidiviste. Apropos of this he says, "A few days ago, in a Melbourne street, I met the *Capitano* of the barque which rescued us at sea, and he seemed to be staring straight at me. *Che paura!* I pulled out my handkerchief and pretended to be wiping away the sweat from my forehead, so that he might not see my face, and there was enough sweat to wipe away before he had passed me, and made no sign, I can tell you."

We concluded the interview by asking Gasparini if in his travels through the

colonies he had met many escaped Recidivistes, and he answered "No," though he often looked out for them and thought there must be a considerable number scattered here and there.

He has gone from our midst, and we are no doubt well quit of him, though he deserves some credit for endeavoring to maintain himself by honest labor as soon as he felt himself in any measure a free man, the more when it is remembered that all the paths of crime were open to him, and the temptation to relapse must have been proportionately great as he felt more or less that society was arrayed against him. Gasparini has gone, but the startling fact remains that a notorious criminal, whose escape was trumpeted abroad by all the papers throughout the length and breadth of the land, was enabled to tramp from one colony to another with but little assistance, and dwell for a length of time in our most populous centres, without the police or detective department being in the least aware of his presence. From the mode of life he adopted after obtaining his liberty, he might have remained amongst us without any particular harm to the community; but the point is, that what one man was able to do a yet more undesirable addition to the population might also accomplish, for it would seem as if we have no gate that will close our shores against the driblets from the great French sewer—driblets that may sensibly contaminate the purer element.

Our home production of criminality is as much as we can grapple with, and the lesson taught by Gasparini's escape is, plainly, that we can hope for no immunity from this pernicious emigration until the head and front of the offending be itself removed. By diplomatic pressure or other means France should be taught her obligations to neighboring friendly states, and that by following the example of Australasia she might redeem the reputation and increase tenfold the value of her own comely possessions.

THE END.

DOROTHY, AN IDYL.*

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

IV.

ROSE was, in the proper sense of the word, modest, that is to say, trying himself by a high standard he felt that he was miserably wanting; but he knew enough of life in general, and of love in particular, to see that, tried by the ordinary standard, he was capable of inspiring a girl like Dorothy with affection. Having in his time seen one or two examples of the Titania and Bottom incident he had come almost to believe that the tender passion as it exists between two strangers of opposite sex, was a matter in which desert played but a subordinate part. It must be added that here also there was a slight strain of artificiality in him. There were moments in which he suspected Dorothy of trying to entangle him. November passed into December, January and February, and he was still in Melbourne.

His health was now as bad as when he left England; he had lost all the benefits of his voyage. He perceived this, and perceived also that the chief reason of his stay here was none other than the pleasure of having Dorothy with him.

The decline in his health was very gradual, and made him care less and less to break away from her. Her influence over him was so soothing. He liked to feel that she was always close to him.

Everyone else in the house called her Dora, but he having at the first asked her her name and been answered Dorothy had got into the habit of calling her Dorothy. Often as he used her name he would catch himself dwelling on it, and to her the sound of it from his lips was like music. So had it been with her mother.

It happened that he began seriously to think that he must break away from this climatic and female influence just at the same time that she began seriously to think about her relation to him. Then she found out that she loved him more than she did herself or anything in the world, and was strangely surprised at it. It was a revelation of herself to herself.

She found it out one night as she lay in bed thinking, and sleep left her. It seemed to her as if in body and soul she had swiftly become, as it were, all roseate and warm. A woman's discovery of her love is the central epoch of her life, indeed in most women it is the only epoch; all their life, before and after, seems but a succession of periods.

But what to Dorothy seemed the strangest part of it all was that she had absolutely no hope of ever being more to him than she was now. The idea of his loving *her*, of her becoming his wife, never entered into her head.

A week later and she found herself indulging in the first fallacy of her life—the delicious dreamy fallacy that this state of affairs would last for always; he would always be here as the loved master, and she as (so it seemed somehow) the pupil to tend on him. The complicating quality of passion had no place in her feeling for him.

Her mother, as has been said, had had her own ideas of love and a lover, but they had not been realised; nothing deeper in her than friendship had been aroused by her married life. In her daughter passion lay, as it were, yet a depth deeper, like a layer of the sea out of reach of light and motion, full of darkness and peace. The idea of kissing, or being kissed by Mr. Rose (he was always Mr. Rose to her) on the brow or cheek, not to say on the lips, never occurred to her; once or twice she had thought how infinitely sweet it would be to take his hand and kiss it.

This was in his hours of gentleness to her, and he was not like this to her always.

Sometimes he afflicted her by not being at ease with her and taking refuge in his "manners," impressing her with the sense of distance between them. She watched him as much with a maternal as a lover's care. She knew he was ill, but would not let herself suspect that he ought to go to a warmer climate, for that meant going away from her. She would not let herself think of what her life would

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"Rose came back slowly through the Fitzroy Gardens full of serious thought."

be without him. She would not reflect; she tried only to enjoy. And yet in her heart of hearts she knew quite well he would have to leave her, and probably soon.

One afternoon in a fit of desperation Rose wrote to a doctor asking for an appointment.

Three mornings later he saw the doctor, who told him he must certainly leave town before the winter, advising him to go to Sandhurst or Deniliquin.

Rose came back slowly through the Fitzroy Gardens full of serious thought. He was not, of course, rich; some £200 a year represented his means.

In England, to which he hoped to return before very long, he had been accustomed at his mother's house to see a certain amount of what we call "society," and its charms certainly influenced him. Australia he looked upon as a necessary but, happily, only temporary exile. His health had compelled him to give up his profession, and although he never said so to anyone, not even to the one supreme friend of his life—his mother—he had no care to return to it.

Life, particularly professional life, with its tyrannous necessity for "bluff" and "cant," at times almost terrified him; he had, too, a feeling that professional ambition as, not the means but the end of life, was a mistake. His feeble health had weakened his energies. A dream of quiet life in a fine climate with music and a happy wife (who bore much resemblance to Dorothy) had been quite imposing itself upon him of late.

On the other hand he was afraid of three things, a possible resuscitation in himself of a desire for English "society" and of professional ambition, and the trouble and struggle that it would cost him to satisfy this desire if he were tied to a happy wife (who bore much resemblance to Dorothy). To this must be added what we call the instincts of a gentleman, which are adverse to a marriage with anyone but a lady. The snake of selfishness wound its way through all these morning reflections of his, ending by erecting itself with a triumphant hiss.

Rose came in in time for his cup of coffee, and informed Dorothy, as he sipped and kept his eyes in it, that he was going up to Sandhurst on Monday.

She stood breathless, a ghostly expression on her face. Her bare foot had fallen on the snake's back, its hissing jaws were thrown back ready to strike her, but the eyes, which she could not see, were not wicked. She would not be bitten.

At last:

"And won't you ever come back again?" she said.

When she had gone out in silence after he had answered "No," the cadence of those two last words rang in his ears for long. His face was flushed, the blood throbbing at his brows. He despised himself and yet he would not alter the present position between them.

"To-day," he thought, "is Wednesday; five more days!"

Five more days, and what days to Dorothy! She went about like one stunned by a heavy blow on the breast.

Then on the Saturday night as she lay in bed the sobs and tears came to her, and she wept till all her strength was gone and fell into a doze filled with fantastic dreams.

He was not out of her thoughts for more than a few moments in the day, and yet she

never dreamed of him. She worked hard, too hard, to distract herself. The days were endurable, but the nights were like the lampless depths of the sea, where colorless plants creep and twine and the shells of the dead sea insects fall perpetually.

On Sunday Rose, going out incautiously without a great coat or umbrella, was caught in a heavy shower and drenched to the skin. All that night he lay and coughed and in the morning found he was worse.

He agreed with Mrs. Mitchell to stay on for a few days till the cough was better.

Dorothy forgot her trouble in her anxiety, anxiety which was increased by finding under the pillow a handkerchief with a thin streak of blood on it. To the average man and woman with their profound ignorance of the functions of the body, there is something appaling in the sight of blood, for, just as with the old economists gold was a synonym for wealth, so with them blood is a synonym for life.

Dorothy was not exempt from this idea.

Rose kept to his bed, and she more or less tended on him with a quiet cheerfulness which, considering the circumstances, was indeed wonderful. And yet if she had the chance of choosing between his being well and leaving her that moment, or continuing ill and giving her the unspeakable pleasure of tending on him, the idea of hesitating in her choice would never have occurred to her. His health and well-being before everything!

He meantime was only kept from going at once to Sandhurst by the reflection of the harm he might do himself.

Now and then he was almost cross and rude in his behaviour to her. The whole incident actually seemed to him, in his most foolish moments, to partake of the nature of a conspiracy. He quite admitted to himself now that she was "in love" with him, but with the petulant selfishness of a sick man he used to assure himself that he did not care. He had in truth no idea of *how* she was "in love" with him, of what to Dorothy being "in love" meant.

At last on Thursday, although his cough still continued, thanks to small imprudences in an acute state, he would wait no longer, but carefully avoiding a definite parting with the girl, went off by the midday train.

The idea of giving her money had crossed his mind, but he had not had the courage to put it into execution. He would buy her the materials for a dress at Sandhurst and send them to her. Sandhurst, of course, would get rid of this cough in a few days. There were none of those bleak south winds up there, they said. He was indeed "quite like a child" now, quite like a petulant spoiled boy.

To Dorothy, far the greatest pang at losing him was the thought of his health. With her fine intuition she saw both that this cough would require much patience and care for him to get rid of it, and that he had not much of either to give. That Thursday night was filled for her with all the pain and anguish a woman and a lover can have to endure.

V.

When Rose, two days after his arrival in Sandhurst, had found a boarding-house that he thought would suit him and had unpacked his things, he felt a weariness of body and soul creeping over him like a spell. He had come upon one of those hours in which the human being turns its face to the wall, and with closed eyes feels its head pillowed on the breast of death

His cough was worse, and he had reached such a state of despairing impatience that he made no attempt to control it.

Mrs. Smith, his landlady, kind and loquacious, coming to see if she could do anything for him was received with silence, but talking too much and too loudly for his taste was surprised by a query as to whether she would mind going away now as he wanted to sleep?

The weather was peerless, cloudless skies, searching sunlight, and refreshing breezes. But Rose was miserable.

For two days he kept in bed, tended on by the kind and loquacious landlady and her maid, both of them women who wore creaking boots and had the knack of always knocking over or against a more or less considerable number of things in the sick-room.

In the afternoon he fell into a doze which had a touch of delirium in it. He moaned to Dorothy to come to him — Dorothy, Dorothy! He thought someone was struggling with him, strangling him, and Dorothy was coming from the far edge of a vast white plain to save him, but she would come too late.

Then he awoke and perceived Mrs. Smith looking at him, and became quite angry. She wanted to know if he would like to see a doctor?

At first he opposed the idea with petulance, then turned his face to the wall and said she might do as she pleased.

She tried to soothe him, saying they would wait till to-morrow, and left him.

Waking the next morning in the sun-lit room, he felt what he took to be some loose

phlegm in his throat, and reaching out to his handkerchief spat it out and looked at it. It was a mouthful of bright blood.

The next moment another followed, darker. The violent coughing had brought on hæmorrhage.

He, too, was not exempt from the idea that blood is life. It came upon him like a revelation that he had got his death-blow.

In a moment he was calm and collected. He got up and fetched his basin; the hæmorrhage was violent.

He heard steps coming up the staircase. This annoyed him. He expected that his landlady would turn dreadfully exclamatory and voluble when she saw what had happened. He made a movement to go and lock the door, or hold it against her; then a great feeling of almost contemptuous carelessness came over him, and he lay still, every now and then coughing up a mouthful of blood.

The footsteps stopped outside the door; there was a knock to which he made no answer, and Mrs. Smith came in She was just beginning to say something when she caught sight of what was in the basin, and exclaimed with horror:

"Good gracious!"

The next moment he was looking at Dorothy. The shock of surprise which her presence here gave him brought on the hæmorrhage afresh. Precisely what followed he did not know. He heard her say quietly to Mrs. Smith:

"Send for a doctor at once."

Mrs. Smith, lingering morbidly, went out of the room and down stairs. The girl came to the bedside, the expression of her face rather ghostly, but quite calm.

She got him to sit up straight, arranging the pillow behind his back: then went to the washing-stand for the water-bottle and brought him a glassful of water. He drank some, closed his eyes and lay back.

Having put her hat and coat on a box, she took the basin, washed it out, and put it on a chair beside him.

"Try not to cough," she said gently.

He obeyed her as an intelligent child would. She thought the room was too close, and quietly pulled down the window a little at the top. He opened his eyes and looked at her. The problem of her coming here, and still more the problem of her staying was working in his mind. Why had she come? How had she found him out?

"Well," he thought to himself, "it is no good asking her about it now."

He felt weary and wishful for sleep. His dreams of last night began to take reality again. She had not after all come too late. It was alright.

He fell into a doze. The doctor ordered if the hæmorrhage began again that ice should be applied to a discolored patch at the base of the throat from which he thought the bleeding came, and said he would send up some medicine. Rose fell into another uneasy doze.

The ice arrived and then the medicine—a syrup. He slept on from then through the night and right on into the next morning.

Dorothy learned from the doctor the meaning of the syrup and of the application of the ice; she liked to understand the meaning of what she was doing. The doctor took her for Rose's wife. The rest of the boarders, who saw scarcely anything of her (she sat with Rose all day and most of the night, and had her meals in her own room), accepted Mrs. Smith's account of her, that she was a cousin of Rose's—a nurse down in Melbourne—whom he had sent for. As for Rose he was quiescent. The doctor had forbidden him to speak. He was to write what he wanted, but he wanted nothing. He was weak and dreamy, dozing away most of the day, surrendering himself to the pleasure of mere somnolence and the presence of Dorothy.

One afternoon, however, waking from a refreshing sleep he lay for some while watching her through half-open lids as she sat reading a book by the fireplace.

He made out the almost defaced name on the back of the book—*Shelley*—and was surprised by it. Shelley, Milton, Channing and a volume of Christopher North had followed Dorothy, as they had followed her mother, up to Sandhurst.

Presently feeling his gaze she looked up, dropping the book into her lap, and smiled.

He smiled back: then motioned to her for his paper and pencil, which were out of reach. She gave them to him.

He wrote and held the paper to her: "Is that Shelley yours?"

"Oh, yes!" she said softly. "It was my mother's."

He wanted the paper again: "What do you think about Shelley?"

She began to speak of his poetry and some of the characters of it with a child's enthusiasm. Rose, who at any other time would have been rather shocked at the idea of a girl being a student of "Queen Mab" or the "Revolt of Islam," was amused by her innocence. He encouraged her by his looks and nods to go on, and presently with mantling cheeks and beaming eyes she began

quoting a passage that illustrated what she was saying:

"Life of life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.
"Child of light! thy limbs are burning
Through the veil which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

I forget the rest just now," she said, "but it is all beautiful."

"Yes," whispered Rose with a sceptical smile, "if you could only understand the meaning of it."

"Oh," she said, "the music is the meaning!—But you musn't talk."

He laughed a little and shut his eyes again, half opening them presently to see what she was doing. She was looking at him. He shut his eyes at once and kept them shut, breathing steadily, till at last he fell asleep.

A sort of conflict was going on within him.

It was the old conflict whose crisis had come in that slow morning walk through the Fitzroy Gardens, the old conflict with the complicating circumstances of this new experience he was having of her and of his selfishness.

For selfishness had grown to be a factor in his inner life now, and that form of selfishness which, to a nature of any beauty is the most pernicious, the selfishness of the coward. He was afraid of the trouble it would give him to either lose her now or keep her always, and above all he was afraid to face his own thoughts, but, for the first time in his life, was radically insincere to himself.

He was weak enough to feel that "the world" was too strong and tyrannous for him and yet that he could not do without "the world." He imagined himself married to Dorothy and at home in England with this Australian girl, so "uncultured," as he thought, so ignorant of all those little refinements of word and act which make up the best part of the lives of "ladies" and "gentlemen." For to him too his little social circle was "the world."

His mother, with all her sweetness and gentleness, lived under the same strong tyrannous influence, but to her the bondage was quite unperceived. She submitted to it as to something, as it were, ordained by Providence. The English professional class, the upper middle class, is to the aristocracy what the socket is to the candle, at once the support and servant of the light. His mother, the supreme friend of his life, had often spoken to him on the subject of not marrying "below his station." She had seen much misery from it, and so indeed had he, in "the family." Not that for a moment she had ever advised him to marry a woman he did not. or not to marry a woman he did, love, she only advised caution in marrying a woman below his own station before he was quite sure that he *did* love her.

Mrs. Rose, indeed, had had for her husband rather affection than love. Love's "violent delights" were far removed from her quiet nature with its controlling influences of religion and breeding.

On all these matters Rose was now thinking and could arrive at no decision. And there was also the complicating clause of Dorothy having followed and found him out, a course of action that has little or no place in the ideal of the Puritanised "lady."

A week passed and he was still in bed.

The cough had almost left him and all blood-spitting had ceased, but he was too exhausted yet to get up. If he turned over in his bed, or sat up without precaution, he became breathless and felt ready to faint.

For all this he was very happy. He could speak a little now without harm to himself, and every afternoon at about four o'clock, when he awoke from his after-dinner sleep, he used to have a short chat with Dorothy, getting her to speak as much as she would.

Then, on one of these occasions, feeling better and brighter, he asked for his violin to see if he could play. This necessitated much arrangement of pillows, he taking advantage of her proximity to touch her with his shoulder or hands. He felt a fragrance in her presence, and like every invalid returning to health took pleasure in the very use of the senses wherewith he felt it.

He closed his eyes: then opening them and seeing it holding the pillow close to his face, bent and kissed her hand—the hand with its colorless transparent skin, so smooth, covered with the slightest, softest down like golden-shot bloom.

She had paused, seeing his closed eyes, thinking he might be feeling faint, and yet reassured somewhat by the expression of his face which had a light in it like that of reflected water on a bank. The touch of his lips on the back of her hand made her start and shiver. It bewildered her.

He looked up at her.

She was like one in a dream.

"He kissed my hand," she said to herself, looking at him in turn but somehow not seeming to see him. "He kissed my hand, but" . . . Her gaze turned aside a little, as if she were trying to realise her dream, the light of smiles and the shadow of tears struggling in her face, her lips and eyes.

He had flushed on hearing her words which he had read wrongly, but now the piteous sweetness of her face rose before him like an angelic revelation:

> And all
> His falser self slipped from him like a robe,
> And left him man.

Holding that hand—that precious hand on which he had pressed the seal of his love for ever—she kneeling beside him, her face still piteous sweet with all this bright unrealisable dream, he told her of his love for her and of his own unworthiness.

She did not seem to hear him rightly.

"And may I kiss *your* hand?" she said in a low voice, "and may I kiss *your* hand?"

"No," he said, his voice broken with the sobs, his eyes dimmed with the tears, "I am not worthy that you should do it, dear!"

But she understanding the sound rather than the meaning of his words bent and kissed his hand, and then taking it with hers and holding it close up to her breast, bowed her head over it, satisfied with her dream.

"She kneeling beside him, her face still piteous sweet with all this bright unrealisable dream."

This sacredness of him to her was a bitter punishment to him now. He looked straight at the apparition of his own soul rising before him, and first he despised and loathed it, and then he trembled at it.

How hateful the thing was, and Oh! of what sort *might* it have become!

Scales had fallen from his eyes, he saw things as they were. He saw his soul moving down a mountainous path into the sudden

flaming cleft of hell. He saw his soul howling and scoffing there, a fiend among the fiends. Then he saw it, still in the mountainous path, followed by an angel, and stopped and saved.

To his sick excited imagination the vision was almost as a reality. He was saved, and from what?

He put his arm round her shoulders and rested his head on hers, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Ah! what is it?" she said, raising her face and their eyes meeting, "Why are you crying? was it wrong of me to kiss your hand? Then I will go away. Do not cry. You are so kind to be sorry for me. But, Oh, you must not cry! It will make you cough. Do not speak. Just whisper what you want me to do."

"You will kill me," he said, "Dorothy, if you speak like that! I love you. O Dorothy, I cannot live without you! Tell me you will stay with me always, always, always! Tell me you will be my wife. Will you not believe me then? I know I am not worthy of you. I am base, ignoble, mean, but I will try—if you will only tell me that you will stay with me always and be my wife."

And so they forgot all about the violin.

VI.

The lovers had much to try to make clear to each other.

Rose, possessed by the idea of his unworthiness of her, strove hard to instil it into her—into her to whom he was as something sacred. His friend, Medwin, a by no means superficial observer, once said of him that it was not that he did not see through the selfishness of women as he did through that of men, but that he found something in them which he did not find in men—something which extenuated all their faults. It abased him in his own eyes to see that Dorothy found a something of this sort (he did not quite see what) in him.

The account that he gave her of his selfishness and of the gulf from which she had saved him, was to her unrealisable. She by no means thought him perfect; she saw clearly enough his lack of patience and care, and in her heart of hearts somehow understood that slight strain of artificiality and smallness which was in him, but she could not believe that he was selfish. Selfishness was to her something hideous and hateful—the dark, hissing reptile born and bred in the putrid swamp or the rotten underwood—and what could such a thing as this have to do with *him* whose soul was filled with radiant light?

March was come with weather still peerless, cloudless skies, searching sunlight and refreshing breezes.

The two were out every day together now.

In Rosalind Park there is an enclosure called "The Fernery"—a place one mass of waving green with the tall tree-ferns and the crowded rockeries. It was a favorite haunt of theirs.

Here Rose would sit basking on a wooden seat in the sun, drawing in the scent of the ferns and the fresh air with his delicate nostrils; Dorothy beside him, sewing and watching him—both smiling and happy, now talking, now silent.

Sometimes they would go into the Upper Reserve by the lake and watch the boys catching the small crayfish, or wander further on to the bowling-green and lawn tennis courts and watch the players, the crickets in the grass shrilling loudly all the day.

And so one bright morning their walk tended to a little church not far from the house, and there they were married, and came out laughing over it like two children.

Dorothy had been quite content that things should be as they were for ever; she could not see, she said, that *on the whole* it made much difference, but, if *he* thought differently why, of course he knew better in these matters than she did, and—she didn't mind! . . .

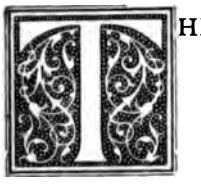
Ah! happy, happy lovers, drinking at the magical golden goblet filled with God's wine of love, cannot we see you in the bright sunlight, standing close together smiling to the eternal years? Hush, Dorothy, sweet child but sweeter woman, hush; think not that to pass from the serene heaven to the earth so filled with colors and sounds and scents has any fear of any loss for thee! For I say to thee, thou angel woman, that from the heart proceedeth the soul, even as from love affection and from passion peace.

THE END.

THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

BY THOMAS HENEY.

II.—THE STATION.



THERE is one thing that impresses most travellers in the West upon their first progress through it—a matter that though losing the freshness and force of its effect when a man becomes familiar with the landscape, has at first a quite peculiar, solemn, even distressing influence. It is the manlessness of the country. It would be superb if it were not so repellant that this territory so completely dwarfs man, and so effectually minimises his handiwork and the traces of his occupation. Leagues upon leagues of a silent land stretch all around you ; from the height of the coach-top you can scan all the surrounding plains. So it is for hours, for days. Yet the rarest thing in those countless miles, the spectacle which, after a while, your eyes most longingly seek for and most seldom behold is a man. On and on runs the reddish-brown road through the scrubby bush, and it is an event to see a cross-road, a side path, anything that shows that there are besides you in this wilderness men and their homes. These vast estates through which you are moving steadily are the paddocks of a great sheep run. You will be hours crossing it, and at an all but invisible wire fence and past a closed gate you have entered upon another station equally extensive and equally desolate. This country is all sheep-land and rabbit-land and droughtland For where there is water in places and herbage for animals to subsist upon, rabbits and sheep dispute unconsciously for its possession. Then comes a season when the earth veritably becomes as iron and the heavens as brass, and under the power of drought both of the living pastoralists depart The great stock routes are crowded with the slow and weary and dying march of starving and weakened sheep. The tanks, the dams, the waterholes are fœtid with carcasses ; the plains are dotted with white bones scattered by the carrion birds. The rabbits suffer equally. The run is all but empty. But whether sheep live on its illimitable acres or die, there is no room for men. It is a fairy kingdom peopled by the sheep. Yet, in your imaginary coach journey you will see but few. The reason is that the mail tracks generally follow the main stock routes, and as these are free to all travelling sheep they are usually eaten out so bare that station sheep would starve there, beside the risk of being boxed with the passing mobs and thus carried off. Consequently, as soon as a good fall of rain puts herbage or grass upon the stock routes, the squatters through whose domains these roads run, put as many sheep as they can move on that pasturage, and, eating it off, gain two objects: spell other portions of their runs, and discourage travelling stock from loitering or "loafing" on their country. Now it can be understood why a man often passes through a succession of enormous sheep stations without seeing a flock of sheep or a single employé.

It is said that there are in a man two life centres, one in the brain controlling the voluntary processes of the organisation, the other in the spine controlling its automatic processes. A great sheep station has also two *ganglia*. One is the home-station—that is, the residence of the manager and his staff; the other is in the directors' room room of a city banking or loan and mortgage agency company. The second centre is not one with which it is desirable or necessary here to deal; but if anyone will scan Mr. Hanson's "Pastoral Possessions of New South Wales" he will see why I have mentioned it in these terms. Let us go an imaginary tour to the head-station, the homestead. An ordinary bush road brings your vehicle outside a picket fence which encloses a garden. At the further end a plain wooden building of one story, but extensive, faces you. Its roofs are of galvanised iron, painted with a white refrigerating composition to minimise the reflections of the summer heats, and are low-pitched into the roofs of deep verandahs that run around three sides of the square building. Grape vines luxuriantly grow on trellises, and help to shade still more the roomy space within. French casements open from every apartment, and a hospitably open hall door gives access to the

interior. A loose-jointed, sunburned, spare, but athletic and healthy man saunters down the garden, and calling the groom to take charge of your horses and vehicle, he invites you to come in. He walks on ahead and shows you to a bedroom where you may wash and brush off the plentiful dust of your journey. After due interval you find your way back to the parlor, dining room, living room—real life centre of the station. Here, if the manager is married, you are presented to a woman often of luxurious and refined education and birth, sometimes not so refined, but in any case alike in gracious and lavish hospitality. You have met the husband in the pastoral township fifty or one hundred and fifty miles away, for towns in the droughtland are few, or you come with letters of introduction. Be that as it may, unless you have given this individual squatter bitter offence you are sure of a welcome of the best type—that welcome quiet, steadfast, homely, which in an instant makes you feel sure of your ground, which admits you to the house as a Masonic grip and pass secure you welcome in a lodge. At the next meal you meet a few other men who have just come in, the storekeeper and accountant, a jackaroo or two (*anglicé*, colonial experience hands), the manager, his family, if any, and perhaps a governess or companion, and a passing guest like yourself, either from town or one of the neighboring stations. If you are a stranger to the pastoral life you will be surprised that so far from all the externals of city life you find here, in a wooden house in the wilderness, all that marks and characterises the ordinary life of superior people. Every man comes in and takes his place in the circle with at once the ease of long familiarity and the courtesy of gentlemen. The talk is of everything save "shop." Whatever reports the jackaroo has to give of the day's proceedings at such and such a part of the run he has given elsewhere, the storekeeper left his books and accounts behind him, and the host, though perhaps revolving in an anxious mind any of the many perplexing details of the daily routine of station management, turns to his family and his guests the quietest and most assured of manners Upon the occasional table pushed in at one side of the projecting fireplace lie intercolonial newspapers that may be recognised by the color of their covers. You all linger long over the tea which follows dinner in place of wine, and the conversation takes many a flight from grave to gay, and the next hospital ball in the nearest township and the new comic opera in Melbourne receive impartial attention. Then the men take their pipes out through the glass doors into the dusky coolness of the verandah, and if the ladies do not join them, the piano is opened and the quiet echoes of the night hear Sullivan and Pinsuti, and Balfe, or Chopin and Weber, Mozart or Mendelssohn. Good-nights are exchanged with the ladies, and after a nightcap of whisky and water you walk off with one of the men to the room you will share with him. The night is warm, and whilst undressing

THE HOME STATION.

you loll in a cane chair and listen to the voices of the darkness outside. The choking cough of the night hawk or Nankeen crane comes hoarse and disagreeable from some trees near. From overhead once in a while floats downward the wild and mournful cadences of the cry of migrating swans, or the characteristic call of the wild duck. The bats flit by the the window with a shrill "cheep." At last stillness seems to settle down—and sleep.

If the establishment is a bachelor one, or where as is sometimes done in the west during summer, the wife, weary with the monotony, has gone with her children to the seaside, of course the above picture will not hold good. For good women are always a conservative influence, and there is no home where they are which does not manifest their presence and their pervasiveness In a *ménage de garçon* there is always a certain carelessness to those minutiæ which women insist upon and which soften and refine human intercourse. Men by themselves fall into brusque ways of speech, unceremonious dress and easy if indifferent manners. Pipes and glasses are more constant companions, the talk is *salé* and too virile for unseasoned ears, and when fatiguing work permits cards fill up many quiet hours.

There is pale dawn in the sky seen through the window as your room mate rolls out of bed and, taking towels, shows you the bathhouse at one sequestered end of the garden. The Chinese gardeners have left a couple of buckets of brownish water, and with the aid of one a shower is arranged. You see, water is one of the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life in the pastoral country, and men accustom themselves to a minimum, for it is only in favored localities that water can be spared for bathing. A couple of pints in a wash handbasin is the usual allowance. After exchanging the pyjamas for day dress you have time to look about you. First there is the garden, where almonds and oranges and peaches and grapes grow overshadowing phlox and chrysanthemum that in their turn border cabbages and tomatoes and lettuce and eschalots, and outside the picket fence, that is protected with rabbit-proof galvanised wire netting sunk into the ground and reaching almost to the top of the pickets, several detached buildings are to be seen. Here is a large weatherboard place used as the station store. From hence the rations are served out and duly recorded so as to allow of the stock-taking and balance, for a station is now managed on strict commercial system. Here the numerous articles required by the employés of the places are to be found—riding pants, boots, saddlery, cotton and woollen shirts, gaudy finery in handkerchiefs and neckties, sometimes soft felt hats and cabbage-trees, tobacco, pipes, matches, luxuries such as jam, sardines, pickles, dried fruits. If communication with markets is irregular and uncertain heavy stocks are kept. Here you will find bales of woolpacks—large canvas bags into which the wool is squeezed into big cubes, which, bound with hoop iron, stencilled with soft aboriginal names of the stations, and filthy as to the exterior with a thousand miles of handling and transit, come to Melbourne or Sydney or Adelaide for transhipment to the mills of Bradford and of France and Belgium. Shears of approved brands, turkey-stones and other appliances of the shearers' craft are duly stored here also along with large supplies of eatables, for it is no child's play to manage the commissariat, for a month or six weeks or more, of a couple of score of healthy, robust young men engaged in winter at shearing, one of the most laborious occupations of Australia, and that, too, in a climate which adds to appetite. This is the storekeeper's domain. Attached to his store he has an office, and on big stations his bedroom; here the station bookkeeping is carried on as methodically as that of any merchant whose yearly transactions amount to a corresponding importance with those of a station depasturing from half-a-million sheep down. Next come stables and fodder store, and then you return on another line to the men's hut. Here, in very plain quarters, are accommodated the boundary riders, grooms and other hands whose duties keep them in the neighborhood of the homestation. Generally, in fact almost always, single men, their accommodation is of a rough and primitive character. Of their life it will be time to speak further on. Then there are the kitchen, the hut which the Chinese cook and gardener inhabit separately from all the others, for not even on a station, in an outpost of life in the wilderness, do the lower Caucasian and Turanian consent to make common cause.

Breakfast is announced, and there you meet all your companions of the night before, except one of the jackaroos who has been detailed to visit the homestead of an adjoining station and apprise the manager of some matter or other that affects him—damaged boundary fence, trespassing sheep, strayed horses—any of those numerous affairs that even in these vast areas denote human neighborhood and neighborliness or otherwise. It is not a luxurious meal—eggs, porridge with preserved milk often, for natural milk is not always attainable on a station, chops are

a matter of course, toast made of good, if solid, home-made bread, coffee and tea. You are invited to stay for a couple of days and see the station, if you are interested; if not, the homestead is at your disposal. After breakfast then, as you desire to go about with your host, an extra horse is caught for you and saddled, and as you step down to the stable you see that a good number of the employés have already set out on their day's business.

At length you are mounted, and after the manager has taken the short briar pipe out of his teeth to give a parting message or instruction to one of the hands alongside, the horses' heads are turned due east of the station buildings and along a well-marked track beside the horse-paddock that runs out half-a-mile in front of the house. Before long you have to open a gate, which is managed from the saddle, and closing it behind you there is time for a glance back at the little settlement. There it stands in the tranquil morning sunshine, the still air wrapping it in a fair and gracious peace. It is unmistakably home; there if anywhere in this vast and unhomely solitude have the fortitude of man and the sweet constancy of woman made an oasis out of this outpost—this sentinel camp of the human advance into the desert. Little rises of the land are here and there around it, where stouter and finer timber grows sheltered than those stunted and wiry growths of the plain outside. Fences, always of the skeleton-like wire, run hither and thither in straight lines to be discerned by the long rows of weather stained posts. In the big horse-paddock a few animals graze, and take away the abandoned air that would otherwise appertain to such a large unoccupied place. And everything leads back the eyes to the square wood-house set on a little rise, at each corner a painted iron tank to receive the doubly-precious, clear, sweet rain-water. Green unfamiliar growths of tree and vine clothe the little enclosure with a beauty of contrast.

IN THE HORSE PADDOCK.

From this sunny spot the deep shadow of the leeward garden and verandah looks most inviting. And around in order placed are the various outbuildings, adding and receiving an air of populous cheerfulness and security by comparison with the strange breadths of bare and sunlit plains that spread out to the sky. The houses and some rising ground hide the accessory to all this homely place, the element without which there could be no settled human life here. Out at the rear of the home-station lies the sheet of deep and muddy water which is the "stand-by" of the settlement. Originally, as your host explains, a short-lived water-hole filled by rains from the adjacent hills whenever the rain was heavy enough to fill the

thirsty soil and run a few hundred yards to the clay-pan where it lodged for a few weeks till the soil absorbed some part and evaporation and the thirst of the flocks of wild animals and birds from all the country near dissipated the supply down to a shallow puddle on the actual floor of beaten clay. Deepened and extended in good holding ground and drawing by long shallow trenches in proper directions most of the running water from the adjacent country, the miserable pond of the early years of the white man's occupation and of the immemorial resort of the black nomads of these parts had become a sure and trustworthy supply of water for all the purposes of the home-station. So good, indeed, that though every tank and dam and natural reservoir on the station had dried up, this lake still held enough for the most pressing needs, and thus there was no fear of being totally "dried out," which happens in the worst seasons to some of the homesteads, where the water has failed utterly, and over hundreds of square miles of country there is not enough drinkable water for the men and horses. When this state of things supervenes, the station buildings are locked up, the valuables are despatched to safe keeping, the wife and children return to the township, and the manager discharging his superfluous "hands" takes the wretched remnant of his stock to travel the roads to rented "country," or to loaf until a change in the weather allows of their return, or till drought has killed every quadruped on the station. That is drying out, and from such ruin this splendid reserve of dirty water out in the plains is the great security.

Such is a general picture of the homestead of a sheep king or his representative. The buildings may vary, and circumstances favoring, you may admire out in the heart of the pastoral solitudes mansions, storehouses, offices, woolsheds, of stone worthy of cities. At Tarella station, out north west of Wilcannia, are massive stone homestead buildings fit for an English country house. At Dunlop, on the River Darling, below Bourke, the beautiful stone houses of the settlement resemble a model town. Other material is favored. Tintinallogy home station, on the River Darling below Wilcannia, is the residence of Mr. John Reid, one of the old pioneering school, and the head-quarters of Dr. Butcher, whose rabbit specific promised so favorably and is still so heartily believed in by many in his own district—Tintinallogy House is the model of a squatter's residence in droughtland. The walls are massive and thick, constructed of *pisé*. and the rooms of the family, including the drawing room, are half underground. Extremely deep verandahs covered with creeping plants surround these spacious and pleasant rooms with the gracious gloom and cool of nature's shade. An ideal house for summer, worthy of its hospitable tenants. But generally wood, all which has to be imported into the country, and galvanised iron, form the staple materials of the station erections. They are cheap materials, speedily put together, cool in summer, comfortable in winter, easy of repair and of long life enough for the pastoral tenants, themselves only holding the land upon lease.

We are riding leisurely along a well traversed road, smoking and chatting of many things more or less connected with station life and routine. Four miles away from the head station we come upon some bare, unsightly, abandoned looking erections. One of the biggest is a long low shed of slabs with galvanised iron roof, and having, beside main doors, a number of small sheltered openings leading from the main building into small enclosures or pens outside, which in their turn are filled from the big paddock that encloses the whole. That is the shearing shed. Here, when the lamb-marking is finished on the run and the winter draws to a close, all the fleece-bearing sheep of the station are brought to be denuded of their wool. These other bare and big houses are the shearers' huts and kitchen. Around them is another horse paddock for the shearers' horses. Turning our backs upon these unencouraging specimens of Australian industrial architecture we pass another gate, and as some distance has to be covered before we reach the outstation to which we are due, and from which we shall return in the afternoon, the horses are put to it, and the dust rises in the still air around us as we follow the track, swinging over the ground at an easy gallop.

THREE MELBOURNE BARRISTERS.

A Recollection.

BY DAVID BLAIR.

II.

ONE afternoon many years ago, whilst strolling in Collins Street, I encountered an old acquaintance whom I had missed from public observation for some time. Stopping to accost him I was painfully struck with his generally limp and (as to health only) dilapidated appearance.

"What is the matter, old fellow? You are not by chalks looking to-day in your old form. And where have you been these ages?"

The day was windy, and my friend was standing on the kerbstone, apparently aimlessly, with his hands in his trousers pockets.

As he made answer to my kindly salutation he pulled out his hands, stuffed with bank notes, and held these so carelessly that the breeze blew some of them about the street. The notes were picked up by the passers-by and returned to the owner, who once more thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Look here, Blair," he said slowly, "I have been out of health for a long time, and by the advice of my doctors I am going to try the effects of a trip to New Zealand. I have made £140,000 in fees on these streets, and there is not one of these blesséd banks that would to-day honor my cheque for £40."

With some cheering and encouraging words I wished him better health and a pleasant voyage, and so left him.

That was the last sight I ever had of RICHARD DAVIS IRELAND, barrister-at-law, whilom Attorney-General, leading politician, unrivalled orator at the bar and debater on the floor of the Parliament, brilliant wit, and prince of dinner-table talkers. "There were giants in the earth in those days."

That last scene with him was in many respects characteristic, especially the incident of the bank notes so carelessly held that the mere windy puffs carried them whirling away, not always to be recovered. He once told me, in familiar conversation on the benches of the Assembly, that in the course of his life—and he was not then over 50—he had already gained and spent four large fortunes. There are some men who are so gifted by Nature with the qualities that win wealth that gold comes to them in Danaë showers, or rather in one perpetual shower. These are the true favorites of Fortune. But the goddess is proverbially fickle, and not to all her favorites does she give the faculty of keeping the riches she bestows on them so lavishly.

Richard Davis Ireland was one of this luckless class. He died a poor man, although the statements he made to me, as

RICHARD DAVIS IRELAND.

mentioned above, were in no degree exaggerated. He might easily, by the exercise of just a small amount of prudential economy, coupled with judicious investment, have bequeathed to his family the wealth of a mil-

lionaire. But he was one of five men whom I have known intimately in the course of my lifetime who seemed not to have the slightest regard for money itself, nor even any clear conviction of personal property in money. They would lend, or give, or borrow money to any amount at any time, perfectly indifferent as to what the issue of the transaction might be. Harold Skimpole himself is but a faint type of the men I have in my mind's eye at this moment.

Apart from these pecuniary considerations Richard Davis Ireland, take him for all in all, was one of the grandest specimens of the human race I have ever known. Sprung from an Irish family of the best class, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in due time was called to the Irish bar. Almost at a bound he rose to the front rank of his profession in the criminal branch. The distinction in Ireland's case is significant. The very qualities of mind and person (for that also counts for something) which made him the first of criminal advocates unfitted him for the plodding industry requisite to make a great equity lawyer. His natural temperament was too mercurial, his cast of mind was too versatile, his mere physical frame was too elastic, too mobile, in every fibre of it, to allow of his engaging in that hard dry legal work which the famous Chitty compared to eating sawdust. I think it was Luttrell, the wit of West End dinner-tables in a bygone generation, who said that the action of Erskine while delivering one of his fine orations "reminded him of that of a blood horse." Exactly the same remark might be made of Ireland when in his best form before the judicial bench or in the senate. The pose of the orator, his superb figure, his speaking eye, his handsome countenance fairly illuminated with intelligence, the stream of masculine eloquence flowing from his lips, all combined to make him irresistible to a jury. He always reminded me of Gustavus Vasa Brooke who, at the time I am writing of, was nightly electrifying Melbourne audiences with his really sublime performances of Shakspeare's great characters. What Brooke was on the stage that was Ireland in the courthouse or in the Assembly. It is possible that, being one of the few remaining survivals from those primal times, I may be something of the old man garrulous, and *laudator temporis acti;* but I cannot help feeling that this younger generation is cast in another and lighter mould of humanity than that of the men of the "early fifties." Will there ever again be actors like Brooke, advocates like Ireland, wits like Aspinall, patriots like Lang, prodigies of learning like Deniehy? It is possible, no doubt, but it is also beyond all question that within my personal knowledge there is no living match for any one of these remarkable men, each in his special department. Celebrities of the hour there are, of course, but they are not to be named in the same day with their predecessors, at least in my estimation. To make comparisons by naming living persons would indeed be a rather invidious act on my part, so I pass on to the proper subject of this paper.

Richard Davis Ireland was, as an Irish barrister, one of the last of that great race to which belonged Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, Holmes, Whiteside, Bushe, and a crowd of other illustrious names. He maintained the tradition of that glorious school of Irish oratory which fairly outshone in brilliancy even the English school, albeit adorned by such contemporary masters of the art as Chatham, William Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, and Erskine. The Irish style seemed to the auditors to be the utterance of actual inspiration, the English style appeared to the hearers to be the highest effort of perfect human reason. I do not mean to affirm that Richard Davis Ireland possessed the divine *afflatus* in the same degree as Curran or O'Connell, but the spirit was *there* all the same. You could form a good idea from hearing him what those giants had been in their day. And, blessed as he was with the versatility of temperament for which his countrymen are proverbial, he could pass at a leap from passionate earnestness to unbounded jocularity; at one time subduing his auditors by sheer force of eloquence, and anon convulsing them with laughter by his lively sallies. So have I seen Brooke on the same evening thrilling the souls of the spectators by his presentation of "Macbeth" or "Othello," and again making them "split their sides" at the irresistible humors of O'Callaghan in "His Last Legs."

Ireland's budget of anecdotes of his famous contemporaries was a very rich one indeed. Many a long conversation have I had with him on the benches of the Assembly, or over a sober glass in the refreshment room, during a long debate, enlivened by stories of O'Connell and "Old Holmes," (the father of the Irish bar) and the rest of those choice spirits. At many an uproariously festive bar dinner had he been a convive, where every one of his table companions was a man of commanding ability and renown in his profession. How admirably he could imitate O'Connell's style of oratory, whether addressing a jury, or a vast multitude at one of the

monster meetings, or at a Rotunda gathering for some charitable purpose, with Lord Roden in the chair—whom O'Connell hated heartily, and therefore always addressed him (with a purposely exaggerated brogue) as "Mee Lard!" But it must be confessed that Ireland's stories, though harmless enough as anecdotes for the smoking room, were not always such as one would care to embalm in print for the perusal of juvenile posterity. They were just a little *too* "racy of the soil," to borrow the fine phrase coined by Chief Baron Woulfe. In brief, he was a perfect specimen of the *bon vivant* and *raconteur* of an age now passed away. Those were the days of fox-hunting, of "three-bottle men," and "drinking fair," by which last phrase was meant tossing off your bumper, with no heeltaps, whenever or by whomsoever challenged. Ireland used to tell an anecdote illustrative of this old Irish custom, to the effect that Giles Daxon had been for forty years master of the Kilkenny hunt. At a ripe old age Giles passed away in peace, and was duly buried by the club, with all fitting honors. After the funeral the club sat down to a memorial dinner, at which, of course, the conversation turned mainly on the many virtues and good qualities of the deceased master. When everybody had said all he had to say on that head, a dry little fellow who sat at the bottom of the table, and who had not uttered a single syllable during the evening, broke in with—in a rasping voice—"Well, ye may all say of Giles Daxon whatever you like, but he was the best fellow for drinking fair I ever knew in my life. You might drink with him in a coal cellar at midnight with your face to the slack." (By "slack," it may be explained, is meant, in Ireland, the small coal).

Whenever Ireland had a successful day in court I always knew the fact, when he entered the Assembly in the evening, by the gleam of triumph in his eye and the twitching of the muscles around his expressive mouth. "Blair," he would say, as he took his seat on the benches beside me, "I got my man off." By which phrase he meant that he had been able to persuade the jury of the innocence of some notorious malefactor charged with a penal offence of the first magnitude, although the evidence against him was as nearly conclusive as circumstantial evidence can be. In that very fact—the all but conclusiveness of the evidence—lay the triumph of the famous criminal counsel. I may here pause to remark that the question of the personal moral responsibility of the advocate who undertakes to defend a criminal whom he knows to be guilty, and to secure whose acquittal he employs every art and artifice of legal casuistry, is one that passes my logical powers to decide. Certainly, were I a barrister, I never could undertake such a task myself. But on that point Ireland entertained no scruples whatever, but rather gloried (as already stated) in his great faculty for doing this very thing successfully. And it is in no spirit of cynical depreciation of the character of my dead friend that I add the fact that he had equally no scruples at all on the score of accepting payment to any amount from his queer clients after their acquittal. He often told me that, quite apart from the fee marked on his brief for defending a horse-stealer or a bushranger, he often found on such an occasion thrust under his office door, an envelope containing bank notes of amounts varying from £5 to £100, with his name inscribed on the cover in very doubtful caligraphy. The criminal court, in fact, was his harvest field, and he gathered in the golden grain with an unsparing hand.

For the reasons given in my sketch of Aspinall, I was never on very intimate terms of private friendship with Ireland. We never fell out, and for years I was a steady and consistent supporter, both in the House and on the Press, of the party to which he was attached. To me at least Richard Davis Ireland, during the many years I knew him, was always genial, pleasant, companionable, and withal courteous—in a word, the very model of a cultured Irish gentleman.

Of the last of my triad of Melbourne Barristers I have not much to say, although I knew him also very intimately. GEORGE SAMUEL EVANS, LL.D., was, beyond all comparison, the greatest scholar (in the now almost obsolete sense of the word) I have ever known. When I first made his acquaintance he was editing the *Melbourne Morning Herald* for Franklyn, one of a noted firm of London printers who had come to Victoria with the deluge to extend business. I had joined the *Herald* as regular contributor, and was naturally brought into close companionship with the chief. Dr. Evans was then getting well on to sixty, and his outward aspect bespoke his inner character. He was exactly the model of an old Templar of Dr. Johnson's days, and his common conversation was of the Johnsonian style, that is to say he had acquired the rather ponderous manner and sesquipedalian phraseology which the great lexicographer had brought into fashion in his time. We of the younger generation affixed to him the playful nickname of "Bozzy," in allusion to his style and

manner, and his resemblance generally to the portraits we possess of James Boswell, the devout disciple of Dr. Johnson. "Blair," he said to me one day, "you fellows call me 'Bozzy.' When I had chambers in the Temple in London I was commonly known as 'the Doctor,' in allusion to 'Bozzy's' master." His speeches in the Assembly were marked by the same ponderosity of manner and weighty verbiage as his common talk; he invariably lugged in by the head and shoulders some reference to the British Constitution, no matter what the subject under discussion might be; and he had a manner of delivering his full-rounded

GEORGE SAMUEL EVANS, LL.D.

sentences with a species of snort (there really is no other word for it) which was very comical. His was a style that lent itself very readily to caricature, and the witty fellows of the comic press made him their prey accordingly. But all this was only the scarf-skin of the frame, as one may say; beneath it lay as solid a body of sound learning as ever Englishman carried about with him. It was difficult, indeed, to find where the limits of his scholarship ran. Take an illustration or two.

On one occasion the subject of our mutual conversation was India, the period of time being that of the Indian mutiny. Mention was made of the Himalaya Mountains.

The doctor spoke: "Did it ever strike you, Blair, that the first syllable of that word is connected with the Latin word *Hiems*, winter?"

"It never did, but what is the connection, doctor?"

"Why, *Himalaya* is Sanscrit, coming direct from the original Aryan, and *Hiems* is derived from it."

"Is the Latin language then only a branch of the Sanscrit?"

"It is a branch of the Aryan, which is the mother tongue of all the Western languages."

"Where, may I ask, did you learn all this, doctor?"

"I studied Sanscrit for two years under George Long with a view to going out to India to practise at the bar there."

Another instance:

"Doctor, I have just been reading a translation of that strange comedy of Aristophanes entitled 'The Parliament of Women.'"

"Ah, you mean the *Ecclesiazusæ*. You should read it in the original Greek. No English translation can do justice to it. And if you are bent on reading of that kind get the Greek romancers, 'The *Scriptores Erotici Græci*,' and you will find them a treat."

"Doctor, you are amazingly well versed in Greek literature."

"My dear boy, I spent years in reading and making notes for a great history in continuation of Gibbon, and I read the forty volumes of the 'Byzantine Historians' in the original Greek, from cover to cover."

Anecdotes of this kind might be multiplied to any extent, but one doubts whether they are not "*caviare* to the general," and effective for scholars and book-lovers alone. Enough has been told to show what a wealth of ripe scholarship went out when Dr. George Samuel Evans was gathered to his fathers.

One incident of his parliamentary career may be added to these slight reminiscences.

The doctor chanced to be in opposition to a Ministry in which Ireland was Attorney-General. He was thundering away in his customary style on the principles of the British Constitution and the grand statesmanship of William Pitt. He paused, and throwing an angry frown across the floor, said very sarcastically, "But, sir, I see no Pitt on those Treasury benches!"

With the swiftness of lightning Ireland retorted, "But I can see a Fox on the Opposition benches!"

This sally fairly brought down the House and so nonplussed the learned doctor that he instantaneously collapsed, and was silent for the rest of the evening.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER the conclusion of the sitting of the Court as presided over by His Honor Judge Buckthorne, when Lance and Ned had been carried off to undergo their allotted sentences, it was observed that Kate Lawford and Sergeant Dayrell while apparently strolling aimlessly together along the street were engaged in an earnest and apparently confidential conversation.

"Well, that chap was got to rights if ever a man was," observed the Sergeant. "There'll be some of the flashness taken out of him before he comes out again."

The girl looked at him searchingly before she answered. When she did there was no triumph in her voice.

"Poor devil! it *was* hard lines, when you come to think of it. And all for a horse that he knew no more about than the dead! He looked at me as he walked out so sad and fierce-like I couldn't help pitying him."

"You mean you might have pitied him if he hadn't thrown you over for the girl at home—if he hadn't treated you like the dirt beneath his feet after promising to marry you—after amusing himself by making love to you as if you were a South Sea Island *wahine!*"

"Perhaps he did. Suppose he did!" replied the girl musingly, evidently in one of those fits of reactionary regret which so often in the feminine nature—strange and enigmatical always—are prone to succeed the exaltation of passion. "For all that I feel sorry now it's over. I can't get him out of my head, locked up in one of those beastly cells."

"Your brother Ned's in one, too. You don't seem to think of him."

"No, I don't—not so much. Ned's different. He's been working for it these years. He's lost the deal and has to pay up. He's not one to whine either, and I'd take the odds he's out again and in the mountains long before his time's up. But when I think of Lance and what a swell chap he was, so hearty and jolly when we first seen him, I feel like a good cry."

"Perhaps you'd like to pass him over to Tessie when he comes out," sneered the Sergeant. "She'd be so happy to console him."

"I've that feeling for him yet, bad as he's treated me," said the girl, raising her head and stamping her foot, "that I'd kill any woman that took him from me, even now. He's played me false and thrown me over, I know, and yet, by George!" she cried, suddenly facing round upon the Sergeant, while her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved with sudden passion, "I wonder if he *did* write all you showed me? I can't read a line, more shame to father and mother that never had me taught like that Tessie. So what's to prevent you putting down anything you liked and saying he wrote it? Suppose you'd been working a cross all along? Frank Dayrell! if I ever find out as you turned dog on me that way your last hour's come. By ——! I'd shoot you like a crow, and if I didn't I'd find somebody that would. Don't you make any mistake."

Dayrell smiled in his old scornful way as he pointed out the extreme improbability of Lance's writing to his affianced bride in England in any other way. What else was he to say to her? "Why you never thought he would marry you, did you, Kate?"

"Why did he make a fool of me then?" said the girl, standing slightly back and facing the trooper as if, like the tigress which such women are said to resemble, she needed but another spark of anger to cause her to spring upon him and rend with tooth and talon. "Why shouldn't he marry me? I'd have made him as good a wife as that girl or any any other in the world, I don't care who she was. I know I'm ignorant and all that, but one woman's as good as another if she takes to a man. That makes all the difference, and I'd have blacked his boots and waited on him hand and foot, and been a good woman, too, if he'd been true to me—as God hears me I could—I would!"

And here, wrought up by a strange admixture of feelings—remorse, regret, disappointment, doubt and suspicion—newly aroused,

* Begun in August number, 1889.

the half-wild daughter of the woods burst into tears and abandoned herself to the womanly indulgence of a fit of passionate lamentation.

"It's too late now, Kate," he said after a while, coolly removing his cigar which he had lighted at the first appearance of lamentation. "Better clear out for Eumeralla and make it up with Trevenna. I believe you carried on with him till Lance came on the scene. He's a handsome fellow, and Tessie, you know, and some other people couldn't tell the difference."

Then he laughed in a sardonic, derisive manner as though the joke was an exceedingly good one—irresistible indeed.

Kate Lawford dried her eyes and looked keenly at him with an expression of contempt and dislike which, in spite of his habitual indifference, he by no means relished.

"Frank Dayrell!" she said, "I believe you're the very devil himself; I see your game partly now. You'd a down on Lance because Tessie was gone on him, and wouldn't look at you. That's a nice reason to lag a man for, isn't it? And if you'd play false in one thing, you would in another. I see how you've worked it, partly. When I find out the rest it 'll be a bad day for you, mark my words. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Lawford!" here he made her a deferential and elaborate bow. "You'd better be civil though, or I may have to run in Larry Trevenna. That'll make a double widow of you—the man you'll marry and the man you were going to marry. Smart work that, eh?"

"You look out for yourself, Dayrell," she replied as she moved slowly away from him. "You're pretty smart, but that mightn't save you some day. You take my tip and leave us alone from this day out."

Thus they parted. The girl walked sullenly away—the Sergeant strolling in another direction hummed an air from an opera, stepping lightly as might a man without a care in the world. Had he but known the future? How heedless are the feet of men, surrounded by the traps and pitfalls of Fate, all ignorant, mercifully, that a few inches one way or the other means instant, irrevocable destruction. As for the woman, she went on her way and he saw her no more.

"I wonder what the deuce *will* become of the fair Kate?" he said musingly, and half aloud, as he strolled along leisurely towards the police camp. "If she marries this fellow Trevenna she'll be paid out for her sins whatever they are. He's the making of one of the most precious scoundrels that even this colony ever saw. The Lawfords can't teach him much. If he marries her there'll be murder or something like it before long. I think I see my way to another sensational case before the game's played out—more than one indeed."

* * * * *

The town at which the coach had stopped, on this his first and memorable journey as a prisoner accommodated with leg-irons and hand-cuffs, was Geelong, to the gaol of which town Lance was relegated for the purpose of being forwarded to the hulk "President." Accordingly, after due course of procedure, Lance found himself one morning in a police boat seated between his two Ballarat warders in near proximity to the celebrated Sacramento. When they came within a certain distance of the vessel they rested on their oars and commenced a conversation. The ship's trumpet replied, but afforded no manner of information to Lance. Apparently the colloquy was satisfactory. The sentry, who had been steadily pointing his musket in their direction, presented it towards the lighthouse, and all requisite permission being obtained the momentous embarkation was commenced.

The hulk "President" was a plain solid barque of one thousand tons register, broad in the beam. Dutch-built was she and had been strong to encounter storms, but was destined to defy such forces no more.

On the fore part of her deck an iron roof protected the galley and water-tank, giving her an expression of being settled in life. In front of and around her bows was a planked and railed gangway, along which a warder with a loaded rifle marched to and fro.

The heat of the summer suns reflected from the cloudless sky, the shimmering water plain, had blistered the paint—a staring dreadful yellow it was—upon her weather-worn hull. Armed figures walked on either side of this terrible vessel. Except the solitary boat in which Lance was a passenger nothing seemed to come near. To his excited fancy she seemed a plague ship. He could imagine the dead in their heavily-weighted shrouds being cast in scores from her gloomy port-holes. He stared at her in sullen silence. He had lost the habit of ejaculation. What did it matter—what did anything matter? He was in hell. In hell! What difference did the depth of the pit, more or less, make, once within the Inferno?

There was a swell, consequent on a gale which had been blowing on the previous

night. The boat rocked and pitched as she came along side of the grim ungainly hulk. His fetters made it difficult for him to step from the boat to the ladder. He tripped and one of the warders was constrained to hold him up.

"Look out! you musn't drop overboard and cheat Her Majesty's Government like Dickson did last month. Blest if you wouldn't go down like a stone with them clinks on!"

A quick regret passed through Lance's heart that he had not dropped quietly overboard and so exchanged this torture-ship for eternal rest and peace. But he clambered up with one warder in front and one immediately behind.

At the deck he was met by the first and second officers, to whom an important look-

"'Look out! you musn't drop overboard and cheat Her Majesty's Government like Dickson did last month. Blest if you wouldn't go down like a stone with them clinks on!'"

ing document was presented by the senior warder who had come down in charge.

"H—m, ha!" remarked the dignitary, opening it with deliberation and then glancing searchingly at Lance. "Refractory, determined and—put him into number fifty-six. If lower deck don't suit him, we must move him aft. Show the way Mr. Grastow."

The "way" led down a narrow ladder, the gradient of which was such that the fettered man, heavily weighted as he was, had some difficulty in getting down safe. How-

ever, as before, one warder preceded and one following, he was partly supported, partly led. As he touched the deck he looked round, and for an instant laughed aloud at the grim pleasantry which like a ray of light in a dungeon cell had found access to his brain. He was on board a slaver! His boyhood rose up before him, and he saw himself again reading "Tom Cringle's Log," under the King's oak at Wychwood. There were the iron gratings above, through which the sun came grudgingly, which afforded the only air and light to the long low corridor into which the deck had been altered. Rows of small cells on either side, each duly numbered, into which a herd of some forty or fifty chained men were being driven, as it appeared to him. In the gloom of the half-lighted passage their dark or sallow countenances, in which the eyes and teeth alone gleamed in relief, might well have passed for those of negroes. They laughed and talked or cursed and swore with a freedom which surprised Lance, used to the strict and silent rule of the Ballarat gaol. It was their recreation hour he found. They had returned from their exercise on deck.

As he scanned these foul and hideous countenances from which all semblance of the higher human attributes had departed, he shuddered involuntarily, and a groan so deep and hollow came from him that the warders who had accompanied him were affected.

"Don't you take on, number Fifty-six," said one, "It's a deal worse than Ballarat, but your going for good conduct now and your time won't be so long in runnin' out. See what you've got by behaving awkward, and they're a deal worse I hear if you go contrairy here than ever our lot was."

"Down the ladder," said the officer of the "President," "We've no time to spare in this ship."

Lower, lower still, another ladder, another deck. Here the gratings were nearer to the floor, the cells were smaller and more numerous. The whole arrangement still more nearly resembling his fancy of the slave-ship. Had there been a row of miserable Africans sitting down with another row between their knees, and another yet in the same condition, as was formerly the human method of packing the "goods" so largely dealt in by our good friends the Spaniards, Portuguese and French, and indeed our own most merciful and Christian nation, the illusion would have been complete. They would have sold well in Victoria at that time, doubtless, labor being so *very* scarce and valuable. The air, fœtid with the odors and emanations from three hundred men, having even to be filtered through the crowded deck above them was indescribably offensive. In spite of ordinary precautions the odor was that of galley-slaves. Below the level of the waters of the bay as this deck was, Lance could hear the waves washing beside the prison-house, while from the cells, the bolts of which were partially drawn and the opening secured with a chain, came ribald songs, yells and curses with an occasional noise of weeping and bursts of yet more dreadful laughter.

Walking forward still towards the stern they came to a cell numbered fifty-six on the south side of the vessel. At no great distance and dividing it from the after-cabin which was used as a sort of store-room, was a grating of massive iron bars extending from one side of the ship to the other.

The padlock was unlocked, the massive bolt shot back from the staple, and Lance saw his habitation. A low, narrow cell with heavy timber on every side, only excepting a small port-hole narrowing outwards and capable of being closed at will. The length to the concave wall of the vessel's side was about eight feet, the width scarcely six. From two iron hooks hung a rude canvas hammock. Here he must abide for the present. It would depend upon himself whether he remained there.

From the timbers of the vessel's side protruded an iron ring with a short chain dependant from it.

"What's that for?" said one of the Ballarat gaolers.

"Oh! nothing," returned the hulk warder, "It's there in case it's wanted."

The narrow door closed, the heavy bolt shot into its place, the padlock key turned, and Trevanion was alone and at sea once more. Once more Lance Trevanion found himself on ship-board, but under what different circumstances. He felt the heaving deck under his feet. The day was dark and squally, and the barque rolled and pitched in a sufficiently lively manner. The familiar movement recalled the scenes which he had loved so well. He was a born sailor and of the breed of men that joy in the strife of wind and wave. The revulsion of feeling was so great that he staggered and well nigh fell.

How well he remembered the last time he had been at sea. The voyage out so free and joyous in spite of minor discomforts. The perfect independence, the hearty unconventional comradeship, the delight with which all greeted the first step on *terra firma*.

The general wonder, excitement, and eager expectation of rapid fortunes to be acquired in this strange new land of gold.

And now he was a chained and guarded felon, reserved for Heaven alone knew what new degradation, even torture in this sea dungeon. Long before dark—the days were short in July—a warder came with bread and water.

"When do we go on shore to work?" asked Lance, thinking to adapt himself to his changed condition.

"Work? They don't do no work in the 'President;' this is the punishment hulk. All you chaps is supposed to belong to the 'fractory lot—my word! some of 'em just are and no mistake. You get's one hour a day exercise on deck. Ten on yer's sent up in the cage at a time. The rest of the twenty-four hours has to be took out in the cell."

"My God!" groaned out the unhappy man, "Can this be true, twenty-three hours in this den? Surely such cruelty can never be permitted."

"That's about the size of it Fifty-six," answered the warder preparing to lock up and depart. "And the sooner you make up your mind to man it, the better it'll be for you and the sooner you'll be drafted to the 'Success,' when you'll have a chance of fresh air. So long."

The lock closed, the bolt clanged and Lance was left to sit down where the last captive had leaned his weary frame, till his prison shoes, not heavy either, had worn into the solid planking, and when at last heart and brain had risen in wild revolt and he had cast away the wasted life which had become so valueless and unendurable.

From the time when the door that closed upon hope and the outer world clanged to, Lance Trevanion sat statue-like and motionless. The day passed, the cell grew darker, the night came with no cessation of the subdued but truly infernal din of noise to which nearly every cell contributed its quota. The wind rose and moaned, the ship rocked more heavily, the waves plashed around and above his cell, and still Lance Trevanion stirred not. He *must* have slept at length, worn out and over-fatigued, for he started suddenly from a dream of Wychwood and the first meet of the season to feel the sun feebly lighting up his prison, to listen and shudder as his irons clanked with the instinctive movement.

He sat up and gazed around for a while in the half-stupefied condition produced by conflicting sensations. He endeavored to collect his thoughts and to resolve upon a course of action. What was he to do? At present the mode of life—rather the living death—to which he felt himself condemned seemed intolerable. But much would depend upon the duration of the strictly penal term. If it were a matter of months only it might be borne. Then he would be "promoted" to the "Success," would enjoy the favored position of being permitted to work for ten hours a day in a quarry—heavily ironed of course—and on an equality and in company with some of the most atrocious scoundrels that any country had ever produced. It was not an alluring prospect! Still, he had at any rate no actually malignant enemy like Bracker. It might be possible to establish a friendly feeling with some of his guardians. He would make the attempt. Even escape did not seem so altogether impossible. He remembered Tessie's words. He knew that what one woman could do she would accomplish. A man here and there *had* escaped from the hulks and got clear off, several had been drowned, two had been shot. Still these were all fair risks. The twenty-three hours a day in the cell constituted a maddening monotony of captivity. Yet, from whatever reason, whether from the sea air, his unexpected meeting with Tessie Lawford, or "something which never can be expressed," Lance Trevanion's spirits rose higher than they had done since the day of his conviction, and in the depth of his saddened heart stirred a feeling that was almost hope.

When his gaoler made his appearance with the one-pound loaf of bread which was to serve for his daily dole and the can of water similarly apportioned, he assumed a cheerful air. "When do we go up for exercise?" he said.

"Your batch'll be sent up at eleven o'clock, Fifty-six. Then you get down just in time for dinner, half-pound boiled beef for you then, so you can save some for supper; half-pound of vegetables. That'll be the lot."

"Now look here, I don't know your name—oh, Grastow! what I want to say is, I have only two years to serve. When I get out I shall have plenty of money. I can make it WELL worth your while to help me, what do you say. Is there any harm in that?"

"I don't know as there is, Fifty-six," replied the gaoler, warily. "But a many of the crew of the 'President' (we call 'em the crew among ourselves) says the same thing. When they gets out they nat'rally forgets. What are we to do? We can't summons 'em

in the Small Debts Court; how am I to know ye aint on that lay?"

"I can show you how if you'll carry a note from me on shore and leave it in the Post Office. I'll guarantee a five pound note is sent to any address you name within twenty-four hours."

"Ten pun' note might do something," answered the warder, reflectively. "The risk's a big 'un. If I'm nabbed I lose my berth straight off and stand a blessed good chance of being brought into one of these here fancy shops myself."

"'Ten pun' note might do something,' answered the warder, reflectively."

"Why, who's to know?"

"Well," replied the warder, looking round, "it 'ud stun yer to count the spies that seem to be bred regular in a place like this, one man watching another for the reward. But I'll chance it, I will, the first time I go ashore. Now then you Fifty-five, what are you making all that row for?"

The occupant of the next cell, Number Fifty-five, as he was in due sequence, had apparently gone mad. He raved and shrieked, cursed and yelled continuously. He banged at the door, which he could not well kick as they had taken away his boots. But ever and anon he amused himself with wildly extravagant rhapsodies as well as by devoting his gaolers to the infernal deities, as also the heads of any church running counter to his sectarian prejudices. Then he was taken out, secured and hauled before the Chief Officer for punishment. That autocrat ordered the sullen-visaged "Vandemonian," as the warders designated him, to undergo several days in the "box" on bread and water. He was carried off, struggling and cursing, by main force, being crammed into the "box" aforesaid. This retreat, which was inspected by Lance on another occasion, appeared to be a species of *oubliette*, apparently in the very keel of the vessel, so constructed that the delinquent could neither stand up, lie down or sit with ease. In addition to this rigorous confinement a gag was placed in the mouth of the offender if he refused to stop his unseemly outcry.

A few minutes before eleven o'clock Lance's door was unlocked, and he was summoned forth to take part in a new portion of the programme. Being marched into the centre of the passage he there saw a large iron cage, of which the door, just sufficiently large to admit one man, was opened. On either side stood an armed sentry with rifle at the *poisé*.

An additional pair of warders was in attendance. The inmates of the cells, called by number, not by name, shuffled or stumbled out and made for the door of the cage, like tamed wild beasts under the keeper's whip.

It was a piteous, strangely-moving sight to a lover of his kind had such been there. Men of various types and all ages obeyed the summons—the white-haired convict, reckless and hopeless, the larger half of whose life had been spent within prison walls, and who was now doomed to linger out the last years of a ruined life in places of confinement. The whole expression of the face denoted the human wreck which the "forcat" had become. The evil eye, furtive yet ferocious, the animal mouth and jaw, the shaven sallow cheek—every faculty once capable of rising to the loftier attributes of manhood seemed obliterated—the residuum but approached the type of the simian anthropoid, bestial, savage, obscene.

"Great God!" thought Lance, as one by one the felons passed into this cage, some young and hardly developed into fullest manhood like himself, some of middle age, some stunted and decrepit, bowed and misshapen from constant confinement and the weight of

their irons, yet all with the same criminal impress upon form and feature. "Great God! shall I ever become like these men? And yet once I had as little fear of becoming *what I am*—"

He passed in last, the door was shut, the cage commenced to ascend. His companions grinned and chuckled as, with a brutal oath, the older convict asked what he was sent on board for.

Lance hesitated for a moment, and then reflecting that if he attempted to show what his companions in misery might consider airs of superiority they would find some way of revenging themselves, answered in as careless a manner as he could assume.

"Well I knocked over the head warder at Ballarat."

"Good boy! What for?"

"He had been 'running' me—wanted to make me break out, I suppose. I couldn't stand it any longer and went for him."

"Why didn't yer choke the —— wretch?"

"Because I hadn't time." Here the savage joy which he experienced when his enemy lay gasping beneath him came with a rush of recollection, and the old fire, so long absent, glowed lurid in his eyes. "Another second or two and Bracker would have been a dead man."

"Bracker, was it?" said one of the younger convicts. "I was under him at Pentridge, and a —— dog he was! He tormented a cove there till he hanged himself. I'm dashed glad he copped it, anyhow."

"You're a right 'un, anyhow," said the older convict approvingly. "It wants a chap like you now and then to straighten them infernal wretches that think a man's like a log of wood as you chop and chip at till it's all done. I learned one of 'em different on the other side, and there's one or two here as'll get a surprise yet if they don't look out."

At this stage of the conversation the slowly-ascending contrivance reached the upper deck, and the inmates became as stolidly silent as Eastern mutes.

One by one, covered by the rifles of the deck guards, they stepped out and followed each other in the shuffling walk peculiar to heavily-ironed men along and around the deck. Each man was a certain distance behind the one immediately preceding him. The foremost man walked to the bow of the vessel. When reached he turned stiffly round as if by machinery, and resumed the same monotonous tramp in the opposite direction.

Melancholy treadmill and mockery of locomotion as was this parade, still it was not wholly without its attractions. The vision arose before their aching eyes of the blue sky, the dancing wave, the far-off purple mountain. There drove seaward an outgoing steamer. Alas, alas! what a world of vain regrets did she evoke in Lance's mind! There were white-winged gulls, yachts and skiffs that resembled them in free and graceful flight. All these constituted a pageant impossible of production within prison walls. Then the ocean breeze, with every inspiration after the fœtid atmosphere of the lower deck, revived and in a sense exhilarated them. These joys and glories of the sea could not be shut out even from the gaze of the fettered captives, unless the further refinement of punishment of blindfolding had been added. And even in the "President" none of the officials had hit upon this deterrent device.

So by the time that Lance and his fellows had completed their allotted tramp, at the end of which time he was fatigued, unused as he was to lift his legs with such an encumbering weight, he felt, somewhat to his surprise, that his general tone had been raised. He saw the shore, then known as Liardet's Beach, which did not seem so great a distance away. He could imagine in the night, when a dense fog enveloped the mud flats of the bay, the low sandy beach, the thickets of the tall ti-tree (*melaleuca*), that either by swimming or with friendly aid a prisoner might cross the intervening stretch of mud flat, so dreary and darksome at low water, and disappearing into the thickets be as little likely to be again seen as a ghost flitting at cockcrow.

During the remainder of this day Lance was sensible of an unusual feeling of exaltation, so much so that when night came, the dreary night commencing so early and ending so late, when sleep would have been the most precious of boons, he was wholly unable to compose himself to rest, as the phrase in orthodox fiction runs: Compose himself! Irony of ironies! With the murmur of the prison herd in his ears in which ever and anon a maniacal shriek shrilled through the murky midnight air.

The waves plashed and the rising gale moaned as if in natural protest against the foul cargo of crime, misery, and despair amid which he lay.

In the strange half-delirious fancies which coursed through his brain, he saw, plainly as it seemed to him, the face of the Godforsaken, desperate criminal who had last occupied this very cell. He saw him sitting crouched, hour after hour, day after day, in the very place where he sat He marked the spot where his boot heels had worn the

solid plank. He saw him taken out to punishment. He saw him return more dogged, hopeless, and defiant than before. Lastly he could see him apparently standing upright, but in reality suspended by the twisted woollen cord, his blanket torn into strips, gone to carry his case into that ultimate Court of Appeal where the wrongs of earth shall be righted by the justice of Heaven.

* * * * * *

From this time Lance Trevanion experienced a complete change of sensation. "Cabined, cribbed, confined" as he was most literally, there seemed to have been breathed into his soul with the salt scent of the ocean that which no art of man could shut out, the hope of freedom, the promise of escape. Moreover a brief note had reached the address agreed upon between him and Tessie, and the warder finding it transmutable into sovereigns, had formed a different opinion of Number Fifty-six. He began to look upon him as a victim of oppression, as something out of the run of the ordinary "crew" of the "President;" finally as a young man who was worth taking a little trouble about and for whom it might in the end be worth encountering even the serious risk of dismissal. After all, if made worth his while what did dismissal from the Government service amount to? It involved no moral stigma, no personal disadvantage. If he cleared out with cash enough to set up a public house, or even a store, at some of these new goldfields which were "breaking out" every day, how could he do better.

Having established friendly relations with his immediate attendant, Lance soon proceeded to reap the benefit of confidential intercourse. Articles of food, "medical comforts," luxuries, even, were smuggled into number Fifty-six. With the aid of these and recovered appetite, born of the sea air, and the tonic ideas which now pervaded his system, Lance improved measurably. He was reported to the chief officer for good conduct, and that dread official was pleased to address him one day, and, remarking upon his behavior, to inform him that he would be transferred to the hulk "Success" at the end of three months, being much earlier than from the grave nature of his offence he might have calculated upon. Lance touched his cap, smiling bitterly as he shuffled off on his mechanical round with the faint rattle which his chains *would* make, however carefully he might be-wrap and bandage them.

At the end of three months! Well, the first week was over. It had seemed a month, and there were eleven more to follow before the penal period would be completed. In heaven's name what was he to do until then? hour after hour in solitude. But one little hour on deck, again to feel the free ocean breeze, to note the curling waves, the gliding sea-bird. Sometimes, indeed, even this faint solace was debarred. When the weather was rough and the hulk unsteady at her moorings, the hour's exercise, that precious respite, was forbidden. It was too difficult to haul up the cage, to supervise satisfactorily the deck occupants. So the dark dull day was fated to end in gloom and sadness as it had commenced. Sometimes, indeed, the second day passed over without the blessed interval. Not until the bad weather came to an end were the ill-fated captives permitted the scanty dole of fresh air and sunshine.

As much of Lance's leisure time while at exercise as he could devote to this sort of reconnoitring he managed to concentrate on the mud flats, which at low tide were hardly a mile distant. These he carefully examined. He learned by heart their bearings from the shore; satisfied himself that once there he could manage for himself. Of course there was the reverse side of the shield. The hulks—more especially the "President," as holding a sample of the worst and most desperate criminals of the whole prison population—were most closely watched. No boats were permitted to come within an area marked by buoys, more than half-a-mile square. Was it worth while to run the risk of being caught and run down by these, or would it be more prudent to await his transfer to the "Success" and take the chance of escaping from the quarries?

The latter idea seemed feasible—amid a regiment of convicts nearly a thousand strong, who worked from 7 a.m to 5 p.m. in the quarries at the piers or the building of a lighthouse—surely amid the crowds of such an army of laborers some opportunity of escape would be afforded him!

Meanwhile, in spite of adverse circumstances, matters were decidedly improving. His friendly gaoler showed him how he could keep his port-hole open in fine weather, even after locking-up time for the night, and by other concessions materially lightened for him the weary hours.

More than once, too, had he received a letter from Tessie, carefully written on the smallest possible scrap of paper, but with its few words of priceless value and comfort to the captive. In the last one a distinct plan of escape was devised.

At this time among the various pursuits and avocations by means of which men of gentle nurture, who had been unsuccessful at the goldfields, procured a living while leading an independent life, was that of wild fowling, ranked high. Game of all sorts was readily saleable at fabulous prices to the hotel and restaurant keepers of Melbourne. Every day scores of men, with pockets stuffed with bank notes, came to the metropolis eager to embark for England with what seemed a fortune to them, or to enjoy a season of revelry preparatory to returning to Ballarat or Bendigo. There was, as the miners' phrase then went, "plenty more where that came from," With such free-handed customers a *recherché* dinner, with fish, game and fruit preceding a theatre party, was indispensable. The cost was not counted. Bills were des pised in those days when every river in favored districts was a Pactolus. Hotel-keepers and tradesfolk were reproached for their meanness in not swelling their totals to a respectable sum. The free-handed miner whose drafts, payable in the rich red gold Dame Nature was so proud to honor, mocked at expense, and exacted profusion at his quasi-luxurious banquets. Such being the state of affairs, with teal and widgeon at six shillings a brace, and black duck at half a-sovereign the pair, a reduced gentleman with a punt and duck gun was enabled to lead a philosophical, remunerative and far from laborious existence.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP.

O SLEEP! thy hair with rosy poppies crowned,
That walkest nightly through the weary land,
Laying on life thy calm, peace-giving hand,
Soothing the furrows on the brow that frowned,
Filling with silence hearts tired out with sound,
Leading pale armies of white dreams with thee,
Ghosts that have been and are no more to be,
Words, thoughts, long since in Lethe drowned,—
O Sleep! unveil for me thy mysteries,
And let me feel again and feed upon
Memories of meadows and deep summer skies,
Pine-scented woods where sunlight never shone,
Lilies with silver bells, and the dark rose
Deep-hearted, breathing satisfied repose.

L. E. ORR.

the Irish capital, thirty-two thousand live in seven thousand houses containing forty-eight thousand rooms, or an average of three rooms for every two families. In Glasgow it is even worse than this. Amongst the Teutonic nationalities in Europe the population has doubled itself during the last forty years; but the increase has been almost wholly confined to the urban population, the increase in the rural districts being quite insignificant. In America the percentage of the whole population living in cities is steadily mounting up, and in the larger cities the desperate cramming of great masses of humanity into ill-ventilated, ill-drained tenements, "cabined, cribbed, confined," has brought about a ratio of mortality which is appalling. One half of the children born in New York die before reaching the age of five years, poisoned by the vitiated air of these reeking barracks. There is no necessity to multiply illustrations or subpœna fresh witnesses. If any doubt existed, Professor Huxley, or better still the reports of Royal Commissioners, would dispel it. The grim facts are admitted on all sides, but nowhere can I call to mind, except in Mr. Coghlan's self-satisfied allusion, where they have been presented as a subject for complaisant reverie or a reason for smug content.

In old countries the towns grow unnaturally and apoplectically bloated directly at the expense of the country; here the city swells, not by absorption of rural atoms, but by the retention of very much more than its proportionate share of the inflowing material. The same result is reached in the end, although the process starts from opposite ends of the coil. At the same time more land is being nominally settled than would suffice to fulfil all the requirements, even on an extravagant scale, of a population increasing in a ratio tenfold the actual ratio of increase. It has often struck me as a matter for surprise that none of our socio-religious clerics has ever dilated upon the exceedingly probable supposition that a beneficent Providence created Australia so big out of feelings of particular regard for successive impecunious governments. It is impossible to say upon what rocks of financial disaster we should have split if revenues could not have been eked out by the proceeds from land alienation. There is no questioning the enormous speed with which we have managed to dispossess the community of its heritage. The records stand as a black indictment of political criminality of the most malignant type—the criminality that robs children yet unborn of their natural rights; that heavily discounts progress years before it can possibly be achieved; that pledges the credit of posterity to untold millions, and to commemorate some frivolous event makes roaring bonfires out of the precious, the indescribably precious, charter of human freedom.

On page 636 ("Wealth and Progress") some startling figures are given in convenient tabular form which show at a glance upon what a rotten and insecure basis the wretched settlement we have achieved is built. Mr. Coghlan, who possesses the valuable faculty of being able to write most amiably and pleasantly while skimming over a doubtful or unquestionably unpleasant fact, prefaces the statistical matter with a few bald comments: "The transactions in regard to mortgages of land have increased very rapidly during the past nine years: the maximum was reached in 1885, when the amount of such transactions was not less than £11,360,108. Besides these were many mortgages not registered. The great increase shown in 1885 over any previous year is due to mortgages of country lands, on which a sum of £7,990,086 was advanced, an amount not only larger than that lent on country lands before or since, but larger than the whole amount advanced on mortgage on land throughout the colony in any one year." It is somewhat surprising that Mr. Coghlan did not console himself with the patent and very important fact that although the sum total of the mortgages on country lands in 1885 very nearly approached eight millions it did not actually reach it. He might very legitimately and properly have followed the advice of the immortal Cap'en Cuttle and "made a note of it." The "transactions," so nonchalantly alluded to, much as if they bore reference to the transfer of a barrow-load of cabbages, are as follows, and I think they deserve a little more serious comment than can be squeezed into half a score lines of idle paraphrase.

MORTGAGES OF LAND REGISTERED.

Year.	No. of Mortgages	Amount.
1880	2,995	£4,048,952
1881	4,505	5,268,449
1882	4,159	4,924,596
1883	4,088	5,859,472
1884	4,653	5,620,421
1885	7,618	11,360,108
1886	6,934	7,570,210
1887	6,108	5,869,302
1888	7,452	8,765,109

If against these disturbing evidences of indebtedness we place the table showing the mortgages on land discharged we find that the suspicions aroused by so heavy a series

of "transactions" are but very inadequately allayed. There is no necessity to transcribe the whole list, the figures having reference to the years 1882-1888 being quite sufficient :—

MORTGAGES ON LAND DISCHARGED.

YEAR.	NUMBER.	AMOUNT.
1882	2,051	£1,676,224
1883	1,388	1,433,912
1884	2,216	1,957,765
1885	3,473	2,239,075
1886	2,773	2,515,398
1887	3,067	2,909,931
1888	4,160	4,273,034

To quote Mr. Coghlan once more: "The amount of mortgages paid off has been uniformly less than of mortgages registered. . . . The weight of this burden of mortgage will have to be largely reduced before that elasticity will again be found in trade which was visible a few years ago."

Before passing on to consider what bearing these figures have upon the question at issue it may not be without interest to enquire by what process of reasoning the Government Statistician arrives at the conclusion that increases in land values are synonymous with an increase in the general wealth. Throughout his entire section on Finance and Public Wealth this erroneous conception runs, and it vitiates for politico-economical purposes many of his carefully-worked-out calculations. What landlords gain by high prices when land values increase is exactly balanced by what tenants or purchasers lose in having to pay such higher prices. The same process of reasoning would lead us to include debts, bonds, mortgages, etc. It is much to be deplored that matters essentially distinct in their nature should be so habitually confounded with each other in works designed to be exact and to serve as a guide to politicians and others in arriving at a correct understanding with regard to the progress of the colony. The whole land values of New South Wales could be resumed by Act of Parliament for the community without the general wealth being lessened to the extent of a penny piece. According to Mr. Coghlan and many others such act of resumption would diminish wealth to the extent of many millions of pounds. By exactly the same reasoning it would appear that the discharge of every bill, bond and note owing by, and due to, persons within the limits of the colony would increase the total wealth by the amount represented by such bills, notes and bonds. It is, I repeat, matter for regret that statisticians and others are not a little more exact in their definitions. This, however, is a digression, the matter under review being the serious extent to which those ostensibly owning the land have been compelled to call in the aid of the mortgagee.

This steady accumulation of mortgages year by year tells a tale of its own not difficult to understand. It declares in trumpet tones that although nominally the lands are in the keeping of one class who reside on them and put them to more or less use in the production of wealth, yet virtually they are passing more and more into the possession of money lenders, either individual or corporate. We make stringent provisions against what is known as dummyism and impose a host of conditions, residential and otherwise, to ensure that men who approach the land courts in the guise of a solicitous peasantry shall not under that convenient garb get the better of the department. We appoint inspectors to pry into improvements and make valuations, and peep through crevices and keyholes to see that a conditional purchaser is fulfilling the conditions under which he was granted occupancy. We do all this and much more to build up by surveillance and semi-coercion a prosperous yeomanry; and yet with a dizzy rapidity and a steady persistency truly remarkable the lands escape from the control of the community and from the possession of the farming population to become absorbed into the ever-aggregating estates belonging to syndicates or the big monetary institutions of the colony. Verily, in the words—mere words without heart in them, I doubt—of Sir Henry Parkes, we have made serious mistakes in this land question. The independent freeholders (the dream of successive administrations) who cultivate in security their own vineyards, and sit in peace and frugal content under the shade of their own umbrageous fig-trees, are dying out. They are in reality, in the majority of instances, only tenants on sufferance. The mortgagees are the real landlords, only their rent is received under the name and disguise of interest. To all intents and purposes the land is theirs, for everywhere the fate of the agriculturist seems to be to struggle on from year to year a pensioner upon the charity of the storekeeper or the long-suffering of the bank and money-lender. The number of advertisements continually appearing in provincial newspapers to the effect that such-and-such a desirable farm is to be sold by order of the mortgagee is symptomatic of a squeezing process which will ultimately, and at no very distant date, make rags and tatters of our bulky Land Acts with their endless verbosity and reiterated rubbish. During the years cited

by Mr. Coghlan, when, lacking other direct testimony, we might naturally be led to imagine that land alienation would be at a low ebb, the "settlement" of the country was proceeding apace. The land courts were thronged with selectors. The nucleus of a contented yeomanry was growing most satisfactorily from the official and arithmetical point of view, and "Advance Australia" was roared in every possible key of joyance and patriotism at Ministerial banquets. It sometimes happens that a broken-down troupe of travelling players essay the production of an ambitious drama, demanding in one or two of its scenes a host of characters—an army in flight, or a regiment proudly advancing with bands playing and banners flaming refulgent to the auspicious heavens Our broken-down assemblage do not despair because, all told, and after pressing half-a-dozen supernumeraries into service, their battalions present a thin and ragged appearance. They spread themselves out, making as much of their numerical insignificance as possible, and march with stately slowness and prodigious dignity across the stage. As each mock warrior disappears behind the wings he rushes with breathless haste round the back, re-appearing in the opposite wing ready to take his place in the rear, which, if the scenic arrangements have been judiciously made, should just be on the point of emerging within view of the audience. Thus half-a-score of nimble-footed fellows can give the innocent and unsophisticated spectator the impression of vast resources. In some such way settlement has been carried on. Year by year selectors have been quietly crushed out, driven further afield by the pressure of financial embarrassment; mortgagees, with an eye to the main chance and nosing the prospect of railway extension, have suddenly foreclosed; lands have passed into the possession of banks or other money-lenders, or have been as noiselessly absorbed into the neighboring octopus of a big estate; and the ousted farmer, selector, or whatever be his generic name, has reappeared for the second or the fifth time before the land courts as an applicant for conditional purchases. Thus the line of cultivation is driven more remote, reacting upon production, reacting also upon rent, and tending directly to the general reduction of wages, not merely in the agricultural industry but in every industry.

So involved and confused is the official literature bearing on our land question that it is impossible to avoid being baffled in the attempt to decipher it; but here and there salient features are more or less discernible. It may be gathered from the Statistical Register for 1888 that no less than two hundred and twelve thousand, eight hundred and thirteen selections were sold conditionally between 1862 and 1888, the total acreage represented being twenty-seven million, one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven. During the same period tens of thousands of lots were sold otherwise than conditionally, the total area being, in round numbers, eleven million acres. In 1888 there were five thousand and fifty-nine separate lots thus sold, with an aggregate area of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand, one hundred and ninety-four acres, and the total transactions for the year show that nine thousand, five hundred and eighty lots in all were alienated, the combined area being nearly a million acres. Of prior free grants, their number, locality, value and attached conditions we know very little indeed, except that they amount in the aggregate to over three million acres; but everyone conversant with colonial matters and awake to that under-current of strong democratic sentiment which is beginning to flow has a shrewd idea that were all the facts divulged with respect to these grants the cause of the Single Tax would receive a tremendous impetus. Yet so unsatisfactorily has genuine settlement progressed that, notwithstanding the enormous number of conditional purchases, the tens of thousands of lots sold by auction, and the many and extensive areas handed over by administrators too generous to be just, the total number of holdings in New South Wales in March, 1888, of more than one acre in extent, was only forty-six thousand, one hundred and forty-two. Twelve years previously the holdings numbered thirty-nine thousand, six hundred and thirty-nine, showing a paltry increase for the period of sixteen per cent. only. The comparative figures for 1888 and 1889 are yet more startling. During 1888 great activity was manifested in the various land offices, as was shown by the fact, already cited, that nearly ten thousand separate lots were alienated. But the inference likely to be drawn from such activity is mercilessly shattered by the table giving the number of holdings in each year from 1880, and consequently indicating the net progress in actual settlement. In 1888 the holdings totalled forty-six thousand, one hundred and forty-two. In 1889 the total had laboriously crept up to forty-six thousand, one hundred and ninety-seven, or a wretched increase of fifty-five, being at the rate of four and a half new holdings per

calendar month. An analysis of the Statistician's returns shows that in the small holdings held by what we grandiloquently term our yeomanry there was a serious decrease of nearly three hundred, the leeway being stopped and the small net advance made by an increase in the number of the large estates. The area comprised in the holdings in 1877 was eighteen million, two hundred and ten thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six acres; in 1889 the collective area had increased to thirty-nine million, four hundred and twenty-two thousand and ninety-five acres, or over one hundred and sixteen per cent. Between 1876 and the beginning of 1889 the population of the colony increased from six hundred and fourteen thousand, one hundred and eighty-one to one million, eighty-five thousand, seven hundred and forty, or, roughly, seventy-six per cent. Thus, while the alienation of the people's birthright was forty per cent. more rapid than the increase of population, the increase in the total number of holdings was sixty per cent. less. If nine-tenths of our parliamentary representatives were not either hopelessly obtuse or criminally careless of the interests of the community as a whole, this grave disparity could not escape notice and serious investigation. It indicates a process of aggregating monopoly which is not only producing the worst evils and problems of the old world, but is encouraging them to such a monstrous growth and development as bid fair to defy all parallel. If there be any truth in that ominous passage that "they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind," troublous times await the colony. Mr. Coghlan informs us where the vanished selections have gone. Between 1880 and 1889 the holdings having an area of from fifteen to two hundred acres were stationary. Those between two hundred and four hundred acres increased to an insignificant extent, but directly we reach the class of holdings which are large enough to bear the dignified title of "estate" the increase becomes phenomenal. "Those measuring from four hundred to one thousand acres increased thirty-six per cent.; from one thousand to two thousand acres the increase was seventy-two per cent.; from two thousand to ten thousand acres it was eighty-nine per cent.; while in the largest class of holdings, from ten thousand acres upwards, the increase in number has been over seventy-seven per cent. during the nine years."—(Wealth and Progress, p. 230.) No less than fifty-three per cent. of the entire alienated land of the colony is comprised in these last named holdings, and five hundred and eighty persons in 1889 held possession of close upon twenty-million acres, a vast extent of territory nearly equal to two-thirds the area of England. Landlordism on such a stupendous scale as this was never before seen in the world, and only population is required to give to these five hundred and eighty uncrowned kings, or the moneyed institutions they represent, such cumulative force of monopoly, such irresistible power of enforcing arbitrary tribute for the bare permission to toil, as will bring labor and capital submissive to their knees, despite manhood suffrage, technical education, or massed tradesunionism. Two banking institutions between them, and in nearly equal proportions, own two hundred and eleven station properties in this colony. When imaginative orators are busying themselves with predictions regarding the future, when, like Sir Henry Parkes some time ago, they pour forth a flood of elaborate calculations and tell us that children now attending our schools may live to see the population of Australasia equal to the present population of England and Wales, it may be well to remember that the destructive energy of land monopoly remains comparatively quiescent until population is concentrated and the demand for access to the soil becomes imperative, and that as material progress widens and advances so do the exactions of monopoly dilate and multiply.

Not only has our system of absolute alienation directly, almost necessarily, led to the rapid concentration of our lands into a few prodigious estates, but it has so absurdly scattered the rural population as to reduce to a minimum the economic value which inseparably attaches to Society as an organism. Round about many of our inland towns there are great estates, some of them originally free grants, some of them the fruits of political jobbery or favoritism in the early days of settlement, others built up in part by purchase and in part by dummyism. The owners of these are often syndicates, some foreign, some resident, and they are the nucleus of an upper class which, in spite of our democratic constitution, will become more and more differentiated from the rank and file of the colony as material progress swings into wider and grander orbits. Governing classes have invariably originated in this way. The British aristocracy runs back to the time when that prince of freebooters, William of Normandy, parcelled out, like the unprincipled robber he was, the fair demesnes of conquered England amongst his motley and not too reputable or respectable followers. These huge estates, swelling into lordlier

proportions and doubling or trebling their monopoly value every decade, are the premonitory but unquestionable evidences of the coming effects of the differentiating processes already in existence. Round most of our townships we find these huge estates, but if we seek for the farmer, the rare yeoman, we shall find him twenty, forty, a hundred miles back in the rough country, out of touch with his fellows, hemmed in possibly by the primeval bush or barren waterless ridges, remote from school or church or store and distant from his market. This remoteness is a factor to be considered. Its ultimate effect is to lessen the productiveness of his labor and seriously reduce his wages. It depreciates the value of his labor just as effectually as if a storm were to destroy part of his wheat crop when ready for harvesting, or a murrain to seize his cattle after he had spent much time and money in fattening them for the shambles. It has precisely the same effect upon his ultimate returns as an actual lessening of the fertility of his farm. Consider, too, the intrinsic absurdity embodied in the fact that in coming and going with his stores of varied wealth he passes mile after mile of magnificent soil, possibly as good as, probably much better than, his own on the score of fertility, certainly far superior on the score of position, scarcely one acre in the thousand of which is put to a tithe of its full use. It is as though we compelled a blacksmith to erect his anvil fifty yards from his forge, causing him to waste half his time in running between the two points and making it impossible for him to avoid botching much of his most important work. Under a sensible order of settlement the farmer would have been located in close propinquity to his market. His own interests, in perfect harmony with his own social needs and advantages, would have ensured this. There would have been no profitless expenditure of energy in hauling heavy loads over rough bush tracks. His children would have been within reach of the best means of education. He himself would have been able to enjoy both the breezy freedom of the country and the intellectual culture of the town. Town and country alike would have been the better and the wealthier for the altered relationship. That is the common sense view of the matter, but common sense and land legislation do not seemingly run on parallel lines. The various wealth-producers, instead of being so distributed that their interdependent and mutually beneficial action would produce the highest results, are scattered in driblets over a territory ample for all the requirements of fifty millions, and scattered, too, in such a higgledy-piggledy fashion, without plan or order, without the slightest regard to mutual needs and mutual functions, as to excite the profoundest contempt for the whole catalogue of land law experimentalists from Sir John Robertson downwards. Forty million acres of the best and choicest land have gone out of common keeping; about a fiftieth part of this, or less, is put to indifferent use; and yet we have brilliant geniuses, like Mr. Dibbs, who would borrow untold millions and construct railways east, west, north and south, to open up new territory and develop fresh resources. Good heavens! if they would only turn their attention to the development of their own brains what an illimitable field for operation would lie open to their hand. Our best resources are those which lie thickly strewn about our feet, and in what way are we developing these? If all the energy now expended in bridging chasms and supplementing cumbrous and inefficient modes of exchange were directed into productive channels, the additional wealth produced in the colony annually would probably be sufficient to give a birthday present of £20 to every man, woman and child. In separate circles of industrial organisation we gladly avail ourselves of every scientific and mechanical discovery which expedites and cheapens production. The grand march of invention is thrilling, not unmixed with the elements of the awful. In social organisation, however, we have scarcely made perceptible progress for generations; and yet the economic value of society, when perfectly distributed, is one of the most obvious and important truths of political economy.

A few calculations on the basis of Mr. Coghlan's figures regarding the distribution of our people will show how absurdly indefensible on economic grounds it is. On other grounds an equally condemnatory conclusion could be arrived at. The colony contains an area of three hundred and ten thousand, seven hundred square miles, or one hundred and ninety-eight million, eight hundred and forty-eight thousand acres—nearly equal to the combined areas of the United Kingdom and France. The total population in 1888 was estimated to be one million, eighty-five thousand, seven hundred and forty, or in the proportion of about ten souls to every three square miles. Of these, over thirty-three per cent., or three hundred and sixty-six thousand, were located in Sydney and the adjacent metropolitan suburbs. The suburban increase during the eighteen years

ending 1888 was three hundred and five per cent. During the same period the increase in the country districts, being the whole of the colony, exclusive of Sydney, was ninety-seven per cent., showing emphatically the disproportionate growth of the metropolitan population. Of the remainder, over two hundred thousand were estimated to be resident in the fifty-one chief towns of the colony, leaving a balance of about five hundred thousand for distribution in the villages and purely agricultural, pastoral and mining divisions. There are some two hundred townships and villages with an estimated population each of from one hundred to one thousand, and at an average of four hundred each we can account for a further eighty thousand. The rest may be taken as representing the rural population. Now, out of the total area of the colony one hundred and eighty-one million, eight hundred and eighty-three thousand, nine hundred and forty-nine acres were, in 1888, either leased, or alienated, or in process of alienation; which, compared with the population, and allowing a liberal margin for town and city lands, gives us a proportion of about one soul and a half (if the metaphysicians will allow me to mutilate a soul in that fashion) to every square mile. Every parallelogram of six hundred and forty acres may not have its individual Alexander Selkirk, with his man Friday to represent the fraction; but the people are thinly dispersed —here one or two, there a little group of a score, yonder the nucleus of a hamlet—from the Macintyre River in the north to the Murray in the south, and from the Pacific on the east to Wentworth, Wilcannia and Bourke in the west. We speak glibly of the unnatural segregation and aggregration of the masses in the old countries of the world; but where, with such limited material to work upon, has the world seen anything, anywhere, at any time, which could parallel our achievements in social expansion and compression? Where else, under any kind of policy or any form of Government, can we find between thirty and forty per cent. of the entire people crowded into one city and its immediate surroundings? And by what economic miracle do our modern Solons expect such an unequal distribution of productive energy to result in anything but an artificial and fevered prosperity, and a progression subject to periodic deflections and dizzy retrograde movements of the most disastrous character? We are postponing the evil day by copious borrowings, but an end must come to that.

There is scarcely one city or town, or even village, which is not overcrowded with storekeepers and tradesmen in ruinous competition with each other. Every avenue seems congested and choked with desperate contestants for a living. Any advertisement offering decent wages in any line of business will draw a basketful of replies. Capital greedily snaps at anything promising fair returns. Out in the sparsely-settled country, with its complement of one soul to the mile, the same mournful plaint of insufficient remuneration for heavy labor and distressing anxiety is continually heard. Farmers cry for more railways to enable them to find the market they stand in need of; for better roads to save wear and tear of waggons and teams; for Protection to create an artificial scarcity and tax the general consumer on their behalf; for decentralisation; for something or other of an eleemosynary nature, they hardly know what, to alleviate the evils they do recognise and feel. Bewildered philanthropists beseech Government to enter largely into irrigation; to take mining under its fostering wings; to institute State workshops; to put helpless people somehow into the way of getting on; to lend money at nominal rates to the needy, and generally to act a grandmotherly part. "We are all Socialists," was the catch-phrase of a season, and the unemployed now fly as naturally towards a modified type of Socialism as De Quincey flew to opium. With practically infinite resources, with inexhaustible latent wealth all around, we languish. With millions of natural opportunities for the production of those things which haunt our dreams we have yearly our irritating difficulty of the unemployed; and one of the richest embryo empires under the sun found it necessary to distribute alms in commemoration of its centennial year! These, too, are the vengeful retributions of our Theban Sphinx whose dark riddles we have failed to answer. But our Œdipos has arisen, the dark enigma is solved, and the bloody reign of the Sphinx draws rapidly and silently to its close.

The reflex influence on Governmental expenditure of such a wretchedly unsystematic system of settlement is becoming more apparent every year. To those who take the trouble, as I have frequently done, to wade through the pages of the Blue Book, with its pregnant and obtrusive lessons of waste and extravagance concealed under the driest and most formal of official terminology, and supplement the irritating knowledge thence gleaned by an intelligent perusal of the bulky Estimates and Supplementary Estimates of Expenditure, the insidious effects of lar

monopoly in the inflation of Government disbursements begin to assume definite and defiant shape. We grow better able after long scrutiny to trace the devious lines through many bewildering convolutions to one common starting point. It is said, with obvious truth, that our financial difficulties did not originate in any falling off in the revenue; the real truth lay in the fact that, notwithstanding the elasticity and expansiveness of the resources of the exchequer, expenditure bounded onward in great leaps and far outstripped them. Financiers lost their poor, weak, undisciplined heads. They flung open the State's coffers, recklessly pitched the key out of the window, and went in *con amore* for a real good time of it. They had their brief season of intoxication; but the racking headache succeeding the debauch has fallen to the lot of the people. This is Nature's inexorable law of retribution, the just punishment for allowing a parcel of fools to seize and retain possession of the sceptre of Government. Whether we have seriously taken the lesson to heart, or whether we have even recognised that there is a sober lesson underlying the vicissitudes through which we have passed, is problematic.

Apart, however, from this special and irrational outburst there is a continual tendency in our expenditure to swell beyond reasonable and manageable limits. It has even come to this, that a Treasurer who can by hook or crook show a clear sheet at the end of the year is accounted a phenomenon. Fifteen years ago a little over three millions sufficed to carry on the work of the State; in 1888 we failed to meet current liabilities with eight-and-a-half millions. Only the most stern and rigorous economy—only the most resolute putting down of the foot of authority—can prevent this abnormal inflation from going on. Immediately the pressure of party troubles is removed or diminished the brazen assault on the Treasury recommences with reinvigorated energy. Farmers and isolated townships, dropped promiscuously from the clouds one would surmise, judging from their remote and half-inaccessible position, agitate for railways. They plead with tearful eloquence their isolation, bitterly bewail the rotting produce that cannot be conveyed to market, spur the local representative to the verge of madness and threaten to set up a colony on their own responsibility if their requests are not granted. Interminable leagues of intersecting roads—a titanic network of them, some possibly vanishing in trackless gullies, even if like that famous American turnpike they do not end in a squirrel track and run up a tree—must be kept in good condition, for the settlers on the soil must, if a railway is not forthcoming, and even if there is, have their means of communication maintained in decent order. Hundreds of post-offices must be established, hundreds of contracts for the conveyance of mails must be entered into; for the rural population of one to the mile must be kept acquainted with the doings on European bourses and not be permitted to burst in ignorance. Thousands of miles of telegraph wire must be trellised on hundreds of thousands of posts across vast stretches of country which do not carry one soul to half-a-dozen miles, because, on the very outskirts of civilisation, just where creation verges on infinite empty space, half-a-score individuals, driven thither in desperation by our magnificent laws, have, at much trouble and some expense, put up their log huts and constitute the centre of an important electorate. Demands, accentuated by prodigious petitions, roll in from all parts of the compass for court-houses, lock-ups or gaols. Divisions are subdivided into districts, and districts into sections, and over every section or congeries of sections a land board reigns triumphant, with its subsidiary inspectors and surveyors, draftsmen and recording clerks. The people must be educated—we plume ourselves upon the excellence of our Act—and straightway, from end to end of the colony, in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners and at the centres of all sorts of obtuse-angled and acute-angled triangles, schools spring up, and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses by the thousand are appointed to teach the young idea how to shoot. Here and there little revolving atoms of population consolidate around some centre, generally a public house; a municipality is gazetted, and the usual grant follows in due course. Rivers and creeks must be bridged, because on the other side there are magnificent pastures and swelling uplands. Special grants for extraordinary objects vary the monotonous cry, and a few solitary petitions for punts swell the universal anthem. The applicants generally gain their ends, the people pay the piper, the expenditure swells and dilates, and is actually alluded to as indicating progress of majestic and imperial grandeur.

At the close of 1887 there were two thousand and thirty-six miles of railway in operation, and one result of the year's traffic, referred to occasionally in mildly apologetic terms, was a net deficiency of £313,404, which had to be made good by appropria-

tions from the general revenue. At the close of last year there were two thousand, one hundred and seventy-one miles open to traffic, but owing to the economies introduced into the service by Mr. Eddy and his coadjutors the balance-sheet presented a less dilapidated appearance. In spite of the Public Works Committee there is a disposition to indefinitely extend the service and open up some Land of Beulah hitherto slumbering in far solitudes with, it is just possible, the incidental advantage of making fat fortunes for a few individuals or a syndicate by a sudden and glorious increase in land values. Very respectable, God-fearing gentlemen, who would not in their own persons rob a man of a brass farthing, are in no way loth to make a cat's paw of Parliament and pull the chesnuts out of the fire by that convenient instrument. Should objection be taken they are righteously indignant; the thing is legal and, therefore, proper. Of course it is legal, just as in some places adultery is legal and theft is considered a fine art, and even murder, under certain restraining provisions, is an act that transforms the commonplace into the heroic. That a thing is legal in no way signifies that it is just, but that a thing is in itself essentially unjust is sufficient reason why it should never be legalised, or being legalised under a misconception should be disannulled without reference to individuals with as little delay as possible.

Our sporadic settlement has involved us, a community of not more than two hundred and eighty thousand adult males, in an expenditure over railways alone of £30,000,000. The whole railway staff, exclusive of the tramway branch, is about ten thousand, and the annual wages sheet exceeds £1,000,000. In 1888 there were one thousand, two hundred and three post offices and two hundred and eighty-eight receiving offices; an average of one office for every seven hundred and twenty-one persons, including the fifty thousand infants not yet able to dispense with the feeding bottle. Over seven million, one hundred thousand miles were traversed during the year, and not even the excellent management of the Hon. Daniel O'Connor could prevent a loss to the department of nearly £50,000. An army of officials to the number of two thousand, five hundred and one was employed, and yet the Postmaster-General suffers a mild martyrdom every day of his life through the importunities of those who consider themselves entitled to an office. There were four hundred and sixty electric telegraph stations with a total length of wire in use of twenty-two thousand, two hundred and nineteen miles. There were two thousand two hundred and seventy-one schools of all classes under the Hon. J. H. Carruthers, with a grand total of three thousand, nine hundred and thirteen teachers. The expenditure during the year amounted to £597,102, and the Consolidated Revenue benefited by fees to the tune of £69,554. The net cost to the State was £527,548. What unnecessary multiplication of offices—unnecessary in the sense that under proper and sensible conditions of settlement not one-fifth of them would have been required for a generation to come—has been occasioned in the department of the Minister for Justice may be seen in the Blue Book, with its interminable list of police magistrates and clerks of petty sessions, and its hundreds of mounted and foot police under the control of the Colonial Secretary. The Lands Department, as synoptically described in the same official volume, is simply appalling, a veritable Chamber of Horrors. Chairmen of Boards, agents, inspectors, surveyors and draftsmen, clerks and messengers, follow each other in long unbroken file, and the recital of the grand roll of salaries is like the thunder surge of a tempestuous ocean.

Thus in divers ways and under many changeful guises does the fundamental wrong in social conditions weave itself in and out and through the whole fabric of our organisation, reappearing when and where we least expect to find it. There seems, at first sight, but little connection between the peculiarly irregular distribution of our population of a million—nearly one half crammed pell mell into the capital city and suburbs, and the other half ridiculously scattered in driblets over a third of a million square miles—and the brand new land-law principles made to order in the cushioned and carpeted room where the nine picked men of the cabinet deliberate with closed doors. There seems, at first sight, no connection whatever between land monopoly and the petty official building standing in the midst of some isolated and lilliputian collection of huts on Green Frog Flat. But the links of connection are there notwithstanding. I venture to predict that an exhaustive analysis would show that at least three-fifths of our Governmental expenditure is directly or indirectly the result of the reflex influences of land monopoly.

And now, without having done more than touch the outermost fringes of a gigantic question and show its identity with what is popularly designated the labor question, I must bring this series to a close. I have not

aimed at being in any way original, for, after all, in the sphere of political and social ethics, it is the old truths which need revivifying, the old paths to which we must return. As Madame Stael remarked, with profoundest philosophy, "liberty, not tyranny, is the ancient of days." The current of contemporary thought amongst the vast masses of humanity is setting in strongly and steadily towards State Socialism, not because that huge mechanical system, with its dominating repression, its nationalisation of everything that can be nationalised, and its substitution of one all-embracing and unwieldy co-operative institution for the flexibility and freedom of individualism, is the realisation of their ideal, but because Socialism at least promises to reach deep enough and extend wide enough to include all the industrial problems of the time. *Laissez-faire*, with freedom of contract made a complete mockery by private monopolisation of raw materials and natural forces, has done its terrible work so thoroughly that the reaction and revulsion threaten to sweep us, bag and baggage, over to the other extreme, and plunge us into the fierce eddies of what Herbert Spencer has bluntly called "the coming tyranny." The principles of pure individualism (with the State or Municipality controlling such functions as are in themselves essentially monopolistic, as, for instance, railways, tramways, telegraphs, the post office, and the like) which the concentration of taxation on land values, by equalising human rights to natural forces and opportunities, would at once bring into play are to my mind the only possible alternative to a rigid socialistic *regime*, which, once inaugurated, would rapidly stereotype civilisation by destroying the natural incentives to progress. On the continent of Europe, and in a less degree in Great Britain and the United States, the exigencies of the hour are forcing Government out of its ancient grooves and impelling it into legislative and administrative channels that lead directly on to Socialism. This is not the place or the time to enter upon an examination of the principles enunciated by Karl Marx and popularised by Hyndman in England and Gronlund in the States; but I honestly believe that all that the Socialist strives for can be gained through the Single Tax; and that, too, without the loss of personal freedom, or of the incalculably precious stimulus of emulation, which must eventually result from the merging of the individual in the mass.

THE STORMY PETREL.

NO placid ocean for me!
O'er the billows white with angry foam
'Neath the lowering storm clouds I love to roam,
I'm the child of the stormy sea.

I cease not night nor day,
For I fly on the wings of the rising storm
And the flash of the lightning reveals my form
As I skim through the driving spray.

No music me can please
But the distant sound of the thunder's roar,
Or the billows dashed on the rock-bound shore
And the moan of the wintry breeze.

But waste no pity on me,
Nor think that my life is weird and strange
As o'er desert-oceans I love to range—
For mine is the life of the free.

F. W. PENNEFATHER.

THE INFANT.

A Comedy-opera.

BY J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

ACT I.

Scene.—A Garden.

Curtain rises on Professor seated in pensive attitude. He descends C., and sings.

SOLO—THE PROFESSOR.

IF you'll listen for a moment I will tell you who I am;
I'm a genuine professor—all other kinds are sham.
I m acquainted with the classics, love each fragment from the past
And have a store of knowledge preternaturally vast.
Attending lectures lately I'd a pretty little lass,
Who in looks as well as learning fairly led my Latin class;
She said she'd like to wed me,—so I let her have her way,
And hoary old December was a-wedded by sweet May,
And I can't think why!

It lasted but a twelvemonth, did our happy married life,
Then Pluto claimed his booty, and I lost my little wife:
But she left with me a baby,—a great big bouncing boy,—
If you'd seen him then you'd certainly have called him "father's joy."
But he isn't! No, he isn't! He's a fearful howling cad,
And at two years old he's bigger far and broader than his dad.
I keep him still in petticoats,—the proper dress at two,—
But he's horribly precocious, swears, and drinks old mountain dew,
And I can't think why!

Enter Infant singing

He can't think why,
But *I can* think why.

SOLO—THE INFANT.

I'm sure now, dad, you're talking,—I expect belying me!
Now then, sir, don't deny it. I was listening d'ye see!
You think me quite the devil. I *am* like that famous saint,
Because I'm not so black, my boy, as you would make the paint.
You know that you're conceited, like many another prof.,
And you go about in terror lest your students take you off;
You turn up late at lectures, wink at all the girls you can,
And with one leg in the grave you're still a giddy, vain, old man,
And I can' think why!

[The PROFESSOR and the INFANT interchange some remarks bearing rather hardly on each other's little weaknesses. The argument becomes hotter and hotter, and finally, when it has reached a white heat, the PROFESSOR threatens to have the INFANT remanded to a reformatory or an affiliated college. The INFANT expresses himself as being rather in

NOTE.—The play being intended for representation before a Melbourne University audience, the greater part of the dialogue has more or less of a local application, the references in many cases being of a nature only interesting to those before whom it is intended to be acted. Hence only the songs and a summary of the dialogue are given here.—J. S. R.

favor of the latter alternative, and snatches off the PROFESSOR's cap and gown to see how he would himself look in academic dress. Having attired himself, he strikes an attitude of a supposedly bewitching sort, and expresses a belief that he looks sweet enough to "fetch the Princess Ida herself, let alone her daughters of the *plough!*" The PROFESSOR waxes still more wrathful, and just as they are about to come to blows, the INFANT suddenly takes out his watch and exclaims that he is ten minutes late for his music lesson. Exit the INFANT singing—]

SOLO—THE INFANT.

Good morrow, fond parent,
  Fond parent, good morrow;
You know that you daren't
    Whip *me*,—hence your sorrow!
      You don't try such rigor
      Because I'm the bigger;
      I give you three inches;
      That's where the shoe pinches!
    Ta-ta, I've a lesson to-day, to-day,
      Ta-ta, I've a lesson to-day!

Exit Professor, R.; the Infant, L. Enter Nurse C., and descends.

SOLO—NURSE.

When roses blow
  And maidens' hearts are coy,
  The world is filled with joy
And none cry woe.
  The tuneful birds do sing;
  Life flies on fleeting wing,
When roses blow.
  And though all else is glad,
  Yet I am lone and sad;
  I feel not love's sweet gad,
      When roses blow.

When roses fall
  And winter runs its race,
  It comes with speeding pace,
And at its call
  Come furrows to the brow.
  Ah, sad the maiden now!
Age spreads its pall
  Upon the tomb of youth,
  And knows not any ruth,
  And love comes not in truth,
      Comes not at all!

[The NURSE throws herself on a seat in an attitude of despair; the PROFESSOR advancing asks her why she weeps, and begs her not to let concealment "like a Colorado beetle in a potato eat out the heart of youth." She gracefully acknowledges his condescension, but expresses the fear that her case is beyond all hope. At length he sits beside her and takes her pulse, while the lady tells her story somewhat in the following fashion:

"In the spring of life the heart yearns for the sympathy of a kindred spirit. The nightingale sings his plaintive song to his mate beneath the bright ray of the moon, and love rules the world. Alas, Professor, no youthful heart has ever yet felt for me, and I grow a-weary of life. At seventeen I looked forth upon the world, and lo, it was fair to see. At twenty the prospect was yet fairer. At five and twenty I began to fear that I had lost my

way in the world, and that my life must henceforth pursue its course friendless and alone. And now I am approaching the age of thirty, and my heart is weary with waiting."

The Professor declares his passion; his heart strings crack—the fountains of sympathy in his nature have burst their bounds.]

DUET.

Prof.—I am not so youthful as I used to be;
I am gouty and rheumatic as you see;
Yet although I'm getting aged,
My affections are engaged
By your comeliness and by your courtesie.

Nurse—That I'm comely can't be doubted,
Nor my courtesy be scouted;
Hey! for comeliness, and ho! for courtesie!

Prof.—Though the fancy turns to love at twenty-one,
Yet when the seventh decade's begun,
One can't be fooled or follied,
For affection then is solid,
And the heyday in the blood is past and done.

Nurse—Yes, 'tis true, although 'tis funny;
You would enter matrimony,
Though your hair is white and youth is past and done.

Both—Ah! yes, 'tis so,
And the world is merry;
'Tis merry very
At twenty-one;
And all hearts single
In dell and dingle
Desire to mingle
Ere life be done!

Nurse—Now, listen, good professor, unto me,
And weigh my words of wisdom warily.
You ask me now to marry,
But in truth I'd rather tarry,
For 'tis pleasant to be celibate and free.

Prof.—Though perhaps you mightn't think it,
Yet this fact you cannot sink it,
She would rather far be celibate and free.

Nurse—Though age and youth do not wed commonly,
Yet at thirty I, and you at sixty-three,
May despise the song of poet,
For perhaps he did not know it
Might be well to wed ere yet too late it be.

Prof.—Yes, we may despise the poet,
For I'm sure he didn't know it
Would be well to wed ere yet too late it be.

Both—Ah! yes, 'tis so,
And the world is merry,
Yes, merry, very
At twenty-one;

And all hearts single
In dell and dingle
Desire to mingle
Ere life be done!

Enter Infant, who with many gestures of surprise stealthily descends upon the harmonious couple.

["It's very wrong indeed of you to intrude in this way," says the Professor.

"It's very wrong indeed of you to carry on in that way," says the Infant. "Fancy a man of your age and austerity of life skipping like a kid! What's this little game?"]

DUET—PROFESSOR AND INFANT.

Prof.—We were talking, merely gossiping of fashions and the weather,
Inf.—Oh, fie! dad, you are a rogue.
Prof.—It was merely by an accident you found us here together,
Inf.—Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!
Prof.—He won't believe my story for he's destitute of feeling;
He doesn't care a button for a parent's sad appealing;
But winks at him, and laughs at him, and talks of double dealing,
Inf.—Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

Tableau. The Professor flings himself on the stage a la Jack Point in "The Yeoman of the Guard," the Infant strikes a comic attitude on an inverted flower pot, whilst the Nurse stands by the picture of horror.

ACT II.

Scene—A Drawing Room.

The curtain rises on the Infant admiring his clothes and his figure.

SOLO—THE INFANT.

When I first put these petticoats on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
"It's awfully sad,
But there's no undergrad.
My figure and form can surpass.

I look sweet with my dear little curls ;
I've a leaning to fashion's gay whirls ;
I'll put oil on my hair,
And look quite *debonair*,
And I know how to ogle the girls ! "
A fact which I counted upon
When I first put these petticoats on !

In long clothes assistance you need,—
That may safely be reckoned upon ;
But I thought I was bound to succeed,
When I first put these petticoats on.

I said, when I first put them on,
" I shall only wear ribbons of blue ;
They suit my complexion
Past fear of detection,
Most certainly blue ribbons do ! "
With shoulder-bows blue, and a sash,
And a nice little purseful of cash,
I thought I *must* win,—
But dad goes and steps in,
And my teeth he provokes me to gnash.
A fact I ne'er counted upon,
When I first put these petticoats on !

Now by John, Luke, and Mark,—yea, and Matt !
That could never be reckoned upon ;
Faith, I did not anticipate that,
When I first put these petticoats on.

[The INFANT soliloquises on the unfortunate attachment of his fond parent, and commends to his own heart the lady's spruceness. The Nurse enters, and a conversation ensues, in the course of which she is "chucked" under the chin and assailed by the flattering observation that she is "A comely young person." Finally clasping her right hand in both of his and kneeling, the Infant prays "Will you be mine ?"]

DUET—NURSE AND INFANT.

Nurse—Pray cease, you naughty boy,
My hand from holding ;
For if you thus annoy,
You'll get a scolding.
Your father loves me well,—
He's one of few, too ;—
Why will you thus rebel ?
And only two, too !

(*Aside*)
Such words as these I'd scorn,
And scorn his *pater*,
Had he been sooner born,
And I much later !

Inf.—(Licking his finger.)
As sure as this is wet,
(Drying his finger.)
And this is dry now,
My handkerchief I'll get,
And pipe my eye now ;

And if you don't relent,
I'll buy a razor,—
Go off to college straight,
And wear a blazer!
(*Aside*)
My suit she would not scorn,
She'd scorn my *pater*,
Had I been sooner born,
And she much later!

[It is now the PROFESSOR's turn to object. The INFANT, however, nothing abashed, suggests that as they are both in love they should propose in turn, and Jane, after hearing their suits, should say which she would marry. Father and son thus shake hands and join in the following duet:]

DUET—PROFESSOR AND INFANT.

Inf.—Let us now address the lady
Most politely, most politely;
Each in turn impress the lady
Most politely, most politely.
One of us of course must lose,
For the lady's free to choose
Him who now his wooing woos
Most politely.

Prof.—Let me first relate my story
Most politely, most politely!
Inf.—Don't accentuate your glory
Most politely, most politely!
Prof.—Let her choose between us two
In the mode proposed by you!
Inf.—But your suing you must sue
Most politely!

[*Prof.*—Jane, dear, we place our fate wholly in your hands. Which shall it be? Old Age or Youth?
Inf.—Yes, Jane, it lies with you to decide.]

SOLO—NURSE.

Ere I may be a wife,
Choice is my mournful part,
Lighting one lover's life,
Blighting another's heart.
Thought must be quick and brief;
So is my lot full sad,
Filling one heart with grief,
Making another glad.

Sharp is the maiden's pang;
Low is the maiden's voice;
Sadness and gladness hang
On the fond maiden's choice.

Such is the way of life!
Goodness and evil are
All through the world at strife:
Choice must both make and mar.
Ever the war must wage,

Never the contest cease,
Until the golden age
Comes, and the world is peace.

Torn is the maiden's breast;
Mournful the maiden's voice;
Sadness and gladness rest
On the fond maiden's choice.

[*Prof. (addressing Jane).*—You have a sweet voice, dear.
Inf.—No you don't, dad. No compliments yet. Fair play's a jewel.
Prof.—What do you mean, you impertinent boy?
Inf.—I mean this. Let us form a court of justice as it were. You remain over there, as if you were plaintiff, because you plead first. I, who plead second, will stay here, as if I were the defendant. Now, Jane, you sit in the middle. You're the judge, you know. Now, dad, hurry up.]

TRIO—PROFESSOR, INFANT AND NURSE.

Prof.—Like a plaintiff I put my case first,
And with joy I am ready to burst,
For I'm sure that my skill
Will succeed, if I will,
Since in love and its methods I'm versed.
Fair lady, consider my case;
Pray look on my poor pleading face;
I am sixty, 'tis true,
But I'm quite well-to-do,
And can dress you in satin and lace.

Chorus.—The popular notion of love
Is that weddings are planned up above;
But from what I've found out
I've a serious doubt
Of that popular notion of love.

Inf.—Like defendant, I put my case next;
With my pleading, I pray, be not vexed,
For I'll make it quite terse,
And I'll state it in verse,
Since love is my theme and my text.
It's a fact that I'm younger than you,
But my love it is strong, staunch and true;
And if you'll wed me
There will certainly be
Of happier pairs very few.

Chorus.—The popular notion of love
Is that weddings are planned up above;
And between me and you,
There's perhaps something true
In that popular notion of love.

Nurse.—Like the judge, I am left to decide;
I neither may praise nor deride,
But must use all my skill
To find out the true bill,
With learning to lead and to guide.
Love in cots is undoubtedly fine,
If on lentils and pottage you'd dine;

It may be quite funny,
But I prefer money,
Fine houses, gay dresses, good wine.

Chorus.—The popular notion of love
Is that weddings are planned up above;
But, in plenty and famine,
They're managed by Mammon,—
So much for *that* notion of love!

[The INFANT, who has been growing sadder as the Nurse sings, bursts out crying and boo-hoos vigorously.

Prof.—Then Jane, my dear, you have made up your mind to marry me, have you?
Nurse.—Yes, Professor, I will be your little wife.
Inf.—And how about me?
Prof.—Oh, she'll be a mother to you.
Inf.—How can she? Why, when a girl refused a man, I thought she always promised to be a sister to him. I'll tell you what! I'll go to your wedding and give the bride away, just as if I were her father.

* * * * * * * * * *

The INFANT, standing on a chair and extending his hands in the act of blessing, whilst the PROFESSOR and the NURSE kneel before him, exclaims: "Bless you, my children, bless you!"]

FINALE.—INFANT, PROFESSOR AND NURSE.

INFANT.

Kneel before me now, I pray;
Kneel before me; take my blessing;
For, although my grief confessing,
I shall give the bride away.
Though she leave me lorn and lonely,
Swearing to accept you only.
Some dear girl I'll love ere long,
Ere long.

PROFESSOR.

Kneel before him now, I pray:
Kneel before him; take his blessing;
For, although his grief confessing,
He will give the bride away.
Though you leave him lorn and lonely,
Swearing to accept me only,
Some dear girl he'll love ere long,
Ere long.

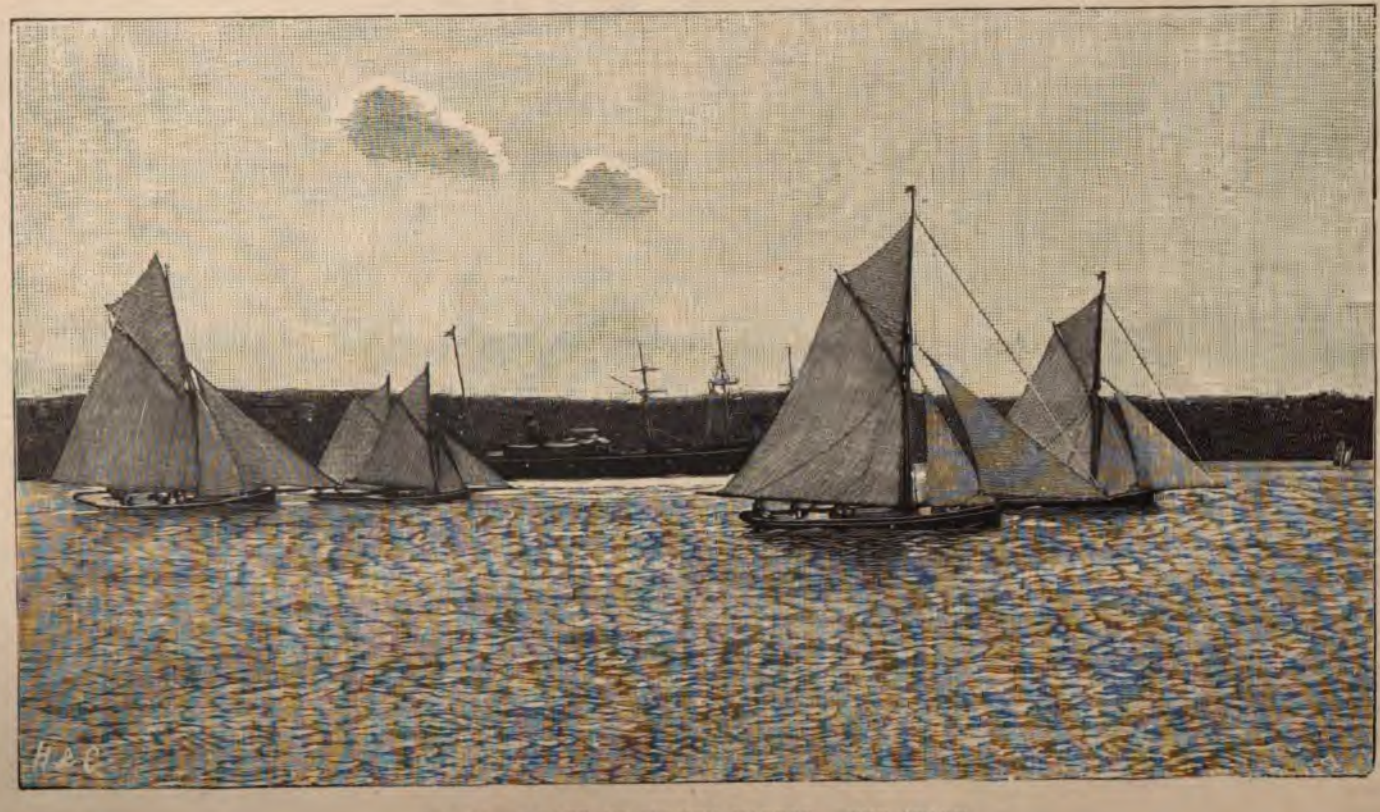
NURSE.

Kneel before him now, I pray;
Kneel before him; take his blessing;
For, although his grief confessing,
He will give the bride away.
Though I leave him lorn and lonely,
Swearing to accept you only,
Some dear girl he'll love ere long,
Ere long.

INFANT, PROFESSOR AND NURSE.

So before the curtain fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal.

CURTAIN.



A YACHT RACE IN SYDNEY HARBOR.—THE START.

(From a Photograph by W. Hall.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

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ON A WET RACECOURSE, ET CETERA.

BY ALEXANDER OLIVER

BUT first of all why, in the name of any god you like, or all of them, with the editor of this magazine thrown in, why this title, and why particularly the "etcetera" at the tail of it? Is it a catch, or is the writer at his wits' end for a peg to hang his discursiveness on? Well, discursiveness has, it must be admitted, something to do with the "et cetera," but the words "Wet Racecourse" are intended, of malice prepense, to prepare the reader for some twenty miles or so of Sydney Harbor, counting from start to finish, as they impressed themselves on a certain eye-witnessing competitor in a yacht race on Gascoigne Cup day of 1889. Randwick or Rosehill, with a sloppy boggy turf, mud-bespattered jockeys, and half-soaked spectators in full dress umbrellas and water-proofs, is not to be my theme, and indeed, to tell the humiliating truth by a rather mixed metaphor, I should be as much at sea on either of their racecourses as I feel on solid ground when my mount is a graceful white-winged ten-tonner, and the course is sailed, not run, through the waves and over the combers of Port Jackson.

"Then it's only a yacht race that I'm to be treated to, and twenty miles of it at that," sighs some reader.

"That is so," sigh I responsively, "with the meek little 'Possum' which did duty as a 'houseboat' in this magazine last August, now making her bow as a racer to begin with, and 'et cetera' to follow, whereof the matter shall not be prematurely dragged out of me by hooks of steel or any other instrument of blandishment. All now to be disclosed is that there will be no moralising in my second lesson about the benefits of ozone, no rhapsodies about our b———l h——r, nothing about wet sheets and flowing seas, and hardly any of those impressive technical words which make cricket and football reports so popular with middle-aged spinsters and articled clerks.

And here I am free to confess that it is with consummate diffidence that being all the time in one of the competing yachts, nay, more, viewing the various developments of the contest from the rear and not the van, I still venture to describe it. Is not the proper point of view to be adopted by a yacht race reporter that ever-shifting point furnished by the club steamer which follows the racers laden with refreshments, nautical experts, squadron officials, genial press reporters and photographers? As a matter of fact the club steamer does afford the best and the most various points of view, but seeing that many descriptions of yacht races have been concocted, and some of them actually written, by members of a winning yacht's crew, perched on the cross-trees or at the bowsprit end, why should not a race be sometimes described by one on board a losing yacht, nay, even by one of the crew of a yacht that comes in too late to be timed? And when we remember that Mr. Eye-witness on a leading or well-placed yacht is mainly concerned in noting the positions and tactics of the yachts that are trying to cut his vessel out or run over her, they being in the immediate turmoil, it seems not unreasonable to hold that Mr. Eye-witness in the rearguard, having all competitors in front of him or perhaps some of them passing him on their return trip, has, in some respects, the advantage. And here let it not be forgotton that the first-flight cracks are always most loyally escorted by a club steamer, and that it is not very material whether they are in view or not. They will always have their *vates sacer*, one or more, for they are the Wranglers of the aquatic *tripos*. We all scorn men and things that are behind, and say of them, *occupet*

"POSSUM."

extremum scabies! See how vehemently men rush to meet and to cheer winners, while ladies wave handkerchiefs and perhaps blow furtive kisses at them! And how severely too do we, of whatever sex, leave alone the vanquished! Nay, some think it the proper thing to entertain them by a chorus of hootings, cat-calls and other explodent noises.

The club steamer waiting at the mark boat, has let off all her pent-up enthusiasm over the victorious forty or thirty tonner as she rushes past with the momentum of a lubricated avalanche. No sympathy is left for the third-class lilliputian struggling to get placed. It is the old story and the old fashion. A man, a horse, a dog, a cock, a yacht is beaten. Good! *Væ Victis!* They must go to the wall or hide, while the spectators are hurrahing themselves hoarse in honor of the victor, whom to cheer is always safe. Thus the world, both afloat and ashore. It will be the same in the other element, I suppose, when balloonists and air yachtsmen are handicapped for an aërial spin to Bourke or Albury, and a brass band salutes the winner with that most detestable of pœans "See the Conquering Hero Comes." But enough of this, and perhaps too much, for my unorthodox sympathies have ever been with those who don't win the prize in that human or horse race which fascinates us, so often to our perdition—I suppose, because it is an act which has "no relish of salvation in it."

In the year 1889, the fourth competition for the Challenge Cup presented to the Sydney Yacht Squadron by Colonel Gascoigne, father of that best-remembered of all Lord Carrington's Aides-de-camp, Major Gascoigne, owner of the "Carina"—a man to whom a smack of salt water in his face was as grateful as to Lord Carrington it is not, was fixed for the first of February. Following the custom of newspaper historicgraphers, I may here state that this Cup had been won by Commodore Fairfax's "Magic" in 1887 (the first year of the competition); by Vice-Commodore Milson's crack forty-tonner "Era" in 1888; and by Mr. Maclardy's little "Iolanthe" in 1889. The Gascoigne Cup is a Challenge Cup of the value of £50, and as it must be won by the same yacht owner three years in succession the chance of any member of the Sydney Yacht Squadron ever becoming its actual owner might be described in mathematical hieroglyphics as $x = 1 \times 10^{-\infty}$, which is about as good a symbol for infinite unlikelihood as I can figure out. However, there were two tangible sums given by the club for prizes to

console competitors for the Barmecidal Challenge Cup. These were £20 for first, and £15 for second, yacht.

And now that this little bit of history is off my conscience I may be permitted to say that Gascoigne Cup Day of 1889 was ushered in by a fine single reef mainsail sort of day, the breeze coming plentifully and with rather good promise of more from E. by S. to E. by N. The firmanent was pleasantly obscured by cloud drifts that did not distil rain. It was a day on which a buoyant yacht owner or sailing master would get up, and sniffing round the compass as he marked the drift of the cloud, would lose himself, as he ate his breakfast porridge, in nicely balanced considerations as to the sail his little ship might be trusted to carry. Shall the topmast be housed or left ashore. Shall there be a single reef tied down in the mainsail and the topmast be left on the mast rope to be fidded if necessary, and a small jib-header set over the reduced mainsail, or what? Will the breeze develop into half a gale or will it sicken into a drowsy sequence of air currents not strong enough to stay the promenade of a mosquito? The course was by flying start at one o'clock p.m. from a line between the Orlando's buoy and the starter's boat, round the Squadron's buoy off Manly Pier, then round Shark Island and Fort Denison, back to the Squadron buoy at Manly and home to the flag-boat moored off Fort Macquarie. This course gave about twenty-one to twenty-two miles of water to cover, but with a broad reaching wind like the easterly then blowing it was not a well-shaped course to test the qualities of the racers on all their points. In fact you cannot get a twenty or even a ten mile course in Port Jackson that will give a good triangular form.

The racers that stripped, or (ought I not rather to say?) that dressed, for the event were seven: Mr. Milson's "Era," with forty-one rating, being scratch, giving to Mr. Smairl's "Volunteer," of thirty-three rating, 2 min. 47 sec.; to Mr. Hoare's "Thelma," rating fifteen, 13 min. 58 sec.; to Mr. Knox's "Sirocco," with thirteen rating, 21 min.; to Dr. Milford's "Isea," with ten rating, 25 min.; to Mr. Maclardy's "Iolanthe," with eight rating, 32 min. 30 sec.; and to the writer's "Possum," of five rating, 59 min.

Now for the mounts. Mr. P. O. Williams had the "Era," Mr. H. Stevens the "Volunteer," and the others were navigated by their respective owners. I should by right apologise to my old friend Dr. Milford for stating that he held the tiller of the "Isea," for when was he ever away from the tiller of the "Sao" or "Isea" when a racing operation was to be performed? The mere idea of the Doctor's boat being in other hands than the Doctor's is simply an impossible conception. Now Gascoigne Cup race is of the Corinthian order, the condition being that, with the exception of the yacht's regular paid hands, no professionals are allowed on board. It is therefore an affair consecrated to the "Cherry Gardeners," though why an amateur should be called a "Cherry Gardener" has always puzzled me.

Next for the canvas. "Era" made her appearance with one reef tied down, and I think "Thelma" was similarly prepared for the fight. All the yachts had housed their topmasts, and "Isea" had decked hers. All were off within a few seconds of gunfire, "Possum" having the weatherly position, and, in fact, almost scraping the "Orlando's" buoy as the flag went down. I should call the start a particularly good one, all breaking the line well together, except "Isea" and "Thelma," which had broken it too soon and had to come back. It was the end of the ebb, or perhaps slack water, and the young flood would be felt in a few minutes. There was not much therefore to be gained by conciliating the tide. The thing to do was to get abreast of Bradley's in as few tacks as possible, for then it would be all broad reaching to the Manly buoy. Of course "Era" and "Volunteer" soon assumed commanding positions, and after a brief turn on the starboard tack towards Robertson's Point, both boats went about, and after a short leg hove round again into the fairway off Bradley's, and then solidly sat down for Manly, "Era" having a short lead. Off George's Head the breeze was good enough for balloon foresails, which both set, "Volunteer's" effort ending calamitously, for the sail appeared to have been set (unintentionally, I have no doubt) under her forefoot, where it came to grief. It is a thing that happens now and then in the best regulated yachts.

But here I must leave the large yachts for a moment and give attention to the smaller. "Thelma" and "Sirocco" seemed to have paired almost from the starter's boat, as if to try conclusions on their own account. "Isea" and "Iolanthe" likewise, and the most diminutive of the fleet, "Possum," carrying on her scutcheon fifty-nine minutes handicap from the biggest, did battle with all-comers with as much dignity as was possible for a thing of her size, and stirred up the water all she knew, hoping to keep the space which separated her

from "Iolanthe" from lengthening out into infinity. "Thelma" was not long in separating herself from "Sirocco" by a very visible interval, and, after a severe tussle, "Isea" managed to say good-bye to "Iolanthe" off Middle Head, and thenceforward started on a hopeless chase after "Sirocco." The courses of the leading yachts were followed with but small variations by the rest, and the procession, with unequal intervals of course, may be said to have been finally formed after rounding Bradley's, duly escorted by the "Gosford" as club steamer, while "Possum," looking all over like a boat that ought to, but would not, be timed, whipped up the *cortège*, which at this stage of the campaign looked like this:

There was no looking over our shoulders to ascertain the positions of competitors, we had them all in front and ahead of us, and the equanimity with which we gazed at their fast receding sails was felt by all hands (I forgot to say that we were eight all told) to be no little consolation for the transient feeling of disappointment that we were not in the first, nor yet in the second flight.

It was now a very witching time of day; ashore everybody would at that moment be engaged in the cheerful rite of repairing wasted tissue. And why, seeing that there would be no lifting of tacks or shifting of sheets for at least half an hour, why should not the "Possum's" crew at the hour of two of the clock find themselves similarly engaged? There were sandwiches of various viands, baskets of fruit, and divers fluids; the breeze, though strong, was steady; the little ship was lively but not wet; the crew, with their respective stations and duties duly allotted to them, were not exclusively occupied in the trimming or hauling or slacking up of anything in particular. "Shall we pipe to lunch, then," said I from the chair, or rather the steering cockpit? "The question is," added the chairman expansively, "that we proceed to lunch: those who are of that opinion will say aye; the contrary, no. I think the ayes have it." And they had it; I mean lunch, and without a division or dissentient voice; nay, more; those ayes were "having it" until they had crossed the half mile or so of true thalassic water which rolls twixt the fauces of North and South Head its long tumultuous

surges sheer against Middle Head and Dobroyde. And so it happened that at this point, (luncheon time) there was initiated on board the "Possum" a new system of navigation—the nett results whereof will appear further on. It was agreed by all of the crew, including the owner, that the time had come for carrying out the great democratic idea of Parliamentary or Responsible Government in its fundamental principles for the purposes of an aquatic contest. The man before the mast, it was felt, ought to have something to say touching the helmsman's craft, and *vice versâ*. The jib and fore sheet men ought, similarly, to be heard as to the time of going about; while the two mainsheet men ought not to be silenced when it becomes a question when or how to set the spinnaker.

Out of a crew of eight it was thought impracticable to establish a Government and an Opposition. Besides, like a poet, your Opposition is not a work of art or design. Therefore, it was agreed that the remainder of the contest should be carried out by a Committee of the Whole House, or rather by a Cabinet Council, following as much as possible the procedure adopted by our local Parliament, and acting also as its own Executive. And as all the members of the crew when not on deck reposed in more or less unstudied attitudes in the main hatch or open cabin, there was another reason why we should all work the yacht on the lines of a Cabinet Council, deciding everything by simple majorities. Everybody agreed to this plan of campaign, and we proceeded to carry it out forthwith. Following the example of our betters and our biggers, we had set a balloon foresail when off George's Head; and as we opened the jaws of the Harbor, and some saltwater found its way into the cabin, it was moved and seconded that the balloon foresail be hauled down, and the working foresail be set instead. To this an amendment was instantly moved, substantially to the effect that the balloon foresail should be let alone; and the amendment having been put from the Chair, was carried by the not overwhelming majority of one. So we carried our balloon foresail for the rest of the reach to Manly, although a few heavy splashes came on board as we were passing Middle Head. Just at this point "Era," unnoticed during the proceedings in which we were all much absorbed, rushed by us, going through the water like ten knots at least, but without topsail and with the reef in the mainsail still unshaken out. So far the scratch boat had not knocked us out of our time (fifty-nine minutes allowance from her), and we all felt that we had a chance of beating her whatever our fate might be with the smaller boats. Lunch over, a motion was submitted by the Chair that the usual time for smoking having arrived, all Cabinet Councillors should be at liberty to indulge for ten minutes. Carried unanimously. While the indulgence was going on, "Volunteer" passed us on the return journey, chasing "Era" as if she meant to overhaul her before rounding the first island. She also with topmast housed. From the "Volunteer," a thirty-three ton rater, our little five ton rater had a handicap allowance of a few seconds over fifty-six minutes, or say two minutes per ton of difference; so that although some miles of water, as measured along the course, separated us from our most formidable antagonists, yet we were still "in" the race. "Thelma" and "Sirocco" next passed us within a few seconds of one another, and some five minutes after them "Isea" and "Iolanthe." As we approached within short range of the buoy it was moved and seconded, and carried on the voices, that smoking be suspended until the topmast had been got up, the backstay falls hooked on the legs, and the topsail set. All this was done very smartly in less than twenty minutes after rounding the buoy, which we timed at 1.59 sharp; so that the smallest boat in the fleet was the first to lift her topmast and to round Shark Island with a jib header. Judged by results, so far, the Parliamentary Executive form of yacht racing seemed very promising; and the tardiness of action which the critics of that form of government make so strong a point of had not yet made itself manifest. I am not sure, however, that in one or two matters execution did not precede deliberation. While three Councillors were swaying up the topmast and fixing the backstays, three others took a "nip" all round; and that my meaning be not mistaken, let it be understood that I mean a "nip" of the throat and peak and jib halyards. Sailcloth and rope will stretch after an hour's strong breeze in the sails, set them how you will, and a circumspect yacht navigator will never let a chance go by of straightening the luff rope of his jib, and flattening all slack cloth, creasings, and bagginess out of his sails. With a big jib header and a big balloon foresail "Possum" went after the fleet in immense style—slashing the water about without respect to place or person. We seemed to be going at express speed, though with a good deal of up and down in it, but probably never in our wildest scuds exceeded eight and a-half or perhaps nine knots. The short

full-bodied yacht seems to go fast because she makes a great disturbance among the water particles; but the long lean bodied "planks on edge," as they are called by the old school yachtsmen which leave the water as clean as they meet it, are the real fleet-wings. There is no mystery about it; nothing more than the operation of two or three well known laws of mechanics. There is your foundation of solid lead, so many tons, shaped to represent a certain section of the vessel's bottom, including of course a portion of the keel: upon this foundation superimpose a lean body of wood, as much as possible like a longitudinal section of the fish we call a Kingfish; clap as much sail on this wooden structure as is possible, and there you are. You have a racer; and sometimes, if the builder does his part of the business very conscientiously, you may have a very creditable sea-going craft; but if you want to be spacious in the possession of deck and cabin room the "plank on edge" type must be discarded; and, indeed, to tell the truth, it is being rapidly abandoned for a more wholesome type—the outside lead being still retained; and, as far as we can judge by the performances of the very last specimens of English and Scotch builders and designers, there seems to be no loss of speed or of weatherliness, while there is much gain in the matter of liveliness, particularly in stays. The prevailing fashion has also reduced the draft by about twenty per cent. An English racing yacht is now, for the immersed body plan, almost an exact reproduction of the old "Australian," built by Dan Sheehy about thirty-five years ago; but she has more beam, and her rudder is hung upon a true sternpost. In all essentials, however, she is simply a copy of the "Australian," plus outside lead. I take leave to state these facts with what may be thought unnecessary insistance, because in yachting circles, both here and elsewhere, the truth has not been told, and the meed of honor due to the designer and builder of the old "Beaky" ("The Australian") has not been honestly allotted to them. She can claim all the best efforts of our yacht builders as developments of her first great departure from the ancient types, and the fact ought not to be forgotten.

I could not help thinking of the difference between Sheehy's and the Langford's body plan of a yacht as we were chasing the leaded types across the Heads to Shark Island. "Possum" was the only one of the seven that carried all her ballast inside and possessed the spreading roomy quarters of the old school; but it must not be forgotten that for a centreboard beam is indispensable, though, perhaps, not very broad quarters. In a seaway these Flemish features are not a disadvantage, but in harbor water they certainly are, as we discovered after passing the Light Ship and watched the thin flanked procession of our competitors one after another rapidly passing out of sight behind the projecting headland of Bradley's. As we neared squaring away point, the buoy off the south-east corner of Shark Island, we reckoned that we had still a good chance from the scratch boat, for we were only some twenty-seven minutes behind her, and, as far as we could guess, were well within our time from the others, though not so well from some of the little ones as might be desirable, at least from our point of view, which was not so much the view of an extremist as of a postremist, if only there were such a word in our language.

But I must get back to the proceedings. As we rounded the Manly buoy, without thinking it necessary, according to the *lex et consuetudo*, to submit the question to a vote, so we, or rather I, prepared to round the Shark Island buoy without submitting that evolution to the voices. But a member of the Cabinet anticipated me, and it became necessary to put the question formally. So I put it, as in duty bound. The question is: "That we now proceed to round the south-east buoy. Those who are of that opinion will say aye; the contrary, no. I think the ayes have it." Whereupon, and simultaneously—perhaps a little more so—up went the helm, and by a sudden and a strong pull at it, we narrowly escaped running the buoy down It is chronicled by the argus-eyed newspaper reporter that "Possum" carried a squaresail from this point of the race, like "Isea" and "Iolanthe," and also "got her topmast on end, and shortly after set a jib header." That topmast was on end, and the jib header set on it some time before we passed the Sow and Pigs Lightship. Afterwards, the same reporter informs his readers that on crossing the Heads (that is for the second turn round the Manly buoy) the "smaller boats shipped plenty of water, and before reaching the buoy balloon foresails were taken in." I cannot possibly say whether this is true of "Isea" or "Iolanthe;" it is not true of "Possum." We shipped no water on our return trip (presumably the reporter meant salt water), and carried our balloon foresail throughout. These, however, are but immaterial mistakes, as is the reporter's final statement that

"Possum" was in charge of some one not being the owner; but they show the difficulty of concocting an accurate report of a yacht race, and particularly of a handicap affair in which the boats are sure to be drawn out into a very long procession towards the finish. It is one of the disadvantages of handicap races that it is impossible to report them thoroughly the day after the event. There is no time to consult the skippers of the various competing yachts, or to compare notes with other observers. But the great objection to this kind of race is that before the last boat passes the post (and she may possibly be the winner on her time allowance) the interest of the spectators has completely died out; and when the time allowance has been published before the start much also of the interest of the crews, who know that they are hopelessly beaten, has begun to evaporate. Then there is the unfortunate Commodore of the day who is in charge of the club steamer with its load of nautical experts, club officers, reporters, photographers, and sometimes a bevy of fair spectators. To keep this multitude waiting until about tea-time for the lag of the class to pass the line is, to say the least, rather cruel; and when everybody knows what boat has won first, second, or third prize, it does seem superfluous to compel people to take note of the losers.

Many years ago we tried handicap yacht racing in the Squadron with the time allowances taken beforehand. The boats were started in the reverse order of scratch, each timed to her allowance, so that the scratch boat was the last to get away. The experiment was not a success, or at all events it was not so regarded by the yacht owners, for they soon reverted to the old plan. I have often thought that we might adopt the penalty system in vogue on dry racecourses and make the fastest performers, the yachts with splendid records, literally carry their penalties. More ballast of course would never do; but I can't see why a skilful handicapper should not be able to convert the various penalties or time allowances into proportionate lengths of coir rope of say four inches in circumference, and attach these to the taffrails of the faster vessels. Thus, "Era" would start with about two cables' length of ribbon over her stern, while fifty feet would perhaps suffice for "Iolanthe," and after the race was over nothing could be easier than the measuring of the penalties by the Commodore of the day. May I humbly invite the next handicapper's attention to this suggestion, in the hope that he may be able to make something of it?

For this incongruous and tedious excursus I hope to be forgiven!

At last we have Fort Denison on our starboard quarter as we jybe close round that most unromantic of the harbor islets, and hand over hand in come the sheets, while three Cabinet Councillors get a good nip out of the jib purchase and topsail tack and sheet. So into Sirius cove on a long leg, and then on the port tack well into the fairway so as to weather Bradley's on the next tack, and then we stand up to our course away down to Manly, whither we see the first flight and also the second flight "wending" (as a recent Yankee reporter puts it) "their slantingdicular way." In an easterly breeze the reach between Bradley's and Manly is delightful travelling. There is nothing on hand for four miles of straightforward going—nothing but *far niente*. We always, under favorable circumstances of wind and weather, consecrate that reach to tobacco, which is *far niente* in its highest form. It is the smoke reach *par excellence*, or is at all events in "Possum." Whether the big yachts are smoked in on these auspicious occasions I know not; but if they have their "smoke oh!" then these open waters are the proper place for the indulgence. No man can put out all his strength in swaying at a rope or jump aloft and lace or unlace a topsail with a pipe in his mouth, and under no circumstances should the helmsman smoke; but there are many intervals during an excursion of this kind when the members of the yacht's crew may safely be allowed the small luxury of a pipe. (Cigar and cigarette men I need hardly say, waste their fragrance on racing yachts.)

As we neared George's Head the first flighters, "Era" and "Volunteer," again passed us on their route to Shark Island and the flagboat, and for the moment the whole of our crew were busily engaged in subtle subtraction sums. By this time every Cabinet Councillor knew to a decimal the margin of our allowance from the other six racers; and when not smoking, or doing something else, seemed wrapped in the processes of mental arithmetic. Had we eaten up all our time already from "Era," "Volunteer" and the rest of them, or was there still some remnant left to live on? And so we bustled along hoping that the breeze would freshen and give us the chance denied by handicappers. But it did nothing of the sort. As afternoon gained, the heart of the easterly wind seemed to be sighing itself away. It had been gob-

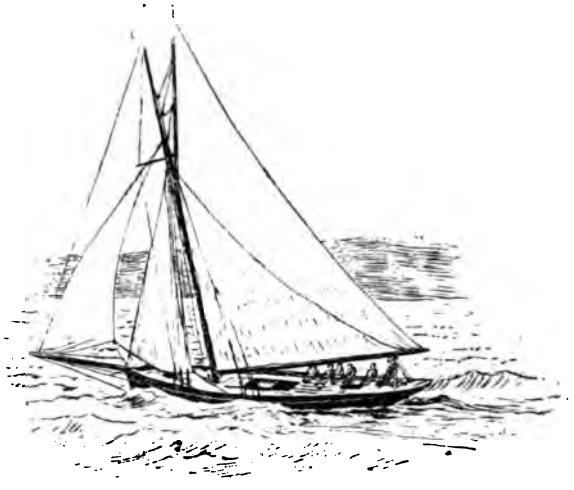
bled up by the big hungry leading yachts, and there was little of it left for the others. In vain did our "Calico Jemmies" (we called the department in charge of the calico kites by that name) woo declining Eurus with balloon foresail, jib topsail, and other winning forms of untaxed soft goods. Eurus was not to be woo'd.

When Middle Head was on our port bow we began to pass the other homeward-bounders, "Thelma," "Sirocco," "Isea," and "Iolanthe," I think in the order of precedence here given. And as we rounded the Squadron buoy for the second time some wags in a fishing boat poked some innocent, but all too pungent, fun at us, and received, I hope, equally innocent and pungent responses. The difficulty in this kind of amœboeic fun is to floor your man without being scurrilous or vulgar; and to produce a triumphant impromptu is one of the hardest jobs I know. I don't mean the impromptu that you have had a week to think about, but a real off-hander. As far as I can remember, those wicked wags in the fishing boat scored off us, though when the big boats rushed passed them, doubtless they gaped and waved their head coverings with undiscriminating enthusiasm.

Of course we were not timed at this second rounding of the Manly buoy: only "Era" and "Volunteer" had that distinction, the others being compendiously humiliated by the newspaper recording angel in two words—"not timed." This probably meant that the Club steamer was obliged to follow the leading yachts at full speed in order to overtake them and be present at the finish, when all would be finally timed, provided always that the Commodore of the day had not drawn a hard and fast line for the suspension of all business at tea-time.

As we rounded the Shark Island buoy for the last time the position of the yachts in front of us told us plainer than words how rapidly the wind must have been dropping during the past half-hour. All the yachts had passed the line except "Iolanthe," and her we hunted as well as the breeze would let us, with squaresail and jib topstail, for we had no spinnaker that could be set. At 4.38 min. 39 sec. p.m. we passed the flagboat, and discovered soon after that the winner ("Volunteer") had beaten us by 3 minutes 47 seconds, "Era" (second boat) by 4 minutes, "Thelma" (third boat) by 54 seconds, and that we stood fourth, beating (by allowance) "Sirocco," "Isea," and "Iolanthe." We had no consolation in having split the fleet in two, three before and three behind us, for, as a matter of fact, if the bigger yachts had thought fit to set up their topmasts and carry jibheaders when we did, they would have beaten us by at least thrice the time. However, we had all enjoyed a pleasant parliamentary cruise up and down the harbor; and as we rounded the flagboat the Speaker was duly moved out of the chair, progress having been reported, and the Executive Councillors adjourned to "Possum's" anchorage.

Now, if we had won, it might have been allowable to ascribe success to the joint stock responsibility, or as I prefer to call it, the deliberative-executive system adopted by the members of the "Possum's" crew. But as we did not win, the question arises whether our failure could fairly be ascribed to our procedure. My own opinion (given for what it



"VOLUNTEER."

may be worth, just like everybody's opinion to which no fee is attached) is that the joint stock responsibility system is not to be despised in the matter of yacht racing. It gives the growlers in one's crew (ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent.) an opportunity of being heard before the Speaker delivers himself from the helm in accents of authority: and thus every body feels that he is a factor, somehow or other, in the navigation of the vessel. If this is not democratic government afloat, or at all events the nearest practicable approach to it, then let somebody tell us what is. For my part, whenever I hear one of

those growlers muttering in hoarse tones—"Why the d——l doesn't he come about, we shall have half-a-mile to make up if he keeps on;" or, "why the d——l did he go about so soon? we shan't be able to weather such a point;" or, "why the d——l doesn't he send up the topmast?" or (as before), "why doesn't he take it down?" or set the spinnaker "nobbled from the masthead?" etc., etc., etc., etc., I always think that parliamentary procedure could not have been tried on board that yacht. On the other hand when I hear the helmsman from the lee-rail asking the fore-sheet man to tell him when the foresail is shaking so that he may know when to give his ship a little more freedom, then I feel that a community of interest and of responsibility has been established which must be attended by the most beneficial results, and that that yacht's crew is ready for the introduction of the system of racing according to the vote of the majority.

Those who remember a famous race described in the Fifth Book of the Aeneid may also remember how Captain Gyas of the Chimœra pitched overboard his quartermaster, Menoetes

——— Segnemque Menoeten
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
In mare prœcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:

and immediately took the helm himself. That was quarterdeck tyranny of an antique and absurd kind. Menoetes, doubtless, deserved punishment for not obeying the skipper's repeated command to shave the rocks; whereby Captain Cloanthus, in the Scylla, was able to cut him out. But surely, before he was thrown overboard, there should have been a motion submitted to the crew of the Chimœra, and a division taken thereon. Menoetes, in my opinion, was not properly moved out of the chair, and Chimœra, probably in consequence of the irregularity, did not even get a place; in fact, though the biggest of the fleet, she took nothing but a thorough licking, and Virgil in reporting the race, says: *Cedit quoniam spoliata magistro est.* "Possum" was not run on those lines on Gascoigne Cup Day. Even the handicappers, had they been on board our little vessel, would not have been flung into the harbor until a resolution to that effect had been duly submitted and carried. She did not win it is true, but every member of the crew felt that she deserved to win, if only for the sake of the procedure so zealously and unflinchingly observed by him and by each of his colleagues. Throughout the contest he could confidently say: *Possum quia posse videmur.*

Et Cetera.—Moored, stem and stern, a short fifty fathoms from the sea wall which forms such an attractive and necessary fringe to Farm Cove and the Botanic Gardens, may be seen a highly-decorated specimen of floating architecture, seemingly about one hundred and twenty feet long by some forty or fifty feet wide, and with an elevation from waterline to roof of about twenty feet. Is it a new kind of barge, or an elaborately ornamented wooden house founded on an iron hull? She (if the gender of a vessel be permissible in this case) has a very good shear line and covered guards some ten feet wide, like sponsons of a ferry steamer, with a handsomely-designed balustrade and rail carried all round from within a few feet of the stem to a like distance from the stern, if, that is to say, either end of this structure can be so distinguished from the other. Over the entire deck house is a large promenade flat enclosed by balustrades, with awning stanchions along the sides. like the guards, and a central ridge. The deck house is pierced with innumerable French windows, while a broad gangway divides the whole into two equal portions. From a conspicuous flag pole in the centre the well known ensign of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron flutters to the north-east breeze. The hull is painted a delicate sage green, and a gilt ribbon encircles the cornice under the guards. The framework is cunningly picked out with lemon and terra-cotta tints, and very handsome shields, with deeply embossed work in blue and gold, give an artistic finish to the bold sweep of the prow.

It is a lovely April day, and the sun is pleasant enough to allow awnings to be dispensed with. Several ladies, and about a dozen gentlemen, some in the Queen's undress sea livery, are seated on the upper deck. Let us go aboard this seductive-looking Ark and inspect its internal arrangements. Almost as soon done as said. We are hauled off by means of a bowline working on a flexible steel endless rope connected with the sea wall at the stairs on the south-west corner, near the Governor's Bathing House, to which a comfortable boat is attached. We step on board by the gangway stairs, and there we are!

Yes, as we supposed, it is the club-house of the Royals. And what a club-house for yachtsmen and their friends; aye, and for landsmen too, half done to death with the dust and turmoil of the streets, and pining for a whiff of fresh ocean air and, perhaps, a cigar *al fresco!*

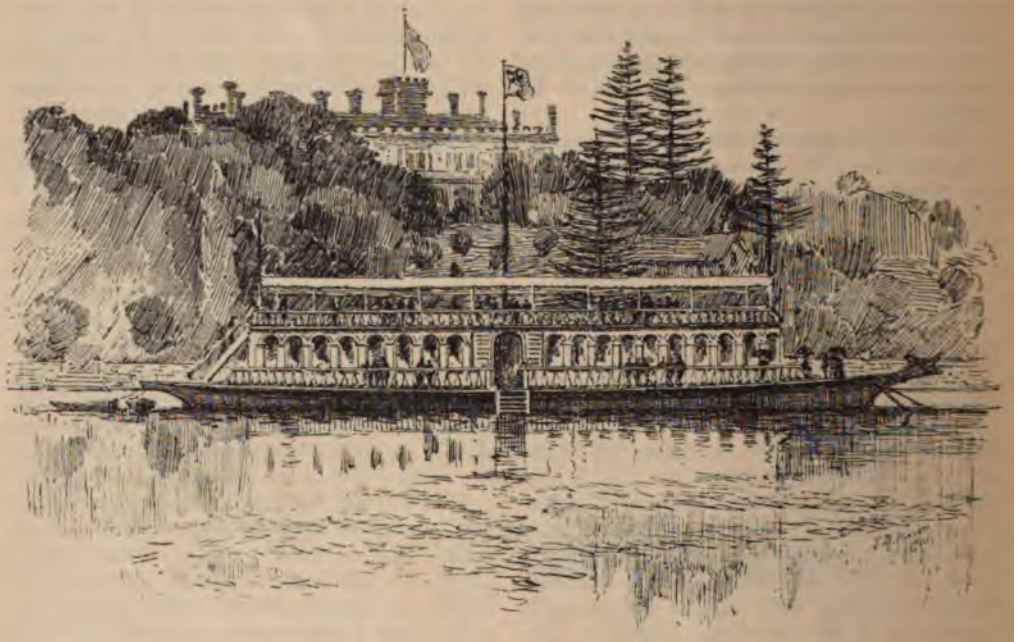
There is a snug reading-room at the after end, hung with capital water-colors and

photographs, mostly nautical or yachtish; all the current sporting and aquatic news of the world lies on the tables for whoso listeth. Next to this room is the club committee room, apparently well suited for deliberations and the calculation of time allowances. Then various offices and quarters for the club steward and his assistants. Crossing the gangway we are at once ushered into the large hall or ward-room, where members generally congregate, where yachting members keep their clothes boxes, and smoking is allowed. A snug recess on one side discloses a handsome buffet and all the appurtenances of a well appointed club bar. This room extends across the entire beam of the barge, and is about twenty-five feet long. The remaining portion of the vessel is consecrated to lavatories, offices for the hot water apparatus, and for the gas factory.

The cellars are under deck, but are well lit by side scuttles. Here also the water tanks, fuel, and all other impedimenta are stowed away, everything in its most convenient place.

We were informed before we left this delightful ark—a pleasure-house which Khubla Khan might have envied—that the members had just given one of the most delightful and novel balls ever known in Sydney. The ballroom was decorated entirely with flags and foliage, and instead of being a fixture it moved down the harbor (towed by a steam tug) from point to point, and the dancers danced all the time on a floor which was said to have been the liveliest ever waltzed on in the experience of the gayest and giddiest of the throng.

Reader! I have been particularly careful of my tenses in describing this club-house. Observe that I began by stating that it "may be seen," leaving the time open. It cannot be seen as I write, and probably it will not be seen during the year 1890, but, if Commodore Milson's excellent idea have the good fortune to receive the imprimatur of the members of the squadron, there seems no sufficient reason why all that I have said might not be true for the year following. From a long conversation recently had with Mr. Milson I understand that it is his intention at once to initiate a movement, in conjunction with the Vice-commodore and club officials, or so many of them as will join him, having for its object the acquisition of a suitable domicile for the Squadron. The club has now a roll of some hundred and sixty members, and its only local habitation appears to be a tin despatch box. He thinks that the time has arrived for altering this state of things, and, as I gather, he favors the form of a floating club barge, to be moored—if the authorities do not object—in Farm Cove, out of the way of the fleet and of ordinary navigation. He is sanguine of success in promoting this idea for various



reasons, not the least influential being the immediate prospect of a large accession of new members, when such a club-house as that which I have ventured to describe is on the prospectus.

The present writer wishes the Commodore all the success that his admirable proposition deserves, and every well-wisher of the Squadron, every votary of yachting, every kalizoic, every enemy of what is dismal and depressing in Sydney life, will surely lend a hand in helping him each according to his ways and means, to launch the Squadron's Houseboat sometime in 1891.

THE WRECK.

REEF and seas, the seaman's danger,
Grave of lovely maiden stranger
To this seething southern sea,
Where great waves with thund'ring sound are
Breaking in white foam around her
Resting ever peacefully.

Broken masts that shake and shiver
Where the pallid moonbeams quiver
Lighting up a moaning scene,
Where the wreck is, spar and splinter,
On the cruel rocks that dint her,
Ghastly splendor, silver sheen !

Long, lone decks by wave-shocks broken,
Battered hull that leaves scant token
Of the stately ship of yore,
Salt-soaked hull of old world pinewood
Little thought thy builder thine would
Be such fate on Austral shore.

And, O God ! that graceful maiden,
Who with peace and love was laden,
Sank to rest beneath the wave ;
Found beneath the roaring waters,
Fairest of old Adam's daughters,
A forlorn and lonely grave.

Once within the long-lost summer,
Whose sweet voice and hum and murmur
Still within my hearing dwell,
Took my hand and very sweetly
Said she that which maidens meetly
Say to those who love them well.

* * * * *

Rest, and rest, and rest forever,
Wind, or wave, or love shall never
Rouse thee from thy sleep. Farewell !
Till the light of endless morning
Bright in Orient heavens dawning
Summon thee from weed and shell.

RODERIC QUINN.

SOME AUSTRALIAN PAUPERS.

BY M. GAUNT.

I DON'T quite know how old I was, but I must have been a very small boy indeed when I first made the acquaintance of a pauper. I remember my father returning home and accusing the wife of his bosom of cruel negligence in that she had allowed a family who dwelt, if not within her gates, at least just outside them, to come to the very verge of starvation. If she had been negligent she amply atoned for it, for there and then she made up a little basket of good things and went down to relieve these starving fellow-creatures; I, prompted, I fear, chiefly by curiosity, following her. Great was my astonishment to find she was bound for the Malay's cottage—the Malay's whom I had frequently envied the luxury which in my opinion was the lot of the youthful members of that family. I had porridge for breakfast, and bread and jam for tea—they had meat three times a day; I quenched my thirst with milk and water at two meals, and with water alone at the third —they had tea at every one. I went to bed at seven o'clock sharp, they went whenever it so pleased them. I had a cold bath every morning, they never suffered such martyrdom. Did I feel hungry between meals I was bound to satisfy my cravings with a slice of yesterday's dry bread, while they were at liberty to regale themselves at all hours on fresh bread spread with butter or jam, or both together if they liked. If that were starving I thought, but I kept my reflections to myself, being a small boy, and stood quietly at my mother's side as she knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman untidy and slatternly, whose unkempt red hair was partly knotted behind, partly straying over her grimy face. Several ragged children with towzley, red heads, were grouped about the room, and an older girl, perhaps sixteen or seventeen, was lolling on a broken-down colonial sofa. The room was dirty and comfortless, but there was a most savory smell from a frying-pan full of chops which were sputtering away on a bright little fire.

The woman said "Good morning," civilly enough, and my mother responded in a hesitating manner, then plucking up courage she added:

"I heard you were starving, but," with a glance at the chops, "I'm glad to see it's not true."

"Well, indeed ma'am," said Mrs. Malay, wiping her eyes with the corner of her dirty apron, "It's very near true for all that. It's meself doesn't know where to-morrow's meal is to come from."

My mother put down her basket, still very doubtfully, I fancied.

"I've brought you a few things," she said, "I'm not rich you know, but I thought I might talk it over with you and see how I can help you. There's your daughter," turning to the young lady who had been lying back on the sofa, but was now sitting up scratching her fiery head and surveying us with languid interest. "Your daughter, can't she do anything?"

"Indeed, I wish she could get anything to do," responded the mother, briskly, "an' so 'ud she be mighty thankful, but times is so hard, there's nothing to be got."

My mother brightened up. Here was something she understood.

"Oh, yes," she said, "there is plenty to be had for the asking. Send her up to me, I'll train her to be a good housemaid, and to begin with I'll give her ——"

She didn't complete that sentence. The young lady most interested took no notice, but Mrs. Malay absolutely bristled with indignation. All her pitiful whine was gone, she was now an angry mother defending her offspring from insult.

"Service!" she cried, "is it service you'd put my girl to? Service with the likes of you! Service indeed! Why, she'd miss her music lessons!"

My mother seized her basket, and without another word marched straight out of the house.

"Charles," she remonstrated, "how could you send me after that woman? I knew what she was the moment I saw those chops—loin chops, too, the idea! *We* certainly can't afford to feed our family on loin chops!"

And that was my first pauper but by no means my last.

I grew to man's estate, and my sister, well, my sister grew to woman's, and developed a rather trying taste for church work, young curates, and district visiting, and in conse-

quence introduced me to more than one pet pauper. One family, in especial, I remember — their name was Reed, and very broken Reeds they were too. My acquaintance began on this wise. One bitter cold winter evening the curate came in with a long face and a sorrowful tale of a family in great distress; he had a service on; would she, would she go down and see them? Of course she would, and equally of course I was pressed into the service as escort. That there could have been such a pitiful case of absolute destitution in this land of plenty I could not have believed had I not seen it with my own eyes. In the room we entered there was not a scrap of furniture, no fire, and for light an inch of candle stuck in a bottle. A woman, with a weakly baby in her arms, lay on a heap of rags in one corner; a child of three, whose only clothing was a dirty little print shirt, crouched sobbing on the cold hearth, and a half clad boy of eleven sat on an empty kerosene tin, the only seat in the room. We were shocked and horrified, and by the expenditure of a very few shillings brought a little comfort into the place. When they had been fed and warmed the woman sobbed out the usual pitiful story—"He was very good when he hadn't the drink in him, but he'd been on the burst a fortnight come Saturday, and he was out of work and there were the childer and—and"—the rest of the story was inaudible by reason of the sobs, and my sister, who cried for sympathy, said it was very natural, and indeed I thought it was. Well we took that family under our protection — we gave ourselves and mentioned them to our friends, we begged for them, borrowed for them, got the woman laundry work, and took the eldest boy into our service; that is to say, he was to clean boots and knives, run messages when there were any, there weren't as a rule, and to receive for these duties three shillings a week and three meals a day. My sister thought it a splendid arrangement. It wouldn't be hard on him and would keep the family from being absolutely pauperised.

All went well for about a month, then Patrick waxed fat and began to give himself airs.

"What's this?" he asked contemptuously, when his breakfast was set before him.

"Curried chicken, what's left from inside."

"Take it away, I can't abear no curries nor 'ashes."

Afterwards he discovered he couldn't eat "no tinned things," when Bridget, having let her larder run low, gave him a tin of sardines for his tea. Then cold meat was cut out of his menu; but when he declared he couldn't touch "no jam but apricot," my mother put her foot down and declared that Patrick must go.

"I never stood daintiness in my own children" she said, "and I won't in him; he must go," and go he did accordingly.

For a fortnight we heard nothing more of the Reeds; then one day towards dusk, when the south wind was driving a bitter cold sleet before it and not a creature stirred out who could help themselves, Patrick appeared whimpering at the kitchen door holding tight between his poor little blue fingers a dirty scrap of paper addressed to my sister, in which she was implored to lend—lend! save the mark—half-a-crown to save the writer and family from starvation.

The poor little messenger was blue with cold, he was bare-foot, he was hatless, and for all clothing he wore a pair of knickerbockers that might have belonged to his little brother, and a man's coat, so old and ragged that even the numerous strings with which it was tied on scarcely served to keep it together.

Polly did, I suppose, what every other right minded woman would do.

"Oh, my poor child!" she cried, and took him in and fed and clothed him, and sent him away with money sufficient to tide his mother over the coming night. Next morning she started off to visit her protégés, and told the pitiful story to all the friends and acquaintances she met by the way, drawing thereby sundry coins from the charitably disposed. Two or three doors off she met a lady whom she knew, and forthwith the tale was told again.

"Reed," remarked her friend indignantly, "Patrick Reed!" Why, my dear girl, it is quite clear to me that they are just trading on your kindness. Only the day before yesterday he came to me in exactly the same state, and I fitted him out in a suit of my boy's clothes and a stout pair of boots; so you see, Mrs. Reed can be no good—imposition on the face of it. I'm sorry for those poor children, but——"

Exactly our case. We were sorry for those poor children, but what could we do? We couldn't go on keeping a family who were, on the face of it, unwilling to help themselves.

My sister's next pauper was a certificated nurse, whom she took an interest in because she was so old and so poor, and had no one to care for her in all the wide world, and who, therefore, had the entrée to our kitchen and to the cups of tea and sundry snacks that went along with it. Then Mrs. Bond broke her arm, and at dead of night sent for

Miss Polly to set it, and was exceedingly hurt when Miss Polly declared her inability to do anything of the sort. However, as she couldn't set it herself, she got a doctor to do it for her, and since the Hospital was too full to take the old woman, got the Ladies' Benevolent Society to take up such a deserving case, and to keep her in comfort till she got about again She was about again all too soon—pawned her blankets and her clothes, got gloriously tight on the proceeds, and fell down and broke her arm again, this time sending for my long-suffering sister at three o'clock in the morning. She could not be left to starve, even though she did get drunk, and the same worry had to be gone through again, and when the old woman got well she was, of course, a worse nuisance than ever. She resumed her practice of favoring us with her society at least three or four times a week, and on the plea of gratitude was more intimate than ever. Whenever she could scrape a little money together she used to get drunk, and then she invariably visited us either to embrace my sister effusively or abuse her foully, as the mood took her. If she wasn't drunk she was in direst straits and needed money, so that anyway her benefactor's life became a burden to her. She was always either dodging Mrs. Bond or one of the reproachful ladies of the society she had let in for supporting the old reprobate. Altogether I'm afraid Polly was not as sorry as she ought to have been, when one night Mrs. Bond settled matters, once and for all, in her own way, by flinging herself off Brighton Pier. I doubt if she is quite so enthusiastic on the subject of district-visiting and the deserving poor as she used to be. Still, she continues to be taken in, and I suffer through her. It is bad enough when one's paupers are of the class that half-a-crown consoles; but when they set up for gentle-folks and have feelings that require to be considered, matters are more difficult to manage. Polly's last pauper was of this class. She was an actress who had seen better days, and she, being near her confinement, had been left behind at a small hotel while the company went on a provincial tour. She was utterly alone—utterly dependent on the kindness of the landlady, and the curate begged my sister to go and see her occasionally. Polly went, of course, and found her a pretty little woman, somewhat tawdry and tinselly as to attire, a little faded as to complexion, but with gentle clinging manners that won my sister's heart. She had had inflammation of the lungs, and was certainly ill, and certainly terribly alone. So Polly lent her books and went to see her, and worked for the coming baby with a great deal of interest. She was absolutely penniless too, for though "Charlie" was the best and dearest husband in the world, he paid the landlady direct for his wife's board, and never gave her a penny for herself; she even had to borrow a stamp from Polly when she wished to write him a letter. She was trying to keep well for his sake and for the baby's sake, but she grew gradually worse and worse, and one evening Polly going down found her so ill she decided she must sit up all night with her. It was a long and weary watch; the woman was terribly ill, and could not be left to the care of strangers like the busy landlady and her over-worked servant. Certain, too, was it that Polly could not sit up another night with her. She took counsel with my mother and the doctor and finally it was decided that Mrs. H—— should be put into a cab and straightway taken to a private hospital, my father agreeing to be responsible for the money should her husband be unable to pay himself. No sooner said than done, and before noon my mother and Polly had established their protégé, much to their satisfaction, in a comfortable room in B—— House, the only difficulty being that they had felt a delicacy in speaking about money matters to Mrs. H——, and now were worried with the idea that she might possibly be fretting herself thinking she was incurring responsibilities and debts she had no means of discharging. This was discussed all the afternoon, till finally I was despatched with orders to ask the sister in charge to explain matters to Mrs. H—— in order that she might be quite at ease in her mind.

Apparently she was quite at ease—at any rate, she said nothing Two days later the baby was born—a miserable little scrap of humanity, fit only to be wrapped in cotton wool, but the mother naturally made a great fuss over it, called it her joy and her treasure and hoped it would live to be a great musician for "Charlie's" sake. Polly, too, took a deep interest in the "cotton-wool baby," the more so because she saw it could not possibly live, and she felt sure it's death would break its mother's heart. Therefore, in pity, she did all she could for her, brought her flowers and lent her books, did her sewing for her, and lent her her own much-treasured clock—"because it was so weary to be there and not know the time."

Very rapidly Mrs. H—— mended, till, in a little more than three weeks, she was declared well, and left the hospital to take up her residence again at the hotel. Of course she professed gratitude, my sister was such a

dear girl she really didn't know what she would have done without her, etc., etc. Then came the question of her bill, and I went up to the hospital one day and asked the matron for it.

"Certainly," said that lady, civilly, "but hadn't I better send it in to Mr. H——."

I said not at all, I would pay it and then Mr. H——, if he liked, could settle with me afterwards. Accordingly I got the bill, got a cheque for the amount from my father, and next time I was passing went in to settle it. Again the polite matron came forward, receipted the account, and then sat there dubiously weighing the envelope between her fingers.

"It is a very heavy bill," she said at last.

It was, I admitted, a very heavy bill—far heavier than we had calculated or counted on. "But I suppose," I added, as she seemed concerned about it, I wasn't paying you must remember, "these things do cost a good deal."

"It ought not to have been so heavy," she went on, "but of course Mr. H—— pays."

"Oh, well, I suppose he will at least help. He will hardly like his wife to be beholden to perfect strangers, and if she hadn't been in the hospital he'd have had to have kept her somewhere else. But certainly my father is paying this. We took the responsibility on ourselves, and we shouldn't like to send the account to her unless she asks for it. Didn't you give her my message?"

"Yes, I did," snapped Miss —— tartly, and I felt the tartness was not for me. "Yes, I did, and she told me at once—Oh, of course Mr. H—— pays, only being such strangers our friends kindly said we might make use of their name, but of course Mr. H—— pays. That'll be all right,"

"Oh, certainly," I said, "I'm agreeable. Mr. H—— can hand over a cheque as soon as he pleases, but I can assure you no mention has been made of such a thing, and it is now a fortnight since his wife left you."

"Three weeks," corrected the matron, and then asked, "Is Mrs. H—— a great friend of yours?"

"Never saw her in my life."

"Of your sister's, then?"

"Certainly not. We heard of her through the curate, and we couldn't leave her to die, that's all."

"I wish I'd known that before—I wish I had," said the matron angrily, and then she launched forth and gave her patient such a character. Of all the ungrateful, exacting patients she'd ever had to do with Mrs. H—— was the worst. You might slave your life out for her and never get a word of thanks. She seemed to think the nurses were machines, and insisted on being waited on hand and foot. She had a night nurse all to herself a fortnight longer than it was necessary, and then the extras she had. "They ran up the bill nicely," said the matron. She had two dozen oysters one morning, and then wanted more. The nurse refused, and so she sent for me and said she supposed she could have unlimited oysters. Well, of course, I had to say that our terms hardly admitted of more than two dozen a day, especially when the patient was as well as she was, and then she said she'd have the oysters all the same; she liked them, her husband wished her to have what she liked, and I was to put them down in the bill. "You've just paid for them," said she with grim humor.

"Oh," I said, a light beginning to dawn on me, and Miss —— went on:

"It was the same with everything else. She said she must have unlimited eggs, and when I agreed to that, had three beaten up with brandy between tea-time and ten o'clock, and she invariably drank two bottles of porter a day, though the doctor said stimulants were unnecessary. I daresay she would have drank more if I'd have given it to her."

"Well, perhaps Mr. H—— does intend to pay after all," I suggested, unwilling to give up all faith in my sister's last protégé. "But, at least she's fond of her baby; she never leaves it day or night she told my sister. She was so sorry not to be able to call and see her and thank her for all her kindness, but she couldn't leave the baby."

"H—m," said the matron, "I don't know much about it, but I hope that baby'll die; I think it has a pretty good chance too. I thought I'd like to hear how it was getting on, so as it's mother didn't come to see us or even write as many of our patients do, I sent down a nurse to enquire. The landlady didn't know where Mrs. H—— was, she had gone out, her bedroom door was locked, and the key gone, and the baby in the room alone was crying its little heart out. Yes, I think that baby had better die for its own sake"

I left that hospital a sadder and a wiser man, and when I got home I found that Mr. H—— had favored my family with his company for the afternoon. He had run up for a day to see his wife and child, and really could not leave town without calling and thanking them for their great kindness to his dear little wife. He felt quite sure if they had not interfered and taken her to the hos-

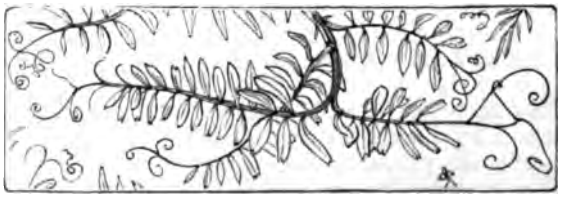
pital she would have died. He was very grateful to them, he said, but he never enquired who paid the hospital fees. He then took his departure gracefully, and that was the last we were destined to see of him.

A few days afterwards there was a ring at the bell, and Mrs. H—— came in with a hanging head and stage tragedy walk, and, subsiding into a chair with legs and arms outstretched began to give evident signs that she was going off into violent hysterics. A stiff nobbler of whisky and water somewhat revived her, and then she explained between her sobs that "her treasure, her joy, her baby, had died that morning"

God forbid that I should laugh at a woman's sorrow, but her manner was so theatrical and stagey that even kind-hearted Polly began to doubt, and declared she didn't see the necessity for her hanging on to the chairs and clutching at the bannisters in that frantic fashion. As for me, I thought of what the matron had said and doubted still more. Poor little "cotton wool" baby, I'm inclined to think it was a merciful Providence that removed it from this wicked world. I'm afraid we were cool--there's no doubt about it. We thought of the poor baby crying behind the locked door, and with the hospital matron rather rejoiced that its troubles were over, and consequently our sympathy with its mother's grief did not extend itself beyond the whisky and water. We would not have grudged her help, but we didn't like being imposed on, and the memory of the oysters, porter and brandy she had made us pay for stood between us like a wall. Under the circumstances it was hardly to be expected she would stay long, and she soon tottered out of the room feebly and helplessly as if each step would be her last. Polly, pitiful as usual, had some thoughts of sending for a cab, but luckily restrained herself, and a peep through the drawn blind showed her that once in the street Mrs H—— was perfectly capable of walking upright and showing off her trim little figure to the best advantage. We never saw her again, she departed th day after, merely sending us a message t request that we would plant a white rose o her darling's grave; it was near the fenc No further directions were given, and I co clude we were to supply the white rose. Sh also forgot to return my sister's clock, whic was discovered by a friend in a pawnsho several days later—this must surely hav been an oversight on Mrs H——'s part.

I am inclined to think that Mrs. H— will last us for some time, and that distresse females, even if they are young and pret will be looked upon with suspicion by us.

These are some Australian paupers I hav made acquaintance with to my sorrow, b they are not by any means all. The list long, but the paupers bear such a stron family resemblance to one another the stories are hardly worth repeating. I ha called them Australian paupers, but after a I don't know that there is anything peculi to the country in the type except, perhaps, certain sturdy independence which deman your charity as of right, instead of receivi it as a favor. And yet, understand me, scoff not at real distress. That there is su and much of it, even in this land of plent I doubt not even for a moment, only it hard to find. The men or women in re need, in spite of the wealth around, perha because of it, shrink away and hide careful from the eye of the world their poverty a their sorrow, while the idle scamp will blaz it forth and generally succeed in taking som one in. A generous people, an open-hand people is the character we Australians ha earned for ourselves, and Heaven forbid should ever change, but I very much fe that my family's charity has been of litt service to anyone, and has simply served harden our hearts. The only consolation have is that it must be horribly uncomfortab to beg—fancy being refused. To go rou with a subscription list for the most deservi object in the world is an appalling thi to do. What must it be to beg for on livelihood?



THE GERMAN VILLAGES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

BY GEORGE SUTHERLAND, M.A.

THE German Pilgrim Fathers were among the first of the pioneer colonists who settled in the province of South Australia. It is a curious reflection that the religious persecutions, which prevailed in Prussia between 1830 and 1840, should have been the means of stamping upon this colony a leading characteristic which marks it off distinctly from all the other settlements of the Australasian group. In no other colony in this part of the world has any of the Continental nations of Europe left so distinctly its national and racial mark. In none certainly is it possible to point out settlements which retain so many peculiar national characteristics as the German villages of South Australia. The German element in Australian colonisation is without doubt destined to take a much more important position in the future than it has done in the past, and for this reason alone it would be worth while to study very closely the effects which have been produced upon South Australia by the early infusion of the German element in its colonisation. It is universally admitted in South Australia that the Germans have been most decidedly a source of strength and stability. If Australia as a whole is likely to receive a considerable proportion of immigrants from Germany by the new steamers of the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd Line these colonists should be welcomed as a distinct acquisition to the Australian community.

In the year 1837, while the early settlers at Holdfast Bay were still living in tents upon the site of the present City of Adelaide, preparations were being made for the departure from Prussia of a band of refugees who, forbidden to worship in their own fashion, had resolved to emigrate either to America or to Australia. The cause of liberty had in that year sunk to almost its lowest ebb in Germany. In politics and in literature as well as in religion the parties of advance were brought to the verge of despair. Heine summed up the situation in characteristically quaint fashion. "Singular!" said he, "we Germans are the strongest and most ingenious of nations. The Princes of our Royal houses sit on every European throne; our Rothschilds rule over the Exchanges of the world; our learned men are the Sovereigns of all the sciences; we have invented gunpowder and the printing press; and yet anyone who fires off a pistol in our country is subjected to a fine of three thalers, and if any of us wishes to insert in the the *Hamburg Correspondent* these words, 'My dear spouse has given birth to a daughter, beautiful as freedom,' straightway Dr. Hoffman seizes his red pencil and strikes out the word 'freedom.'"

In religious matters the reign of Frederick William III., who died in 1840, was rendered memorable chiefly by the vain endeavors to coerce the Lutherans and the Reformers into uniformity, and to enforce a common ritual and belief throughout all the churches of Prussia. The spirit of the people, which had become fully awake to the value of liberty, could not patiently endure the constant round of fine and imprisonment that was dealt out to the recalcitrant. Among those who sought for liberty in distant lands perhaps the most adventurous of all were these emigrants who sailed from Hamburg for South Australia in the "Zebra," under the command of Captain Hahn, accompanied by a smaller vessel. On their arrival at Adelaide the speculative element, which at that early period had brought the young settlement to the verge of ruin, operated but slightly upon the natures of the Germans, who were ignorant of the English language and cared nothing for the buying and selling of town allotments. In seeking first of all to develop the arts of agriculture, in however primitive a fashion, they exerted a powerful influence in the direction of the reform which, later on, was so drastically effected by Sir George Grey, when he stopped all public works and told the people in Adelaide to go out and cultivate the fields. They were a stern unflinching set of pioneers, these early German colonists. Like the Puritans of New England they voluntarily placed themselves to a large extent under religious discipline. The social power which attached to the pastorate of this primitive period has survived

even to the present day. Admonitions and rebukes are still uttered from the pulpit. Faults of life which do not in any way come under the scrutiny of the civil law are patiently or sternly dealt with, as the occasion may demand. The pastor knows his congregation most intimately, and exercises over them a control which at times becomes almost patriarchal. At the present day the German Lutherans of South Australia occupy the fourth place in the list of the religious denominations, coming higher than the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Primitive Methodists and Baptists; they have about eighty places of worship, with about twelve thousand sittings. All over the southern districts of South Australia the townships and the rural population show a considerable proportion of Germans. But there are a few villages which are almost exclusively peopled by the Teutonic element, and it is to these that I wish specially to direct attention.

Of the early German settlements in South Australia the one which lay in closest proximity to Adelaide was the little suburban village of Klemzig. At the present day it is chiefly known as the locality in which the pastor of "St. Stephani Kirche" has his residence. But the old village is now completely in ruins. The church referred to is a small and extremely simple edifice in Pirie Street, near the heart of Adelaide, and was for many years the centre of German Lutheran religious influence. The present building bears the date 1862, but it was the successor of other and more primitive structures of the early days. At Klemzig the Lutheran pastor held open house for all the German pilgrims who left the Fatherland from year to year in search of greater liberty of conscience or a wider field for their energies. Old colonists still recall, with the warmest and most grateful feelings, the sense of overwhelming happiness and comfort which they felt after months of weary journeying by sea—perhaps surrounded by the most unfamiliar languages and voices—when they received such a warm and earnest welcome at the homely little thatched parsonage at Klemzig. Time has wrought many changes upon the place, for it is within about four miles of the city, and the march of improvement has swept away all but a few remnants of the quaint rows of thatched houses which stood on each side of the road, near the banks of the Torrens, nearly all with their gables turned towards the street and with their walls of log or mud and little narrow windows. But the situation is a picturesque one. It is only about two miles from the Thorndon Park Reservoir, and the romantic glen from which the River Torrens, on its way through Adelaide and on to St. Vincent gulf, tumbles down over its rocky course from the Mount Lofty range.

KLEMZIG.

The earliest of the German colonists were the Prussian refugees already referred to, and it was by these that the now flourishing town of Hahndorf was founded in 1838, and named after the Captain of the "Zebra." The spot chosen for the settlement was on the eastern side of the plateau by which the Plains of Adelaide are bounded. Of the Hill country of the colony, even in its present state, Australians, as a rule, know

very little. Those who have only hurriedly visited Adelaide or viewed it from the deck of some steamer lying at anchor off Glenelg or the Semaphore are apt to regard the Mount Lofty Range as being only a narrow chain of Hills. This natural impression is soon dispelled by a trip inland towards the east. The Western Range is merely the edge of a broad strip of high undulating or mountainous land, some fifteen miles in breadth. It was on the eastern side of this plateau, in a deep valley between two lines of hills and about seventeen miles from Adelaide, that the pioneer explorers resolved to pitch their tents and build their first primitive dwellings. Landed on the shores of Holdfast Bay with their wives and families they lost no time in loading up their bullock drays and starting for the scene of operations. It was slow and tedious travelling in those days. A great heavy dray, with a string of bullocks in front, took two or three days to perform the journey, first across the twelve miles of the Adelaide Plains to the gorge in the mountain chain, above which towers Mount Lofty to a height of about 2,500 feet; then up along the winding track and on to the steep sides of the mountain spurs where stunted timber and loose stones rendered progress extremely difficult. The saddle or ridge beneath Mount Lofty having been gained their course was then downward into the valley of the stream, now known as the Onkaparinga. By and bye a plain was reached, and it was seen that good agricultural land existed in various directions.

The town of Hahndorf was laid out on lines as simple as those of Klemzig—that is to say, the cottages and huts of which it was composed were built in two rows along the sides of the main road leading to Mount Barker. At the present day the town consists simply of the houses on each side of this road extending for about a mile in a straight line. The plan is certainly not conducive to picturesque effect, but in recent years much has been done to beautify the place by the planting of trees along the roadsides and by the erection of buildings of a substantial nature. There are two Lutheran churches, built after the fashion of the Lutherans, with little attempt at display but an aspect of solid comfort. The only building in the town with anything in the shape of architectural superfluity is the Hahndorf Academy, at which the rising generation of well-to-do Germans from all parts of the colony have for many years effected a compromise between the education desired for them as members of the German stock and that which is necessary for success in life in an English-speaking colony. For the rest it is interesting to notice the varied phases of progress represented by the other buildings of the township. The old mill has a decidedly ancient appearance but has kept abreast of the times by that peculiar mixture of conservative caution and well-considered enterprise which is so often observable among German colonists. The jam factories and German dye works are unpretentious in the extreme, but there is an air of general homely comfort about the place, and this is to a large extent fostered by the multiplicity of gardens and orchards which at certain seasons are so productive that some kinds of fruit will scarcely pay for picking, so low is the price and so limited the market.

Close to the apex of the triangular basin of the Onkaparinga, and about ten miles from Hahndorf, lies the no less interesting township of Lobethal. The situation of this quaint old-world village is one of the most picturesque to be found in the whole colony. There is, however, no wild grandeur of scenery. The globe-trotter, whose object in life is to gaze for a moment upon some notable wonder or freak of nature, will find little to interest him at Lobethal; but the feeling of rest and contentment and the quiet beauty of the surrounding scenery gives to the valley a peculiar charm, and one feels that here at least in the Australian continent there is one place which stands in no danger of being Americanised. Lobethal lies in the midst of a pleasant medley of field and meadow, with back-grounds of primitive woods and blue lines of hills here and there. From the ridges which encircle the township on every side comes the fresh scent of the gum tree and the wattle, and in the morning the gentle breeze from these hills ripples across the fields and stirs the leaves of the hop plantations, while the strangely melodious notes of the native birds are heard from the neighboring tree-clad slopes. The effect of peace and calm is such as one would imagine could only be found in some village of the old world. The hop plantations recall the strange experience of one of the pioneers of Lobethal, Mr. F. W. Kleinschmidt, whose advent to the colony really preceded that of the founders of Hahndorf. He was one of the first explorers of Kangaroo Island at a period before there was any settlement at Adelaide; but the operations at that place having proved a failure he removed to the mainland and tried farming at Hahndorf, until 1843, when he removed to Lobethal and literally "set up his Ebenezer" by building a Lutheran mission chapel with his own hands. Then he started

making lager beer at a spot on the banks of the Onkaparinga known as Oakbank. Having made some money he invested it all in the tweed factory, and was ruined by the venture. Nothing daunted he tried hop-growing on a small scale, and gradually extended his operations until he again acquired a competency.

Outside influences have quite recently produced some effect upon even the quiet population of Lobethal. The German village children seem to take more kindly to the English language than to the speech of the Fatherland, and within the past ten years this preference on the part of the rising generation has become much more marked than it ever was before. I remember entering Lobethal on foot one evening at dusk along with a friend who had known the town some twenty years before.

"You will observe," said my friend, "that everybody in Lobethal speaks German, and many of the townspeople don't know more than a few words of English. Now, at the door of this 'general store,' across the way, there is a young man of a decidedly German cast of features, and we will put him to the test."

Saying this he advanced and saluted him with "Guten abend, mein herr."

"Good evening, sir," replied the young man in the purest English accent, and the incident served my friend as a text for some reminiscences of the exclusiveness with which the little community adhered to the language of the fatherland in the brave days of yore.

But whether they speak English or German the young villagers seem to be very tenacious of their home instincts. The stay-at-home impulse is strong in every true German, and it has only been from absolute necessity that the young men of the German villages have gone abroad to seek their fortunes among the distant places of Australia. For the most part it is

Ich geh' nicht in's Gewimmel
Der grossen, weiten Welt.

The feeling, of course, is strongest among the young women, who readily submit to very homely living rather than leave their friends and relatives; and on this account it was that the tweed factory was established at Lobethal many years ago, with the object of utilising the energies of the industrious and economical "Gretchens" of the village. Adverse circumstances caused the collapse of the concern before it had made much headway, and more recently when it was revived with more encouraging prospects of success very great difficulties were encountered. The good people of Lobethal have been much agitated by a proposal to remove the factory to the banks of the Murray for the sake of the water-supply. It is chiefly, however, German labor that would be relied upon, if the change were made. From Lobethal, Hahndorf and Blumberg, right along to the Lower Murray, the population consists, to a very large extent, of Germans One can constantly observe the frugal German housewives working with might and main in their kitchen gardens and orchards, and even in the wheat fields, giving assistance in the arduous work of ploughing or of harvesting. The sharp division which is drawn by English farmers' wives between the duties of the household and those of the field is seldom insisted upon among the poorer class of the German farming population. But no one can assert that either sex of the Australian German people is wanting in industry. I have known frequently of German farmers over sixty years of age who habitually worked from twelve to fourteen hours per day.

Nearly thirty miles to the north of the Torrens is the valley of the Para, or Gawler River, in which a large and prosperous settlement of Germans has existed for many years past. The centre of this area is the town of Tanunda—a neat and rather modern-looking place, with shady trees along its main road. The people here are thoroughly Teutonic, like their compatriots further to the south, but they have been enabled to greatly outstrip them in the race for modern improvements, in regard both to buildings and to the culture of the soil. The chief cause of their present comparative prosperity is the rapid growth of the wine industry. The agricultural holdings are very small, and in earlier years it was a terrible struggle for a German colonist to bring up a family upon the produce of fifty, eighty, or a hundred acres of land, growing nothing but wheat. Now, however, nearly every German household has its few acres of vineyard annually yielding grapes to the value of from £5 to £10 per acre. The improvement due to this new departure is everywhere obvious. Each year, as the autumn season comes round, the grape-grower receives an intimation from the neighboring wine-maker fixing the dates upon which his grapes can be received at the presses for conversion into "must." Then the family have a few very busy days of gathering, and the waggon is loaded up with a huge pile of grapes, merely thrown in loose. With the delivery of the produce at the presses the duty of the grape-grower ends. In former times, before a regular trade with England was opened, it was the custom among the Germans—espe-

cially those who came from the wine-making districts of their native land—to carry out the whole of the operations on a small scale on their own premises. In many cases the result of this was the production of a frightfully "heady" kind of wine, which, to the poor farmer working away in the broiling sun of an Australian summer, became a veritable "mocker." Prudent old German parents have often warned their children to have nothing to do with vines or with wine-making in any shape or form. Many good vineyards have been uprooted simply on account of the dangers of home-made wine, but the adoption of the principle of division of labor has most effectually removed this source of danger, and the drinking of home-made wine is now very seldom resorted to.

HAHNDORF.

Between Adelaide and the River Murray there are a considerable number of townships which are supported partly by the Germans and partly by Colonials and Colonists from Great Britain and Ireland. In many of these places it is interesting to notice how naturally the German element of the population seems to concentrate itself towards one particular locality of the township. Usually the German store—if there be one—is the centre to which the German farmers resort in order to have a chat in their beloved mother tongue; and, as many of these farmers are but imperfectly acquainted with the English language, and some of them can scarcely put together half-a-dozen English words, it is only natural that they should feel more at home when surrounded by their own countrymen. As an example of a township divided in this manner the river port of Mannum may be cited. This town was originally founded by the enterprise of the Murray River traders, and very little of the German element was observable in the earlier days; but gradually the neighboring Murray Flats have been occupied by farmers, a large number of whom are Germans; the consequence has been that an extension of Mannum on the southern side has taken place, and this is locally known as Schuetze Town—after the name of the leading German storekeeper. In cases like this —where Germans have made comparatively recent additions to a township, the visitor looks in vain for any striking or old-fashioned characteristics. The picturesque gives way to the strictly utilitarian. The tendency, I think, is exactly the same both with the English and with the Germans. In both cases I am inclined to attribute the decline of the picturesque to that extremely handy and serviceable but wonderfully ugly material, galvanised iron. Ruskin is right: the modern applications of iron to architectural purposes are, from his particular point of view, nothing less than really "damnable;" yet Mannum has a natural picturesqueness which even galvanised iron cannot destroy, and, although the river trade has for a long time been exceedingly low, yet the prosperity of the township has been saved by the development of farming in the vicinity. All along the slope between the mountain ridge and the Murray,

for many miles north and south of Mannum, the country is dotted over with German farms. Towards the north their presence is indicated by such names as Sedan and The North and South Rhine, as well as the Kaiserstuhl, New Mecklenburg and Rosenthal.

The main characteristic of the German mode of agriculture is its extreme cautiousness. Quiet frugality sometimes enables the German to hold on to his farm through a cycle of dry seasons which would inevitably ruin almost any other colonist. On the eastern side of the Mount Lofty watershed the climate is exceedingly dry, and it is a standing wonder that so many of the German farmers on poor land have managed to exist through the recent drought. This part of the colony, although not very well suited for the most successful wheat-growing, is, nevertheless, admirably adapted for vineyards, and some of the finest wine grown in Australia is produced here. There is no doubt that, as was the case in the neighborhood of Tanunda, the German farmers will in the future gradually develop more vine-growing and abandon to some extent their operations for the raising of grain. When this takes place there will be room for a much larger population than at present exists. The stream of German immigration to South Australia never ceases. It is not a matter of fits and starts. It goes on quietly from year to year, and the proportion of German colonists steadily keeps pace with the growth of the population. It seems as if the emigration of such a people as the Germans were greatly influenced by family ties. A very large number of the Germans in South Australia are related to one another by some sort of family tie. It has been truly said that it is the family and not the army which conquers the world.

The history of German colonisation in South Australia is indeed calculated to throw valuable light upon the nature and operation of the migratory impulse. There are no special attractions in South Australia among all the colonies of the Australasian group which can reasonably be supposed to have determined the stream of German colonisation in this particular direction. No peculiarly German industries, or special facilities for carrying them on, have caused the Teutonic people to prefer one quarter of the continent to another. No political influence of any sort has been exercised towards the accomplishment of this result. During a large proportion of the time in which the German villages in South Australia were in process of formation the material attractions of life in the adjoining colonies were much stronger than South Australia could boast. But the affinity of kinship, religion, and language has proved more powerful than any disintegrating influence. At the present time there is reason to believe that the flow of German colonisation to South Australia is largely on the increase. By the last census it appeared that the number of colonists who owned Germany as their birthplace was almost exactly equal to the sum total of those who were born in all the other Australian colonies. Some of the finest steamers on the Australian trade are now engaged in bringing passengers direct from Bremen and Antwerp to the chief cities of Australia, and Adelaide receives a large proportion of this influx. It would be interesting to speculate upon the chance of any of the other colonies at some future date attracting settlements of a similar nature to those German villages of South Australia. Obviously it was a merely fortuitous circumstance that Hahndorf should have been founded by religious refugees, and should have thus formed the nucleus around which some thirty or forty thousand German colonists should have gathered. If it should so chance that at some future time a few families of Germans should form a separate settlement in New South Wales or Victoria, and should found a village in which the German language would be the prevailing means of communication and the Lutheran Church the principal denomination—I am convinced that very closely similar results would follow. But then, on the other hand, it should be noticed that the exclusive use of the German language would only be a matter of temporary custom. In South Australia at the present day the Germans are mainly Lutherans, just as the Scotch are mainly Presbyterians. All other distinctions are speedily becoming effaced, and this tendency progresses more rapidly according as population increases and the means of communication become more efficient. The Germans do not hold aloof from Colonial life on any of its aspects; they are for the most part thoroughly Australian in their aspirations, and entertain, as a rule, a hearty affection for the land of their adoption. On the whole, their influence in South Australia has been of a most beneficial character. But to trace out this aspect of the subject would certainly require more space than is at present available. My immediate purpose is merely to point to the German villages of South Australia as possibly supplying the material for a chapter unique in the history of Australian settlement.

THE NEXT STEP IN SANITARY REFORM.

BY G. A. SYME, M.S. M.B. F.R.C.S. ENG.

THE interest of the general public in sanitary affairs has lately become rather keen, and the necessity of some kind of sanitary reform in most of the Australian colonies is generally admitted. It is hardly necessary, therefore, at the present time, to advocate the claims of sanitation generally, or to occupy space in rebutting old or fallacious ideas on the subject, such as the Malthusian theory, for instance, "that pestilence is the great check to the growing excess of population," or the view of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that disease acts beneficially by "weeding out those of lowest development" and so "keeping the race free from vitiation." It is of more importance to see in what direction reform is especially required, and how it may best be achieved. Although the public has taken up the cry for sanitation it may be questioned whether it has a very intelligent perception of what sanitation really means. In most cases the cry has probably been taken up in a fit of alarm at the terrible mortality and monetary loss occasioned by the excessive prevalence of preventible diseases like typhoid fever and diphtheria. If so it need not surprise us to find that the majority of people have but a vague and hazy notion of sanitation, and especially of the individual duties and responsibilities it involves.

Sanitation might almost be summed up in one word—Cleanliness. If we attempt to trace the history of the race from primeval times we shall find that disease has evolved *pari passu* with the crowding of individuals into communities, the gradual accumulation of refuse and filth, and the consequent pollution of soil, air and water.

The connection between filth and disease has been recognised more or less clearly for ages. In the Mosaic law and ritual the necessity of cleanliness is rigorously enforced, while the aqueducts and cloacæ of old Rome bear witness to the appreciation on the part of the citizens of the importance of an abundant supply of pure water, and of means for its removal when polluted.

Until comparatively recent times, however, the knowledge with regard to the subject was empirical, and had not a sufficiently scientific basis to enable people to see what the connection between filth and disease really was, or to bring it home to them with such force as to cause them to take the practical measures necessary. Occasionally, and to a certain extent, sanitary requirements have been enforced, when, as in the case of the Hebrews, they were associated with their dominant religious sentiment, or as in the case of the Romans, authorised by an enlightened despotism. In the present materialistic age and in our democratic communities reforms can only be achieved by appeal to the reason and common sense of every individual. Such an appeal can now be hopefully made in the case of sanitation, since the subject is no longer empirical.

The investigation of the origin and cause of disease has now a scientific foundation, and nothing, perhaps, has given greater assistance to the science of sanitation than the study of minute organisms called bacteria or microbes. Our knowledge of the mode of life and action of these microscopic creatures makes largely intelligible the previously obscure connection between filth and disease, and indicates some of the methods in which disease may be prevented. Filth is inimical to health to a large extent because it affords a breeding ground for these microbic germs of disease, because it conveys them, because it feeds them.

When it is destroyed therefore the germs are also destroyed, and it becomes possible, by adopting certain precautions, to prevent much of the disease which now causes so much misery. If our drinking water is collected on heights far away from population and protected from every source of pollution, and if it is conveyed to our cities in such a way that it cannot be polluted in transit, it will be pure and free from germs. Outbreaks of typhoid fever and cholera have been proved over and over again to have been due to pollution of drinking water with the germs of these diseases. Water collected within populous districts, either from house roofs, from streams, or from wells, is always liable to contamination. If refuse of all

kinds, but especially excretal, is promptly removed from proximity to dwellings and destroyed, offensive emanations will be prevented and people can open their houses freely for the admission of pure air, the breeding soil for germs will be destroyed, and also any actual germs that may have been discharged from diseased individuals.

In proportion as a knowledge and appreciation of the principles of sanitation have increased and sanitary precautions been taken, so has disease diminished. During the period 1861-70 the English death rate from the seven chief zymotic diseases was 4·24 per thousand living. In 1887 it was 2·38. In the last twenty-five years the number of deaths from fever has fallen from about twenty thousand to five thousand, eight hundred and seventy-three a year. Within the last hundred years the death rate of all Europe has fallen from thirty-four per thousand to about twenty.

While something has been done, much remains. What should be the next step in effecting further reform? It must be the education of every individual of the community in sanitary principles. Whether rightly or wrongly, the people in these colonies are so imbued with what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls the "law of right social relationship," namely, "that every man has freedom to do what he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man," that the enforcement of sanitary laws by legislative enactment is exceedingly difficult. In illustration, contrast for a moment the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. Dr. J. Ashburton Thompson, in his address as President of the Hygienic Section at the last meeting of the Australian Science Association, stated that the two metropolitan areas of these colonies are similar in population and geological characteristics. Sydney has the general advantage of a higher birth rate, Melbourne has the advantage of a pure and copious water supply, and the advantage also, as regards diarrhœal diseases, of a colder climate. Victoria possesses elaborate Health Statutes, New South Wales has no Health Act. If legislation, therefore, can make people healthy, preventible diseases, such as those classed under the head of fever and diarrhœa, ought to be less prevalent in Victoria than in New South Wales. But what is the fact? A comparison of the mortality statistics for the two districts shows very little difference. Further, a study of two papers read at the last meeting of the Intercolonial Medical Congress, one on "Sanitary Conditions in Victoria," the other entitled "A record of the Present Sanitary State of New South Wales," shows that the same insanitary conditions prevail in Victoria, with her complex sanitary legislation, as in New South Wales with none. Dr. Ashburton Thompson's explanation of this apparent anomaly is that in both provinces the work of sanitation is being attempted in the dark, for want of the direction which might be given to it by a properly planned scheme of statistics. While this may be true, the reason that insanitary conditions exist in Victoria, in spite of legislation, is more probably to be found in the fact that the legislation is not carried out. Why is it not carried out? Because the majority of the health officials under the local authorities are ignorant of the *rationale* of sanitation, because the magistrates who administer the law are equally ignorant, and because they are upheld in their decisions by a public opinion even more ignorant. This may appear a somewhat sweeping assertion. One instance in support of it out of many that could be adduced must suffice. According to the by-laws of the local board of health made under section 24 of the Victorian Health Act of 1883, "All houses, dairies, cowsheds, or other buildings in the occupation of any person following the trade of cow-keeper shall be kept in such a state in respect of cleanliness as not to be a nuisance: and the drainage of all such buildings shall be so arranged that no stagnant water or refuse matter of any kind shall remain or lie in any way whatever in or upon or contiguous to any premises of such person following the trade of cow-keeper, whether registered or not." On page seven of the Second Progress Report of the Commission on the Sanitary Condition of Melbourne, is a description of a dairy farm situated on the catchment area of, and within half a mile from the Yan Yean reservoir. "The farm was in a very insanitary condition. The house drainage simply soaked into the soil or collected in festering pools. The pig-styes three in number, were in a disgusting state of filth, with foul drainage escaping from them to be then pent up in offensive pools. The farm-yard was very untidy, with manure spread out over a large surface or collected in disorderly heaps, the drainage therefrom running down the hill or soaking into the soil."

Instructed by the Central Board the Secretary of the local Board of Health inspected the farm and prosecuted the occupier for breach of the above by-law. The Secretary of the Commission gave evidence as to the condition of the farm, and explained the danger of such a condition on a dairy farm, and especially in such proximity to the

reservoir. After stating the case the prosecutor said he did not want to press the charge, as the accused was not familiar with the by-law! The local bench did not seem to see much harm in the offence, but perhaps somewhat impressed by the fact that the Secretary of the Commission had travelled over twenty miles specially to give evidence, imposed a nominal fine of five shillings.

It must be admitted then that in a democratic country legislation by itself, however complex and stringent, fails to ensure satisfactory sanitation. To carry out legislative enactments requires the intelligent co-operation of at least a majority of a community. To secure this intelligent co-operation education is absolutely necessary. Although people will not be compelled to adopt sanitary precautions they may be trained to do so. When they have been educated appeal can be made, with some chance of success, to their reason and common sense. It must be remembered that instruction and education are not quite the same. It is one thing to be told that such-and-such are facts or laws, it is quite another thing to appreciate a fact or law and to understand its force and personal application. This, however, is what is required. People must be roused in some way from their indifference and brought to realise their individual responsibility for the existence of preventible disease.

How is this reformation to be effected? Partly, as before observed, by affording facilities for the instruction of every individual in sanitary science. Let physiology and the elements of hygiene be taught in all our schools. Insist that plumbers, builders and architects shall have a thorough and practical knowledge of sanitary principles. Institute popular instruction by expert sanitarians somewhat on the lines adopted by the St. John's Ambulance Association, with centres all through the colonies; appoint thoroughly-trained and educated sanitary inspectors to go about from house to house pointing out sanitary defects, suggesting improvements, searching for unsuspected causes of disease, explaining to householders the *rationale* of suggested changes, and showing how the principles acquired from lectures or books may be practically applied.

While the diffusion of sanitary information in some such manner as just indicated might do much to improve existing conditions, it must not be regarded as the only means necessary for achieving that great reformation which ought to have as its ultimate aim the abolition of disease. People do not transgress sanitary laws entirely from ignorance now, and however widespread the knowledge of sanitary science may be, people will still violate its principles either wilfully or carelessly; not because they do not know, but because it is too troublesome or too expensive to do otherwise. The Rev. Dr. Charles Strong has recently observed that so long as individualism is almost deified, and money-making is considered the chief aim of life, so long will insanitary conditions continue. What is required, he says, to effect the desired reformation is a change in our social and moral ideals.

This few would dispute. The one great thing people have to learn is that sanitation costs money, and that to obtain healthy surroundings demands sacrifices of some kind on their part. The financial difficulty is always the final obstacle. Tenants think it is the landlords' duty to spend the necessary money, or that the local authority ought to do it. The latter may be roused to the admission that certain sanitary works are necessary, but reply that money is wanting to carry them out, and the ratepayers will not submit to the imposition of higher rates And so on, everyone tries to shift the responsibility of payment on to someone else. Thus it is obvious enough that Altruism, or an enthusiastic regard for the general weal, can be the only true basis of sanitary reform, and that before much progress can be made a spirit of individual self-sacrifice must be evoked in place of the present selfish indifference.

But how is this to be effected? The evolution of morals is a slow process. Might not a wider diffusion of education in science, including that of sanitation, help to quicken it? Moral, like physiological growth depends very much upon functional activity. The appreciation of higher moral ideals is to a considerable degree proportional to the extent to which they are put into practice. Where can a better field be found than in promoting sanitation. Morality, further, is of necessity closely interwoven with sanitation. Holiness and healthiness are not so much farther apart actually than etymologically. Low moral ideas are apt to accompany low states of physical development and insanitary physical surroundings. Can the moral reformer achieve his end better than in practising and teaching the spirit of Altruism in its relations to sanitation? For this, however, he must have clear ideas of what it is necessary to do and of how to do it. Thus we come back to the necessity of a widespread knowledge of sanitary principles and practice, and are led to the conclusion that the next step in sanitary reform must be the provision of facilities for sanitary education

REMINISCENCES OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE.

BY H. R. NICHOLLS.

THE death of Mr. Peter Lalor, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, who was leader of the so-called rebels in the Eureka Stockade in 1854, led to fresh histories of that event. The Victorian papers rehashed the tales told long ago of this famous Eureka Stockade, the anniversary of which was solemnly observed in Ballarat for years, on which occasions the editors of the local papers wrote their most eloquent and longest sentences, and piled sentiment on sentiment with wonderful skill, if not quite with the effect which they intended. These histories to me are not entirely satisfactory, for I was one in that Stockade, as it is called, though it was a mere enclosure of loose slabs, and there are some few facts which I think may as well be placed on record. Mr. Lalor rose from rebel chief, an honor and a danger which he rather had thrust upon him than sought, to the Speakership, which he sought with all the arts of the popular politician, and especially of the popular politician whose convictions were all the other way.

I first saw him in the Stockade, and, as was natural, I was keenly observant to discover what kind of a man he was, and I quickly reached the conclusion that he hardly knew what he was doing. He seemed to me to be letting things take their own course. It did not appear to have occurred to him that he was taking a step which meant loss of life or liberty to many, and that he had embarked on an enterprise from which there was hardly the possibility of retreat. The same may be said of many others whom I saw in the Stockade on the Saturday before the Sunday morning upon which the attack was made, which attack, from a military point of view, was proper, well executed, and its success on the whole a most beneficial thing. Many will think that these are strange words, especially from one who was amongst the agitators at the time, but calm consideration has convinced me that the authorities did right, and especially from their own standpoint, as they were concerned in proving that they could put the rebellion down without waiting for reinforcements from Melbourne. I say rebellion, not because the bulk of the persons, and they the very best men, were rebels, but because the movement did take the form of one for independence. This has been denied I know, even by Lalor himself, as cited in a book written by one Carboni Raeffello, popularly known as "Great Works," from a habit which he had of interlarding his speeches with this cant phrase of the day, who has referred to me as asserting what Lalor denied. My statement was and is explicit and exact. How I got into the Stockade and how I got out I will tell by-and-bye, but I may now say, in order to warrant the use of the word rebellion, that I, myself, asked Lalor what he meant and he answered, "Independence!" plump and plain. A friend of mine who was with me at the time, whose ardor or sympathy was greater than my own, answered, "Then I am with you," and proceeded to manifest warlike symptoms at once. Further, one Alfred Black, who lived in the same tent with me, who was brother to George Black, for whose apprehension with others a large reward was offered, and who was at one time proprietor of the *Diggers' Advocate* newspaper, of which I was editor, drew out a Declaration of Independence. Knowing that I was "a literary character," he had asked me to do this little piece of business, but, as I am informed, I have the bump or bumps which denote cautiousness largely developed, I declined. In fact I was not for independence, and I did not see my way to it if I had been. I was for the abolition of the licenses, as was everybody else, angry, ready to do almost anything to get rid of the degradation of being hunted, but not for independence in the fashion proposed. Well, Alfred Black drew up the Declaration of Independence. It was long, very long, very flowery, and decidedly verbose. It was not at all like another Declaration of Independence framed in America more than a century ago, not in the least. It was spicy, high-flavored, and I fancy that in it tyrants in general had a bad time of it. The declaration was read to me by the proud author, who rounded out his

words with unction, rolling them over his tongue as if he enjoyed their flavor. I was asked my opinion, but refrained from criticism, on the principle that where you cannot resist it is wise to shun, for I saw that my opinion was only asked in order that I might signify approval. This declaration was read at night-fall on the Friday, I think, to a number of persons under arms, various kinds of arms, and was cheered very loudly, as it was in King Cambyses' vein, which is highly approved on such occasions. Thus, those who were in the Stockade at the time, and there were many, practically, whatever they really meant, about which they did not think much at the time I fancy, committed themselves to a fight for independence, save the mark! as if they could carry the whole colony with them. This I saw to be folly then, as plainly as I do to-day, and I said so to my brother who was with me in the very strongest terms. Still, remembering that it is necessary, if not to howl with the wolves, at least not to make them show their teeth, I held my tongue, and went to my tent on the main road, Ballarat, whither did not come Alfred Black that night, or any night ever again, but vanished with the Stockade the next day but one, and I heard of him no more until I read that he had been killed by the premature explosion of a blast, in a claim near Smythesdale, some years afterwards. These are the reasons why I have said, and why I repeat, that the late leader of the rebel forces went in for independence, with a very large I; although afterwards, when other prospects opened up, the fact was denied in a faint-hearted sort of a way. There were other things in connection with the Stockade which drove me away, of which I purpose telling when I have shown how I got there rather against my judgment.

The way in which I got into the Stockade was this. I had been to Melbourne in order to meet my brother, who had come to the colony, much to my astonishment, and had thus missed the crisis of the troubles. Previous to my leaving Ballarat in October, 1854, there had been many meetings at which the license system was denounced in very strong language, and, as I thought, very properly. It was most irritating to be hunted for your license, which might not be in your pocket at the time, or, for that matter, might have just expired, as mine had one day, when a mounted trooper rode across my road as I was returning to my tent, and whom I got rid of by pretending that I had been asked to show it a dozen times before. My belief is that he was not at all deceived, but that he did not like his work, and was ready to take any excuse. Then there were old Chelsea pensioners, who had seen more noble service, set as guards with muskets cocked to stop avenues of escape, whilst the troopers rode about and rounded the diggers—they were not miners in those days—up, and demanded the licenses. Around the fire at night tales were told that made the blood of the freeborn Briton flow rapidly in his veins, which caused strong language to be used, and vows of vengeance to be made, both loud and deep. The authorities did not in the least understand the goldfields population, which was, I have no doubt, the best, the most industrious, and the most orderly that the world has seen congregated after such a fashion. I have heard a lady who lived on the diggings in the very early days say, again and again, "the old diggers were gentlemen," and so they were, whether gathered at a new rush, or swarming headlong to New Zealand, fired by the tales of fresh discoveries. These were the men whom the Melbourne Government, as ignorant of the goldfields as of Timbuctoo, chose to hunt, and who protested in the constitutional way by the holding of public meetings and other methods. At the early meetings there were various kinds of advocacy, from the proposal to petition to counsels about physical force. One prominent speaker, at whose burial I assisted not many years afterwards, used to always finish his speech with the lines:—

> Moral persuasion is all a humbug,
> There's nothing convinces like a lick i' the lug.

He had his share of the kind of persuasion which he advocated, and fled from the Stockade happily with a whole skin. This was the state of the digging mind in Ballarat when I left for Melbourne in October, 1854. I missed the further developments resulting from the murder of Scobie, at Bentley's Hotel, and the burning of that place by the diggers, who rightly believed that at least one official was corrupt and that justice had not been done. The fire lighted at Bentley's illumined the path to the Stockade, for it was followed by the burning of licenses and the actual appeal to arms. When I returned to Ballarat towards the end of November there was a ferment everywhere, the whole place was electric. There was a feeling that something must be done, and that something was to be sharp and decided. Men gathered together on the Eureka, and it was suddenly decided to elect a commander, for some of the Irish took to rebellion as ducks to water, as did sundry foreigners who were fresh from European revolutions. The bulk of the

miners only asked to be treated as Britons, not hunted as slaves, and above all, they were determined to have unsold law if they could not always get justice. So the assembly swelled, till hundreds were in the vicinity of the place where slabs were afterwards piled together to make the famous Stockade, such as it was. I had heard of it, but had not seen it. At the end of November and the beginning of December men might be seen marching two by two along the street, or rather between the rows of stores, a few wild Irishmen rode frantically on horseback and flourished guns, as if that was making a revolution, even as Emmett thought that he had gone a long way in that direction by putting on a green and gold uniform. To all these things I paid earnest attention, and I stood out. But I was not to be let alone. I had been early in the year intimate with Ross, a Canadian, a gentleman in manners, and in appearance, young, ardent, destined to fall in a miserable fight behind a row of slabs. He knew that I possessed two valuable guns, double-barrelled, London made, one valued at twenty guineas. His ardor had made him, I believe, a captain, for so he was called, and being a captain, albeit a gentleman, he felt bound to do his duty. One evening when the sun, which had blazed all day on the tracks or roads knee deep in dust, was casting the shadows of the quartz-containing ranges across the gullies torn to pieces in search of alluvial gold, and panting toil was taking the evening pot of tea, there appeared two rows of men armed in various ways before the tent where I and others, including my brother, sat with the cheerful pannikin in hand. The file, for it was meant to be that, halted in as straight a line as it could, and Ross entered the tent and was at once invited to have a pannikin of tea. He refused, and in a serious air proceeded to open his business; it was to take possession of the two guns. He put the matter very fairly, I must admit. His argument was, that they had embarked on a perilous enterprise, that they were bound to protect themselves as well as they were able, and that as they were acting for the general good if we did not choose to join them they were at least bound to have our arms. I confess that I did not see any answer to this at first. Ross was most polite, rather stately as became his function, and also clearly determined, whilst the file outside did not look as if it would be at all so polite or so particular as its commander. But then, to surrender the guns was to throw away some £30 or more, for good guns were very valuable in those days. Remembering, happily, that there is always a *tertium quid*, as the lawyers say, I asked, "how do you know that we will not join you?" Ross answered, "that's all I ask; I'd sooner have you with the guns than the guns without you." To which I replied, that I could not promise to join them till I had seen them, but I would see for myself, and if I approved I and my brother would join, not to mention others, including one Bill, a sailor, I know no other name (if he ever had any other) who seemed to be of opinion that a good row was, necessarily, a good thing. Thereupon I was pledged to visit the Stockade the next morning and judge for myself, bearing with me one of the guns and my brother the other. In fulfilment of this pledge, which sent Ross and his not well-pleased file away, I went the next day to the Stockade and saw what I have already related, and a great deal more which I propose to relate.

It was Friday, the 1st December, 1854, when we visited the Stockade. I, who had been some months "on" Ballarat before, knew many of the men I saw there, and I knew Lalor by sight and his secretary (if he was that) the aforesaid Alfred Black, very well indeed, and when we reached the Stockade in the afternoon it was a busy scene. Some hundreds of men must have been there, armed with all sorts of weapons, from the pepper-box of the day, which went off at its own sweet will, to the valuable rifle like my own. Somehow or another officers had been appointed or had appointed themselves, and some were busy at work. There was one Nelson, an American carpenter, a fine built man, full of energy and life, who had a corps under him composed of the very best men in the Stockade. They were all armed with guns, mostly serviceable weapons, and Nelson was getting them into military order as well as he could. He had, however, to contend against the fact that his men came and went as they pleased, and walked home or went to work just as they felt inclined. There was another, also an American, known for years afterwards as Jim M'Gill, who had a gun corps and a pistol corps, and I think a pike corps, the pikes having been made by a blacksmith in the Stockade itself. All this time I saw nothing of George Black, for whose apprehension a reward of £500 was afterwards offered, except behind the Star Hotel, on the Main Road, where he consulted me as to whether I thought that the diggers would win, and I answered very sagely that I did not know. I believe that George Black had nothing whatever to do with the Stockade.

At all events, I never saw him there. There was one Vern, a German, called "long-legged," a boaster and a bouncer, who, as far as I could see, was doing nothing but make a noise. I saw little that impressed me with any belief in the success of the movement should a fight take place, though there were abundance of men and arms in the daytime. I noticed that some carried powder-flasks, others were making cartridges by rolling powder with shot in paper, whilst others had swords, and some even had sticks. It was rather funny, though the people were very serious and made no noise, and certainly meant business. After nominally joining Nelson's corps—for the joining was nominal in any case—we went home with our guns (the great objects of our care) and quietly went to bed, and so ended our first visit to the Stockade. Ingress or egress and regress too on that day were easy enough, though a change took place the next night—the night which preceded the attack.

This night was a Saturday. It was a day on which the diggers kept a sort of half-holiday, and on which, above all, they washed their clothes and prepared for Sunday. And hereby hangs a tale: for that same desire to turn out in good trim on Sunday had an effect which probably changed the fortune of war. On Saturday afternoon we again visited the Stockade, where all was bustle and preparation, though there was nothing that could be called real discipline. I heard one or two men say that they were bound to do their duty, but I am afraid that the feeling was not very general, and that there was no idea that they were to sacrifice comfort merely for the sake of keeping up the force in the Stockade. As night drew on there was a steady falling off in the numbers. One after another went away to get a clean shirt or to prepare in some way for Sunday, although there were rumors, which grew more frequent as the night wore on, that an attack was to be made on the Stockade. At night these rumors seem to have caused increased caution, for pickets were posted far out towards the camp, so that any advance of the troopers and the soldiers might be made known and be prepared for. By ten o'clock in the morning I should say that there were hardly more than a hundred in the Stockade. Many of these were Irish; and, indeed, the movement at that time seemed to have become almost an Irish one. At this time egress from the enclosure was stopped without a password, but why I never was able to learn. I, with others, about ten o'clock, went out—I do not remember that we were sent—to see if the pickets were on duty. We were, in fact, a sort of grand round. After a time we found the pickets in a grog-hut, playing cribbage and drinking, and, apparently, in the best of humors with themselves. We turned them out, not without words of admonition, and sat down and had drinks ourselves and conversed with a young lady, decidedly good-looking, who presided over the grog. By this time it must have been drawing on for midnight, and we returned to the Stockade where there were again rumors of an attack, but how originated no one could tell. By this time I began carefully to consider, taking an accurate survey of the whole encampment, and I came to the conclusion that, at that time, at all events, there were not the means of a successful defence. The few present were lying around fires, except two big Irishmen with gigantic pikes, who appeared to derive great pleasure from guarding the place of exit. I told my brother that it was but wisdom to go and see what the next day would bring forth, to which he demurred at first, but finally saw the prudence of the opinion I had formed. So we essayed to leave, but the pikemen would not let us. They enforced their orders with quite an air of vigilant duty, saying that we must get the pass-word. Accordingly, I went to Lalor, whom I found in a tent dignified with the name of head-quarters, and at once got the pass-word from him, which I found, to my amazement, was "Vinegar Hill." This satisfied me at once, and I decided to go home. We gave the word, the pikes were lowered, and forth we went to make our way to the Red Hill, where, on the main road, our tent was pitched.

At this stage, once more, I found the value of that bump of Caution which I am said to possess. The time was about two o'clock on the fatal Sunday morning, December the 3rd, 1854. It was a true Australian night, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the stringy-bark trees, which then grew thickly on the ranges, or of the gums whose white stems gleamed ghostly on the flats as we passed. "The moon shines bright on such a night as this," we might well have sighed our souls to some fair dweller in a tent, after the fashion of Troilus, albeit the tents enclosed stalwart males mostly, sleeping after a hard day's work in search for gold, or, possibly, in marching and counter marching. The whole air was full of that fine haze which is seen on such nights once or twice in the year, a haze which slightly veils but does not conceal, lending a ghostly, yet beautiful appearance to all around. Our road lay properly in the direction of the Camp, or at least in a di-

rection which might have brought us into collision with any outlaying parties from that abode of the authorities. Bearing in mind the rumors of an attack I decided to make a long detour, so shifting off to the left we wound our way through the trees and the holes till we reached the main road to Geelong. It was lucky that we did so, for, as I afterwards learned, at that very time the troopers, who were very furious and reckless, were issuing from the Camp, and if they had seen us with our guns upon our shoulders we should have had, I fancy, small mercy on that day and at that hour. As it was we met with no one. The most profound silence prevailed; no lights were to be seen; the whole visible world was at rest. As Wordsworth says about the houses, the very tents seemed to be asleep, and yet at that very time was being prepared the attack which was to cause the loss of thirty or forty lives, and change, let us happily remember, the Government of the Victorian goldfields. For ourselves, we reached our tent where some of our mates lay fast asleep; all except the sailor, Bill, who had elected to remain in the Stockade. Wearied out we lay down and knew no more till about five o'clock in the morning when Bill rushed in, declaring that it was all over, that he had barely escaped, and seizing his clothes he vanished never to be seen by me again.

A few things remain to be told. The next day all was silence. Troops and sailors arrived from Melbourne under the command of Sir Robert Nickle, martial law was proclaimed, and there was a demand for special constables. One man only was sworn in, for all were with the rebels, so-called, although many thought that there was no necessity for, nothing but folly indeed in, an appeal to arms. On the second day, however, in spite of the martial law, it was decided to hold a public meeting, which was held, as the authorities wisely saw that they had to deal with loyal yet injured people. Resolutions were passed in favor of an amnesty, and I and my brother, sitting on the top of the Black Hill, drew up the petition which was subsequently presented, and was successful.

A few nights afterwards I visited the grog-tent out of which we had turned the defaulting pickets, where there was a young and pretty girl, who attracted much attention in those days. This tent was but a short distance from the Stockade, but was not burned down as so many were. The girl told me that on the morning of the attack, when the Stockade had been rushed, the tent was full of fugitives—some lying on the ground, some under the tables, and all afraid that they would be discovered. She stood outside, and when some troopers came up she told them that she was alone, and hoped that they would not hurt her. One excited soldier, she said, ran his bayonet through her dress, but the others called him away, and the tent was not entered. So the fugitives escaped, and were thankful therefor. This is what I know about the Eureka Stockade.

THE REBELLION IN THE KITCHEN.—A REPLY.

BY MAY L. MANNING.

THE March number of this magazine contained an article headed "The Rebellion in the Kitchen," by Thomas Courtney.

In it the writer endeavors to vindicate the present attitude of domestic servants by hurling *anathema maranatha* at the employers, and laying to their charge all the sins of a class that has lost its balance through the excessive freedom that has sprung out of a foolish State educational system. Most people in these troublesome domestic days will have been attracted by the title as to a magnet, and will have read it. Could a plebiscite be taken upon their opinions we should probably find the article condemned as socialistic and one-sided in a degree that debars the few gleams of fairness from notice. No doubt the author was prompted to the deed by a chivalrous desire to break a lance in defence of a somewhat maligned class. But it is to be regretted that his philanthropy should not be balanced by common sense and a more perfect knowledge of both sides of the question. From the internal evidence of his writings, it goes without saying that he is either a young struggling man, and therefore a red-hot democrat, or else an old and disappointed one whose life has been passed in boarding-houses where the exigencies of life are such as to make most lodging-house keepers irascible to a degree. And their irritability too often finds vent on the ill-trained slavey who makes up for her shortcomings by very human impertinences.

To consider this justification of the greatest plague of modern life, seriatim, this knight-errant of slaveys and kitchen-maids (he has apparently had no experience of any higher grade), declares that these social obstructionists are now become such a terror to "timid young ladies" that they eschew marriage and embrace "the tranquil but melancholy bliss of old maidenhood" rather than face the "terrible trials of genteel housekeeping." It is possible this soft impeachment may be true of one feeble exception, but I am more than sceptical of the existence of even that one. He hurls neatly-turned sarcasms at those superior beings who object to the "young person" dressing herself in close imitation of her mistress; learning accomplishments hitherto monopolised by the leisured class; "cultivating social relationships like other people;" and otherwise setting up her back in flat defiance of law and order which she considers "menial services."

This quartette of rebellious notions is the means by which "the servant girl is getting her destructive lever under society's foundations and ruthlessly using loving hearts as a fulcrum for prising over the whole edifice," quoth the knight-errant, not conscious that it is the growing intolerance of so-called "menial services" which lies at the root of the whole matter. So it becomes the rock on which the champion comes to grief.

In the days of serfdom and villeinage, menialism had a very distinct personality. There were but two classes—the supporters and the supported—and reciprocity demanded that the latter should return obligation for obligation. The only obligation that lay in the power of the serf was menial service, and this was tendered as a matter of bonded heritage. In these present enlightened days, "old times are gone, old manners changed," and there is no longer menial service for a woman any more than for a man. A service is only menial when we make it so. It is now merely a question of mutual convenience. If the girl born of the working-class chooses to enjoy the sweets of independence through domestic service, rather than be dependent upon another's bounty, she places herself in no undignified position when she makes a business agreement by which the labor of her hands brings her in a handsome emolument. She is only doing according to her strength and abilities what her brother the mason, or carpenter, or blacksmith is doing with his—the one difference being that she resents as an insult the supposition that the apprenticeship which turns out her brother a first-rate workman is equally necessary to her. She scorns the fact that trained skill can boil a potato, or cook a joint more satisfactorily than mere mother wit.

The ignorance that permeates all classes of women from the highest to the lowest as to what constitutes household knowledge is the

A JAPANESE MAY DAY.

BY MISS DARLING.

MAY Day! The word uttered by my own lips woke me this morning here in Tokyo, the capital of Japan, and looking from the window I saw that the day was full of the promise of sunshine. The wind, that during the night had swept round the hotel, making its timbers creak and give, had dried the roads after yesterday's heavy fall of rain, and was dying down. A few Ninsoku, or Japanese coolies, were already moving about in their dark blue blouses, on the backs and facings of which odd devices and patterns are left white in the process of dyeing, and wearing a blue cotton handkerchief knotted round their heads. There in the east the great sun rises over the city, touching into brightness its black-tiled roofs, and shining through the bars of the perpendicular look-out ladders set up in the streets against a strong supporting framework. Now across the distance comes the deep, slow, solemn boom of one of Shiba's temple bells. One, two, three, four, five; at long intervals comes the music of the strokes, which are given by a huge rope-suspended horizontal beam, hand-directed by a priest against a bell in which he and half-a-dozen more might hide themselves.

Five in the morning—May Day. Far away in the rural districts of England the young children are out in the woods and copses, searching there by hedgerow and on the banks of streams for the wild flowers with which to make their garlands and bushes.

Nay, I am wrong. In far-off England it is still dark night, and hours must pass before this sun rises over the horizon there. The children are sleeping—dreaming, perhaps, of the morrow's flower-gathering, and knowing nothing of this far land from which I send my May Day greeting to their Australian cousins. But they will awake, opening their eyes as the flowers unfold their petals to the daylight, and then through ground-showers of sparkling dew shed by the shaken grass they will hurry with the sweet impulsive eagerness of childhood to the gentle slopes where the larches spread long flexible branches—branches studded with radiating tufts of spring's young green. They will leap to catch the ends of these; they will bend them down and snap them off, and tie them into hoops and circles with which to make the framework of globular outline which is the May garland of some parts of the country. Then with odds and ends of bright-colored ribbons, collected for days before, they will tie to the crossing circles of larch little bunches of violets and primroses, cowslips and the quickly-drooping anemone, the pendulous catkins of the hornbeam and the hazel, and the slender spikes of the green dog's mercury. In conspicuous places they will put such garden treasures as the good nature of neighbors may vouchsafe them—the velvety gillyflower, powdery auricula, and many-hued polyanthus, and where white is wanted there will they tie a handful of shepherd's purse, or perhaps of lady's smock from the moist meadows. Four children will carry this "garland" on two long sticks from their shoulders suspended, and four will hold over it an outspread table-cover, partly to keep from it the rays of the sun, partly to hide it from the eyes of non-contributors. Then followed by their comrades in a train of twos and threes they will go from house to house, singing May rhymes received orally from olden times, and collecting pence, which, before the flowers are wholly faded, finds its way into the tiny shop where acid-drops and striped sugar-sticks are balanced by gingerbread donkeys and half-penny toys.

This at least is what used to happen on May Day in the morning in the little villages that lie in the dimples of the Midland counties, when I was a child. It seems to be but yesterday that I gave from my own little garden to the young rustics through the railings for their garland sprays of the *Kerria Japonica*—the same yellow-blossomed *Kerria* that meets my eye this morning in every garden within range from my window—only here in Japan, its home, the "sovereigns," as we children used to call the bright flowers, are sweet scented and the shrub grows to finer proportions. It seems to be but yesterday, and yet it is well nigh on to forty years, and among many other changes some change may have come in the manner of celebrating May Day.

This May Day of mine in a strange land, how shall I keep it? Alone, far from all

whom I know, with none but strange faces about me, no voices but those whose speech is alien to my ear—how shall I celebrate this spring-time holiday? Many May Days have come and gone with me, as other days, unnoticed, unremembered, for, for many years the new land where a June winter and a hot Christmas are, where the sweet gradations of spring and autumn are not, has been my home. But here in Japan, where returning spring brings a new awakening, a more vivid exercise of one's faculties, all the old May time freshness and gladness comes back to me, and in the slowly rounding sapful buds, the young crumpled leaves, the fragrant nodding blossoms, the spring alertness of the common twittering birds, I find once more the secret companionship that made my childhood in the old country a full cup of gladness from which I have sipped refreshment through all the intervening years. Let me leave the city, let me hasten out into the country—not alone, for no one is alone who has all nature for his friend, no one is lonely whose memory keeps fresh and green the thousand varying scenes of a full past.

By the Hibiya Mon or gateway I pass out from the inner enclosure of the doubly walled heart of the city, the official quarter, and go for a short distance along the low bank of an outer moat. The fair green tresses of a long line of weeping willows are above my head, and in the grass at my feet buttercups, a pink vetch, blue violets, and two or three little speedwells make a gay mosaic. On the other side of the road extend the black and white lozenged outer walls and the finely carved gateway of one of the great *Yashiki*, or cluster of buildings in which in former times the high nobles, the Daimio, dwelt with their numerous retainers. The small paper-paned windows behind their protective screens of slender wooden bars, are closed, and no sound comes from the great courtyard once full of movement and noise. Then I cross the extensive drill-ground, in various parts of which hundreds of Japanese soldiers in a dark blue and scarlet baggy uniform are marching and counter-marching, and from that, by a breech in the outermost wall of the city proper, I enter a long and busy street that brings me out near the famous temples of Shiba. Now the way lies through quiet avenues where the tall shafts of lofty cryptomerias rise one beyond the other in all directions, shutting out light and forming a far-stretching collonade, while above their dark green down-curved branches are pierced by but few rays of the morning sun. No sound from the busy scenes of the city penetrates the depths of these sacred pine groves, a solemn hush prevails, and the clatter of the high wooden clogs of the passers-by, and the noise of jinrikisha wheels on the road is loud and almost disturbing. Two girls with branches of azaleas in their

A STREET IN YOKOHAMA.

hands are coming along at a good pace, their coolie active and cheerful as these runners always are.

The sombre tones of the groves of pines and the quietness around throw into high relief the May Day brightness into which one again emerges through a plantation of maples, green, crimson, and brown, the delicacy of whose tints, the light grace of whose foliage make them stand in relation to the massive pines behind them, as merry sportive children stand to hoary, slow-paced patriarchs. Now a little bridge, and I enter the busy streets once more. The clang of the hammer in the smithy, the thud of the great wooden pestle in the simple mill, and the whirr of wheels on which young boys and women are winding silk, succeed a score of other sounds. The shops are all wide open to the passers-by, and the keepers, men or women, sit on their heels round the *tribachi* at which they light their small-bowled pipes. Often behind the display of finished articles arranged on the floor in the front, the father and sons of the family are seen at work in the production of further supplies. Here is a cooper sitting on the floor holding the bucket or dipper he is making with his feet while he tightens round it the fresh green withes. He is an old fashioned man. He disdains to have his hair cut in the modern European fashion. Like his forefathers, he has the top of his head shaved and the lo hair from the back is gathered into a lit tightly-bound roll which is laid on the shav crown. This mode of hair-dressing is not very common a sight in the city now, but in t country it is very usual among the older me

The wares in these little shops are alwa carefully arranged. If a Japanese has only few bundles of firewood or baskets of cha coal to sell they will be piled so as to pr duce some pretty effect, and a basket or woodware shop is often quite fascinatin Have they but wooden spoons to make th bowl takes the form of a leaf or an ope blossom, and the handle is made to look lik a twig or a bamboo shoot.

AT WORK

So, too, in common pottery with a stroke or two they add some simple decoration, evolved by their fancy on the spur of the moment. I bought for a shilling a big coarse brown dish and carried it home, heavy as it was, because on it in three groups were a score or more of galloping horses, with all their wild dash and vigorous movement brought out in a few rough lines, and on a cheap tin plate I saw a few haulms of tall grass, blown by the wind, scratched in such a manner as to carry one at once to the hill-side and give one a sense of a breeze in one's face.

A turn in the road opens out into a quieter district, and here is a group of the late

flowering double-blossomed cherry trees. Their flowers—the last of the season, large as roses, white with a tint of pink—hang in richest profusion, and the surface of the little pond near by is white with myriads of petals fallen from those that have gone before. The open gateways show trimly kept gardens with pebbled walks and drives, and shrubs trained and cut into all manner of fantastic shapes. And over the walls spread the maple branches, with a fringe of small red flowers hanging from beneath their young leaves. In every chink and crevice of the older walls the young fronds of small ferns are unfolding, and where they touch the gutters of running water they are deeply moistly green with a spreading liverwort (*Marchantia polymorpha*), from each expansion of which rise a crowd of fairy-like umbrellas.

And so out into the country, where thick-set hedgerows are a mass of tiny leaves, where white-flowered brambles trail along the banks among golden dandelions and big pink dead-nettles. Here and there by the wayside the upright sideposts and double crossbeam of the *torii* or bird-perch marks the entrance to some temple grounds, where clumps of low-growing red and white azalea make the air fragrant and attract the happy humming bees. Over the big hollowed-out stone that serves as a lavatory where the worshippers wash their hands before joining them in prayer, flutter half-a-dozen blue and white towels in various stages of dilapidation. It may be a Buddhist temple where the god sits on an expanded lotus flower, his arms full of pebbles thrown by the pious to record their visit and petition, or a Shinto temple where the chief objects are strips of white paper (*gohei*) attached to wands of unpainted wood and the symbolic metal mirror. But in either case a grove of fine trees, originally planted to serve for purposes of repair, but now never touched by axe or hatchet, cast a pleasant shade over the grounds and form a pretty feature of the landscape.

By the slope of a lane where the far-flung branches of great pines meet overhead we come into the rice fields, where laborers, above their knees in mud, are at work. Along the narrow paths that divide the patches little toddling children, with eyes like slits and partially-shaven crowns, too young to work, are gathering handfuls of a pretty pink clover that grows in great abundance. Their little *kimonos* are tied up round their waists, evidently in view of paddling propensities, and their heads are, as always, bare. They catch sight of the stranger and approach, curiosity conquering timidity. They shrink back, however, when I take a step forward, and half of them take to their heels as I stoop to smell the posy of the foremost. Then as I leave them they all run off towards

SELLING FLOWERS.

some cottages, dropping the bunches of pink clover as they go so eager are they to tell of the stranger who is straying leisurely about their roads and lanes.

A gentle ascent leads into a village, and here a new sight tells of a pretty Japanese custom. Above the brown thickly-thatched roofs of many of the houses you see a bamboo pole stripped to the summit of its leaves, and from it floats flag-like a huge black and red paper fish. Some of these flags are ten feet long and proportionate in diameter, but most are smaller. The wind gets into them by the wide open mouth, and not only fills them and holds them at full extent, but gives to them in the air a motion not unlike that of the creature they represent in its native element. These are the symbolic carp that are displayed in great numbers on the fifth day of the fifth month (the people in this village are a little early), on which is celebrated the Festival of Flags—the boys' holiday. In every home over which the painted carp floats a boy has been born during the year, and to judge from the display there is no danger of the family names dying out in this village.

The tidiness of the streets and lanes, the yards and gardens, is very striking. Every leaf that falls from the trees, every waif and stray of rubbish, every trace of passing pack-horses, is picked up and put to use by this thrifty people. A brush or a broom has its place by every shutter-like door, and twenty times a day a few strokes here and there ten to keep things in order. And here, as in th streets of the city, men and women may b seen throwing water from buckets or th canals into the street to lay the dust in fron of their wide open houses, where a feather o paper brush is called into requisition afte every puff of dust-laden wind.

Here is an itinerant flower-seller, restin on his way to the city with branches o flowering trees, bunches of blue cornflowers red buds from the giant camellia that is no quite over yet, and a few early irises. In the middle of the village a slight commotion is apparent. Two score men or more, clad in coolie fashion, are hurrying along, some carrying among them a long bamboo ladder, and more armed with a kind of pointed hoe borne over their shoulders. Suddenly, as they come to an open space, they stop. The ladder is reared aloft against nothing, and held upright by the men with the hoe-like instruments, who hook them into its rungs, four on each side above their heads and four on each side close to the ground. Then one runs to the top of the swaying, swerving ladder; can he be an acrobat? He balances himself on the topmost rung, beyond which the side poles project for some feet, and shading his eyes with his hand he scans the surrounding country. He is above the tops of the houses and above most of the trees. He comes down like a monkey and scarcely reaches the ground when another

ENTRANCE TO A COUNTRY HOUSE.

runs up on the other side of the ladder and goes through the same performance. Then he pretends to fall, and saves himself by catching at the ladder, which swerves a good many degrees, but the hoe-like hooks are equal to the emergency, and it is pulled to the perpendicular again. Why, it must be fire drill! "*Kaji*" (?) I hazard to my neighbor in the quickly assembled crowd, having some remote idea that *kaji* is the japanese word for conflagration. He bows and pours forth a flood of words, of which I can only understand one, which means "to take very much care." But here, to confirm my guess, come a swarm of boys with an odd-shaped water tank on wheels and some yards of hose. By this time the ladder is being carried off to some fresh point, and the hook-men follow with the boys, all in full trot and in a methodical business-like manner.

Half-an-hour's further leisurely walk brings me to the village of Meguro, and in the gardens of pretty tea-houses I come upon the great Botan, or tree-peony. It is a little early for them yet, but in some of the well-kept beds flowers, white, pink, and rich dark red, are fully blown, perfect triumphs of floral development, a span across, shining, with a fringe of golden stamens springing from their darkened hearts.

Their foliage is a study of beautiful curves, and the soft brown soil from which they grow throws up the masses of color. Here in another bed are big buds ready to open to-morrow, while others, in which they are closely folded or only now beginning to round, give promise of peony blossoms for many days to come. Screens of matting to shade and to shelter, and other devices to promote or retard the opening of the flowers, show that the tea-house people fully appreciate their attractive influence upon customers who come out from the neighboring city on Sundays and other official holidays to drink tea and feast their beauty-loving eyes upon some of the flowers they have brought to such perfection.

Last month everybody went to Uyeno Park to see the cherry trees, the beauty of which was simply indescribable. Great trees they are, tall as many of the forest with branches spreading as far and wide or drooping like willows, as though overcome with a sense of their own great loveliness. And every branch is clothed to the tip of its extremest twig with delicate, snowy, pink-touched single flowers. The air was filled with their whiteness, and from afar one seemed to be approaching a forest on which the snow had fallen. The blue sky above the delicate tracery of their finely forked branches was a background that added to their unspeakable charm, and where

TEA-HOUSE MAIDENS

a passing breath of wind wafted clouds of their fragile petals towards one, one moved aside as if to make way for some winged fairy creatures finding their way by mistake towards the rough material earth. The people were there in thousands, clean, smiling, in holiday costume, whole families from the most densely populated parts of the city and from the country around. The ladies, the peeresses, went in the early morning, because, as one of them remarked, "it is quieter then and the rain on the flowers makes them prettier." While the cherry blossoms lasted the railway, tramcar, and stage statistics gave an average of ten thousand visitors daily, but they lasted scarcely a week, their beauty being as transient as it was remarkable. Last month the cherry blossoms, next month the iris, but this is the time of peonies, and Meguro is one of the great places for them.

In the neighborhood of the tea-houses we come to the grounds of a temple dedicated to Fudo Sama, the god of fire. Among the animals that guard the steep flight of steps, most of them hideous as only mythical creatures can be, a group of three pups at play round the feet of their mother is worthy of remark. There is no fineness of work, no delicacy of finish, but great truthfulness to life produced by a few bold strokes of a chisel directed by the genius that catches and reproduces essentials only. Close by is a pool of clear running water which receives its supply from the hillside on which the temple is built through the mouths of bronze dragons of elaborate workmanship. Penitents, even in winter it is said, may be often seen standing naked under the falling stream in order to gain that bodily purification that is one of the leading principles of their faith. There are none to-day undergoing this form of penance, but surely that man, who with devout abstraction from things about him is pacing rapidly up and down a paved walk, pausing a moment to pray each time he turns, is performing what is called "the hundred times." Yes, for he drops into a wooden box at one end of the walk a fragment of twine each time to keep count, one from a little bundle of a hundred fragments bought from the priests for a trifle. The box is nearly full of these and of straw tallies, telling of others who, like him, have here performed this religious exercise. He is clothed in a dirty white blouse and he looks freshly washed doubtless he has been in the pool under the dragons. Going up by the steps where the sacred fowls and pigeons scarcely move from one's path, the shrine itself is reached. In the centre stands Fudo Sama, carved in wood in very high relief, a grotesque caricature of the human form, from which ascend pointed flames directed hither and thither apparently by the wind they create. Painted a lurid red, with eager glistening features, his idea is very

A WAYSIDE TEMPLE.

well in keeping with the fierce devouring aspect of the element which is supposed to be his manifestation.

A clever painting hangs to the left. In this the fire dragon, grim and baffled, is shown on a small island towards which are rushing great uprising waves of the sea. People in boats are watching from afar and rejoicing over his approaching discomforture.

While I stand here two poorly-clad women and an elderly man approach the shrine. Wholly unobservant of the foreigner they throw into the barred top of an alms' chest in front of the god a copper or two of little value, and assuming a reverential attitude, with bowed heads, closed eyes and outstretched hands, pray fervently for a few moments. Haggard and worn, anxious and weary look all three. Sadly they turn from the great red fire-god, and slowly and hopelessly they go down the steep steps speaking no word, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. Has their home been desolated by the fire-dragon? Are they houseless and hungry, or was their fervid pleading the outcome of fear lest, in addition to troubles already almost beyond endurance, the fire should devour them unless they propitiate Fudo Sama? Here on a post in front of the image are attached a few bunches of thick, black, short hair with a long, long tress from the head of a woman. Given in fulfilment of vows made in the hour of deadly peril we know by these tokens of anxious hearts that have watched the progress of some conflagration, that have trembled in fear, and that have afterwards, with sighs of relief and impulses of gratitude, hastened to fulfil their vow. It may be mentioned, too, that a new temple has lately been erected at Kioto, and the beam that strikes the great bell is swung by a rope made of the hair of sixty thousand women who, having nothing else to give, gave each one her long black hair.

Before leaving Meguro I enquire for the graves of Gompachi and of Kuranasaki, who, for love of him, slew herself after he had met with a violent death. A pretty maiden belonging to one of the tea-houses brings a key, and opening a door in a wall leads me into a little country graveyard. Two tablets, the larger one bearing an appeal for alms with which to preserve the tomb of the lovers from the destroying steps of passing time, stand beneath a tall shrub from which white petals are falling one by one on the double grave below, and white as its white blossoms are the strips of paper tied in scores to its branches and twigs—papers representing lovers' vows and lovers' hopes. Beneath the smaller stone, in one grave, rest all that remains of Gompachi and Kuranasaki, and before it to-day, after a lapse of two centuries-and-a-half, joss-sticks are burning in a censer, the abundant ashes of which tell of frequent offerings to the memory of these two who, in their youth, met with so tragic an end. "Nothing to see," I had heard it remarked of this spot. No, there is little to look at here, it is true, for those who have no mental eye, no reconstructive imagination to call up the picture of the heartbroken little truehearted Japanese girl, who, after enduring all things for her love (as those who choose may read in "Mitford's Tales of Old Japan"), could not turn from the grave where he lay to the world, empty for her without him, and chose to lay down the burden of life here, all unaware that the spot would become a goal for the truehearted of her countrymen and women, and that strangers from far lands would hear her story and pity her sorrows. Pluck a spray of white blossoms from the tree nourished here by the soil in which the lovers lie, and bear it away in memory of this Japanese girl who was faithful unto death, and respect for her sake these simple little maidens whose hearts, for all we know, may be as loyal and loving as was that of poor Kuranasaki in bygone days.

"HUIT DE PIQUE."

BY GEORGE GORDON MCCRAE.

IT was during the latter days of the Second Empire that I was spending part of a long leave in Paris, sightseeing and generally enjoying myself, a *flaneur*, and nothing else; I inspected everything within range, from the public buildings and military displays down to the shows on the Boulevards.

Passing along the (then) handsomest Boulevard in the city, the Boulevard Sebastopol, I suddenly came across the figure of a Roman centurion, most correctly got up in helmet and greaves, with the orthodox short sword on his thigh. He was posted in a doorway and engaged in the prosaic and very unmilitary occupation of distributing hand-bills, and inviting all the world to come in and "see what they should see."

As one of the world I took a bill containing a full, true, and particular account of all the wonders on view within, and falling into my place in the *queue*, entered the palace of enchantment. There was no stint of music, and the big drum was most liberal in his endeavors, not quite so constant as the big drum in the too-well-known German street band, but better accentuated, more lively, and with exactly that sort of finish which stamped the performer as an ex-militaire. Then the *fanfare* of the "brass," was, if noisy, still of the military order, and quite reminded one of a march out of the Zouaves, who, by the way, were this year (experimentally) garrisoning the city.

Among many other extraordinary objects of interest I found a quadrupedal youth, a young man, in fact, with two pairs of well-formed and equally well-nourished limbs. There was "no deception" about the case. The supplementary limbs, which sprang from the hip joints of the supporting legs, he carried round the room in his arms, wheel-barrow fashion, holding them well up from under the knees; the heels were "Siamesed," together by a natural ligament which in all respects excepting color, texture, and thickness, reminded me absurdly enough of the piece of waxed thread by which the heels of a pair of new shoes are connected when first placed before the purchaser.

This extraordinary subject, whom everyone was privileged, for a small fee, generally to overhaul, touch, and pinch, was already disposed of to a leading surgeon in Paris, who provided him with an annuity in consideration of the possession of his poor body after death. But it is not with this human prodigy that my story has to do.

In the centre of the room stood an albino girl of about eighteen years of age with hair as white as snow, perfectly unconfined and reaching to her feet. Her particular *rôle* was that of fortune-teller. In common with many others I submitted my right hand to her inspection. She told me in a few words my past history, that is to say in a general way, and, in a general way, *sans* detail, it was surprisingly correct. My present position, as given, was also in accordance with fact, and as for my future, the sybil with the pink eyes and lint-white locks assured me, that "whatever might have been the disappointments of my youth, I should yet live to enjoy a prosperous and happy old age," and what more could mortal man expect for two sous?

On a table in the centre of the room was a little cedar case about the size of a cigar box, and into this I was requested to dip my hand and draw a ticket at random. Which done, I discovered the said ticket to be a miniature playing card, the eight of spades.

"That, Sir!" exclaimed the albino, "is *your* card. Oblige me by keeping it always. It will happen that whenever you find a "*huit de pique*" a stroke of good fortune will be sure to follow, and when you are lucky at cards you will discover this card in your hand. You will remember, Sir, that this is *your* card, and belongs to all your life." I made way for others, all anxious for good cards and pleasant adventures, and taking my leave got out again into the street.

* * * * *

I am out here in Australia, almost at the very antipodes of Paris. It is a wet, dirty afternoon in Melbourne, and as I take my way homewards, without a thought of Paris, or indeed of France, in my head, I chance to see, lying face downwards in the mud, a card with an ornamental and gaily colored back. It flashed upon me like an inspiration, the sight of the card supplied a link, associated memory did the rest. What! said I to myself, if this should prove my veritable "*huit de pique?*" I laughed it off and passed on, but the further I went the stronger became the temptation to return upon my track and pick up and examine the card for myself.

Eventually I *did* turn back; and as I came once more in sight of the pretty, glazed filigree back felt very like a fool, and so conscious was I of my folly that I looked round to be sure no one saw me stoop to pick the "something" out of the mud. I made one snatch at it, but did not venture to turn it face up for fear of disappointment. There was a considerable rush of storm water down the channel at the edge of the street, into this I plunged the mud-stained paste-board, which, coming up bright and clean, quite in fact like new, displayed to my half-expectant, half-despairing gaze eight spades *sable* on a field *argent*! It *was* my "*huit de pique*" after all!!! and it was because it was mine, surely, that I had turned back all that way to pick it up, clean it, and put it in my pocket book.

I felt like a man that had seen a ghost, or perhaps an unusually fine meteor, anxious to record the day and the hour, and the circumstances, so that I might in times to come be able to verify the occurrence. This is what I did, I turned to that leaf in my Paris diary of twelve years ago, which contained the account of my adventure with the albino fortune-teller on the Boulevard Sebastopol, and there securely fastened in the found card, upon the back of which I inscribed the day of the month, the year, and the place of discovery. Of course I told the story at home, and besides to certain friends elsewhere. Everyone had something to say about it, and scarcely any two persons said the same. "We shall see what comes of it," was, I think, the most indulgent remark it evoked.

Well! we *did* see. *I* saw, at all events, for the very next week brought me a cheque for £40 from a friendly editor in acknowledgment of some manuscript that I had long since resigned to an obscure fate.

I am but an indifferent card player, yet I have on rare occasions found my luck while holding those very fateful spades.

And now I am wondering much what is going to be the next development.

CREMATION.

(*In the East.*)

I KNELT by her couch in agony
Watching the spirit's flight,
Watching the tremulous eyelids
Closing in endless night,
Catching the last faint vapor
That rose from the sinking breast,
Waiting for yet one other sigh
Ere the weary heart was at rest;
Drinking the vanishing rays
That beamed from those orbs of light,
Or ever the film that gathers,
Curtains the fading sight.
'Twas then I prayed for the summons
To burst these fetters of clay,
And rise on the wings of the morning
With her to the realms of day.
For the silver cord was loosed,
The spirit from bondage free
And the Universe rolled between
All that I loved and me.
My Love! My life! no longer
Dwelt in that sacred shrine
The Gem was shining in Allah's crown
The casket alone was mine.

* * * * *

I bore her, pure and undefiled,
Clothed yet with beauty rare,
Before corruption's baleful touch
Should mar a work so fair,
I bore her to the funeral pyre,
The flames leapt up on high,
My Love! my life! etherealised,
Floats in the azure sky!

* * * * *

I feel her breath at the cool of eve
With perfume fill the air
And the winds in gentle whispers speak
"She liveth everywhere."
Not in the trackless forest
Nor over the desert drear
Do I wend my way in solitude—
My Love is ever near.
Her sigh is borne on every breeze,
Her voice is murmuring in the trees,
Warm zephyrs play around my face
And fold me in their soft embrace.
Through all the boundless realms of air
My love still liveth everywhere.

EDWARD GARRAWAY.

DUSKY MEMORIES.

BY E. G. W. PALMER.

AR away back, some forty years since, I have a dim recollection of a short and rough sea voyage, a limited stay in black and dusty Newcastle; a smooth bright river trip; miles of jolting along a bush track; a whale boat manned by black rowers, in which we seemed to progress pleasantly along a narrow stream out into a wide expanse of rippling water; a long stone pier and a rather alarming gathering thereon of many strange and uncouth looking black people mingled with a few Europeans. It is all somewhat misty and disconnected, for I think I must have been under five years of age when thus first brought face to face with an aboriginal tribe in their own tribal district. Many times since then I have visited the same neighborhood and have thus kept up friendly relations with some of those who, like myself, were then almost babies in arms. On a recent visit to the blacks' camp on the north arm of the Karuah River, in which my wife accompanied me, more than one of the blacks called to mind incidents of boyhood's days, when we were young together. But as I run over the names of those I knew, "Corrobar," "Cobarabore," "Jupiter," "Gammoning Peter," "Billy Tomboygin," "Billy Button," "Fryingpan," and many others of a numerous and powerful tribe, their name and memory are all that remain of them.

In olden times the tribal boundaries were clearly understood and well defined, and so strictly were the rights and privileges of neighboring tribes regarded, that for one tribe to intrude into the district of another in pursuit of game was considered an offence of great magnitude, and a good ground for a hostile meeting. Within these tribal districts, which were often of very wide extent, the people roamed from place to place in pursuit of game or fish, which was their main sustenance, making use periodically of the same camping grounds generation after generation, unless some special cause operated to induce them to abandon them. In choosing the site proximity to fresh water was one essential, some food supply another, and a vantage ground in case of attack a third important item.

Here we are close to a blacks' camp, and if you are not afraid of the yelping, snarling troop of mongrel dogs that will rush out at our approach, we will pay them a visit. Get a good stout stick and the dogs will keep their distance. Here they come, one, two, three, four, any number you like, dingoes and half-breeds, kangaroo dogs, terriers and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, but all gaunt and hungry looking, for the bones their masters throw them are well picked before they pass them on. They look as if they are quite ready to make a meal of us, but our sticks and the voices of their owners cause them to slink away into and behind the gunyahs. The tribe gathered here numbers about fifty, and the camp consists of a dozen gunyahs or wurleys, the exceedingly primitive homes of the people. Their architectural ideas are certainly crude and their materials few. Two or three forked sticks and horizontal poles and sheets of bark from trees growing near supply the requisites for their house building. The bark is placed slanting from the supports, the back of the gunyah being towards the windy point of the compass, and the sides perhaps closed round for further shelter, but the front is generally open, and small fires are made before each gunyah for warmth and to cook by. A spear or two rests against the bark, their points stuck in the ground, and inside the gunyah are some heaps of ferns, leaves, or grass, skin rugs, a bark water vessel, some net bags, the receptacles of their domestic treasures; a rudely sharpened stone fitted to a handle as a mogo or hatchet, some boomerangs, nullas and yamsticks, and very little else besides. Of course now-a-days the blacks have European axes and tomahawks, and many other things derived from the whites, but the blacks' camp we are visiting is one of the olden time. It is drawing towards evening, and at first only a few old crones and troops of naked piccaninnies are visible. The old women are bringing in water and wood, with which they are replenishing the fires. They are grey with age, bent and wrinkled, but their eyes are bright and piercing and their teeth still sound and good. As for the

children they are as merry a crew as children anywhere could be. They do not make friends readily with the white visitors, but they peep and peer at them from a distance or from the shelter of the gunyahs, and know how to quiz and poke fun at them, as many a peal of laughter provoked by some saucy remark proves. Now the women who have been fishing come up from the beach and bring little bark canoe-like baskets, with oysters, shell fish, whiting or mullet. Some who have been digging for roots and yams come back well supplied, and sometimes throw to those who are tending the fires a bandicoot, opossum or kangaroo rat. The men are late, for they have had a grand hunt away in the hills, where a month ago they burnt off a patch of the old grass. Since then the grass has shot up green and tender, and the wallabies and kangaroos have congregated there, enjoying the sweet toothsome pasturage. At early dawn the men and boys took spear and boomerang and nulla nulla, and forming a large circle round the unconscious game gradually closed in upon it, cautiously, silently, and slowly, until the ring was so contracted that the animals took alarm and tried to break through; but now on every side confusing cries arose, and the bewildered marsupials were met at every turn by whirling boomerangs or hurtling spears. The wallabies are speared or knocked down as t attempt to dart between the lines of hunt but the kangaroos receive especial attent and are turned back at every attempt to br through the ring of agile men and boys, u at last they stand at bay with their backs some large protecting tree stems and th faces and claws to the foe. Woe betide c or man whom they can grip at such a tir for the sharp toe nails of their hind legs dangerous weapons. There is an exciti ten minutes, but spears and boomerangs more than a match for even a "boomer" powers of fight, and the dead and wound

A HUNTING PARTY.

game are sought out and gathered togeth weapons collected, and fires quickly made cook as much as can be eaten on the sp How great that quantity is can only be pr perly realised by those who have actua seen the gastronomic feats of hungry black I once heard of a blackfellow who had kill a large kangaroo and wanted to preserve th skin, which he accordingly flayed and put c one side. He then proceeded to cook an dine upon kangaroo venison until not vestige but the well cleaned bones remaine when he turned his attention to the hid and having singed off the hair managed t swallow it also.

As the men come straggling in from th hunt, more or less heavily laden with gam

the camp assumes an animated appearance and the fires blaze up brightly or glow with red embers, on which the evening meal is being cooked. There are no gridirons, frying-pans, pots nor kettles, but still the cooking goes on. Here is an old gin with an opossum. Watch how she manages. She takes it by the tail and throws it in the fire. There is a pungent odor of burning fur. She turns it about a few times, and then takes it out and rubs off the charred fur with a wisp of grass or stringybark. Then she rakes the embers to one side, prepares a place for it among the fine white ash, covers it up carefully, and piles the embers and some fresh sticks over and around it. A few minutes suffice to half-cook it, when it is opened, stuffed with clean grass, and returned to its place in the ashes for a short time longer. A sharp splinter of stone or shell is the only cutlery, and the meat is served up hot and juicy. When the animals are skinned for the sake of the fur they are sometimes wrapped in leaves before being placed in the ashes. Snakes, lizards, rats, caterpillars, grubs, larva of wasps and other insects, all help to swell the bill of fare, and some are eaten with peculiar relish. Flying foxes are esteemed a great delicacy, and a fat dingo is a treat that only the head men are allowed to partake of. The laws regarding food are very imperative, and many animals and birds are tabooed to both youths and females, at different periods of life. I have often killed birds, snakes and other game in the bush and given it to the black boys, who have said: "Bail that patter belonging to mine," meaning that they had not arrived at the time of life when it would be legitimate food for them.

White children are content with one mother and one father, but the blacks have a different arrangement. Here is a little black girl in a gunyah with three old gins; ask her which is her mother. She will say: "That fellow mother belonging to mine, and that fellow and that fellow." She has three mothers and, perhaps, half-a-dozen fathers. The fact is that all a mother's sisters are counted as "mothers," and all a father's brothers count as "fathers," all a mother's brothers count as "uncles," and all a father's sisters as "aunts." I remember once asking an elderly woman what relation a much younger woman was to her, and she said, "my grandmother." It seemed an absurd reply, but it was true according to the genealogy of the family. The young woman was really her grandmother's sister, or as we should say, her "great aunt." This seeming improbability of the great aunt being younger than her neice is explainable by the fact that girls are often mothers before they are fifteen, and in some instances bear children very late in life. They have specific words to denote very many degrees of consanguinity, as well as relationships by marriage.

Black babies have about an equal chance of being killed as soon as they are born, or of being made great pets of by both their father and mother. I have known women who were the recognised baby-killers of the tribe, and as soon as the baby was placed in the hands of such an one it would be taken away and killed by having its mouth crammed with mud. I could name tribes where the babes were not only killed but eaten. Some of the blacks would tell you, "bail get it plenty patter," or "you see we must yan long way." That they had not much food, or that they had a long journey to take, was the reason for killing the poor little creatures. That it is not lack of affection is proved by the tenderness and care they show towards those they rear. The blacks are, indeed, a very emotional and affectionate people, showing great attachment to their children and to their relatives generally. The fact that in some tribes they eat their parents when they die is seemingly a contradiction to this statement, but is esteemed by them as a proof of the respect and love they bore them in life. They eat their parents because they think by so doing they will become endowed with the wisdom, valor and skill which they possessed, and to refuse to eat them would be a family disgrace.

There are no cradles or bassinettes for black piccaninnies, no lawn robes or short coatings. A few roughly-cured skins serve as a wrapper in cold weather, or a fold of the mother's rug answers the same purpose. Sometimes you may see them hung up in the gunyah in a dilly bag, or when carried they are generally slung upon the mother's back or shoulder, or supported on her hip. The children are well cared for, and are caressed and fondled by both father and mother. They are often nursed till they are two years old, and I have seen many piccaninnies older than that who demanded nourishment from their mothers. This is, doubtless, a necessity, as the blacks have no means of preparing anything approaching the easily-assimilated foods our babies are supplied with. The little creatures, however, soon learn to clutch at whatever they see their parents enjoying, and they come in for plenty of tit-bits which their parents reserve for them. I have often seen a baby too young

to walk take the pipe from its mother's mouth and smoke as long as its mother would let it.

In warm weather the children scamper about, play various games, or dance mimic corroborees, utterly regardless of clothing, but in wet or cold weather they huddle together in the gunyahs, or crouch over the fires in very miserable plight. If they have no rugs they sometimes use the soft bark of the ti-trees *(melaleuca)* to cover themselves with, or burrow into heaps of grass. Wet and windy weather causes the blacks, old and young, much privation and discomfort, as it renders hunting and food-gathering difficult; and a change of wind often blows down all their huts and leaves them without a dry spot to lie on. When that is the case they re-erect their gunyahs as quickly as possible, altering their position to suit the wind, and removing the embers, make the fire on a different spot, using the old fireplace, which is warm and dry, to squat upon. In very bad weather they close up the front of the gunyah, if bark can be easily stripped, and then they are pretty snug. Long grass, leafy bushes and earth are used to stop the cracks and keep out drafts. Very few of you would enjoy a wet winter's night in a bark humpy, but I can tell you from bitter experience that it is better than camping on a log in the pouring torrents of an equinoctial rain.

Boys and girls play and troop about together in care of the women till about twelve or thirteen years of age. They soon learn to catch fish, dig for yams, or hunt for bandicoots and other small animals, or cut out the grubs from decayed trees. I have in my mind's eye now a *possé* of black merry-eyed, ivory-teethed little folks, lithe and graceful in their perfect nudity, hunting through our maize paddock for the small bush rats which abounded there, making wide extended burrows with many openings. Many willing hands soon cleared away the grass and weeds which hid these openings, and then while some flooded the galleries with water, the others watched with keen excitement for the exit of the half-drowned inmates, who were killed with the sharpened sticks which each child carried.

The assiduity and excitement of the little hunters, their laughter and raillery, the helter-skelter rushes after an escaping rat in which they would often roll and tumble over each other, and the perfect good temper of the little ebony creatures, were both amusing and pleasant to behold. With what pride they held aloft each fresh victim, and then what a dainty feast they had of roast rats and corn cobs! When both were cooked you could scarcely tell t'other from which. They v like Sambo's bullocks—"both alike, esp ally Cæsar." The rats' legs, tails and being singed off in the process and the bu fur rubbed off, they were piled on little t of bark, and looked something like savel and the singed corn looked much the sa But to see them shared out and devou with gusto you would have imagined t must be very nice if they did not look so.

The girls often adorn themselves w flowers, shell necklaces and bone or r ornaments, and are coquettish little puss They learn to sew the skins for rugs, usin bone needle and kangaroo sinews for thre or they net dilly bags under the instructi of the elder women, who also teach th how to search for roots and fruits, or to fi In some tribes babies that are to be fi women have the little finger amputated b very simple expedient. A strong spider's w is wrapped tightly round the joint, stoppi the circulation, and in a short time, by co stantly drawing the cord tighter, the top the finger is removed. This is supposed make them good fishers, and I have hea that the finger is thrown into the sea to p pitiate the king or god of the fishes.

As soon as a girl is born she is given her father, or allotted by the council of t tribe, to be the wife of one of the m who can either marry her or dispose of l to someone else. In either case she becon a wife at about thirteen years of age.

The boys soon imitate their male frien by making toy spears and boomerangs nullas, and by constant practice become ve skilful in throwing at targets or knocki down birds. They are greatly praised their cleverness, and rewarded by we fashioned weapons made by the older m I can well remember how, when I was abo ten years of age, I and several black boys a half-castes were kept well supplied with spe and boomerangs, and taught how to thr them by the older lads and men of the trib who were as pleased as we were when v knocked down a magpie with a boomeran or speared a mullet with our muttocks.

About that period there was a great co motion among the blacks, and members the tribe not ordinarily camping near t began to assemble in the neighborhoo Men and boys from other tribes also visite our blacks, and it was evident some matte of importance was attracting them. Th manufacture of boomerangs and spears ha a special impulse, and the men glistene with well-oiled skins and ornate application of white pipe-clay and red ochre. Each da

brought more strange faces, and as every new family arrived the welcome seemed to become more demonstrative. The gins let their tongues have as good a time as our young friends have at a tea meeting, and the men had an air of business and mystery about them. Some grand hunts were arranged, and all the women spent the days fishing or yam digging, while some of the men and boys went bee-nesting and brought back honey and honeycomb by the bucketful. Feasting and mirth was the order of the day until we noticed that the women were at the camp, but the men and boys had gone to the bush.

A NOISY WELCOME.

"What for all blackfellow yan bush?" "Bail you been hear him news? Bail! Well, you see that time belonging to bora, that make it boy boombit."

The time for initiation into manhood had come for those boys who had reached the age of puberty, and the blacks were gone off to make the cobawn camp for the bora ceremonies. Our playmates were to be made boombit by the strange mysterious rites that were to fit them for the privileges of manhood.

I have seen several bora grounds or cobawn camps in different parts of the country, and from what I have seen and been told at the time, I will try to reproduce a picture of how black boys are inducted into their tribal privileges.

The men, leaving the women at their camping place, are guided by the old men or karadjis to a suitable spot in an isolated and unfrequented position, generally the level top of a well wooded hill. Here a circular clearing is made, and the branches and brushwood used to hedge it round. Some of the trees are marked with rudely drawn animals, the totems of the tribe, and other designs, the meaning of which the blacks will not disclose. Sometimes there are two circular clearings with a narrow connecting path, and sometimes the bora ground is in shape like the figure of a man lying full length on the ground. In every case the design and preparations are directed or carried out by the oldest and most qualified men. Preliminaries being ready the novitiates are brought to the place which is called by some tribes "Baiame's ground," the sacred place of Baiame, the Creator. They also say that Baiame taught them how to practice the bora rites, and that they are always to be observed, or else Krooben, the evil spirit, will have power to destroy them. There is, therefore, no doubt that the ceremonies had their origin in some religious belief, and are supposed to place those who pass satisfactorily through them under the protection of the

good and wise God, for whom there are many different names among the various tribes.

The boys have first to give proof of their skill with the weapons of warfare and chase, and are then given over into the care of special teachers and guardians. They are then taken into the sacred circle and made to lie flat on the ground for a long time, the slightest alteration of position being punished by no gentle tap from a nulla nulla. Sometimes the prostration is made on the grave of a relative, whose virtues and powers thereby pass to the lad. Then for a given period they sit on their haunches with their heads bent down between their legs. Try the posture for awhile before you go to bed to-night and fancy how you would like to keep it for twenty-four hours. Circumcision is practised in some tribes; many others knock out a front tooth, and in others the observances are disgusting and obscene. Part of the time is taken in imparting instruction in the tribal laws, and teaching such things as are considered necessary to fit them for the duties of manhood. A stoical indifference to hunger and pain are practically enforced, as the boys are kept without food and in uncomfortable positions for long periods, and the food supplied is of the most nauseating character. If they show undue impatience or fail at any point of importance, they are sent back to associate with the women and young children, and have to wait till the next bora to be made men. Towards the end of the ceremony they are harangued by the chief or oldest man, or one or more of the karadjis, and presented with a piece of clear rock crystal which has a very mystical import and must not be shown to women or unitiated persons. A breach of this law renders both the man who shows the crystal and the woman who looks at it liable to death, or they lose the protection of Baiame and fall under the evil influences of demons and sorcerers. Emblematic dances form a great part of the bora rites, and new dances and songs are often introduced. For several days the women are kept at a distance from the cabawn camp, but they are generally introduced at some time, apparently to have a formal leave-taking between mother and son. The women fondling and crying over the boys. The females are then made to lie down within the circle and are covered with bark or rugs while a special corroboree is danced, after which they are sent back to their own camp, and a large fire is built up of light blazing materials, round which the men and boombits join hands and dance to and fro. Slowly at f but gradually increasing in excitement as chant a wild song, when they dash thro flames from side to side, lifting the l from their feet, and continuing the corr ree till the fire is out and they are well r exhausted. Strange to say they selc appear to get burnt, as their movements so rapid that the fire takes but little ef on their naked and well oiled bodies, and skin of their feet is so indurated and tl that the hot embers cause them but sl inconvenience. As soon as the bora is o the young men are sent off in search adventure in a part of the country wh there is no fear of their meeting the wom as they are not allowed to see a female three or four moons. During this time t are cast entirely, or almost so, on their c resources to procure food, form camps, a make their own rugs and weapons. In c nection with the bora ceremonies a new na is given to the boombits, generally sugges by some circumstance in their life, or sor what of a characteristic nature.

During the time of seclusion from tribe the boombits often get into seri scrapes. Bombast and vain glory are tra of aboriginal character, as of all savag and the thrilling stories of adventure wh they have heard narrated by the old men them on their mettle and make them anxi to pose as valiant warriors. To possess the selves of the kidney fat of one of th enemies will bring them high repute, a woe betide any man of another tribe wh they can steal upon and slay.

At one station where I lived for a sh time, a shepherd had been murdered by blacks some years before. I was told murder had been done by boys, and by little guesswork I got hold of those whon thought knew something about it.

I asked, "What for blackfellow py (k Sullivan? I been hear that friend belongi to blackfellow."

"Bail me know."

"Oh, yes you do, I been hear him about it." "You see, bail me know, or been hear him news."

"Oh, I know bail you kill whitefello only nother fellow black."

By degrees I got this account of the affai Sullivan was a shepherd living by himself a hut about seven miles from the homestea the hut was placed on a ridge near the cree and a dense viney scrub extended from tl back of the hut to the hills beyond. A bo had recently been held, and great conce was expressed that the tribe had not kill

anyone for a long time. The boombits felt that it rested with them to clear away this disgraceful state of things. It was certainly time some one was killed, but who was to be the person selected. They tried to hunt down some one of the neighboring tribe, but weeks passed and still no one had been killed. At last someone said, "Come on, we go py Sullivan." This was opposed by Sullivan's friends in the tribe, but several young fellows took their spears and nullas and went off to pay him a visit. As he had often had intercourse with the tribe he paid no special attention to them as they came near, although he had a gun in the hut. At first they assumed a friendly tone, or as my informant said: "You see that been yan hut, and that been all about pialla news. Then that ask him give tea and sugar and flour, and that been give it. And that been say give it more, and that give it. You see that fellow stupid, that gerund belonging to blackfellow. Then that pialla you go creek and get him water, and that go creek, and when that stoop down belonging to get water, Georgie been knock him on cobra belonging to waddy, and then altogether blackfellow py him. That stupid fellow, what for that go get water belonging to blackfellow."

Had Sullivan shown a bold front and taken the precaution to make a little display of his gun all would have been well, but deceived by the first friendly aspect of his visitors he allowed them to become insolent and then showed fear, which encouraged them to further hostility; and when in his terror he foolishly obeyed their mandate to carry water from the creek, a thing which utterly demeaned him in their sight, as to carry water is the work of the gins or females, they lost their respect for him as a white man, and gave full vent to their savagery. But why should they want to kill him? The only reason or apology the blackfellow could give was, "Well, you see bail that been kill anyone good while before."

Although the lads leave boyhood behind them when made boombit, there are other ceremonies at various periods which they must pass through to perfect them in all the full privileges of manhood. As boys their food was like that of the women, confined to female animals, and those only of special kinds, but as men they could eat the male animals, and partake of many previously forbidden. Some tribes I have known reserved black snakes, emus and dingoes for the grand worthy pastmasters of the tribe, the old men, karadjis and chiefs.

When a blackfellow becomes a marriageable young man, the getting of a wife is no easy matter. In the first place the laws of consanguinity effectually bar marriage with the women of his own clan, and also with his mother's clan.

Each tribe is divided into four or more clans or totems: Ipai, Ipatha; Kumbo, Butha; Murri, Matha; Kubbi, Kubitha.

An Ipai may marry a Matha, or a Murri a Butha, but there is no marrying among members of the same class.

Another hindrance to marriage is that there are fewer women than men; and a still more serious obstacle is that the old men manage to secure two or three wives each and so keep the young men without any. The men who are best off are those who have plenty of sisters, for they can swop their sisters for someone else's sisters, and so settle down comfortably. Wives are also sometimes bought from previous husbands, and sometimes a strong-minded female leaves her husband and marries the man she likes best. At other times a man steals a woman, and perhaps has to fight her tribe's men for her and run a good chance of being speared.

If a woman is pleased with the man who is to marry her she carries a firestick to his gunyah and lights his fire. A dissatisfied wife will say, "I never will carry his firestick." Some gins have great influence with their husbands, and demand and secure an undivided affection. Most of the blacks I have known have only had one wife, and they have kept steadily on through life together, often showing great affection for each other. One man had two wives—Louisa and Eliza—both rather attractive-looking damsels for black gins. One night there would be great screaming and quarrelling at his gunyah, and Louisa would perhaps be up at the kitchen.

"I say, Louisa, what all that yabber yabber down there?"

"I believe that Eliza too much murri sarcy belonging to Jimmy, and that must waddy her.

The next night the same thing would occur, but Eliza would be at the house.

"What for all that yabber along a camp, Eliza?"

"That fellow Louisa, too much make him choler Jimmy, and that must waddy her."

One blow with Jimmy's waddy would have killed any of you young ladies, but Louisa and Eliza seemed to thrive under it, for they were fat and saucy, and they liked Jimmy all the better for it.

Little Grumgrowdie, who was Big Billy's wife, used to say, "My word, suppose me milchi belonging to Jimmy, and that waddy me, I let him know," and I think she would, for I never knew of Big Billy beating her.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

T came at last—the week—the day—the very night to which Lance had looked forward with such nervous anxiety. When compelled to pace the deck for the last morning, as he trusted, with his chained comrades, he barely concealed his exultation at the thought that on the morrow he might be a free man once more. He feared it would be visible in his countenance, in his very step, which in spite of himself was almost elastic, causing his chains to clank unusually. Indeed one of his fellows in adversity noticed it.

Keen to detect the slightest change from the stereotyped prison bearing he growled out, "What the ——— are ye at, step-dancing with your bloomin' irons, ye ——— ——— fool? They'll clap the fourteen-pound clinks on ye if ye try the shakin' lay. Stoush it, ye ———"

The words were, perhaps, unfit for publication, but the intention was not at all unkind. The trained "forçat" had quickly divined that something not in the programme—an "extra," so to speak—was likely to be played, and thus warned him against premature elation.

Lance felt his heart stop as the possibility occurred to him that the caprice of a warder might order him to wear irons weighing a quarter-of-a-hundredweight in place of the comparatively light ones which at present confined his limbs. He at once "dropped," as the adviser would have phrased it, and falling in to the chain-gang shuffle as if instinctively, said "All right, Scotty, this foggy day makes a fellow want to warm his feet."

"Warm your feet!" scoffed the convict, "you'll be lucky if you can raise a trot without hobbles these years to come. When your time's up they'll have ye for something else, like they did me. Once they've got a cove on these ——— hell-boats they don't like to let him go again."

"How long have you been lagged, Scott enquired Lance, less indeed impelled curiosity than desirous of turning the conv sation from what he felt was a danger direction.

"Me?" growled the convict hoarse glaring for a moment at Lance with wolfish eyes—eyes which rarely met those another steadfastly. "I did ten stretch the Derwent afore I come across the Straits ten long years. That warn't enough for 'e for I hadn't been a year at Bendigo whe was 'lumbered' for robbing a cove's tent as never been nigh. No! God strike me de if I had! I knew the chap as did the 'touc as well as I know you. He and Bla Douglas did it between 'em. But I'd a b name. I'd come from the other side, and was picked upon. I was seen going towar the tent the night before. The chaps th lost their gold swore to me; they wanted 'cop' somebody. And there was I, as w going straight and had a good claim a didn't need to rob nobody, and thought had a chance in a new country, there wa —'lagged" and dragged aboard again, a me no more in it than a sucking child. went *mad* pretty well, and here's the end of But by ——" and here the half-insane fel swore a terrible oath, "I'll give 'em somethi to talk about afore I'm done, and it'll be tr this time—true as death—death—death!"

Here the unfortunate creature, whc features had gradually assumed an expressi of ungovernable rage, lashed to fury by t thought of real or fancied injustice, raised l voice to a shriek like the cry of a wild bea and with every feature working like those an epileptic, fell on the floor of the de helpless and insensible.

"What's all this?" demanded a ward marching to the spot, yet cautiously as alwa doubtful of a rush among the fierce anim over which he and his comrades rule "Dash it all, you fellows are like a lot of o women—jabber, jabber. I shall have to p some of you in the black hole if you do look out."

"It's only Scotty, sir," answered a craf looking convict who had been looking

* Begun in August number, 1889.

with a strange mysterious smile. "He's got a fit or somethink. He's always mad when he gets on that Bendigo yarn of his."

"Oh! Scotty is it?" replied the warder carelessly. "Throw a bucket of salt water over him; he'll come to directly. Your hour's up all but five minutes, men. You can go below and keep quiet or it'll be worse for some of you."

So below they went, in tens and tens, one after the other, murmuring and cursing among themselves, devoting Scotty, Lance and the warder to the least respectable deities, yet not daring to raise their voices lest the dreaded "black hole" or the more terrible "box" should be apportioned to some of them with indiscriminate severity.

Lance, perhaps, was the only one who retired to his cell with a feeling of satisfaction. Gloomy was the evening, dark yet not stormy. Brooding over all things hung an enshrouding clinging fog. The lights of the vessels in the bay were invisible until the boats almost ran against their sides, then they appeared like blurred and wavering moons. The invisible flocks of sea-birds flying landwards, true precursors of a storm, wailed and shrieked in curiously weird cadence, like the ghosts of shipwrecked mariners. Yet no breath of rising wind or gathering tempest stirred the black waveless plain which stretched for so many a mile seaward and lay illimitable between the murky shores. To those long versed in sea signs—and there were many such on board this mockery of a ship—a storm was imminent. Phantom-like, motionless, lay the "President" on the oily moveless deep, a corpse-like hull upon the lifeless water. In that hour she seemed a derelict of that dread fleet which the poet dreamed of in his weirdest, grandest poem:

> And ships were drifting with the dead
> To shores where all were dumb.
>
> * * * *

If there was a period of comparative rest and peace in that lazar ship, choked to the gunwales with human nature's foulest disorders, it was between the second and third hour after midnight. Before that time there was little or no repose, much less silence. The restless felons, debarred from work or exercise, were loath to sleep or to permit such indulgence to others. But from about an hour after midnight to the lingering winter dawn a certain, or rather uncertain, quantity of sleep was procured. Not incorrectly may it be said that then in all abodes of sin and wretchedness

> "The wicked cease from troubling
> And the weary are at rest."

The hush of nature, the strange compulsion of the tangible darkness and solemn stillness of the night was unbroken save by the flights of sea fowl and the occasional sound from the shore, when softly yet distinctly touching the very stern of the vessel a grating sound was heard by Lance, secreted in an old stateroom. Two large-sized ports, through which a man could easily crawl and drop himself into the water or on a boat below, were open. "Lower away," said a carefully modulated voice, "and look sharp."

As he spoke a fairly stout rope was let down, of which the man in the boat-punt laid hold. Lance leaned out through the wide port of the state room and could just distinguish the outline of a small boat. "Drop yourself slowly down," said the strange voice, "gently does it."

The captive had by this time seated himself on the window sill with his legs outward. His irons were wrapped and muffled with portions of his blanket which he had sacrificed for the purpose. A strong twisted rope was made of strips of the same material, a stout grey woollen woven and milled in Pentridge, and therefore free from shoddy mixture.

Adown this Lance cautiously lowered himself, how cautiously and anxiously! A slip, a touch of foot on the side instead of the centre of the frail bark and failure, recapture even were imminent. The splash would at once alarm the vigilant ears of the sentries, whose rifle bullets would be spurting in and about the spot in no time. Inch by inch he lowered himself until he felt a man's hand touch and steady him. His feet were on the flat bottom of a ducking canoe which floated low on the surface of the stirless deep. Lower still and lower he sank down until he found himself sitting on the floor of the punt with an arm on either thwart and his back nearly touching the stern. With one strong noiseless stroke the strange boatman sent his light craft yards away from the prison ship, and as the hull vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the Egyptian darkness of the night, Lance felt a great throb at his heart. He inhaled joyously the salt odor of the tide, for he knew that, bar accidents, he was again a free man.

"Steady," said the boatman in a low but distinct voice as he settled to his sculls, "another quarter of a mile and we may talk as much as you please. We shall make the shore before yon black cloud bursts, and after that no boat leaves any ship in the bay till sunrise."

Lance sat carefully still, and indeed had little inclination to talk for a while. Swiftly

smoothly, they seemed to speed through the ebon darkness lit up from time to time by the phosphorescent scintillations which fell from the black water at each dip of the oars.

"How do you steer?" he said at length. "It wouldn't do to get lost in this fog, we might easily be picked up and then my fate would be worse than before."

"See that light?" said the rower, pointing to a tiny speck like a beacon, miles away on the main.

"I do see a very small glimmering," said Lance, "are you sure that is the right direction?"

"That light" said the stranger, slowly, "is a fire in a nail can which is kept alight by my mate It stands before our hut in Fisherman's Bend, and there could not be a better place to land."

"How so?"

"Because it is cut off before and behind by marshes. There is no track to Liardet's Beach, which is only half a mile off. There is a mud flat in front and hardly anyone but ourselves knows the channel. It's dead low water now; any boat, even if they chased us, would be stuck in the mud in ten minutes, and it isn't everyone that knows how to get off again."

"Then we're right, and I'm a free man once more. Great God of Heaven! what a feeling it is. May I ask your name, the name of a man that's saved my life?"

"My name's Wheeler. Not that it matters much unless I'm had up for being so soft hearted as to mix myself up with the law's victims. But one gentleman takes a fancy to help another now and then in this topsy-turvy country. I've heard and can see for myself that you're one."

"I *was*," groaned out Lance. "People called me one. Shall I ever be one again?"

Here his irons, stirred with an involuntary movement, made a slight sound.

"That is the answer. My God, what had I done that I should be tortured thus?" His head sank down upon his knees and he made no sound or sign till the boat glided up to the verge of the small beacon light and a second man appeared out of the darkness, taking hold of the painter which was thrown out to him.

"Haul her up, Joe, as far as you can," said the boatman, stepping out on the low sedgy bank, so low as to be barely distinguishable above the water. "Stop, I'll help you. Sit quiet then till we come to you."

The shallow canoe with the prow released from weight and tilted up, was pulled bodily on to the land. Then the men stood on either side of Lance, and raising him f his cramped position, helped him to ste to *terra firma*, and thence into the door small hut, in front of which stood the can aforesaid.

The hut was small but weathertight snug as to its interior fittings, displaying extreme neatness coupled with econom space often observable where men live themselves, especially if one of the celib happens to have been a sailor.

"This is my mate, Trevanion," said first mariner. "His name's Joe Col formerly second lieutenant of Her Maje ship 'Avenger.' My name you know, s needn't stand on ceremony with one anot We are well posted up in your story, th to your plucky pretty friend, so there's need for explanation. You and I are re for supper, I suspect, so we'll turn to w Collins sees to the canoe and makes tight for the night. There's the first sto note; its going to blow great guns before k just as I thought it would."

Mr. Wheeler rattled on in a cheery, c less sort of way, while his friend went in out, fed the dogs, of which they had tw three couples: retrievers, terriers, and on the tall handsome greyhounds, the kang dog of the colonist. Lance knew that the ti tiveness was assumed for the sake of put him at his ease. Too strange and excited converse himself, he could but sit in a r but substantial chair fashioned out of a b barrel and covered with a kangaroo skin, look silently from one to the other.

Meanwhile the tea was made, the con beef and bread set forth in a tin dish, pa kins placed ready, and the substantial b meal, always fully adequate to the needs healthy man in good training, was rea Before commencing, however, Mr. Whe fished forth from a species of locker a squ bottle apparently containing Hollands. Fr this he poured into each pannikin a pre stiff "second mate's glass."

"Do us no harm this cold night," he s "Your health, Trevanion, and a good jour to follow a bad start. It often happens h take my word for it."

The three men raised the tin pints a looked at each other. "Thank you, from heart I thank you," Lance gasped out. "G bless you both, if my wishing it will do y any good. I shall never forget this night

One is far from recommending, or inde palliating, the continuous use of alcohol, b there is no evading the fact that when peo are more or less exhausted, beside bei chilled and dispirited, a glass of spirits, be

sound cognac, "the real McKay," or as in this instance good square gin, produces an effect little less than magical. There are those who in the joyous season of early youth or fixed in the higher wisdom of abstinence require it not. But strictly in moderation and under exceptional circumstances it is a medicine, a luxury, an *elixa vitæ*.

No sooner had the powerful cordial commenced to produce its ordinary effect than the heart of the ransomed captive was conscious of a feeling of lightness to which it had long been a stranger. Hope, timidly approaching, whispered a soothing message, a vision of distant lands and brighter days assumed form and color. The cramped limbs recovered warmth; the sluggish blood commenced a quicker circulation. He found appetite for the simple but sufficient meal, and listened with interest and amusement to the tales of moving incidents by flood and field with which between their pipes the woodsmen beguiled the winter evening. Lastly, the door was bolted, the dogs let loose, and Lance was invited to avail himself of a comfortable shake down, where opossum cloaks and wallaby rugs protected him from the searching night air, now keen-edged with the fury of a howling storm. The wearied fugitive slept soundly as he had not done for months. He awakened to find that the sun had arisen and that his hosts had left him to complete his slumbers undisturbed by their exit.

His feelings when he arose and looked around were instinctively tinged with apprehension. By this time at least his escape had been made known. What excitement must have been caused! What dispatching to the other prison ships and their guards! To the water police! To the hunters of men on land and sea whose beards had been mocked at! Their energy would be further stimulated by the offer of a reward, as well as by the certainty of promotion in the event of recapture. As the captive sat up on his couch and looked through the open door upon the still waters of the river mouth from which the fog, now that the storm had blown itself out, was slowly lifting, he felt a shudder

"He found himself reverting in thought to the sports of his youth, to the happy days when, gun in hand, he would have joyed to have crawled within range of the shy birds and rattled in a right and left shot."

thrill through his frame as he realised how near he was still to his prison home, how helpless too, manacled as he was. He struggled to his feet, however, with a renewal of hope and confidence in the future. The fresh and unpolluted air acted like a cordial as he breathed it with long gasps of enjoyment. The close walls of lofty ti-tree which shut in on three sides the nook of land, indistinguishable from the water until at close quarters, provided at once a shelter and a hiding place almost impossible of surprise. The wild fowl swam and dived and splashed and squattered, heedless of their chief enemy man. He found himself reverting in thought to the sports of his youth, to the happy days when, gun in hand, he would have joyed to have crawled within range of the shy birds and rattled in a right and left shot.

One of his irons clanked; the rag had slipped. How the sound brought him back to the present! His lips had shaped themselves into a curse! His brow had darkened when his hosts suddenly appeared, emerging from a creek which wound sinuously through the marshy level. Fastening up the invaluable punt they stepped lightly out, bearing with them a goodly assortment of wild fowl—noble black duck, delicate teal and that lovely minute goose – the *anas boscha*, commonly known as the "wood duck."

"Grand bird this!" said Wheeler, throwing down a magnificent specimen of that finest of all the family—the "mountain duck"—with his bronzed-fawn and metallic plumage. "Splendid fellow to look at, but that's all. Pity, isn't it? Not worth a button to eat! Why do we shoot them, you'll ask? We sell them to the bird stuffers. They pay well at the price they give us. Now then, we'll proceed to business, which means breakfast. Spatch duck—a couple of teal, eh? How do we do it? Pop 'em into boiling water. Feathers off in a jiffy. Cut them in four; broil and serve hot. Tender as butter, these flappers, for they're not much older. After breakfast we'll unfold the plot. Slept well? I thought so. Hope you've got an appetite!"

Lance was well aware that Mr. Wheeler's cheery garrulous tone, not by any means characteristic of men who live lonely lives, was assumed for the purpose of concealing his real feelings and saving those of his guest. But he appeared to take no heed, merely performing his toilet with the aid of a bucket of water and a rough towel, and treating himself to a more thorough lavation than had been lately possible. Mr. Collins, R.N., had been setting-to with a will as caterer, and in far less time than one would think a meal, in some respects not to be disdained by an epicure, appeared on the small table which, fixed upon tressels, was placed before the hut door.

"Try this teal, Trevanion; it's as plump as a partridge. Here's cayenne pepper; lemons in that net. Cut one in half and squeeze—'squeeze doughtily,' as Dugald Dalgetty advises Ranald M'Eagh to do when he has his hand on the Duke of Argyle's windpipe, in the event of His Grace attempting to give the alarm. I read 'A Legend of Montrose' over again last week. What a glorious old fellow Sir Walter is, to be sure! When you've finished your first beaker of tea there's more in the camp kettle, Australice, 'billy.' Did I ever think—or you either, Trevanion—that we should drink tea out of a "billy" or be our own cooks, housemaids, washerwomen and gamekeepers all in one. Still there are worse places than Australia, and that I'll live and die on."

While Wheeler's tongue was going at this brisk rate it is not to be supposed that his jaws were idle. The friends played a real good knife and fork, and Lance, between invitation and the natural temptation of, in its way, a dainty and appetising meal, followed suit. The other man gave a lively sketch of their morning's sport, and by the time breakfast was finished and pipes lighted, a well-worn briar root having been made over to Lance on the previous evening, the gnawing feeling of consuming anxiety commenced to be somewhat allayed.

"Now we open the council of war," began Wheeler after two or three solemn puffs. "Collins and I have to make a little *detour* on business which will occupy us till midday. Half an-hour after we leave a mysterious artificer will suddenly appear, not out of the ground, like Wayland Smith in 'Kenilworth' (pray excuse any excessive quotation of Sir Walter, but the fact is we got a second-hand edition cheap last month, and have been feasting upon him ever since.) Well, this lineal descendant of Tubal Cain will arise out of the ti-tree and will disembarass you of, say, any garniture which you may consider inconvenient to travel with. I don't know him; you don't know him; he don't know us; nobody knows anybody. You apprehend? But *the work will be done*. Afterwards look in that bag and you will find a rig-out, half-worn but serviceable and somewhere about your measure."

"Stop a minute—just permit me one minute," proceeded Wheeler hurriedly but ever courteously. "A trifle more explanation is necessary. Here is your route arranged for

you by your good angel, your admirable friend and protectress, with whom Collins and I are madly enamored—but this by the way. Listen again. When you feel ready for the road take this left-hand path through the ti-tree. You see it starting behind that bush. You cannot get off it once you are on it Follow it for three miles. You will meet there, by a reedy lagoon, a man with two horses. Mount the one which he leads, asking no questions. He will say 'Number Six,' you will say 'Polwarth.' Of course you are the Mr. Polwarth of Number Six on a tour of inspection. He will ride with you the whole night through, stopping only at necessary intervals. At daylight you will find yourself more than fifty miles on the Gippsland road. He will take you by 'cuts' and bye-tracks to a part of Gippsland from which you may make your way to Monaro, to Twofold Bay, to Omeo—all A 1 places for a man who wishes rest and seclusion for a season. You will take your choice. On the led horse—a good one, as I am informed—you will find valise, waterproof and other necessaries. Here is a pocket-book, which I am commissioned to hand to you, in which are £50 in notes and gold, besides a letter from her to whom you owe so much."

Mr. Wheeler rattled out this full and complete code of instructions with his customary rapidity, finishing off with the delivery of the pocket-book to Lance, who held out his hand mechanically and stood staring at him for a few moments like a man in a dream.

Then he found his tongue.

"You have done for me that which many a man's brother would have declined. I am a poor creature now and can't speak even as once I could. But may Heaven help you in your need as you have stood by me. Some day it may be. I cannot say, but the day may come when a scion of the house of Wychwood may repay some slight portion of the debt of gratitude its most ill-fated son has incurred. Farewell, and God for ever bless you!"

The men looked in each other's eyes for a little space, one strong handclasp after the manner of Englishmen was exchanged, and they parted.

"That's a man of birth and breeding who has been wrongfully convicted, I'll stake my life!" said Wheeler to his friend, as with gun on shoulder and long steady stride they left the hut behind them. "Had I not been convinced of it all Ballarat would not have tempted me to go into the affair. But between pity and admiration for that trump of a girl I gave way. I wonder whether his luck will turn now and all come right."

"There's a great deal in luck in this world," said Mr. Collins sententiously. "It's hard to say."

Within a few minutes after the time speci fied, and for which Lance waited with ever-increasing impatience, a quietly-dressed indi vidual so suddenly appeared as to startle him. He came around the side of the hut while Lance was deep in the perusal of Tessie's letter, which also contained a few lines from Mr. Stirling, telling him that his order for cash, worded in a certain way, would always be paid to any person whom he might name at any place.

He looked up for an instant and saw the broad frame and steady eye of the stranger confronting him. "Could this be a detective in plain clothes? The thought was madness."

The stranger smiled. "All right," he said, "I'm the blacksmith; come to take the clinks off—not the first job of the sort I've done. Sharp's the word—sit down, sir."

Here the stranger produced from his pockets and a bag an assortment of tools of various sorts, including files of marvellous finish and temper. Seating himself Lance freely yielded his limbs to the man of iron who, in something under half-an-hour, produced remarkable results. How the heart of Lance Trevanion swelled with joy when he saw the hated manacles drop heavily upon the rug on which he had been sitting!

"So far so good!" remarked the liberator artisan. "One of 'em's chafed your ankle, but you'll soon get over that. Ugly, aint they? If you'll dress yourself while I take a walk along the river I'll show you what I'll do with them."

A few minutes sufficed for the inspection of the beauties of the Yarra. When he returned the good-looking young man with the clean-shaved face and short hair did not look in the least like the hunted convict of the previous day.

"My word!" quoth the smith, dragging out an old sugee bag. "You look fust-rate—never see anyone change more for the better—for the better. Here goes!" Thus speaking he placed the irons in the bag, which he afterwards nearly filled with the prison clothing of which Lance, even to his boots, had denuded himself. These he took into the punt, and rowing to a deep place in the river near the bank he threw in the sack, which the weight of the irons caused to sink at once. "Many a poor fellow's been buried like that at sea," he remarked in soliloquy. "I wonder if it aint as good a way as any. The pleece won't find them in a

hurry, I bet. And now Mr. Never-Never I'll show you the left-hand road, as I was told to, and excuse me for saying the harder you ride and the less you stay on the road between here and Monaro or Twofold Bay the less chance there is of being dropped on. There's your track, and good luck to you !"

Lance had good reason to believe that this service had been paid for, but he could not bear that the man who had rendered him such material aid should go even temporarily unrewarded. So he extracted one of the five-pound notes from the pocket-book and presented it to him at the close of proceedings.

"You're a gentleman," said the smith, unconsciously using the stereotyped expression of those receiving a gratuity in advance of expectation.

"I was once," replied Lance with a sadly-humorous half-smile. "God knows if I ever shall be one again."

"No fear!" quoth the hammer man with a cheery consoling accent. "You've got the world afore you now. Many a man in this country has been a deal lower down that holds his head high enough now. Keep up your 'pecker.' It'll all come right in the end."

On the narrow marshy track, which led between thick-growing walls of ti-tree eight or ten feet high, there was not, as the blacksmith averred, much chance of losing the way. Lance plodded on cheerfully for about an hour. Once he could have done the distance in far less time, but from want of exercise and other reasons he had contracted the habit of taking short steps, which he found it difficult to change. He felt altogether out of sorts and was by no means sorry to see near a deep reed-fringed lagoon a man who looked like a stock rider sitting on a log watching two hobbled horses that, saddled and bridled, fed close by the water's edge.

As the foot traveller emerged from the ti-tree thicket the man walked to the horses' heads, and after one look at the new comer commenced to unloose the hobbles. These he buckled on to each saddle, and tightening the girths, said interrogatively, "Number Six?"

"Polwarth," was the answer returned.

Upon this he held the bridle of one of the horses and motioned for Lance to mount, after altering the stirrup to suit the stranger's length of limb. This done he mounted and rode forward at a steady pace, turning neither to the right or left, except when apparently some advantage would seem to be gained by it. Both horses walked fast, particularly the one which Lance bestrode, which he found to be good in all his paces, free, clever, and in all respects a superior style of hackney.

Mile after mile did they ride after this fashion, walking, trotting, or cantering as the roads, both deep and difficult in places, permitted. The rate at which they travelled was on the whole rapid, though the guide evidently husbanded the powers of both horses in view of a toilsome journey still to be made.

An hour before midnight, pursuing a bye-track for some distance, they came upon a hut in a forest near a deserted sawpit. It had once been a snug and substantial dwelling, but the timber had long been cut and carted away, so the hut was no longer needed. The grass grew thick and green around. The guide with practised hand first lighted a fire in the large mud-lined chimney, and then unsaddled and hobbled out the horses. He produced from a rude cupboard bread and cold meat, tea, sugar, and the quart pot and pannikins necessary for a bush meal. These had evidently been placed there in anticipation of such a visit. Besides all this there were a couple of rugs and as many double blankets of the ordinary grey color used by travelling bushmen.

The fire having burned well up, and a couple of dry back logs having been placed so as to ensure a steady glow for at least half the evening, his taciturn guide relaxed a little. "Here we are for the night," he said, "though we'd best make an early start, and I don't know as we could be much more comfortable. We've plenty to eat and drink and a fire to sleep by, no cattle to watch and a good roof over us. I've often had a worse night along this very road."

"I daresay," said Lance, who began to shake off his fears of immediate capture. "This must be a queer road in wet weather."

"I believe yer," answered the guide. "Many a mob of fat cattle I've drove along this very road. It's a nice treat on a wet night, sitting on your horse soaking wet through, nearly pitch dark and afraid to give the bullocks a chance for fear they'd rush. This here's a picnic in a manner of speaking."

"I suppose it is," quoth Lance. "Things might be worse, I daresay. I shall sleep well, I don't doubt. I haven't been riding much lately. Where shall we get to-morrow night?"

"Somewhere about the Running Creek, its a longish pull, but the horses are good and in fine buckle. You can do a long day's journey with an early start."

The simple and sufficing meal over, the two men sat before the glowing fire on the rude

seats which they had found in the hut. The soothing pipe helped still further to produce in Lance's case a calm and equable state of mind. To this succeeded a drowsily luxurious sensation of fatigue, and which he did not attempt to combat, and stretching himself on his rug he covered himself with the blanket, he and his companion were soon fast asleep.

The stars were still in the sky when he started at a touch on the shoulder, and found that his companion had noiselessly arisen and prepared breakfast. The horses also, ready saddled and bridled, were standing with their bridles over the fork of a tree near the door. Lance was soon dressed. Breakfast over, they were in the saddle and away while as yet the first faint tinge of the dawn light had scarcely commenced to irradiate the mountain peaks which stood ranked like a company of Titans near the eastern sky line.

With this, the second day's journey, a change commenced to make itself apparent in Lance Trevanion's mien and bearing. The fresh forest air was in his lungs, the great woodland through which they were now riding commenced to endue him with the fearless spirit of the waste. He could hardly imagine that it was so short a time since he was in fettered bondage. What a difference was there in his every movement and sensations. He began unconsciously to act the free man in tone and manner. He praised the pace of the horse he was riding and criticised that of his guide in a way which showed that experienced person that he was no novice in the noble science of horseflesh. He began to draw out his companion. In him he perceived, as he thought, the ordinary bushman, an experienced stock rider, or, perhaps, confidential drover, and thence he began to wonder how much of his past history he had been made acquainted with. A chance question supplied the information.

(To be continued.)

"ELSE OUR LIVES ARE INCOMPLETE."

AS the ring without the jewel :
Or thy face
Without thy soul-enkindled eyes' soft radiance on thy features :
As the night without the moon
Silvering what were else a sombre blue :
Or the midnight sky,
Without the stars that make it unobserved, yet beautiful,
Glorify by scattering sense-absorbing light :
As the ocean lacking moon and sun
Would be a tideless, still stagnation
With no yearning heavenward waves :
As the tree without the flower,
Or the flower without the sweetness,
So my life,
Apart from thine,
Is incompleteness.

A. F. MALDON ROBB.

THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

BY THOMAS HENEY.

III.—THE PEOPLE.

A WORD of introduction now becomes necessary upon the change that has taken place in the conditions of modern sheep-farming and the squatting of two or three decades since. Then the country was an even more desolate wilderness than it is to-day. Then a few waterholes, lakes and claypans held the only surface water from the Murrumbidgee and the Lachlan to the Darling and the Warrego, and from those western and northern rivers to the Paroo, the Bulloo, Cooper's Creek. Then there were no settlements at intervals to fall back upon for stores or as a refuge in the last extremity of drought. An unfenced, almost waterless, trackless wilderness lay between the river Murray on the south and the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, the — degree of east longitude on the east, and the Western Australian boundary on the west. Blacks, hostile, thievish, treacherous, swarmed in situations where water and game abounded, and soon they found that the white man's oxen were better and easier game than wary and lean kangaroo, emu and turkey. In the nature of the case the cattle required a good staff of stockmen, and when the horned beasts gave way to the more profitable sheep—for most if not all the western stations began as cattle breeding grounds—the unfenced condition of the country and the prevalence of blacks made it necessary that each flock should have a shepherd. But this era did not last as it did in the older settled parts of the colony. Wire fencing came in too, and as fast as the huge paddocks of scores of thousands of acres were securely surrounded by the parallel lines of wire the shepherds disappeared from the scene. Hence there resulted a great diminution in the amount of labor required for the working of a station. I am not forgetting that the arid and barren nature of the country made it unprofitable to give the sheep the same attention as in more favored places. Obviously, when you run a sheep to five acres or ten acres instead of a sheep to each acre, the sheep must cost less in oversight. The change occurred. Old pastoral men, and men, moreover, who have small admiration for that strange being the shepherd, will still be found to deplore the change. They say the sheep throve better under the eyes of a man than ever they do left to their own devices, which are very obtuse and witless, in a vast paddock where it is a task to find them.

A modern station is an aggregation of "runs," meaning the great blocks which were applied for and rented under Sir John Robertson's famous Act of 1861—for in that space, less than thirty years, more than the third part of New South Wales has been stocked. The whole holding leased to one man or company is subdivided into huge paddocks by interminable wire fencing. Each paddock, when stock is habitually depastured in it, has artificial water supply, either by tanks which conserve the natural rainfall, by dams which prevent the escape of the water flowing after heavy rains in channels, by a few wells varying infinitely in depth, in cost, in quality and quantity of water supplied. The business of the pastoralist is to depasture on his estate as many sheep as he can stick upon it; to place them in reasonable reach of water; to work his paddocks uniformly; to render the lambing as productive as possible; to shear the biggest possible percentage of his total stock; to get his clip immediately off the station and into the market, so as to save interest; to sell, after shearing, any surplus stock which he cannot depasture, and in time of drought to move his sheep at the last moment so as to save droving charges, and, in event of a favorable change in the weather, to have the stock on the run ready to take advantage of the altered circumstances. To manage a big station successfully needs that a very capable man should be at its head. It is now a rare thing to find the owner or part owner of a station actually in charge. It is cheaper to hire a manager and to live in Melbourne or Sydney; and now, inasmuch as these properties tend more and more to become assets of big

monetary corporations, absenteeism is more and more the rule. Considering the hardships of the life, the amount of varied knowledge and skill necessary, the habit of dealing easily with numbers of employees, the responsibility of the position, very few station managers are paid well. In the old days of cattle stations men had better times; in addition to a fixed salary—not large—they had generally a sort of minor interest in their work by being privileged to breed a little on their own account, or receiving bonuses for such a *coup* as bringing down the mob of the season to market with the minimum of loss and the maximum of quality. With sheep all this is changed, and though free quarters, rations, servants, wood and water and so forth supplement his income, which is still further protected by the difficulty of spending money in the wilderness, the modern station manager is an under-paid official in the large majority of cases. Consider for a moment what his duties are, and to fail at any one point is to risk making the proverbial hole in the pocket through which the profit will imperceptibly but surely dwindle away. To begin with, he must know sheep through such a familiar and intimate acquaintance with all their needs and habits as amounts to intuition. Sex and age, health and disease, condition and fleece—all must be at a glance revealed to him with such perfect sureness that he knows how they are thriving, what they need, what must be his next step. He must know every flock on his run, he must know where to put his hands upon them, what feed they have, what water is nearest to them, how that supply is serving; he must know how to handle them so that they do not knock themselves up by travelling too far for feed or water; at lambing he must know and have the choicest paddocks for the ewes and their progeny; at shearing he must be so good a manager as to bring together at one spot mob by mob of the sheep, losing none, damaging no fleece, so as to cut the maximum clip and yet so as not to starve the animals in the limited space in which he must keep them. He must know the quality of the pasturage on all his runs, where the best herbage grows, where the surest feed is, the locality of fattening bush, and, as a last resort, the places where he may rely upon being able to get a sufficiency of scrub if it comes to scrub cutting for feed. The weather must be his constant study, for miscalculation there may involve him in disastrous losses. In regard to moving his sheep under the pressure of drought, he must not only have an intimate knowledge of the routes in his own and neighbor districts, but he must have a rare mingling of stoical patience, courage and dashing audacity in choosing his time and route, else he will leave his flocks as whitened bones around his dry tanks or drive the luckless animals forth to die in heaps along the bare and thirsty roads. He is also a large employer of labor, and he must know how to deal at once firmly and equitably with all classes of station hands—from the groom to the shearers. He must know at a glance good work in a dozen different ways, as tank-sinking, well-making, fencing, droving, shearing. He is often the buyer of the station supplies, and he must have a storekeeper's knowledge of what is wanted and the prices of the same. Let any man who knows the work of these men go through that lengthy list and he will not find one qualification which is not in variable but perfectly sure order demanded from the station manager. And they will all be found in some sallow or sanguine Anglo-Australian, Scot or Australian, who, for a few hundreds per annum, lives his years out in the heart of the desert, fighting hand to hand with Nature for other men's prosperity, and sowing by strenuous and continual toil the seed of a harvest that another shall gather and enjoy.

According to the size of the holding under his charge he will have one or more outstations, as they are called, that is, branches of the main homestead, from which distant or hazardous parts of the estate are superintended and constantly worked. At each of these outposts there will probably be an overseer, a boundary rider or two, and a cook. In a couple of huts near water you will find them installed, rude and bare erections enough, that even add to rather than diminish the forlorn and solitary look of the plains. You will see no garden here. Perhaps a cockatoo or two will shriek and curse at you as you approach, and some lean and snarling kangaroo dogs bay your coming from afar off. For it is not a home, it is only a camp, a leaguer where hard-worked men go forth morning by morning and return at night tired, to devour heavy coarse meals, silently smoke, talk on the work of the day, and then sleep like logs till the coolness of next morrow's dawn turns them out of their beds for another day's work. The boundary riders are a class *sui generis*. They are of all ages, from smooth-faced lads to hoary-headed men, of every nationality almost, save the Asiatic, and there are men of all classes now reduced to one. For a pound a week and "tucker" these men give their lives to the most monotonous, purposeless, unencouraging labor under the

Southern Cross. Day by day, from dawn to starry night, winter and summer, they ride the interminable boundaries to see that no trespassers have taken possession of the pasturage, that the wire is intact, the posts upright, the sheep undisturbed, the station horses in likely places. Messages and mails and rations take them into the head station occasionally. Between lambing and shearing they often make their annual visit to town for the sake of a wild debauch, the volcanic upheaval of human nature rebelling against the monotony and enforced regularity of their work-weary lives. Their wages and their positions put marriage for many of them out of the question, beside the cynicism that prevails among bushmen on the subject of matrimony. Sometimes *liaisons* exist between them and the aboriginal women. Station people, I mean authorities, find that regular or irregular liquor shops on the station have a decidedly bad influence on the men, and consequently (not, I am bound to admit, in the interests of the men so much as in that of the economical and safe working of the holding), they generally cast in the weight of their influence against all places of this character which they can hope to prevent. I permit myself to remind my readers that this is a *populus virorum*. They lead a life under such conditions of hard work, rest, open-air exercise, plain but healthy food, that it would be inexplicable if they did not generally enjoy the summum of animal health and vigor. Meet a party of the younger employees coming into the township for a spree or upon business, and you will envy them their graceful, careless horsemanship, their abundance of animal spirits, their frank but not discourteous independence, their good fellowship. Mounted upon good horses, laughing and joking amongst themselves, you will see specimens of clean-built, athletic, sound young manhood that you cannot be indifferent

A BOUNDARY RIDER.

to. Their dress is worn and cut just so as to show the shapely figures, the clean limbs, the sloped but firm shoulders,—for horsemen, as a rule, do not cultivate military squareness of shoulder—the deep chest, the long and powerful arms. The riding pants fit tightly, and braces are never worn, a belt doing duty instead; a silk handkerchief of a gaudy but not loud color is carelessly folded round the throat, and the ends are tucked in at the front opening of the colored shirt, and this scarf serves for collar. As often as not the coat and vest are strapped on the saddle, to be worn if necessary in the township. A soft brown felt hat with wide brim, the crown turned down, is the head gear. The smallest boots are worn that he can get on his shapely feet, and one spur on the right heel or the left is perhaps added. Sitting erect in the saddles, but with indescribable ease and lithe yielding familiarity, they ride,—a familiarity born of almost a lifelong acquaintance with horses. In each purse is a cheque for larger or smaller amount. Well-earned that money is, God knows: not only by hard and continuous labor, for that is the lot of most part of humanity, but by the hardship, far greater in some eyes, of dwarfed lives. However it be obtained it goes one way or other, and those young fellows returning to the station may, perchance, bring back some purchase, but seldom. In the bar where a girl dispenses the wonderful concoctions of a frontier settlement; in the snug rooms with closely shaded windows, behind the empty bar, where voices are low and a dense air hangs reeking over the table where the card players risk their little stakes; in the police court, in the squalid huts of the sisters of the night—that money, earned at such a cost, goes, returning heavy interest of the wages of sin. Blame them who will, I cannot. I am not foolish enough to measure their loss by our sense of it; and splendid as they are, physically, the wild free life they live, with intervals of riotous pleasure, is perhaps the one most suitable to them. It is not a careless cynicism to say so, but simply a refusal to blind oneself to the essential facts of the situation. Circumstance and character interact, and men's characters make men's lives for them, shape their destinies, lead them by roads they had not foreseen to inevitable goals.

AN OUT-STATION.

These miscellaneous station hands are recruited from all ranks, all classes, all nationalities. A large proportion, as is natural, is composed of Australian and district born men, who gravitate by force of early surroundings and inherited proclivities to the nearest

station. The life if monotonous is not perpetual hard work. The yoke of servitude is easy; there is the class spirit if the phrase can apply in such a case; and with health, good horses, tobacco, plenty of rations, reasonable leisure, and a few pounds for a periodical "burst," the station life has much temptation. But others get out back, Aboriginals, wild youngsters from the towns, broken-down ruined men of all grades, drinking artisans, spendthrifts, discharged prisoners, as well as the appreciable quotum of men for whom the regular routine of hard work and constant has positive terrors, and who at bottom thoroughly honest and decent fellows, yet prefer any career that has a large measure of careless freedom and unconventionality. These many classes, each in its degree, send contingents to the pastoral laboring army. It would be unfair to deny the claims of the life which they elect to lead. To turn out of bed in the cool dawn, to breakfast with the spirit of healthy men, to mount the fresh and familiar horse and patrol alone the leagues of pasture lands where the dust-brown sheep in knots of twos and threes move, scattered, but with one direction, or rest in the shade of tufted bush and scrub, and where, except for the crows in the blue vault above, and the sheep and perhaps some wild creatures kangaroo, emu, turkey, rabbits, lizards, there is no life beside; at night to return, and after taking the trappings from the wearied horse, to enter the hut and chat over the meal with the other men, smoke and yarn while the musician of the hut extracts fragmentary melodies, old and new, sacred and profane—"Champagne Charlie," and "Hold the Fort" and "Golden Slippers," from his concertina, accordeon, violin or flute, or while away the hot hours with cards till fatigue brings on deep rest; it is not altogether repellant. But there is another side to the picture. They are a careless class, these men, and of all things they have to deal with of themselves they are most careless, most unsparing. Self-neglect, ill-treatment of their own strength and resources lead in due time to the inevitable temporary collapse. Or quarrelsome carles disturb the hut with growling and snarling warfare, or sullen anger parts the few men into mutually repellant cliques. Sickness, accident, the nomadic instinct, lead to occasional disappearances. The intolerable stress of drought or of flood imposes harder work, and with this or without it comes the awakening to the sordid and hopeless character of the life so carelessly taken up and now so firmly master. Turn your deep weary eyes out to the plains; they are an absentee's acres; these flocks are his, all the profit, all the loss also, are his. And you? He does not know of your existence save as a unit in the working of his station; eat his rations, do his work, earn his wages, go or stop, live or die; so long as his manager chooses to hire you so long the future is clear. The great world rolls in its appointed way and the delights of life, amusements, recreation, society, home and family and friends, are spread for others. You are a solitary, unkempt, sun-blackened, moody man, riding your long patrols. Think of the garish substitutes, the boosed and rowdy company of the "Shearer's Arms" in the township, the unhappy creatures that by turns curse and wheedle over the traffic of lust, the isolation from the great issues of life, the dark and miserable age, the reproach of years spent as aimlessly as the revolving of a teetotum. Laugh an unmirthful laugh or smile with a sad torture of the lips, quote Gordon; puff away a cloud of smoke.

The mention of Gordon is a suggestion of the intense hold which this apostle of a stoical pessimism has established in the back blocks. I might speak of one long night drive from Topar Station, near Broken Hill, towards Wilcannia, in the height of a summer of drought. The buggy swung along over the private road and the balsam and turpentine sent up in the still warm air faint clinging scents of woody gums. And while my companion on the right slept, the driver, one of an old pioneering family of the Lachlan and a big broad shouldered genial Australian, recited to the roll of the wheels all night the sad poetry of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Still in my ears ring the inflexions of that fine, manly, deep-chested voice, as it rose and fell in the rhythm of those proud melancholy octaves of the farewell to his sister, the pathos of "The Sick Stockrider," the fire of "How we beat the Favorite." I have long understood. I have seen the life of the West and know its inhabitants and the fascination of that sadness tinged with cynicism, as of a great soul dragged metaphorically at the chariot wheels of Fate, explains itself to me. In my mind it connects itself with the character of our landscapes. For a man who has lived in that powerful strange scenery and climate cannot forget that Nature has him always by the throat. The clouds may drop fatness and the earth clothe itself with fruitful loveliness. But it is only an interlude. To-morrow may begin months of drought, when all his bitter toil shall not avail to save him.

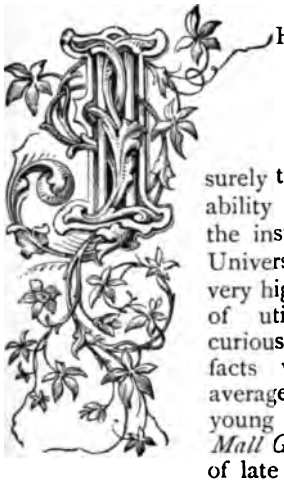
And in his plain death lurks and loiters and dogs him from bush to bush. The stumbling of his horse, a sudden faintness, to have forgotten his water-bag, may send him naked and mad to die. Mankind has no care for him, and at length life assumes a new character. The present is bad and the future has nothing better; it is a pitiful affair, and a man's point of honor is to bear the infliction without whining, to help any other poor devil at his need, to take whatever alleviation there may be in pleasure or riot, to treat the whole thing as a fable agreed upon. The cook, or the boundary-rider, or groom or drover, as he pulls out a thumbed copy of Gordon, does not perchance formulate the position. But this is the idea of life he has formed, and because Gordon's is the imaginative and the powerful presentment of this common idea Gordon is his *sacer vates*. Ask at the book-sellers' shops in the country towns what volume of the poets they sell most copies of and the invariable reply is Gordon; in fact they read only Gordon in the bush, and they understand him. At the squatter's table miss a word in one of the favorite's poems and three or four big, powerful fellows will recite the stanza to set you right; and it is the same in the men's hut.

The bushman has his full share of all the homely virtues. He may be stolidly indifferent about the correct text of the Bible, about confessions of faith or forms of doctrine, but he will share his last pannikin of flour, his last draught of water. He has, the best specimen, a proud disdain of a meanness; chary of asking favors, he needs no asking to bestow them; touch his sympathies and you may command him for all he has; towards a sick mate his constancy and frank comradeship are most genuine. He is a queer composite. He will lay down his work to take charge of his sick mate into the nearest hospital, and until he sees him there he is full of kind offices and tenderness; afterwards he will get on the spree, plunge into a foul orgy as far as his means go, and then slink out of town to the station. His language is like himself in that it is a queer compound of unlike elements. Catch-words out of music hall or Christy Minstrel songs, gags out of opera-bouffe, patter, cant terms, queer verbal mosaics of profanity and indecency, bits of aboriginal phrases, technical terms of the most bizarre perversions of meaning, phrases from the card table and the miner's camp, and novel inventions from the stations, English and American and Australian slang—all this in a mass makes English as it is spoken (for this is never written) in the West one of the most expressive and picturesque of *argôts* for those who understand it, one of the most incomprehensible and topsy-turvy for those who do not. Agreeably to his fatalist philosophy he has a dozen jocose or indifferent phrases for death. It is to "peg out," a term from cribbage; to "hand in his checks," from Bret Harte; to "turn up his toes," to "croak," and so forth. A "goat" is his last term of contemptuous disgust. His synonym for a pompous or over-zealous person is such a bit of characteristic blasphemy that I must not write it down He has further a vocabulary of expletives and interjections, unmeaning in the sense of having no definite meaning for the words as such, though the phrase means something to him and his mates. His curses in due form are another branch of this language, and they have a racy flavor of their own in some instances, though it is impossible to deny that more frequently they are just stupid brutality and profanity. Anyhow, there he stands, the typical bushman, the one unique type that Australia has yet produced, and the analogue of whom at his best and his worst I do not suppose is to be found on earth.

THE GOVERNMENT OF UNIVERSITIES.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD JENKS.

[It should be borne in mind that this article was written at the beginning of April of this year.]



IF the vitality of an institution, and its power of reproduction, be any tests (as surely they are) of its suitability to human needs, the institutions known as Universities may claim very high rank in the scale of utility. With that curious indifference to facts which marks the average leader-writer, the young lions of the *Pall Mall Gazette* have indeed of late declared that universities are exploded notions, mere anomalous relics of mediævalism. And yet, in spite of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is there anything more striking in the history of education than the modern growth and increase of universities? Not only do the old universities of the world, the universities of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Spain, China, still survive the wear of ages, but around them have sprung up a whole host of newer universities, in America, Canada, India, Japan, and Australia. America surely is not a slave in the fetters of mediævalism, and yet look at her almost countless universities, from Harvard and Johns, Hopkins and Yale downwards. When the awakening conscience of England led her to repent of her injustices towards her Catholic Irish and her Mahommedan Hindoo subjects, did she not, in her repentance, create universities for them, as one of the best atonements she could make? And have we not seen, here in these southern seas, the birth and wondrous growth of four great universities, in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and New Zealand, holding in some cases the key to the great lay professions, and in all cases (what is far more important), the key to the higher education of the community? Communities like those of Australasia, composed, for the most part, of keen business men, are not likely to have spent hundreds of thousands on a mediæval superstition.

But perhaps the most triumphant proof of the soundness of the university principle is to be found in the remarkable way in which the old universities of England have adapted themselves to the wants of the new age. These universities are doubtless very different from the Oxford in which Vacarius or Roger Bacon taught, from the little school at Grantebrigge, which the French monks from the old Crowland Abbey of St. Guthlac founded some seven hundred years ago, and from the Cambridge in which Erasmus lectured, yet they are the same institutions still. On the one side is all the old glamor and romance, which one feels as he paces the garden walks at Magdalen, or idles on the tiny river under Newton's Bridge, or listens to the great organ notes dying away in the soaring roof of King's chapel. But then let him go down into East London, or up to Tyneside, and note this great room full of clerks and artisans and miners listening to the wonders of history or literature or science, and see them crowd around the lecturer with eager question when he has ceased to speak. Not only is the lecturer an university man (that goes almost without saying), but he is sent to this particular place, and set to lecture on this particular subject, by an university, which also guarantees to his audience the soundness of his teaching. Worthy of all respect are the sayings, not of the young men of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but of men of genius, who have declared that for them universities were of no avail. "Universities," says Emerson, "are, of course, hostile to geniuses." Be it so, men of genius need no help from others. But average humanity, even they who are "no fools," will not disdain the help of experience and companionship. As face answereth to face in a glass, so will one soul catch the sacred spark from another; teacher and scholar from scholar and teacher. Above all, as an instrument for *popular* teaching, an university cannot be surpassed.

If I am right in my belief in the importance of universities, the government of universities must be a matter of some interest. For though bad government cannot destroy an university, if the real vitality be there, it can much hinder its work. And, on the other hand, good government can greatly aid it.

There are, practically, three ways by which

an university may be governed. It may be treated as a department of state, and ruled by government officials, as, I believe, are the universities of Germany, and as are, certainly, the universities of British India. Or, again, it may be self-governed, as are the great English universities (older, practically, than the State itself), where the members of the university and its colleges elect their own officials from among those actually engaged in the work of teaching. This form of government, which, I believe, also prevails in the Scotch universities, is natural where the endowments of the university are of a private character, and are not derived from the State. Finally, an university may be governed by an intermediate body, acting as a buffer between it and the State, receiving endowments from the State and expending them on the university. This is practically the way with Australian universities. The members of the governing bodies may now be elected by the graduates of the university, but they were originally Government nominees, and they, in effect, retain that character still. They are not appointed for their learning or their distinction in the world of letters, but for their presumed business capacities and the public confidence which they are expected to inspire.

It is of this last method of government that I propose specially to speak, and I shall naturally speak most fully of the case of the university to which I am at present attached, and of which I know most, the University of Melbourne.

Nothing has struck me more forcibly in this connection than the light-hearted way in which persons of no particular qualifications accept the responsibilities of University government. A middle aged barrister, for example, who has risen by plodding industry to a respectable position in his profession, will confidently conclude that because he can cross-examine witnesses and befog juries, he can therefore govern an university. When he comes to the council table, he naturally brings the spirit of the average barrister, with its many defects, to bear upon the university concerns. He treats teachers and students (especially the former, because they are more conspicuous) as witnesses who will tell lies if they can, whose statements are all made with some underhand motive. He looks upon the statutes and rules of the University as he looks at Acts of Parliament in court, to be construed in manner suitable to his own views, and to be evaded where they are hopelessly against his views. The natural result is friction, and great harm to that cordiality which is the essence of an university spirit.

Now I would suggest, that for a man successfully to approach the Government of an University, he must know something of the nature of government, and something of the nature of universities. This appears to me a truism, but it cannot be a truism, for it is systematically violated.

Strange to say, it seems to be thought that the art of government is one which comes by instinct, with the acquisition of a certain amount of income. And yet it is not really so. There are certain laws of government which must be observed, or your government will be a failure. The knowledge of these laws is not the prerogative of the rich. It is acquired, like other kinds of knowledge, by patient observation and experience, although, of course, some men acquire it far more quickly than others, whilst there are some men who can never acquire it at all. It would obviously be beyond my present scope to attempt a complete statement even of the elementary rules of government, but I may illustrate my assertion.

It is one of the fundamental rules of government that you must not govern too much. Take the simplest case. Who is the successful mistress of household servants? Not the woman who is for ever meddling with the details of household work, pulling the covers off canisters, and opening drawers and cupboards. Still less the woman who shews her servants that she suspects their characters. All servants hate this. Good servants, who know their own value, will not stand it.

The case is far stronger when you have to deal, not with servants, but with officials of position and repute, who cannot be dismissed at pleasure, who are really more independent and secure in their posts than the members of the governing body itself. There appears to be an extraordinary idea prevailing in the Council of the University of Melbourne, to the effect that the professors and lecturers are servants of the Council. The Council has allowed its official, the Registrar, to state this view in print, in a document which, with questionable taste, it handed to the representatives of the teaching body. No idea could be less justified by the facts. The statutes of the University themselves clearly shew its fallacy. By Chapter III of those statutes the President of the Professorial Board (necessarily a professor) is bound to regulate the duties of the porters *and servants* of the University, and has power to punish them by fine or removal. Is it to be supposed

that under this clause the President has power to dismiss a professor or lecturer? Happily the Council has formally pronounced against this view. A short time ago a professor dismissed a youth employed as an attendant in his laboratory at a monthly wage, for notorious and repeated misbehavior. The justice of the case was so clear that the youth himself made no protest, and quietly took himself off. But the Council reprimanded the professor on the ground that the youth in question was *not a servant, but an officer* of the university. To reconcile the two claims of the Council we have to conclude that the professor, who is selected with great ceremony by high authorities in England, placed at the head of a department, and paid a high stipend occupies a position inferior to that of his own assistant.

There is only one shadow on which the claim of the Council, that the teachers of the university are its servants, can possibly rest. This is, of course, that the stipends which, by virtue of their appointments, the teachers are entitled to receive, are paid through the hands of the Council. But does the money come out of the pockets of the members of the Council? Does not every one know that it comes partly from Government, that is, from the community at large, and partly from the fees of the students, that is from certain members of the community. One might as well say that the teachers are servants of the Bank of Victoria, because their cheques are drawn upon it, and their money is paid through it. Servants of the university, or of the community, the teachers, I trust, are proud to be. But the Council is not the university, nor is it the community.

But, after all, it matters very little what the Council call the teachers, except that the latter, who have, most of them, been teachers in European universities, and have there been treated as honorable men, naturally feel hurt by a change of system in which they are treated more or less as suspects. It does, however, make a great difference, both to their position and the success of the university when the Council irregularly encroaches on the duties expressly committed to the teaching staff by the university statutes, and formally undertaken by them when they accepted their appointments. Yet such is the action of the Council. I will give two instances. One is the case of the statute from which I quoted just now. Not only does the Council continually violate the spirit of that statute by entertaining matters of discipline which are by it committed to the President of the Professional Board, but it has deliberately refused to recognise the validity of the 6th section, which empowers the President to regulate the duties of the porters and servants of the University, and punish them by fine or removal. The case previously alluded to is, possibly, open to doubt on this head, but there have been other cases which have not been open to doubt.

The other instance occurs on that section of Chapter XI of the university statutes which is concerned with the granting of *ad eundem* degrees. By that statute, "Persons who have been admitted to Degrees in any University recognised by the University of Melbourne, *and who shall produce evidence of the same satisfactory to the Professorial Board*, may be admitted to equivalent degrees in the University of Melbourne." Surely this is clear enough. The actual conferring of the degree is performed by the Council, according to the express provisions of the University Act. But the question of being entitled or not to the degree is a technical question, often of great difficulty, which is naturally committed to the chief body of technical experts in the University. Yet a few weeks ago, without the bare courtesy of an explanation to the body whose duties were thus to be taken away, the Council suddenly passed the following resolution:—

> That if any applications be made for admission *ad eundem gradum* they be referred at once to the Council *for decision*.

Upon being requested by the Professorial Board to explain whether it really intended to violate the express provisions of the statute, the Council seems to have seen that it had gone too far, for it passed the following "explanatory" resolution:—

> That the Council only desires that the Registrar will, immediately any application is made for admission *ad eundem gradum, inform the Council thereof.*

If any one can reconcile these two resolutions he must possess the ingenuity of a Sterne.

In fact the Council has fallen into the mistake which has ruined so many governing bodies, which made the Long Parliament, for example, with all its virtues, an abomination in the eyes of the people. It interferes too much, and irritates everybody.

A second elementary principle of government is surely this—that if the members of a governing body wish to ensure the faithful discharge of duties by their officials they must set the example of doing their own duties. One would have thought that a body which was eager to encroach on the functions of others would quite certainly perform its own un-

doubted functions. Yet is this so with the Council of the University of Melbourne? I will quote two cases.

The conferring of degrees is surely one of the prime duties of the Council. It is not an arduous duty, for it only necessitates the attendance of members a few times a year. Yet on the last occasion fixed for the conferring of degrees it was actually not possible to confer degrees legally, because the necessary quorum of six out of the twenty members of Council was not present. And this has happened before, more than once.

Again, by the statutes of the university, the professional Faculties of Law, Medicine, and Engineering, are composed partly of the teachers in those Faculties and partly of those members of the Council who are of the professions which they represent, and of the training for which they have charge. Membership of a Faculty presumably implies the duty of attending the meetings of the Faculty. I will take the case of the Faculty of Law, of which I am a member. The Faculty comprises twelve members, of whom seven are members of Council, and five are teachers. But as one of the members of Council has been absent on leave for the whole time of which I speak, the members of Council on the Faculty have practically been only six. The Faculty has held six meetings since my arrival in the colony a year ago. Thus it will be obvious that the maximum possible number of attendances has been:

Of the Council members ...	36
Of the teaching members ...	30

The actual attendances have been as follows:

Of the Council members ...	6
Of the teaching members ...	22

Two of the Council members have not attended on a single occasion. A third has attended once.

This is no mere theoretical grievance. It has very practical results, sometimes amusing, but too often serious. The practical result is that when the outcome of the faculty's deliberations is laid before the Council, the members of the Council are wholly ignorant of the reasons and arguments which have led to it. Some months ago, in my capacity of Dean of Faculty, I sent to the Council a carefully prepared scheme, which had been previously considered by the Faculty, for the reform of a certain branch of study. In my letter I offered to attend before the Council and explain the reasons which had led to the passing of the scheme by the Faculty. My letter was not answered, but naturally the Council desired some explanation of the scheme it was asked to sanction. The explanation was given by a member who had *not* been present at the framing, had, in fact, never attended a Faculty meeting since my arrival. The Council passed the scheme, but the "explanation" given was so exceedingly funny that any student who read the report of it must have wondered at the plans designed for his benefit.

Unfortunately, however, the results are sometimes very serious. On the 5th September, 1889, the Faculty of Law drew up a scheme of subjects and books for a certain examination to be held at the end of February of this present year. Two days later the scheme was forwarded to the Council, and a copy handed to the Registrar to be posted on the university screens. On the *28th* of *October*, the matter engaged the attention of the Council, and the same irrepressible and imaginative member complained loudly that there had been great neglect of duty in leaving the announcement so long. He was totally unaware, and quite surprised to hear, that the scheme had been published some seven weeks before he heard of it. But of course his complaint was published in the newspapers, and gave the impression that there had been neglect of duty by the teachers.

As a third and last elementary principle of government which I will notice, stands the rule that a government must not only be absolutely impartial, but must avoid all suspicion of partiality. Now on two recent occasions the Council of the University of Melbourne has strikingly violated the latter part of that principle. Two valuable appointments have been vacant in the teaching staff. In the first case, quite voluntarily, the Council appointed a sub-committee to discuss the applications for the post with the professor in whose department the new teacher was to work, as an expert adviser. The professor advised most strongly in favor of a particular candidate, as being by far the best qualified. The sub-committee urged the professor to recommend two candidates, in order that the Council might appear to have a choice. Thus pressed, the professor consented to report two names, but explained very clearly that he only did so by the wish of the sub-committee, and that he had no doubt that his first recommendation was by far the best, and that he wished the Council to be made aware of that fact. Whether his wish was complied with is best known to the members of the sub-committee. But it is certain that the second candidate

was chosen, and that no explanation whatever was given to the professor for this almost contemptuous disregard of his advice. And the unpleasant point was, that the man actually appointed was the son of a prominent member of the Council. Of course there were no interested motives, but the action gave the enemy an occasion to blaspheme.

The second appointment was a still stronger violation of the spirit of the statutes. This time one of the three Faculties had an express statutory right to recommend for the appointment. The matter was referred to the Faculty, and a formal meeting of that body was duly called and held to consider it At that meeting all the teaching members, except one (absent in Tasmania) attended, but no members of Council. After long and very careful consideration, the meeting unanimously agreed to recommend three names for selection. The matter came before the Council in due course, and the Council took the extraordinary step of disregarding altogether the recommendation of the Faculty, and voting as if no such recommendation existed, *on the ground that no members of the Council were present at the Faculty meeting.* This reminds one of the celebrated plea of the man who murdered his father and mother, and then begged for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan. And, seriously, this method of exercising patronage savors more of the days of George III than of the days of Public Service Acts.

I think I have shewn that an University Council does not always understand, or at least appear to understand, the nature of government. Now I must add a few words about the nature of an university.

I think I shall be safe in saying that the prime objects of an university are the acquisition, imparting, and testing of knowledge. These are its very *raisons d'etre*, and without some attempt at them it would cease to be an university. Next to them come the promotion of social intercourse and friendships, physical training and development, and the polish of manners, all which, with the aforesaid acquisition of knowledge, go to make up what we call a "liberal education," as distinguished from a merely technical education. Quite subordinate to all these comes the business side of an university, very important, even essential, if you like, to its due working, just as the eating of one's dinner is essential to the important work of one's life, though quite subordinate, in itself, to that important work. The glory of an university is not the state of its accounts, nor even the size and perfection of its buildings, but the quality of the teachers whom it attracts and the students whom it produces. When a visitor goes to Oxford, or Cambridge, or Leyden, he does not dream of asking who keeps the accounts and signs the building contracts. If he goes to Oxford he looks for the learned author of *The History of the Norman Conquest*, or the wise and witty author of *Alice in Wonderland*. If he visits Cambridge he asks to be shewn Sir Gabriel Stokes, the President of the Royal Society, or Professor Jebb, the greatest Greek scholar of his day in England or the mulberry tree under which Milton sat. At Leyden, it is the portraits of Salmasius and Boerhäave, and the clever crayon sketches by the students, which interest him. And if he is told that Stokes or Salmasius is or was a member of his University Council, he is not the least interested in that side of his character. And, to take a still closer example, the University of Melbourne is known in the larger world of European thought only by the reputation of its teachers, of such men (to name only those who have passed away), as the late Dr. Hearn or the late Professor Wilson, not in the least by the reputation of its Councillors. These gentlemen may be of considerable local importance, but, outside the little world of Victoria, they are, for the most part, utterly unknown.

But it is necessary also to point out that an university is a very delicate piece of mechanism, which requires a very special training to understand it. The wide and varied interest involved, the idiosyncrasies of a large number of men of great intellectual ability, who have earned the right to have their views respectfully considered, the intricacy and technical character of the arrangements which have to be made, all preclude the possibility of government by a body of non-specialists, especially by a body which deliberately cuts itself off from contact with the only persons really capable of assisting it. The study of universities, like any other study, requires time and patience. The comprehension of an university comes almost by instinct to men who have lived for years in the atmosphere of universities, but to the outsider it is a matter of great difficulty. What would an ordinary individual, for instance, make of an University Calendar? It is a mere riddle to him. Yet the expert can find in it at once all the information he requires. You cannot, in fine, govern an university as you would govern a jam factory, by a mere system of hard and fast rules, backed up by close *surveillance.*

But there is one other thing I should like to point out concerning the nature of an University. Some institutions can do a certain amount of work in a bad humor. A ship can be handled by a discontented crew, a business can be carried on by a grumbling staff of clerks, though with impaired efficiency. Not so an university. If there is a want of cordiality amongst its members it may as well stop the pretence of work at once. The vitally-important relations between teacher and taught, the absolute honesty and serenity of the intellect which are essential to sound teaching, the harmony of the parts without which no good general results can be produced, cannot be commanded by any amount of threats or regulations. Honestly I can say that I believe the tendency of University life, with all its drawbacks and pettinesses, to be in the main ennobling. The constant influence of a great institution, founded for a noble purpose, the neighborhood of great buildings and beautiful associations, the permanence amongst surrounding change of a venerable foundation, all tend to elevate the mind. It is easy to sneer at the small weaknesses of the college don, but I have known not merely one but many college dons make sacrifices for the good of their colleges and University which the man of the world would have considered as merely Quixotic. I have known a case in which all the fellows of a college (save one) voluntarily renounced four-fifths of their legally-guaranteed incomes rather than that the work of the college should be impaired. And instances of personal liberality to individual students on the part of college dons (who are very rarely rich men) are familiar to everyone who has had any experience, at least of English Universities. It is this kind of spirit—the University spirit in its best sense—which it should be the prime aim of University Government to develop.

To sum up this long paper, it seems to me that the Councils of Australian Universities ought to choose between one of two courses. Seeing that the art of government is a very difficult art, and the art of University Government a specially difficult branch of it, they ought either to qualify themselves by special knowledge for the task, or to delegate the task to others better qualified to perform it.

The first course they can practically only accomplish by admitting to their membership men of special qualifications. They have these men ready to hand, chosen by themselves, presumably with the utmost care, from a large choice of candidates. These men have passed their lives in University work, many of them have been previously engaged in the government of universities beside which the Australian universities are things of yesterday, and whose numbers and material endowments dwarf those of Australian universities into comparative nothingness. It can hardly be pretended that these men are not, socially and intellectually, fitted to share in the deliberations of the Councils. The argument that they are not familiar with local difficulties can hardly avail, for no one desires that they should form more than a small section of the Councils, whose other members would amply supply the local knowledge. The cry that has been raised against "interested experts" seems to me to be the outcome of petty jealousy, and, if I may be allowed to say so, to savor rather of the narrow-mindedness of the parish vestryman than of the spirit which should distinguish public men. Of course we want interested experts, both because they are interested and because they are experts. It is the ruin of an university to be in the hands of men who care little for it, and who cannot spare time sufficient to know much about it. And surely, on the ordinary principles of free government, which we in Australia think we know something about, the teachers in an University should be represented on the governing body by delegates of their own choosing. For their own sakes they will send their best men, and see that they do their work. It seems to me that an University Council in Australia should consist of three distinct sections, one nominated by the State, as representing the community from whom so much of the funds are derived, one elected by the Senate, the general body of senior graduates, and one elected by the teachers, including professors, lecturers, demonstrators, and, possibly, examiners. The exact numbers are not very important, but three State nominees and three teachers, with six elective representatives of the graduates would form a good workable body.

If, however, the difficulties in the way of amalgamation are insuperable, the councils ought to take the reasonable and dignified alternative. Let them act as constitutional monarchs, keeping a general watch on the machine, but acting for the most part on the advice of their statutory advisers, the teaching boards, and interfering only in case of genuine necessity. This course the councils are eminently qualified to take. They are composed largely of men of the world, busy with their special avocations, but presumably capable of judging of results. They have to

statutory powers which enable them, if action is really needed, to act decisively and without fear of resistance. But they have neither the leisure nor the qualifications to perform in detail the business of University management. A lamentable instance of the truth of this assertion is to be found in the course of action recently adopted by the Council of the University of Melbourne. Urged, apparently, by two or three pertinacious members, whose minds would seem to be haunted by perpetual suspicion of bad motives, it has plunged into a system of petty persecution which is doing infinite harm to the University and is ruining its own prestige. The results prove to demonstration the truth of my thesis, that a non-specialist body cannot do the detail work of University management. Already its members are complaining that the monthly meetings of the Council have become weekly meetings, and yet the arrears are great. But there is no need to argue for the failure of the Council, for it has confessed its own failure already, by asking that the duties which it now performs shall be transferred, not to its natural and proper advisers, whose services are already paid for by the community, but to a new and costly official, powers which were never intended to b never ought to be vested in any single i dual. The provost scheme is now so lessly defunct, that it is hardly worth to allude to it. But it is good to remin friends and well-wishers of the Univers Melbourne that there are still one o Members of Council who cherish a sc which, if carried out, would not only pu community to great and unnecessary exp but would make the University a laug stock in the eyes of the educated world, w in fact, put an end to its existence as an versity altogether. A great public sch might be, but, as I have explained elsew a public school and an University are tw different things, and one cannot perfor functions of the other. By all means have public schools, but let us have unive also. The principle of self governme worth fighting for, in education as well politics, and just so far as the Univ Councils in Australia realise and wisely a that truth, so far will they do their duty great institutions with which they are nected.

WHY IS THERE A WOMAN QUESTION?

BY ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

[An arrangement that I should contribute to the present number of THE CENTENNIAL an article entitled "The Australian under Criticism," was frustrated by illness. It is, however, in preparation for a later number. Meanwhile the following paper,* the only bit of fresh unpublished writing I had in readiness, has been offered and accepted in its stead.]

IN preparing this paper my difficulty has been to decide at what point it would be most useful for me to touch—in the brief time allotted—a question so significant, in fact so pivotal in its relation and application to all questions of race and individual progress, so much discussed and yet so little thoroughly and honestly thought out, as the "Woman Question."

I finally decided, first, not to waste time in dealing with those hackneyed objections to woman's use of the vote which have formed part of the insult to human intelligence, characterising the whole situation as regards the political rights of women. I mean that class of objections expressed commonly in such queries as: Who will rock the cradle? Who will sew on our buttons? Will the mutton and the pudding appear in due season and condition? Will not women become unfeminine and defiled if they mix in the mire of politics? They being obviously in no danger of contamination from the most constant and intimate association with the miry politicians themselves. Will not homes disappear and sex itself vanish into masculine or neuter gender? God and Nature having been unequal to the task of firmly establishing the sex principle! and so on to the end of a very long list of objections, all charged with concern for the personal privilege, comfort, and pleasure of men, with the subordination of women and the personal interests of women, as a highly favorable basis thereto. And all, without regard to any of the vital permanent issues involving the well-being of both sexes—nor taking into account the enormous loss and other injury involved to the best development of male mankind—selfishness being stone-blind to true self-interest.

It is a remarkable, and it certainly has been a most maleficent fact, that this class of objections has actually had a long career wherever this question has been agitated—and one by no means ended—as a formidable obstruction to the just claim of women to their right to take part in the whole work, share in the whole opportunity, and have voice in the whole judgment of the world—a just claim *by virtue of precisely the same laws and logic on which men base their claim to such rights.*

For intense selfishness, literally brutal ignorance and immeasurable egotism, such opposition to claims requiring only to be adequately considered to be seen in their convincing clarity, has not, in my opinion, been matched in any other field of debate.

Let me earnestly deprecate being misunderstood in my use of words so severe. In trying to solve a problem we are bound to try to see it, not as we would like to see it, not as others see it, not as others would be pleased to have us see it, but as it actually is, and we are bound to deal with it not only with reference to its own constitution as a problem, but with unflinchingly conscientious reference to our part in its having become such a problem, and to our duty in the matter of its right solution. This means real and lucid thinking, plain and exact speaking, consistent, persistent and courageous doing.

By this standard I hold in using such scathing words, and let me not be misjudged as liking to speak them or as being able to speak them without genuine regret. Rather let me be rightly understood as saying them because they are *true* and *must* be said in any genuinely radical and comprehensive treatment of this subject. It cannot be denied that to shape and to restrict the development of a whole race in accordance with the arbitrary requirements of the *assumed* not authentic supremacy of one part only thereof is not only concrete egotism and self-defrauding selfishness, but is brutal ignorance in the exact sense that the so-called brute part of creation is ignorant of what is needed for the best being and doing of the human race.

I resolved also not to give time in this instance to special consideration of the purely political aspects of the question as an outcome of woman suffrage, nor to accounts of what I have seen of the woman suffrage agitation and its results in the social centres of the different countries I have visited, and

* Delivered before the Australian Woman Suffrage Society, on the occasion of its annual convention, December, 1889.

in the various conferences and congresses held in them, though I think time could be so spent with profit and pleasure, but to treat this question from the large all-significant point of why it is a question at all, and how far its right settlement rests in our hands, irrespective of man's neutrality, opposition, or co-operation.

Why is there a Woman Question? First, because progress towards human civilisation started on the basis of the *assumption* of male superiority, so that the evolution of the race has been incalculably modified by this misconception of the original design, *i.e.*, the word and the idea of *male* man, not female man and male man, or humanity, is the basic idea and basic term which is responsible for what we have done, the *motif* and manner of our doing it, for what we have failed to do, for what we have been and what we have failed of becoming, until this present day.

That we are, either as woman or man, in any respects other and better than would be the natural outcome of such fundamental error, is due, I think, to what I may term the central principle of original design, the principle of absolute essential truth, which, whether we know it for truth or not, does assuredly and deathlessly exist, steadily contesting the way with error, and simply by being truth constitutes the perpetual and ultimately triumphing force in the interests of all truth as against all error, which latter, also, simply by being error, must, whatever its temporary victories and gains, perpetually recede and ultimately disappear.

As to how we came by that idea of male supremacy which caused our false start and devious partial progress—if antiquity should weigh as it is allowed to do in so many things—we do not find any definite indication, any conclusive dicta, as to its actuality or its justice in the oldest Book of all—the only text not susceptible of being tampered with by the most bigoted Diet of Worms or of revision by the cleverest Council of Nice—Book older than Eden, older than all other made or revealed religions—Geology! But even were it not so the oldest and fullest-discovered geological records would still, in the matter of our beginning and first bias, have to be accounted but recent and incomplete data, while wanting the illuminating context of geological strata not yet upheaved, to say nothing of the portents of that unimaginable time when the vital principles of the Universe were slumbering towards their quickening within formless void.

But we have the story of Eden, the doctrines of St. Paul and his disciples and following up to this date; we have literature sacred and profane; and I will forbear to point the discrimination here too closely—a literature which is saturated through and through with the assumption and the inferences of male superiority, which carries the masculine personal pronouns as thickly and saliently as the porcupine his quills; and we have well-nigh innumerable myths, traditions, fables, philosophies and religions, and the aggregate nebulæ of ideas springing from all these agencies and influences has slowly crystallised into—male deity, male law, male government, male theology, male social, moral and political codes insuring male privilege and male immunity—the substratum, female subjection—the result, race deterioration.

For notwithstanding the great intellectual development of the race, indeed most emphatically by the light of this intellectual advance do we see, if we honestly investigate, that what is called our moral progress is, when tested by proportionate estimate of our whole progress, virtual retrogression, and that this virtual retrogression, most incontestibly caused by the long effectuation of the male supremacy idea, is composed of a strange balance which, despite all external show of most various progress or single intrinsically-transcendant achievements, has brought men lower and operated to raise women higher than their previous respective levels in the moral and intellectual scale. The virtual retrogression is seen in the fact that the gain, such as it is, on our side is gain at awful cost—the cost of male deterioration which has resulted because it *must result* from the radically-inequitable condition of male domination and female subjection, into which the normal primal equality in race membership has been perverted; for the slave who is wronged from without gets the notion of freedom and aspiration for it from the deprivation of it, and is inspired to strive for it, and grows by the striving into fitness for it, while the tyrant sins from within and first against himself in working wrong to another, and thereby destroys his power to discern or yearn after true freedom for self or for the race. Hence we have seen, and we see, large masses of men satisfied at best to wordily deplore a condition of things to which women are more and more sensitively alive, and concerning which they are more and more resolutely taking action, rescuing and preserving their self-respect through much heavy experience at a cost, not to their ideals of manliness, for women will never relinquish these, but to their estimate of men in the present, which men can ill afford to pay. Equally

evident is it that our own advance as women has been gained with the made, not natural, difficulty of the imposition of false conditions, and that in quality, extent and kind it falls immeasurably short of what it should or might be, and of what it will be when men who have not yet repudiated their vulgar inheritance of the idea of male supremacy, and women who have inherited the race-curse of female subservience thereto, can be brought—the one to see the *profound unmanliness* of obstructing or repressing the development of womanhood and the superlative impertinence of presuming to judge, portion out, restrict or define that development for her; and the woman to realise the really despicable weakness and immorality of submitting to anything not imposed on her by her own highest aspirations and capacities, or in failing to attain to and to perform what these clearly do impose.

Why is there a Woman Question? Because there is such a thing as human aspiration as a healthy, intense and cumulative dissatisfaction with things as they have been and are; because there are men and women, in numbers daily increasing, who see that the things and results best worth living for are wanting, and must be wanting, to the experience of woman and man and the race so long as the mothers of the race—inevitably the determinators of race progress—do not have life's complete opportunity and the enfranchisement of entire freedom of election and selection therein. Indeed it is of far greater importance to the race that women should be set absolutely free than that men should be so; that the cordons and barricades should be taken down, doors and gates unlocked and set wide open before her that she may enter into the complete knowledge which must underlie complete power to purely conceive, justly apply and adequately effectuate principles upon which alone a sane and happy social system can be founded and perpetuated; that she may in the two directions of detecting and conquering evil and recognising and upholding good exercise to the full the forces of enlightened womanhood and sovereign motherhood. But starting as we did with the male supremacy idea, we were bound to have what we have had—male egotism and male domination—and these in their turn were bound to result, by that counter-action of truth and error previously pointed out, in the Woman Question, destined to prove the most inconsistent, conclusive and finally victorious as it is the most essential and righteous movement marking out, and indeed making, the progress of our race.

Women have had some rights which have never been disputed. We may be born, we may give birth, we may suffer, we may carry on labor—particularly unremunerative labor—in all sorts of directions to the limits of exhaustion, we may come under all legal penalties, all legal disabilities, and we may die. In so far as these and similar chivalrous concessions go we have no case to urge.

But we are not satisfied with these. We want everything because we need everything. We want every good thing this life can be made to yield, and we do not want, nor do we intend to take, man's word as to what the real good of this life is; we mean to discover it for ourselves. Above all we want to qualify ourselves for our real and awful responsibility in the matter of forever ridding the race whose generations we produce of the heritage of ghastly evils and miseries resulting from our immemorial subjection and consequent fatal degradation, ignorance and inaction. To this end we need, and mean with our best intelligence, to use all available honest and decent means and methods to gain complete personal and citizen rights.

When we have got these—and we shall get them—we mean to help up the race which has been bound down in our bondage. We mean to frame and teach a true code of human morals, which shall make personal purity, and especially male sexual purity, an absolute qualification to the suffrages of women, as sweethearts, wives and mothers; so that if the keenest intuition, observation, experience and care of the good and true of both sexes can accomplish it, it shall be no longer possible for women of pure character and noble lives to have to pass a great portion of those lives in secret struggle with vile, abnormal passions, utterly alien to them yet bequeathed to their very veins by shameless fathers, nor be forced to in their turn pass on such misery to the innocent; it shall no longer be possible for woman's right to the sacredness of her person to be invaded.

Now owing to the lax male code the most pure and devoted wife may, quite unknown to herself, be subjected by her husband to invisible, but not less actual, contact and association with women who do not hold their persons sacred.

When women come into their kingdom, not only by the fireside with the husband and father, but on the throne of government as thinking, acting and fully-empowered co-operators with thinking and acting men, then will the dominion of sensuality be over and the first true reign of love begin That this will not be *before* is not because there are no wicked, base, cruel and weak women; not

because there are no noble, true and pure men; not because man is naturally any more brute than woman, or woman naturally any more angel than man; it is because the equality of the sexes is the only right basis for human development, and because this equality can be established only by the most complete and perfect conditions for the development of womanhood. Sex equality thus founded will first bring to the minds of men the true significance and life-preserving mission of love's divine passion as set over against the race-destroying damnation of selfish lust. It is women alone who have suffered in their persons and individualities such outrages, more or less ignorantly inflicted, as must have one of two results—either to crush out of us all perceptive and aspirational, and therefore all regenerative, power, or to qualify us by agony's utmost knowledge and the strength that comes of such knowledge if it be worthily survived to recognise and assert our supreme right—supreme over all other human rights—the right of the mother to guard and decide the future of the race so far as her part in its perpetuation is concerned.

While working in the open field of public debate and organisation for the political enfranchisement of woman, there is another field where the right settlement of the whole woman or human question is to a certain and very great extent in our own hands, as much so indeed as is possible under the disabling conditions of our present social and political status, the field of home, the conditions of family life. There the boys and girls are ours for a period long enough to enable us to almost absolutely determine what they shall be as women and men if only we carry out our first responsibility of fitting ourselves for the work, and then are loving enough and resolute enough.

We can, and we must, make home education identical by making it interchangeable; by teaching the girls not only what they need to know for their own personal sakes, but the plays, the games, the tasks and the tastes hitherto arbitrarily, not rationally, supposed to be peculiar to the natures and requirement of boys; by teaching boys not only what they are usually taught, but to sew, knit, sweep a room, make a bed, cook, wash dishes, &c., &c., so that they too may know by the actual doing of it the sort of service and the worth of the services generally rendered to them by girls, and later by wives and maid servants, and which in no other way can they properly appreciate; and also that they may learn that anything too disagreeable or menial for them to do is too disagreeable and menial for the little sister to do, and so that both may learn that nothing requiring to be done is unfit service for *either* to render to the other, as occasion and circumstance may indicate.

Thus will the girls learn the graciousness which is the first flower of true womanly self-respect recognised by the respect of others, and the boys will learn true chivalry which is the first as it is the perennial flower of manliness. In such home education unselfishness should be at every turn and upon every question the test of good breeding as of good character. The physiology of sex should be competently taught to both boys and girls as soon as they are old enough, and that is as soon as they can understand vulgar and ignorant lies about it; *then* it is that they can be safely told the truth and can *not* safely be suffered to remain in ignorance.

The respect and care due to the body, to each and all of its organs and functions, should be explained to them, and in a manner so instinct with deep earnestness and respect for the theme as to inspire respect in the child's innocent mind, and thus preserve it from associating this most important of all studies with the false shame or coarse curiosity which a false method or pernicious absence of any method at all has hitherto imposed. We must teach our boys and girls habits of exact thinking and truthful speaking; respect for labor of every grade and kind, no matter how humble; contempt for idleness; discrimination between position and power, and the fitness for one and the just use of the other; strict judgment of self and non-judgment of others; to render each to the other nothing less than his or her best, and to willingly accept nothing but the best. In one word, we must teach *character*, and in doing this teach both daughter and son to realise their equality and companionship in all things worth having. Then in the wide field of life outside of home they will together come to the study of politics as a moral science, and come fitted to comprehend, practice, and illustrate it. Stupidity, ignorance, littlemindedness, and folly are not the monopoly of women, and what will be the *results* of our having our complete rights is not the business of men. The whole subject is the proper study of the race. Let us get things set right in point of morals and equity, and they not only can, but inevitably will, be set right in all other respects. To this great end men should not only render every possible assistance to women in their struggle towards complete opportunity, but should remove every obstacle and hindrance whatsoever for which men are responsible.

IN TRANSGRESSION.

(From a Painting by G. P. Nerli.)

THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

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AN AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.*

NEW VERSION.

MAKER of earth and sea,
What shall we render Thee?
All things are Thine:—
Ours but from day to day
Still with one heart to pray
"God bless our land alway,
This land of Thine."

Mighty in brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nations see
Toil from the curse set free,
Labor and Liberty
One cause—and Thine.

Here let glad Plenty reign;
Here let none seek in vain
Our help and Thine—
No heart for want of friend
Fail ere the timely end,
But love for ever blend
Man's cause and Thine.

Here let Thy peace abide;
Never may strife divide
This land of Thine.
Let us united stand,
One great Australian band,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Heart and hand Thine.

Strong to defend our right,
Proud in all nations' sight,
Lowly in Thine,—
One in all noble fame,
Still be our path the same,
Onward in Freedom's name,
Upward in Thine.

J. BRUNTON STEPHENS

* The Editor of THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE desires to see what Mr. Brunton Stephens modestly terms "*An Australian National Anthem*," but which is in reality the only Australian National Anthem yet published, set to music which he now invites from local composers. The three best compositions will be printed in a subsequent issue, and the final selection left to a plebiscite.

THE NOVEL VERSUS THE PULPIT.

BY W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

A COMPLAINT very commonly heard from the clergy of all denominations is that the number of intelligent persons attending their various churches has considerably decreased of late years. But in estimating the causes of this acknowledged decrease of clerical influence upon the cultivated classes, the fact that the pulpit has a formidable rival in the "novel" should not be forgotten. That in fact much of the moral teaching once performed almost exclusively by the pulpit is now being done, in a different and perhaps more effective manner, by the various pictures of life presented (with the authors' comments) to the public by our novelists, famous and otherwise. It is important not to overlook this aspect of the novelists' function at the outset. because it at once connects our modern novels with their more dignified literary ancestors, the Greek Tragedy and the Elizabethan Play.

The object of the Greek Tragedy was to set before the educated Greek public in an artistic and delightful manner a picture of life, achieved by means of typical actions and typical characters, which should serve both to instruct the minds and purify the emotions of the audience. And this was in the main the object of the Elizabethan drama, except that part of the work of the tragedy was then being done by the pulpit and the printing press. To-day the modern stage is so much fettered by the monetary basis on which (in the absence of a state or national dramatic system) it is founded, that, instead of being ahead of the ordinary public thought in morals and the practical questions of life, it is behind it. Consequently instruction on these graver aspects is out of the question: for it confines itself to the reprobation or approval of the palpably wrong or the palpably right; and if it does criticise a foolish craze or advocate a political reform, it is only after the craze has been rendered unpopular, or the reform trumpeted abroad: for an immediate comprehension of every allusion, and an instant sympathy with every sentiment, is absolutely necessary to the requirements of the modern stage. In other words it is only "a-shutting-the-stable-door-after-the-horse-is-gone" sort of supervision which it can exercise, if indeed it exercises any at all. Therefore it is that an earnest poet like Mr. Browning says:—

> I will write no plays;
> Because the drama less sublime in this,
> Makes lower appeals, submits more menially,
> Adopts the standard of public taste
> To chalk its height on, wears a dog-chain round
> Its regal neck, and learns to carry and fetch
> The fashions of the day to please the day,
> Fawns close on pit and boxes, who clap hands
> Commending chiefly its docility
> And humor in stage tricks,—or else indeed
> Gets hissed at, howled at, stamped at like a dog,
> Or worse, we'll say.

The pulpit and the platform (or what is the same thing—the newspaper) do a great deal to instruct, the former in religion, the latter in politics; but the main part of this work of instructing and elevating the educated public, performed by tragedy and play, has devolved upon the novel.

"The modern novel converts abstract ideas into living models: it gives ideas, it strengthens faith, it preaches a higher morality than is seen in the actual world; it commands the emotions of pity, admiration and terror; it creates and keeps alive the sense of sympathy; it is the universal teacher; it is the only book which the great mass of reading mankind ever do read; it is the only way in which people can learn what other men and women are like; it redeems their lives from dulness, puts thoughts, desires, knowledge and even ambitions into their hearts; it teaches them to talk and enriches their speech with epigrams, anecdotes and illustrations. It is an unfailing source of delight to millions, happily not too critical. Why, out of all the books taken down from the shelves of the public libraries four-fifths are novels, and of all those that are bought nine-tenths are novels. *Compared with this tremendous engine of popular influence, what are all the other arts put together?* Can we not alter the old maxim and say, with truth, 'let him who pleases make the laws if I may write the novels.'"

Thus triumphantly writes Mr. Walter Besant in his "Art of Fiction;" and we can forgive the boast when we remember that "Palace of Delight," actually reared in the

very centre of the eastern squalor of London and opened by the Queen's self in her jubilee year. Surely few novelists can point to so direct and practical a result as has followed the publication of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." But it is in the sphere of morals that the novel appears more especially as the rival of the pulpit. Both alike are especially reserved for moral instruction. The pulpit avowedly so: the novel *now* because (to quote Mr. Besant again) "the sense of personal responsibility among the English-speaking races, the deep-seated religion of our people, even in a time of doubt, are all forces which act strongly upon the artist as well as upon his readers, and lend to his work, whether he will or not, a moral purpose, so clearly marked that it has become practically a law of English fiction." There are advantages on both sides. The hushed stillness which conventional observance secures the architectural beauty and musical splendor of a large church, all contribute to make the words of the preacher more than usually impressive. On the other hand the method of the novel has attractions of its own: the audience of the novelist is more extended. *Littera scripta manet.* . . . the message of the novel is not liable to be dissipated by the rush of external influences which meet the church-goer directly he leaves the shadow of the sanctuary. If its lessons are conveyed in a more commonplace atmosphere, being natives and not exotics, they are all the better able to survive amid such surroundings. Both, again, rightly considered, are branches of the fine arts. For divines have never intentionally dispensed with the recommendations of oratory; while fiction, whether we consider it as a branch of poetry or as a separate art, must take rank as such; and a novel, like any other work of art, must satisfy the external test of "symmetry," and the internal requirements of a serious aim and a faithful rendering of that aim.

Considered in this aspect as a work of art, the advantages of the novel became apparent. It possesses at once a wider scope and a more delightful method than its rival. If the stage is degraded by a necessary compliance to a vulgar standard, the pulpit is no less confined by the fetters of conventional decorum. Few preachers would have a hardihood to imitate the popular divine of a bygone age, who announced that he would with his own hands make a pair of shoes in his pulpit, or even to preach from so startling a text as [house] "top-not come down," in condemnation of female vanity, and in allusion to the prevalent method of dressing the hair. Of course there are even now preachers whose utterances border upon the profane or the comic, but their success is not sufficient to invite imitation. The majority of clergymen are compelled to choose for their discourses conventional subjects, and to treat those subjects in a conventional manner: speculative theology is dangerous to handle and little appreciated by the multitude, while any attempt to mingle politics with religion is heartily reprobated by public opinion. In short all questions of immediate interest from the majority of pulpits, speculative or practical, are resolutely excluded, and yet the religious teacher is compelled to adopt a method which is authoritative and didactic; or in other words he must employ the method of science in a region where he is deliberately robbed of its authority, or only allowed to use it where such knowledge has lost all interest from the fact that it has been previously absorbed by his audience; nor is it any sufficient objection to say that in such an estimate of the method of preaching there is no recognition of the element of Faith: for with the exception of the Roman Communion the elasticity of creed secured by the protestant doctrine of private judgment deprived of dignity or validity any appeal to a super-natural authority.

The Art of Fiction in common with the arts of Painting, Sculpture and Poetry, specially employs the capacity of the human mind for the creation of ideals; and it is mainly to this faculty that it owes its moral beauty and power. The creation and presentation of a number of ideal characters, working in a framework of ideal life, and illustrating by their behavior great principles of human action, is the method of inculcating moral truth which it adopts. Every novelist says in effect "look upon these characters of mine, take warning by their failures in duty and consequent disasters; learn and take heart by their successes and rewards." Nor does such teaching fail in respect of truth. The truths of fiction, although of a different order, are not inferior, but superior, in validity to those of history and biography, in the same degree in which the abstract truths of mathematics are more universally valid than the same propositions modified by application to particular sciences. So far from it being the fact that the "heroes of real life are stronger, truer and manlier, than the heroes of fiction," it only requires a perusal of the biographies of eminent persons, such as those of Bishop Wilberforce and Carlyle to realise how defective are the most admired of our contemporaries in moral and artistic qualities in

comparison with those imagined persons whom this universalising process of the human mind—at once synthetic and discriminating in its operation—exhibits for our imitation.

But the superiority of the novel to the sermon as a work of art appears not only in its method, but also in the greater width of its sphere. Not only is the circle of subjects fit for discussion in the pulpit narrow, but the treatment of them is rigidly limited by professional decorum. Social weaknesses—unless they are sufficiently pronounced to come under the category of "sins"—are scarcely dignified enough for divines to handle; but the exposure and satirising of such failings affords the novelist with a theme at once instructive and amusing. Reforms, too, both social and religious, are generally excluded, for the clergyman as the advocate of the passive virtues is too closely allied to existing institutions to approach such subjects with freedom. Allusion has already been made to Mr. Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" as an effective endeavor to instruct the public in the condition and needs of the people of the East-end of London. "Robert Elsmere" is another instance, fresh in the minds of all, of the manner in which an important religious question, but one very difficult for a clergyman to deal with under existing conditions, may be brought before the public. Charles Kingsley is an example of a man who taught by both methods, and also supplemented his professional teaching by an exposition of the principles of Christian Socialism in his novels; and doubtless the number of such teachers will increase as the power of the novel in this respect is more recognised.

Admitting then, that while the pulpit has lost ground as an instructor of morals the novel has gained, it will be useful to enquire what is the chief burden of the prominent authors of the century. Even if the literary prestige of Dickens does not stand so high now as it did with his contemporaries, the value of his social teaching is unassailed. To interpret the feelings and manners of the poor to the rich, to bridge over the gulf separating the two worlds and to preach the practical value of cheerfulness is a work intrinsically useful; but beside this we can only conjecture to how great an extent the whole drift of social reform, now so eagerly canvassed, is due to his preparatory influence. The tolerance which Dickens asked the middle class to extend to their poorer neighbors, Thackeray asked each member of the "great world" to extend to his neighbor. For under his *blasé* cynicism there lies a current of—not indeed Christian charity—but worldly tolerance nearly akin to it. And himself a worldling, it is his business to recommend this to worldlings. But perhaps of all our moral teachers none is so practical and forcible, so much in touch with the feeling of the age, as the great author who wrote under the name of "George Eliot."

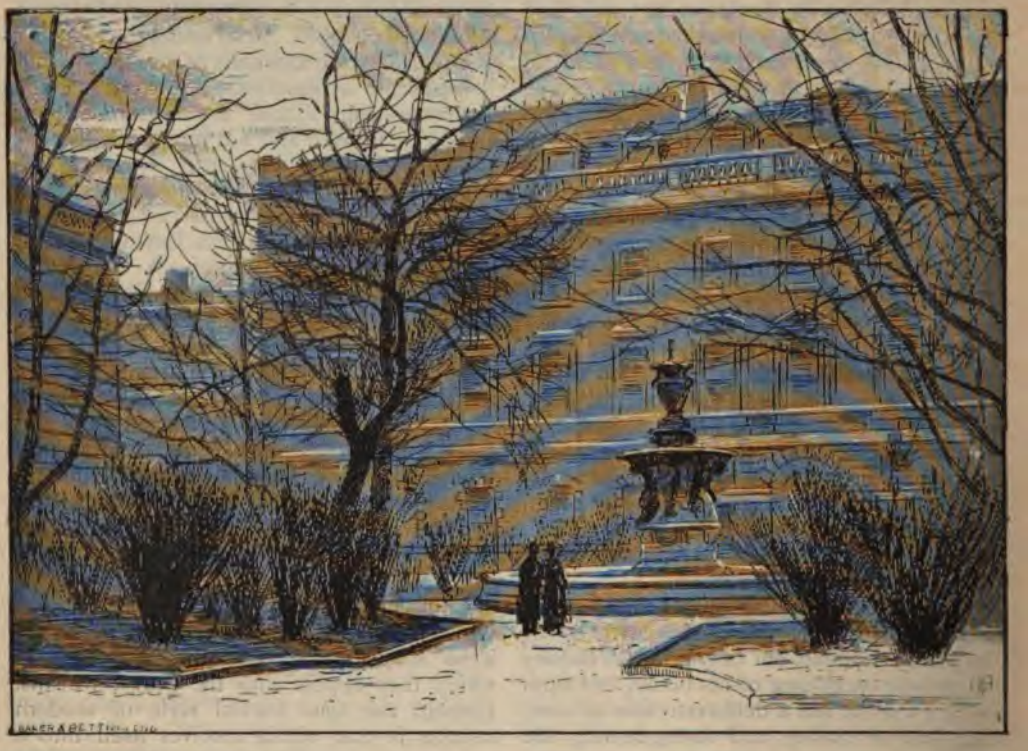
Powerfully impressed by the circumstances of her own life, and by the observation of the lives of those about her, with the serious and far-reaching evil which is done by acts of selfishness, whether the result of mere carelessness, or a deliberate or constitutional desire for unfair acquisition or disregard of the feelings of others, she determined to warn humanity at large against this evil. With this solemn purpose in view she has deliberately chosen as the medium of her thought the "novel," a story of life, seeking by a display of the failings and faults and attendant catastrophies of her imagined characters to teach real men and women to avoid, in some degree at least, similar disasters for themselves. Specially does she indicate the remorseless certainty by which every wrong act and thought, unless it produce a stronger recoil of virtuous determination, is a single mesh in the total of cruel network that gradually enveloping the whole moral framework ultimately paralyses and destroys all life and effort; either by producing consequences with effects directly calculable in physical terms, or by weakening and impairing the vitality of the spring of action—that curious product of tendency, habit and external circumstance which we call for convenience the inner knowledge of conscience. The certainty with which she has worked out her psychological problems, and the large elements of physical influence which she has admitted with her calculations, have earned her the title of "positivist," a title which she derives in part no doubt from her intimate acquaintance with the leaders of "positivist thought." But her positivism is in the main only a certainty in the evils of human life, which she seeks to ameliorate; and in the method by which she seeks to achieve that end, being the result of her own experience far more than of any philosophic creed. Having placed this evil forcibly and beautifully before the age, and demonstrated from the absolute certainty of the working of the Law of Heredity, the absolute necessity for self-renunciation, she has not failed to provide a consoling thought:

> Say we fail!
> We feed the high tradition of the world
> And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

Strictly speaking the novelist has to do with morals and not with theology; but even here (apart from books of which theoretic religion is the leading *motif*, such as Robert Elsmere) he does exercise a powerful if imperceptible influence. As long ago as 1866 Mr. John Morley writing in *Macmillan's Magazine* thus estimates "George Eliot's" influence in this respect. "To introduce a rich humaneness into the popular conception of religious belief, and to spread the conviction that openness of mind is not inconsistent with religious devotion, are two of the noblest ends which a writer can hope to have a share in promoting." There cannot be much higher praise for a book than that it tends to bring men nearer to one another, and to cease from the judgment of one another on the too narrow grounds of conformity to or revolt against a traditional orthodoxy. There is scarcely another living writer whose influence, though working with so little parade of its ultimate significance, is likely to be so effective as George Eliot's in this direction.

Among writers who are still engaged in this work of instructing the public Mr. George Meredith is notable, not only from the literary and artistic excellence of his books, but from the fact that he has a deliberate aim in view, viz., that of raising and strengthening the position and influence of his art. The lessons he inculcates are conveyed chiefly by means of a series of finished analyses of character, relentlessly complete and searching, in which not only the motives of human action are accurately portrayed, but the states of mind incident to the action of such motives are exhibited for the general instruction. Mr. Meredith is not a popular novelist, and the difficult style which he affects prevents his works from being widely read, a fact which does not, however, detract from the value of his work in the eyes of the instructed; and it is difficult to understand how any student of morals (either on his own behalf or that of others) can fail to be benefited by a perusal of sketches of human character, which at once stimulate self-examination and enable us to better understand the workings of other men's minds.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the pulpit is no longer in the possession of a monopoly of the moral teaching of its contemporaries; that, in fact, the most progressive and effective moral teaching is being done not by its occupants at all, but by the novelist, there remains the further question of the remedy to be adopted if it is to regain its influence and not to pass into desuetude altogether. The object of a sermon should be to present to the mind some question of practical morals in as powerful and effective a manner as possible. In so doing the preacher is assisted by the externals of public worship —the scenic accessories, so to speak, of the discourse—music and architecture—which should be utilised and not scouted. Besides these he has the wonderful power of the living voice to assist his monitions. The method of the sermon must be the method of the science, but its didactic levelness should be lessened by earnestness. A clergyman, rightly considered, is a professor of the highest of arts—the art of life—and as such his utterances should command at least respectful attention. The sources from which his instruction is derived should be widened; nature, literature and science should be made to contribute and extend the teaching of the Hebrew and Hellenistic writings. Above and beyond all a clergyman should have something to say and know how to say it. What makes the vast majority of sermons absolutely useless, if not wearisome to an educated audience, is the use of phrases the meaning of which is either too vague to be subjected to analysis, or which, if so subjected, converts the sentences in which they appear into the barest truisms. Perhaps the least hurtful style of modern sermon is that which resolves itself into a history or geography tour, being an account of the pecularities of some locality in Palestine or Asia Minor. Such a sermon does at least assist the hearers in realising some of the surroundings of the biblical narratives. But for a better class of sermon it is undoubtedly necessary to obtain a better class of clergyman. In order to do this the number of clergy must be largely decreased, and the funds available for their incomes divided among a lesser number of more successful and accomplished men. However unlikely such a result may appear in England, where there are large numbers of endowed churches which require and provide for numbers of persons qualified for the mere routine work of the performance of the various forms of service, in a new country like Australia, without endowments for religious purposes, that would seem to be the natural and possible means of effecting a remedy. Certain it is that if, as at present, the standard and effective way of moral teaching advances in the novel and diminishes in the pulpit, persons will go more and more for instruction and information in this most important department of human knowledge to the easily accessible and pleasant novel instead of the dull and ineffective sermon.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

A VISIT TO GREY FRIARS.

BY HARRY WILLIAMS.

IN an aimless stroll through that part of London which lies to the left as you approach the Bank from Cheapside and the Poultry, I chanced upon a lane bearing the ambitious name of Little Britain, and traversing this, came presently to a grim stone portal which I knew to be one entrance to the Court of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The stranger in England soon finds out that he may always enter the precincts of such institutions provided he observe one of two conditions —either look as if he belonged to the place, or (and in academical places this condition is often included in the former) look as if the place belonged to him. One acquires, too, the habit of seeing what he can while avoiding an appearance of curiosity likely to offend the regular folk of the establishment, *and indeed*, the eyes find a certain sly delight *in thus firing*, as it were, from ambuscade.

On this particular afternoon I had had the luck to arrive just after the postman, for on my left was a little squad of nurses clad in the comely uniform in which they wage their benificent warfare, and these were "standing at ease" while they read or chatted about the news they had received. It was a sight full of healthy animation, and it was pleasant to receive from the looks of the few faces I had time to scan the impression that their news was either indifferent or cheerful, and to think that, by consequence, few patients would swallow liniment that night instead of some "drowsy syrup of the East," or have their wounds dressed with the ointment spread on the outside of the lint—little mishaps that sometimes result from perturbation in the spirits of a nurse. On the contrary, I did not doubt that the budget of letters just delivered amongst this cluster of pleasant damsels would be like a handful of

pebbles dropped into fair waters and send many a welcome ripple of mirth or resignation over the faces and hearts of the sick, to be in turn transmitted by these to the friends who visit them, and so be added finally to the world's store of comfort. It should make us the more prone to kindly acts, to think that just as a blow given to one of a series of balls that lie touching will send its force through all, till the last flies off, so no touch of tenderness or good-will but sets in motion an infinite series of cheery words and smiles and looks of solace. For do not all human souls lie touching?

and it was here too (I suppose because of the publicity of the place), that so many martyrs died for their faith. There are no fires there now, and on that raw cold day I'm afraid I should have welcomed a little flame without much questioning whether the fuel was "Newcastle Best-screened" or only ordinary Oxford Graduate.

It was a dull time in the Meat Market, which means that though the place was full of uproar, it *was* still just possible to make one's way over straw-covered pathways through a lively crowd of chaffering merchants, gorgeous officials and tardy housewives

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

I had soon passed the fountain in the centre of the Court, with its melancholy ornaments and leafless trees, and at the other side of the Court came close to a knot of England's future doctors, all chatting with the usual vivacity of students; and while I read mechanically some notice on the wall little whiffs of their conversation came wafted on the smoke from various pipes, "Third abnormality, Smith has found ——," "the one with the red flowers, you know, simply a gift to Sullivan," and such scraps chimed feebly in my ears as I passed from the Court into a wide flagged space in which stands the Smithfield Meat Market. This was formerly the scene of St. Bartholomew's Yearly Fair,

choosing each some argument to stop the mouth of an exacting lord, and long colonnades of pendant beef and mutton. Here and there the literary student might mark the skill of the "judicious Hooker," or discreetly leave open the path for the "ponderous Barrow;" but for my part, being rather of a scientific turn of mind, I was fully occupied in trying to account for the strange assimilation that takes place between the form and gait of the butcher and those of his larger game. Even his face and complexion seem to hint, with a pathos all their own, that they are on their way to be beef. Yet, let not the Butchers' Guild bear me any malice for saying this; Juno was ox-eyed ("with a cow's

fair eyes," says Chapman), Jupiter took the shape of a bull when he conquered Europa (a fable invented, perhaps, to explain the fondness of the Western Continent for beef), and surely a Smithfield merchant need not be ashamed of a resemblance to the Royal Scamp of Olympus, and his queenly sister wife.

By dint of nimbleness I escaped being knocked down, and when I had threaded my way through a battalion of meat-carts camped outside, I found myself in Charterhouse Street, and the name reminded me of a vow I had made to go and see the old Grey Friars' School which Thackeray has made so dear to us. It was to be my last night in London; there seemed to be a sort of destiny in the circumstances that had thus brought me within reach of the tardy fulfilment of my vow. Information (numbered X 135) was at hand, and from him I learnt that "Charter'ouse Square, Sir, is a little 'igher up on the left 'and side, Sir. follow your nose, Sir, where you see them railin's." And so in a few steps I reached a triple gate, and walking half-way round a large random enclosure almost filled by the grass-plot in its centre, came to the entrance of old Grey Friars. A minute's parley with the porter and we passed under the gothic arch into a court of no great size, flanked on one side by a fine old wall with an antique bow-window, which, as I found afterwards, was that of the Pensioners' Dining Hall. The sudden silence and seclusion of the place was astonishing. There was here no sound nor stir to tell you that round this little spot great London was swirling and plunging—this little court might have been the base-point of some great whirlpool—noise, effort, violence all about it, but here "the stillness of the Central Sea." Indeed London is in nothing more marvellous than in the diversity of its moods, so to speak, and the rapidity with which they succeed one another. It is a mighty Spirit-face, now (as at Westminster) tender and grave and full of the pathetic dignity of honorable age, anon pinched with hunger, or livid with the wild tumultuous hopes of Anarchy. To this expression succeeds that of luxurious ennui, as one passes the windows in Club-land; and all these changes occur with such swiftness that in an hour's time almost you may read the story of its life in the lines of its countenance. Just such a change had happened now—I had hardly forgotten the aspect of anxiety and cunning and ignoble greed (seen in the city) when in the court-yard of old Grey Friars caught for the instant, a look full of *kindliness* and pity and repose.

Crossing a low-roofed room which opens into the court we entered a short corridor, at the end of which is a simple tablet of marble to the memory of John Leech, and next it one with this inscription:—

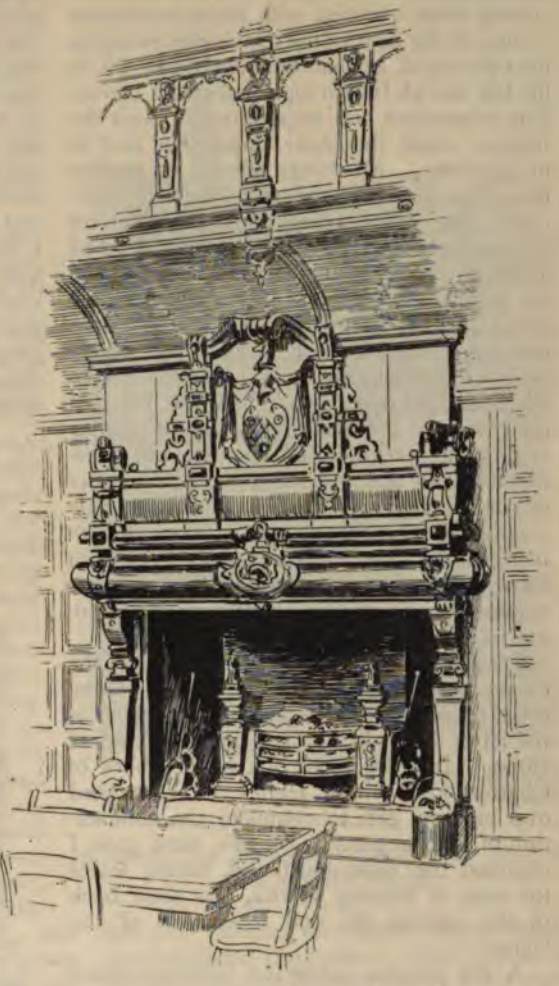
Galielmo Makepeace Thackeray.
Carthusiani Carthusiano.

Just beyond is a door leading into the ante-chapel, and crossing this we reached the chapel itself—a small primitive building which looks as if it had been adapted to its present purpose rather than made for it. In this we stayed some little time, while the porter expounded the allegories carved on the Founder's tomb, and rid his conscience of a due number of dates. Returning as we had come, we now mounted a roomy old staircase, with a roughly-carved balustrade of oak, black and shining with age. The steps are broad and pleasantly low, as if constructed to give little trouble to any plump "Friar of Orders Grey" (for the Charterhouse is named from the fact that it was once a Chartreuse Monastery) who had to face the ascent after his devotions in the refectory. By this we gained a handsome Elizabethan chamber—the Grand Chamber, I think, had been its name when the Duke of Norfolk used the place as his residence. It is a finely-proportioned room, with all the decoration that belongs fitly to an Elizabethan Chamber—grained roof, emblazoned with coats of arms, high wainscoting, mullioned windows, and above all a great generous fireplace borne up by stout pillars richly carved and painted in colors once gaudy and inharmonious, but now mellow with age—a fireplace so large that a man with a taste for high life could picture His Grace and the Duchess sitting in it after having supped *en famille*, or the steward and his wife filching the like luxury when "the masters" were in the country.

Issuing from this chamber we came to an ante-room in which were two fine engravings of Thackeray, but no portrait. Indeed, it was nowhere my fortune to see a portrait of Thackeray, though he must have sat now and then to some young friend at Mr. Gandish's—to "Clive Newcome", perhaps, or to modest, laborious "J. J. Ridley." In the Poets' Corner at Westminster is a fine bust of him (by Marochedi, I think), which contrasts sharply with the grotesqueness of most of the other memorials in the Pantheon of England. There you can see his massive and sagacious head—the sunken nose, of which he has made such fun (comparing himself to Michael Angelo Buonarotti in this respect, and refusing to work up classical

raptures in Greece, because "our nose is not by any means aquiline,")—above it, the full deepest eye, which even in marble seems keen and benevolent, and then a square ample forehead in which, I doubt not, phrenologists find wit and sense and tolerance, with many other qualities known to loving readers of his books. The lower part of the face, however, is the most striking—the nether lip and chin shooting so far forward that the profile of the face is almost exactly a straight line. The upper lip is rather short, but so delicate that it gives a sort of mobility and sensitiveness not only to the mouth but to the whole countenance, which seems thus to respond to our knowledge of the man, being at once proud and tender, cynical and generous.

Our tour now brought us to the Dining Hall, of which I chiefly remember that it had a gallery at one end (used I suppose by musicians in ancient times), and that at each corner of the vast chimney-piece was a sturdy little cannon—an adornment which had a sort of pathetic meaning—when I thought how many of the Poor Brothers at their first entry into the Charterhouse would have got any comfort from seeing those pert little symbols of their own profession winking at them from their high perch, and reminding them of the toy artillery of their ardent boyhood and the grim battle-joy of later life. It is here that on Founder's Day (12th December) old Cistercians dine, and the porter showed me the place on the dais from which Thackeray, only a fortnight before his death, made his last speech. Think of the hearty laughter and true kindly feeling that speech must have evoked! As we walked into the garden I wondered whether any record of it exists, except in the memories of a few worthy old gentlemen in various parts of England.



THE OAKEN MANTELPIECE.

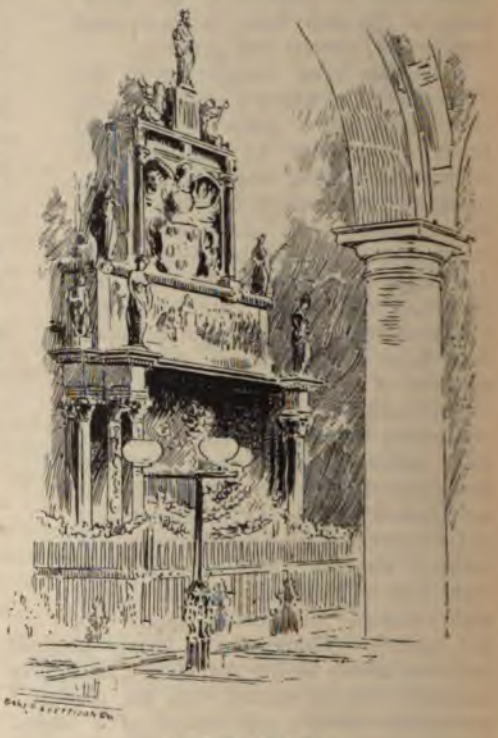
From the garden—in which are no flowers, but only lawns, and trees, and broad paths—can be seen the old school site, on which the Merchant Tailors' School now stands. Charterhouse School has been removed to Godalining, in Surrey, where I suppose Carthusian boys still chant their "*Floreat in æternum Carthusiana domus.*" The mention of the school suggested the boy Thackeray and his studies (not exactly enthusiastic he implies) in Greek and Latin, and so recalled one of the kindliest traits in his style—I mean the witty dexterity with which he dips some arrow borrowed from the quiver of an ancient writer in the pleasing drug of boyish memories. Let me cite his comparison of Colonel Esmond to Ulysses ("another middle-aged officer, who had seen a great deal of service"), George Warrington's modest "*video meliora probaque*—I mean, bring it hot with sugar, John," to which might be added a great array from the works of the bald-headed little *bon vivant*, who enjoyed life in Rome as Thackeray did in London. It was here, too, doubtless, that Thackeray looked on at the fight which George Osborne's home letter describes so gleefully.

Turning my eyes away from the school, I saw at a little distance two of the pensioners in the wide antique hat and long cloak—

both black—of their order. They were discussing some question with great seriousness—one, in the heat of his conviction, swinging his right hand, at that moment, down on to his left like an Indian juggler slicing a lemon. The vehemence and importance of their demeanor made the scene impressive, and, to me, pathetic. All things seemed to remind them how near the end was—the late afternoon, the trees bare even of autumn's leaves, the year tottering to its exit, seemed all to say, "Spring and Summer and Autumn are over, the Winter of Life, cold and cheerless, is at hand. Ah! poor brothers! wrap about you the cloak of humility and peace, and, with linked arms, guide one another to the Father's house." We had now reached the corner of the building where the porter begins the recitation of statistics, but I remember only that instead of the due number of pensioners (sixty), the Foundation can only support forty-eight at present—its wealth being chiefly in land. It was pitiful to think of those unknown twelve passing old age without comfort and security, because of "agricultural distress."

I visited but one other, and that the oldest portion of the buildings—an oblong court on one of the outer walls of which is the letter H wrought in a different kind of stone. It is the initial of the last Abbot of Charterhouse, whom Henry VIII. hanged over his own gate to complete the confiscation of the property. By this same gate I regained the outer court, and, having learnt the hour of evening service, was soon back in the eternal din and movement of the "city."

A few minutes before the hour appointed I returned to the chapel, and was shut into one of a range of stiff pews, which with a higher range behind them are built along one side of the chapel. The pews of the Pensioners are at right angles to this, and quite without any principle of architectural proportion the massive pillars of three arches divide the pews into two blocks. Away in a weird corner, seen at half lights, the ponderous tomb of the founder was partly visible, and in front of it the seats upon which the gown-boys—amongst them Thackeray—used to sit in the old times. To the left is a high oak screen shutting off a class-room now disused, and, almost out of sight, is the black pile of the organ gallery. The whole aspect is, with its strange gleams and shadows, half unearthly, and yet the place is quiet and restful, the very severity of the stiff oaken furniture seeming to add the promise of substantial refuge, rigid perhaps, but trustworthy. Soon, faint and muffled as if coming from a great height, was heard the sound of the chapel bell, and in each stroke could be heard the voice of a past generation who had prayed and praised in this solemn place. One by one the Pensioners dropped in (except that the two I had seen in the garden entered together and sat in the same pew), the clergyman hurried to his seat by the lectern on my left, and the service began. The respect and pity I had felt in looking at this senate of misfortune were at first fluttered into another kind of feeling by the rapidity with which the prayers were gone through. One of the congregation (who was deaf I thought) always came in with his response a word or two before it was due, and the clergyman being



IN THE CHAPEL.

equally "instant in season," not much time was lost. When, however, the lesson came to be read the reader quite forsook the tone of haste and routine, and laid judicious emphasis on every phrase that might seem of special comfort to his hearers. Perhaps, after all, a sort of intuitive skill in character taught him that old age likes to get to its dinner, likes the easy mechanism of habit which saves the trouble of thinking; but likes, too, whatever casual touch of help or sympathy is offered to it.

Service over, the chaplain told me how various had been the careers of the pensioners: how one had been an architect, another a sea-captain, another an explorer, while the old gentleman who sat by the fire in the ante-chapel (this being a concession to his rheumatism) was the author of the famous farce "Box and Cox."*

Before I left the precincts I went again to the court where I had seen the initial of the luckless Abbot H——, for it was there that the porter had shown me the window of the room in which Colonel Newcome—Codd Colonel, as the little gown-boy (who was, perhaps, Thackeray himself) used to call him—lived and died. I stood surrounded by low, gray, dingy walls; no light came from the little narrow window, and as I thought again over those wonderful chapters where the last days of the Colonel are described, my eyes lost sight of the sombre antiquity about me—I stood again in a bright little room in another country and heard again the voice of a friend of whose kindliness and wisdom I could think proudly even there. Together we read of two scenes. The first was that in which Clive and his son and father said together the Lord's prayer:—"So these three generations had joined in that supplication: the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet full of love; the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the prayer first bade come unto Him; and the old man, whose heart was well-nigh as tender and as innocent, and whose day was approaching when he should be drawn to the bosom of the eternal pity."

SHOWING THE (OPENED) WINDOW OF COLONEL NEWCOMBE'S ROOM.

The second passage was this: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

* This "Poor Brother" has since died.

figure poised for the first step of a fresh movement, quicker than the one before; her eyes, dark, bright, beautiful, stare at the face which, just across the footlights, looks so strangely back at her. The band accelerates its pace, the wonderful last *pas* of the dance is about to be led up to —. A movement is audible among the packed audience; a stirring of expectation, like a breeze stirring

the leaves of a forest. Nothing has been seen like this last *pas* of La Tarentule's in the Champs Elyseé for years. It is a sight for young and old; a sight to stir the blood; the very poetry of motion.

The stout Frenchman rubs his hands: "*A—h!*" he chuckled. "*C'est ça.*"

A quick succession of chords that seem torn out of the very hearts of the violins usher in the new movement: La Tarentule stands poised like a bird about to fly; every line of her perfect form is brought out as in a *silhouette* by the pose—she is so still, you cannot see a flutter of the soft diaphonous skirts; her eyes are fixed upon that face opposite—the face that gazes back at her. The one (hers) is full of love and longing, amaze, a joy too great for words. On the other (his), amaze too, but neither love nor longing, only sorrow and remorse.

The tearing chords are done, the *presto* movement of the music is in full swing.

But surely something strange ails La Tarentule?

With one hand pressed against her side she falls back with slow, dragging steps into the shadow at the back of the stage, with great eyes wide and piteous as those of a grieved child, she has looked upon Rex Dornton to the last; she has looked for what she longed for, thirsted for—one smile of joy and greeting—and looked in vain. She would liked to have stretched out her arms, there where she stood, and cried to him, "*Enfin! c'est donc toi, c'est donc toi!*" All she had waited for, all she had wearied for, all she had parted with in what seemed the long ago, all that had kept her life pure (save for the stain that he himself had laid upon it), pure in spite of her surroundings, in spite of being *La Tarentule*, faced her in those grave grey eyes that looked at her across the footlights; and he—he was not glad to see her; she had passed out of his life; he remembered her still (had he not twice spoken her name—"Marie! Marie!"), but he was not glad to see her. She had been dancing to the very tune she used to sing to him sometimes—had he recognised it, had he remembered? He would never again laughingly chide her for the way she said his strange English name, making it so much longer than it ought to be—"Re-ex." Ah! but it was "difficult" that well-loved name. She liked learning to say it aright—that was long ago. Now, he was there, but he was not glad to see her. Thought is swift—swift as the lightning's flash in moments of intense feeling—memory is quickened and intensified by pain. Little wot those about her of what La Tarentule is thinking.

She is surrounded by an agitated group, of which the proprietor of the Café Chantant is the chief personage. He has remonstrated and gesticulated until his words have ended in mere splutterings—the people are outside, they "enrage themselves" if they cannot see the *pas de mort*, those wonderful twirls and twist, that tempest of motion that are supposed to be the death-throes of La Tarentnle; they will enrage themselves still more—they will destroy him—had he not paid her always handsomely? Had he not even now paid her in advance because that *la vielle tante Babette* with whom she lived was *paralizeé?* What would you? Could he—he who spoke—do more? And now she was about to destroy him; she was not honest to him.

Then he stutters and splutters, and La Tarentule ceases to madden him by looking at him as if she did not see him, nor hear him, nor comprehend him. She is a brave child, this daughter of the footlights, and she is pulling herself together. She has been leaning white and

panting against a pillar in the shed that does duty as a green room. Once or twice she has tried to rally herself—to face the audience again; she can hear them calling "La Tarentule! La Tarentule!" They will hiss presently if she does not go in and dance for them—she *must* go, but she is so tired, so tired, and her heart flutters like a bird in the captor's hand.

It is true what *Monsieur le Directeur* says; he has paid her well, he has paid her in advance.

A girl with a rouged face and bold eyes kneels beside her, and takes tenderly in her own the little clay-cold hand that hangs so listlessly among the black and silver skirts, she presses it to her lips, "Ah, Monsieur!" she says, with a pleading glance at the manager, "Everyone loves Marie, she is *si bonne*, she is *si gentille*, she has a kind word for everyone, and an ill thought of none" More gesticulations inside, more noise outside, and then, with a long heavy sigh Marie steps on to the platform and is greeted by a storm of welcome; then, the quiet of expectation, once more the tearing chords rend the silence—they sound like the cry of a breaking heart; they have a terrible significance for the tall fair English *milor*, who appears at the far door of the green-room just as La Tarentule has passed through the nearer one on to the stage. The manager loves English *milors*, they have so much money about them; they are so generous. Many *milors* have come to his unpretentious green-room. He and his company have always found such visits profitable.

He bows—bethinks him how he may best display his small stock of English—finds that the Englishman speaks almost as fluent French as himself; expresses his delight in so interesting a fact; comprehends the state of matters in an instant; *milor* is an old friend of Mademoiselle Marie's? *bien!* he would speak with her when this truly wonderful *pas* is complete *encore, bien!* He finds the performance of to-night a marvel? *Toujours bien, milor* has with him all the world. Will he honor them by taking a chair—No? he would prefer to stand—*soit!* it is as *milor* pleases.

Meanwhile, chafing at the delay, troubled at what he had seen, Rex Dornton's thoughts, like poor Marie's, wandered back to the past.

How vividly it all came before him—that summer night in Paris long ago, the *fiacre* turning a corner of the street too sharply, the rush of people as he—Rex—dragged the slender figure of a girl from under the horse's feet; how pale she looked, how gentle, sweet and patient! The shaft of the carriage had struck her shoulder and the pain was sharp; he could see that; but she said little, only smiling pleasedly at him, speaking her language so well. Ah, me! all too well for Marie ere the story was done.

He took her home; she told him about La Faute Babette, of her own hopes of going on the stage as a *danseuse, sûr de ses beaux jours* and making a fine home for that worthy dame who seemed to be her only living relative. Again and again they met. It was the old story—and had the inevitable end. It was the old bargain—a man's fancy, a woman's love. A hard bargain for the woman, yet she never complained; and when the time of parting came, and he told her he must leave her, she uttered no reproach, made him no scenes; realised how little she could be in such a life as his, and went her way uncomplainingly. She shed few tears, only looked at him heartbrokenly, so that her eyes haunted him for a while, until he forgot. There are not many such women in the world; but there are a few—woman who give with an ungreeding heart, and have too little thought of self to pose *en victime* when the drama is played out.

Of these Marie was one.

* * * * *

From where Rex Dornton stood he could see La Tarentule in her wonderful *pas de mort*, a flying figure all in black and silver; beyond, the audience—a sea of faces; above, the gently-stirring trees against the purple, star-gemmed sky. Faster, faster go the violins; now so soft and low, their melody is like the fluttering of many wings, now swelling louder and louder—hurrying on and on—*presto! presto! presto!* the leader of the band gesticulates like a madman, the pace is fast and furious, and still the slender figure, all in black and silver, sways and floats; still the silver-heeled shoes skim the floor, scarce touching it, or so it seems, in that wild dance of death! There is a sudden crash of chords, the *pas* is ended; La Tarentule lies prone, as, in the following legend she is bound to do.

She acts well—she lies so very still, her face hidden in her arms, her floating hair covering her like a veil.

The audience applaud like mad. The stout Frenchman is "out of himself." The manager approaches the door behind the stage, and his appearance is the signal for a fresh outburst. He glances back at *milor* to see what he thinks of Mademoiselle Marie's triumph, but *milor* is pale and grave and is not applauding. "These English are detestable

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

BY W. O. HODGKINSON, M.L.A.

"——Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque, dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est ; hunc tu Romane caveto."—*Hor.*

WHICH as translated seems admirably to suit the author of "Australia from another Point of View," published in the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine* :

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalised, and not defends ;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man ;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem ;
That man's a knave ;—be sure beware of him.

Dropping upon the above quotation by merest chance while indulging in an idle pastime recalling the "Sortes Virgillianae," I thought something more than mere hazard had brought under notice such a drastic silhouette of the venemous writer who employs Macmillan as a medium of anonymous hostility. It is not difficult for those acquainted with the career of political colonial failures to supplement the article under notice with the name of its creator. In New Zealand, where bounteous harvests and freedom from its incubus of many bitter years have but partially defaced the deplorable consequences of bandit finance and exploitation of anything however visionary at somebody else's expense, *Macmillan* will be read with a grim detective chuckle of recognition. Some patriot, jealous of the well-being of his adopted country, should distribute the number of the magazine containing such a crystallisation of puny wrath broadcast throughout Western Australia, to which unhappy colony *Macmillan's* scribe is understood to purpose devoting his lurid financial talent. Reasons exist for believing that the literary apostate is billed to fulfil the rôle of a modern Moses, and in company with a cohort of Imperialistic robbers to exploit that tempting waste. The genius which desolated New Zealand with unproductive debt, which built railways without hope of traffic, and dredged harbors where no ships cast anchor, will find an unfettered field for its ingenuity in the nine hundred and seventy-five thousand, nine hundred and twenty square miles of territory to which it is alleged he has directed the attention of his associates. The bitterness of a renegade is proverbial, and when there is added thereto the consciousness of failure to profit by exceptional opportunities, gratitude itself cannot assume a more malicious form. The personality of this article in *Macmillan* will peep out, and it will go hard if the writer of this notice is not as unfortunate as his subject matter in disclosure.

"Australia from another Point of View"—a cumbrous designation, yet the only one available—starts with a *resumé* of colonial history, so incorrect as to upset all preconceived theory as to the author, were it not a well-known feature of his character to be more niggardly of truth than is sometimes advisable. The reader is told that "the first and foremost cause of Imperial attention to the Australasian Colonies was the growing prosperity, real or artificial, or at any rate the increasing debt. Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen were in distress for want of work ; where should they find employment ? So the British nation, after neglecting those colonies for twenty or thirty years, suddenly awoke to the fact that they were of surpassing value, and set to work to pet and coax them with the spasmodic energy that usually accompanies a reaction of feeling." These cool assertions are illustrated by a reference to the New Guinea question, the New Hebrides complication, and the Chinese difficulty. Now what are the facts of the case ? Despite the appalling ignorance of the average Englishman of everything outside his own small circle of experience, he showed a timely sagacity in securing huge Crown grants and exclusive privileges in New South Wales, New Zealand and other quarters. That

liabilities incurred and so scrupulously discharged. So far from wishing to embroil England with foreign powers, one of the greatest inducements to independence is the hope of thereby escaping the hazards attached to the complicated relations of Great Britain with nations in whose affairs we have no concern. The folly of the Soudan expedition in search of glory and a goat is still further exemplified by the sneer now cast upon us; were there a chance of such a *gaucherie* being repeated, a perusal of the quoted remarks should suffice to prevent it. As for the reluctance of Queensland to inundate her tropical territory with an alien and inferior race, are not the consequences of such imprudence written in letters of ruin and blood on the battle-stained fields of the United States? The subject of loans is too absurd England has an abundance of capital. Australia has a large but unimproved estate. In exchange for goods, the manufacture of which helps to keep her looms busy and her forges alight, Australia contracts, and has kept the contract with fidelity, to pay Great Britain in addition to the profits of her trade a larger percentage than she can safely obtain elsewhere. Where is the compliment? On which side lies the advantage? "Loans," says "Australia from another Point of View," "form the one link, and the colonies dare not 'cut the painter' less the operation should sever the continuity of the loans." What absurdity, what childish ignorance of the subject, what indifference to the point at issue. The men who lend money entertain no predelictions except for the highest rate of interest compatible with the best security. The declaration of independence did not impede the issue of Pensylvanian bonds, nor does it in modern times act as a barrier to investment in Texas ranches, Montana mines or United States securities. The plutocrats of Great Britain would lend money to the devil if the heat of his estate could be tempered so as to admit of foreclosure. They have found cash to pay for Russian bullets to lodge in English hearts. They have tampered with contracts for shoddy shoes, and brick filled bales of hay for an Egyptian campaign; and they will continue to find whatever cash may be wanted so long as the wool, the gold, and the grain of this continent flows in a steady strain to their advantage. Australia might, and did starve in the days of its unnoticed adolescence before the English capitalist would send anything to its shores but sacreligious assaulters of his God—gold. Now Australia can take a man's part, exhibit a perfectly solvent balance and find nothing to regret but the memories of that harsh Imperialistic control, with a renewal of which, *Macmillan's* misanthropist threatens the colonies in the concluding lines of his declamatory assault. Such a threat from such a quarter is impotent to provoke anger, but a similar indiscretion from a personage would do more to slacken the shackles of Imperialism than interference with our privilege of estimating at their true value the aspersions of ————.

BEACHCOAMERS' YARNS.

(AS TOLD BY JOHN LUGG, ABLE-SEAMAN.)

BY LORIMER FISON, M.A.

IJI? Yes. I had a long spell ashore there in the old times, and some nice little games I've seen in those diggin's. How did we manage with the natives? Well, us white chaps, the few on us there was in them days, we used to get into queer street sometimes along o' the wars they was always carryin' on amongst themselves; but any man with the least bit of gumption in him could get on well enough with the tribes as he sattled down among them. They liked to have a white man with 'em, if he was any sort of a handy fellow as could do bits o' jobs for 'em in the way of sailorin', or rough carpenterin', or patchin' up their old flintlock muskets, and spinnin' yarns to 'em about Papalangi, as they calls Whitemansland. The bigger the lie he told them the better they relished it, and the more likely they was to believe it. Pretty rosy times we used to have, all things considerin'—plenty o' grub to eat and wives as many as we'd a mind to. Lor'! how some o' them chaps used to bamboozle the natives! Made 'em believe anythin' they liked, and passed themselves off for big chiefs among 'em, they did.

There was Charley Pickering now, as lived down at Rewa. A beautiful boy was Charley as ever you see; he did beat all. He was always schemin' to make himself look big in the eyes of the natives, and upon my word the way he used to play it off on those Rewa folks was real rediklus. He used to act as pilot for the harbor there. Lived right on the point of a long sandy spit as runs out into the bay, he did, and there was no other white man livin' thereabouts. So when a ship come in her chaps 'd naterally make for his house when they got ashore, and then he'd show off before the Fijians without the white men knowin' anything about it. There was always a lot o' natives hangin' about his place, and he'd act so's to make 'em believe as the sailors reckoned him to be a big chief. F'rinstance now, he'd call the chaps into his *house* and plant hisself on a box, and get them to squat down on the mats afore him. "Make yourselves at home," he'd say. "Hain't got no chairs in this shanty o' mine, but you'll find them mats mighty comfortable for a stretch." Then he'd chuck 'em a bit o' tobacco. "Fill your pipes, boys, and have a smoke," he'd say; and then he'd fumble in his pockets and go on quite careless like. "Blame me if I hain't lost the run o' that knife o' mine. Just cut us up a pipeful, will you, mate? I'll do as much for you another day." And he'd get one o' the chaps to fill his pipe and light it for him. They'd do it all quite innocent, not knowin' the Fijian ways; but the natives as see them doin' it would think nothin' else but what they was his servants. You see, none but chiefs is allowed to sit on a box or on the thrashhold of a door, and a chief never rolls up his own tobacco when there's any of his folks about. Calls one o' the common fellows, he does, to make it ready for him and to bring him a light. Charley was up to all them games, and played 'em off on the Fijians till he made 'em believe as he was one o' the biggest chiefs in all Papalangi.

He piloted a man-o'-war into Rewa once—leastways into Lauthala Bay, where the harbor is—and when he come ashore the natives crowded round him askin' him where she'd come from and what she'd come for. "It's one of my uncle's* ships," he says. "Sent her down here, he has, to see how I'm gettin' on. The captain was askin' me whether any of you chaps has been stealin' my pigs and fowls of late." "You're lyin' to us, Charley," they says. "Lyin', am I?" says he. "I'll soon show you as what I says is true. You watch them sailor chaps now when I call 'em to get me some cocoanuts, and see if they don't do as I tell 'em." And he sings out to the man-o'-warsmen as was strollin' along the beach—the boat's crew as had pulled him ashore along o' some o' the officers. "Hi, mates," says he, "would you like a few cocoanuts?" Of course they says "yes." "There's the trees then," says he. "You can climb as

* Uncle, *i.e.*, mother's brother. This relative, according to Fijian notions, is specially concerned in caring for his nephew, *i.e.*, his sister's son. We have in this notion an interesting trace of former descent through females in Fiji.

many as you've a mind to." They didn't want to be told twice; they shins up the trees and sends the nuts down hand over fist—a real good lark for Jack it was. "You might as well bring two or three along here," says Charley, and he gets 'em to open 'em for him with their knives. It was no use tellin' them natives that Charley wasn't a chief after that. "We saw it with our own eyes," they'd say. "He told the men of the warship to climb the trees for him and they climbed."

But the cutest trick he ever played was the dance he led the man-o'-war as come to Rewa arter him, because of a game he'd had with the British consul. Charley was takin' the consul to Rewa in a canoe from Ovalau, and they got cross with one another on the way and had a bit of a dust. The consul he spoke to Charley in Fijian so's the natives could understand him: called him a *kaisi*, and asked him how he durst be impident to his chief. He couldn't hardly 'a called him a worse name. What does Charley do but orders his men to lower the sail and let the canoe drift.

"I'll show you who's the *kaisi*," he says, speakin' in Fijian, and then he goes on in English: "Lookit here, Mr. Pritchard!" says he, "you knows what Fijians is as well as here and there a one, and you knows how they'll talk o' them words o' yourn, and what they'll think o' me if I lets 'em pass. So you can just take your choice. You go down on your knees and beg my pardon, or onto the reef you go as sure's my name's Pickerin'."

The consul he was mighty high with him at first, and threatened all sorts o' things, but it was all no go; not an inch could he make Charley budge, and the reef began to get mighty nigh. Then he orders the natives to hoist the sail, but Charley ups with a big battleaxe he used to carry about with him, and he swears he'll split the skull of the first man who touches the halliards, and not a man on 'em would stir a peg for all the consul could do. The long and the short of it was, Mr. Pritchard had to go down on his marrowbones and beg Charley's pardon in Fijian, and own up as he was a bigger chief than himself. You may guess he wasn't very amiable to Charley after that.

'Twasn't long afterwards afore a big man-o'-war comes in, and he makes his complaint to the captain about that and lots of other things. Fact is, there was plenty o' charges against Charley. He was too handy altogether with that battleaxe of his, and he was always stirrin' up mischief. As luck would have it—some folks has the divil's own luck—the consul was laid up with a bad leg, and couldn't stir off o' the broad o' his back, or else it would 'a gone hard with Charley. The captain he goes round to Rewa after him, but the consul was fool enough not to hold his tongue, and the news came to Rewa before the captain got there. Charley comes out in his boat to pilot him in at the Nukulau passage.

"Are you the pilot here?" says the captain.

"Not the reglar pilot," sir," he says, "but I can take you in well enough."

"What's your name?" says the captain.

"Tom Farrell," says Charley, as bold as brass.

"Farrell, eh?" says the captain, "Isn't there a man called Pickering living somewheres hereabouts?"

"Charley Pickering, sir?" says he. "Yes to be sure there is. That's his house on the point there. He ain't at home just now," says he. "Gone down the coast he is, down to Serua."

"What sort of place is Serua?" says the captain. "Any anchorage there?"

"Firstrate anchorage, sir, and a good entrance," says Charley; and I'm blessed if he didn't make a bargain to pilot him down there and back, a huntin' of his own self. My eye, what a lark it was! And the best of the fun was as he made the man-o'-war help him to pay off a grudge he had against the chief of Serua.

When they got to Serua some o' the natives comes alongside, and Charley jabbers away with 'em for a bit, pretendin' to ask where the man was the ship was in search on.

"Pickering's here, sir," he says to the captain. "Leastways he was here yesterday, but these chaps says as he's got a lot o' the mountaineers with him, and they're ticklish fellows to handle. If I might make so bowld, sir," says he, a-touchin' of his hat mighty humble like, "I'd recommend as you sends a couple o' boats ashore, and I can lay 'em on to him afore he knows where he is. If he gets a hint of what you're after, he'll be off into the hills with his crowd, and then you may whistle for him, sir."

"What makes you so keen to catch him, Mr. Farrell?" says the skipper, a bit suspicious like.

"Well, sir," says Charley, "I s'pose if I was to say it's because you want him, you mightn't believe me. The truth on it's just this, sir. Him and me's got an old account to settle, and if ever Charley Pickerin's got to be hung I'd like to be the man to pull the rope."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" says the skipper, and he laughs, and tells the first luff to have the boats piped away.

You may depend on it the old chief looked mighty blue when he saw Charlie comin' ashore with two boatloads of seamen and marines, all armed to the teeth, and he wasn't made much more comfortable when the old schemer told him what he was come for.

"Lookit here," says he "you was mighty sarcy with me the last time I was here. I told you I'd pay you out when my uncle's ship come in; and now here she is, with a lot o' my men who'll do just what I tells 'em. If you've got any word to leave behind you with your folks, you'd better call 'em together and get it spoke, for you've got to die to-day as sure's fate."

The old chief he falls all into a tremble, and begs for his life. What are you sayin' to him?" says the second lieutenant. "The poor old chap seems frightened out of his life."

"Yes, sir," says Charley, "he's awfully gallied of you; thinks you've come to kill him. I was just a reassurin' of him."

"See here, now," says he to the old fellow, "this chief has been intercedin' for you," and, to make a long story short, Charley promised to let him off if he'd send twenty pigs and two thousand yams on board the man-o'-war before sunset. Then he goes off to the ship with a yarn as how Pickerin' was at Serua only the day before, but he'd left for home in a small boat that very afternoon. "He can't get up all the way to-day," says he. "We can stop here to-night if you like, sir," he says, "and get up to Rewa as soon as him if we starts early in the mornin'."

So the captain agreed to stay; and then Pickerin' tells him as how he'd got about a score o' pigs, and a thousand or two of yams ashore.

"Why you're quite a man o' property, Mr. Farrell," says the captain.

"Wish I was, sir," says Charley. "I find it hard work to get a livin' in an honest way. Fact is, sir, the old chief ashore here does a little bit o' tradin' for me. Buys pigs and yams for me, he does, and I supplies the whalers when any on 'em comes in. Him and me's sort o' pardners, as you may say. I can let you have what we've got here pretty cheap, sir," he says. "The old man 'll send 'em off before sundown, and you can give me just what you think's a fair thing for 'em. We've got to keep our weather eye open dealin' with the marchantmen, but I never haggles about a bargain with a gentleman," says he in a polished insinnywatin way he could put on when he liked.

"Very good," says the captain, "I'll take 'em from you. You'd better go ashore at once, and tell your friend to send 'em off as quick's he can."

"Here's a paddle canoe just comin' alongside," says Charley. "I can send word by it if you like, sir; and that'll save you the trouble of sending a boat ashore."

"All right," says the skipper.

And Charley sings out to the natives they was to go right away ashore, and tell the chief as how the captain said he'd blow 'em all to blazes if they didn't send the pigs and yams aboard mighty quick, and if there was as much as one yam short o' the count. So they paddles off in a hurry, and within an hour or two off comes two and twenty pigs, and over two thousand yams, with a lot of bananas and *kava*, and a couple o' turtle, and two or three head o' tortoiseshell into the bargain. Charley took care to get his pay there and then, you may take your oath o' that.

Next mornin' he takes the ship up to Lauthala Bay, and when he got her anchor down he went ashore to point out Pickerin' to the officer in charge. He goes in at the front door of his house, slips out at the back, nips across the point, jumps into a canoe, and away he goes up the other arm of the Rewa river, and gets well on his way towards the hill country afore the officer had begun to wonder what had become of him. Next day a canoe goes off to the man-o'-war with a letter to the captain, signed, "Yours truly, Charles Pickering," thankin' him for the pleasant cruise he'd given him, and for the profitable trade they'd had together. They say as how the captain danced about the deck like a man possessed, and cussed and swore outrageous when he read the letter. Anyway, that's how Charley himself used to tell the yarn; but its likely enough as he put a bit on to it here and there, for a more notorious liar there wasn't in all them islands, and there was some pretty good hands at a twister among the white chaps in them days.

DR. PHIL. R. SCHOMBURGK, CURATOR.

IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS—ADELAIDE.

BY MRS. ALFRED BROAD.

AMONG the pleasantest features of the "Farinaceous Village," and heartily appreciated by both visitors and residents is that charming reserve known as the Botanic Gardens. The position is well-chosen; from the South and East entrance gates the everchanging gold and purple of the Mount Lofty range encircle the horizon, while the long row of fine houses and buildings winding away down to Government House, which faces the Southern side, proclaims its convenient vicinity to the city. The river Torrens is its Northern boundary. After we pass in at the handsome iron-wrought gates the first important object is the quaint red-brick house of the well-known Director, Dr. Phil. R. Schomburgk. Green creepers cling to its sharp angles and over the trellis-work on the front wall, and on either side a velvet lawn refreshes the eye with its perennial greenness, while supplying the necessary contrast of color with the red brick. It is the abode of a scientific and practical man, and one, moreover, who considers the grounds under his management as

far more than mere pleasure grounds, or a show place for strangers. "It has the high function imposed upon it of spreading a scientific as well as an economic knowledge of the flora of this colony to other parts of the world," he wrote in 1888, in which year he forwarded two thousand one hundred packets of Australian seeds of trees, shrubs and forage plants to the Directors of Botanic Gardens at Trinidad, Port Natal, Charkow (Russia), Jamaica, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Kew, Paris, Java, Hongkong, Saharampure, and British Guinea in return for an approximate number of foreign seeds. A great deal of thought and time is given to another branch, viz., the distribution of foreign seeds and plants in different parts of the colony; for, as the Gardens are situated in the plains, the climate is uniform, and there is little variety of soil. But for purposes of testing it would appear that most of those to whom seeds have been given have not recognised their responsibility in the matter, for the Director mentions with regret the neglect of such persons year after year to communicate that information as to progress which was conditional on their being the recipients. There is a great deal of brain work in connection with the Public Gardens, and one must really go behind the scenes to understand it at all, and the ceaseless thought required from the head of affairs.

The first Director was Mr. Francis, whose portrait is in the Economic Museum, and it was under his supervision that the Gardens were laid out and planted in the year 1855. Ten years afterwards he died, and a monument was erected to his memory near the principal gates Dr. Schomburgk is one of the early colonists, although of German birth, and arrived here in 1849. He lived for most of the time at his residence near the Gawler River, till his appointment as Director of these beautiful gardens in 1865. He bears his age well, and is so active and full of pleasant conversation that no one would imagine that seventy-eight summers (and forty of those *South Australian* summers), had passed over his head. He loves his plants and takes delight in the rearing and development of choice varieties and strange exotics.

The great water-maize of Central America, called, in honor of Her Majesty, the Victoria Regia, was discovered by Dr. Schomburgk's eldest brother, the late Sir Robert Schomburgk, with whom he travelled in British Guiana from 1840 to 1846. Sir Robert had undertaken the demarcation of the boundaries between Brazil, Venezuela, and Surinam, and by the permission of the British Government Dr. Schomburgk accompanied the expedition as naturalist, to collect for the Prussian Museums.

As a specimen of landscape gardening it would be difficult to surpass the Adelaide Gardens, so cleverly has the limited space of one hundred and twenty-seven acres been utilised. The artist as well as the botanist is delighted. There are winding walks, rustic bridges, splendid willows, besides ponds and and creeks, islets, long stretches of velvety lawns, raised terraces of earth to relieve the natural flatness of the ground, noticeably that on which the Palm House stands, fine statuary, handsome decorative masonary, long avenues of fine trees, one particularly of Moreton Bay figs, pretty aviaries of birds (magpies, parrots, and so on), together with a piece of ground for larger birds, where white and dark peacocks, native companions, and Stanley cranes delight the children. The ponds and pieces of water are full of black swans and native ducks, one small one only, which has a lovely female figure in the centre, having but rich grasses and water-lilies in it. The Rosery, which was looking well in September and October last, is very skilfully arranged, and the glorious luxuriance of color tells against a background of dark pines. The training of small roses in festoons from poles eight or nine feet high forms a novel and pleasing effect, and is a constant source of wonder to the uninitiated. Two years ago it was unfortunately found necessary to remove the avenue of pines on the Western side of the Rosery, as the roots were extending through the rose-beds, and dwarfing and injuring the roses, which task was accomplished with great difficulty, each tree being removed piecemeal. Extensive improvements have been made since 1885, one especially being the formation of the splendid drive in the park, a mile and a half long, oval in shape, and acknowledged to be the finest drive in the Southern Hemisphere. There is one lovely avenue of plane trees in it which will soon unite overhead, and form a perfect tunnel of foliage of an exquisite light green. One cannot but be struck by the fine artistic arrangement of the ferns and tropical plants in the fern and stove houses, the way in which widely different orders of plants are placed in juxtaposition, the tiniest maidenhair fern beside an *Anthurium heroida*, a plant with immense green red-veined leaves; the very large purple orchid *Cattleya Warnerii*, close to the peat-filled basket in which the fairy-like creamy blossoms

of *Deudrobium cretaceum* cluster on long jointed branches or shoots—striking contrasts of form, color, and size, producing the exquisite results presented to the public eye.

The palm house is, of course, an immense attraction, and the semi-tropical plants, fern trees, and numerous species of palms are in a most flourishing and beautiful state. At one end of the house there is a pretty grotto, the rock work half concealed by climbing asparagus and small ferns. Here when I made my sketch I was struck afresh by the picturesque posing of the trees, and every view one took was so lovely with the soft light through the glass roof glinting here and there that it made it difficult what to choose to give an idea to others of the beauty of our palm house. The centre palm (*Latania*) is highly thought of by the Director, and is certainly a beautiful tree, but growing out of all bounds; one must break their neck to get a view of the leaves, and it is putting out fresh arms against the roof. Although it is evident that all the larger trees will soon suffer from confined space, there is no present alteration contemplated but the raising of the dome to save the palm. In the house and grounds there are altogether one hundred and eighty-three species of palms. There is a quiet, elegant skirting of masonry around the house which protects the trees and plants, and is as ornamental as it is useful; and an immense circular-shaped flower of masonry in the centre contains a pyramidal erection of huge leaves, palms, and grasses from which rises the slender form of the *Pandamus Latania*, thirty-six feet high. From the elevated terrace on which the palm house stands the fern houses and museum of timber specimens are to be seen. This last is a curious piece of architecture, after the Indian style and painted dense brown. An interesting object in it is a perfect model of a Malay raft. The Victoria House is stocked with the usual beautiful growths, but appears crowded, and on the whole not so fine in effect as the others. The *Victoria Regia* is eccentric in its behavior, sometimes appearing in January, at others in March; and it is possible that the excessive growth around it, the climbers on the roof obscuring much of the light, has something to do with the comparatively small leaves and flowers of the last two years. As a new Victoria House is contemplated, probably of larger dimensions, it may bloom with us yet as it does in the bayous of Mexico and South America. A temperature of eighty degrees is required for this plant. It is singular when you come to notice it how greatly we are indebted to America, Mexico, and Brazil especially, for splendidly formed and colored plants. Most of the *Anthuriums* come from Brazil, huge green velvety leaves, unique in shape and rich in decoration. In the Victoria House is one which we can call the crystal *Anthurium* (if my readers will excuse me the botanical name), and nothing can be more singular than to find in a hot house of eighty degrees a plant whose dark velvety leaves are veined with glittering crystal fibre resembling frost in the rays of the sun. You would feel sure it would be icy cold to the touch, but "things are not what they seem," the plant is barely cool all over, and its native land is Brazil, where it grows in dense mosquito-laden marshes.

IN THE PALM HOUSE.

Then there is the Museum of Economic Botany. One may spend a pleasant hour in it. The wax models of South Australian fruits which were exhibited in the Adelaide and Melbourne Exhibitions were presented by the South Australian Commissioners, and are a very attractive feature. The models of fungi are interesting also, some European varieties being scarlet, green, and fawn, spotted with large snow-white spots. The edible fungi are singularly dull and unattractive in color. Dried "pitchers," from the pitcher plants, occupy a case, and are most extraordinary objects. Their color is generally reduced to a reddish brown, but their originality of shape is still there, one

ORCHIDS.

having a remarkable resemblance to an elaborate horn—two of the most peculiar I sketched knowing words could never adequately describe them. In a small twine bag I noticed the purple grooved nuts or fruit of the *Nipa fructicans*, a gigantic flag or palm, which the natives of Penang use to thatch their houses. Sir Joseph Hooker speaks of it as "a low stemless palm that grows in the tidal waters of the Indian Ocean, and bears a large head of nuts." He further remarks on its peculiar interest to the geologist, "from the nuts of a similar plant abounding in the tertiary formations at the mouth of the Thames, and having floated about there in as great profusion as here (the mouth of the Ganges) till buried deep in the silt and sand that now form the Island of Sheppey." At one end of the museum is the fine oil painting of the Director, which was presented by his friends, and the shrewd kindly face looks down upon the results of labor and cultured thought in the hundreds of interesting objects around him with a singularly life-like air. The illustration which heads this article was taken from that very genuine work of art. At the other end of the museum is the portrait of the late Sir Robert Schomburgk. In the private forcing houses some very rare plants are to be seen. The curious pitcher plant is reared in a stone house of seventy-five degrees. The temperature of the present shade houses is too variable to suit these singular growths, and they are rarely exhibited to the public. The collection of Nepenthes, or pitcher plants, consists of thirty-eight species and hybrids, the finest perhaps being *Nepenthes Masteriana*, a rich light red color melting into green, with slender pitchers eight inches long, which I sketched. There is another, which to the uninitiated seems even more handsome, having very large wide pitchers spotted with crimson spots. In their native home (Madagascar) they are eagerly sought for by travellers to quench their thirst, as they are full of water, and also of drowned insects, for these plants are veritable fly-traps, and the thick rim at the top of the pitcher conceals a pouch of sweet secretion which no insect can resist. It is asserted that Mr. Darwin proved these plants to absorb poached eggs, mutton chops, and even *gristle*, dissolving them in the acid secretion at the *bottom* of their pouch as easily as the hapless insects. The orchids are largely represented, the butterfly, white dove, ladies' slipper, and other favorites show to great perfection, and some of those smaller kinds which grow in small moss-filled baskets, and evidently live on the atmosphere It is wonderful how little earth they require; they have been known to grow luxuriantly on a heap of cinders, and if one examines them closely they will see fresh rootlets forming at every second or third joint of their shoots, those rootlets appearing to embrace the moist warm air, and quite away from their mother earth. Some of those prized *Cattleyas* which have fetched and do fetch such high prices in the home markets are represented here; one of Cattleya Trianac (a plant of which was sold in England for £215), and one of Arides

Lawrenciæ (sold for £225). Dr. Schomburgk speaks of the orchid mania as being rife as ever in England and the Continent, £300 being given for favorites. The nursery men form a ring to keep the prices up, and the flower-loving portion of the public is at their mercy. In America there is a heavy duty on the importation of orchids. The Australian orchids have no place in the home and foreign markets, and fetch but poor prices; three or four only from New South Wales being worthy of a botanist's attention. It is sometimes imagined that £300 or £400 is given for a single specimen of the tropical orchids, and indeed the home papers have so stated it; but Dr. Schomburgk

CURIOUS FORMS OF DRIED PITCHERS.

points out that only an immense plant, requiring the space of a large tub, and containing thousands of roots, will fetch such prices. So there is method in their madness after all, for if necessary the plant can be divided and portions sold till the original price is almost realised, and yet enough left to satisfy the purchaser.

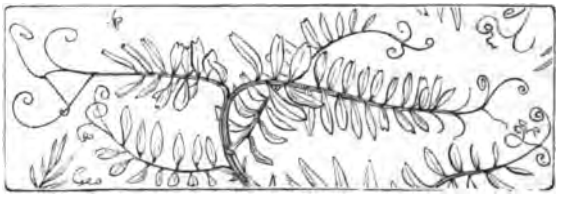
The public stove house and shade houses are supplied with an immense variety of plants, and to those who are often at the Gardens it is a source of wonder to see the magnificent decorative effect kept up month after month and year after year, changed every few days for one equally fine. The rearing and maintenance of these semi-tropical and tropical growths is no easy matter, and those who execute as well as those who plan deserve our thanks and admiration. We are, perhaps, inclined in this age of luxuries to take our Botanic Gardens too much as a matter of course, and to overlook the fact that tireless industry and thought are necessary to produce such fine results as we have in the Colonial Gardens, not to mention such gigantic enterprises as the Boulevards in Paris, or the Central Park in Boston.

The aloes and cacti are fully represented here. Four hundred and eighteen species and varieties of the latter are conspicuous by their peculiar growth and form, taking us away in fancy to their old home in America, and the Californian missions, where they are found in dense hedges six feet high, and from five to ten feet wide, horrible with thorns, and the terror even of the beasts. There is one cactus, tall and slender, which has apparently a coat of faded, ill-nourished fur, of a melancholy gray, suggestive of damp vaults and the tombs of one's great ancestors (those who came over with the Conqueror, that is). It rejoices in the name *Pilocereus Dantwitzi*. Another appropriately called *Pilocereus senilis* has soft grey hair, two inches long, growing all over it; also a tall slender one. A very uncommon and more cheerful-looking specimen in the cactus house was one like a Christmas pudding in shape, but widely grooved, greenish-gray in color, and thickly studded with white bristling thorny stars; but the odd part was the top of the "pudding," which had apparently a couple of tablespoonfuls of thick cream on it. I did not notice this white patch on any other cactus. It is surprising to see how many hot houses there are in the private ground at the back, and I am informed by the Director that another public stove house is badly required, many beautiful plants being never exhibited to the public at all. The largest collection of plants in the colonies is in the Adelaide Botanic Gardens, and it is unfortunate that many of them should be crowded out of sight for the want of another hot house.

Among the many fine trees which adorn the Gardens are two natives of East and North Australia. The former, *Ficus Rubiginosa*, was planted in 1860, and has reached the height of forty-eight feet, the stem a foot high from the ground being seventeen feet in girth. The graceful figure of Hebe which stands near seems a mere speck against its immensity of green foliage. The *Ficus Platypoda* from the North is conspicuous for having attained a compact and regular shape without the aid of shears or pruning-knife. It has three main stems, the tallest of which is thirty feet, and the spread of whose branches is forty feet. The Director considers it one of the specimen trees of the Gardens. There is, too, a rather grotesque-looking South

American palm (Chili), which has grown to a very noticeable state of perfection; at last, but not least, the immense pepper tree (*Schinus Molle*) which adorns the entrance to the Gardens is quite a show in itself, and evidently relishes the Australian climate and soil as well as its distant home in Peru. The spread of its branches is fifty-four feet, and the girth of trunk three feet up is nine feet, from whence it divides into three main stems. One of the few New Zealand trees which thrive in this colony is the *Damara Australis*; planted in 1861, it has reached the height of fifty-one feet, and is conspicuous among its companions by it narrowness and height, and the upper branches inclining up, but from the centre of the trunk the lower ones incline to the ground. This tree produces the Kauri gum or resin. One cannot leave the forest trees without a parting glance of admiration at the beauty of a Californian pine (*Pinus Sabinia*), which has a bluish green foliage growing in graceful clusters of spines; all the upper portion of the foliage has an ethereal silvery sheen on it, while the under side is dull. The effect is beautiful, noticeably so in the winter, even in a set reserve where all Nature's wildness is pruned and trained in straight paths and angles, and makes us wonder what a whole forest of these giants must be, bordering the wonderful canyons of the West, white with the snows of winter and the beautiful traceries of King Frost! It leads one's wandering fancy to many varied scenes and places to see this collection of plants from all regions under Heaven. Here is the *Narcissus neglectus*, an exile from Naples, where its sisters rear their heads 'mid ruins of marble and porphyry, and are plucked in handfuls by the Neapolitan children. Not far off is the *Iris tenuifoila* from that land where hope dies from the human heart in the snows of Siberia. An Hydrangea from China, a fig-tree from the East Indies, a lily from the Mediterranean meet our eye as we wend our way through the grounds, looking so fair in the golden haze of the waning noon; and in the pleasant confusion of thought we drift from the blue waters of the Mediterranean to Armenia, and try to picture to ourselves the beauty of the first Garden in the history of the world, wherein a Divine Presence walked "in the cool of the day."

THE PITCHER PLANT.



A. family had begged her to accept him she would have never thought more of the man. But the world of Rome and of Nice talked of her as having been jilted and ill-used—the withdrawal had come from the A.'s—and she never thought of that stolen *tête-a-tête*, or of the kiss she had voluntarily given to him, without feelings of the greatest shame and humiliation. Other admirers she had, and many flattering speeches she chronicles, but no one seemed to touch her heart. And like the great Balzac, whom she so much admired and of whom we are constantly reminded in the journal, her two desires were to be famous and to be loved. Was she ever loved in any measure to the height of her worth, or to the hunger of her heart? Probably not,—unless it was by the dying painter Jules Bastien-Lepage, whom she only preceded to the grave. In every other episode of flirtation she seems intellectually head and shoulders higher than her adorers. In the case of Balzac, one hopes that the Countess Hanska did love the man of genius who had waited so long for her with a love somewhat equal to his own. With the other object of ambition—in the longer life of the artist in pen and ink—he reaped his laurels. He was at the head of his order in France, perhaps in Europe, and his fame rests on solid foundations. But this girl, as indomitably industrious, and more many-sided, only had her laurels scattered on her tomb. Her eagerness, her feeling that she had only one life, and that life a short one, made her seem almost fierce in her work and jealous of her compeers who seemed to make greater progress. But it never blinded her to the excellencies of her rivals. She does full justice to Breslau, the older and earlier successful rival in the atelier Julian.

Marion Hepworth Dixon, in her personal reminiscences of her fellow-student, which appears in the *Fortnightly* for February, tells us that the woman was much more human than the portrait she draws of herself. The supremacy of sex proclaimed itself in her voice, which was ever soft and gentle, though the spoken words were incisive. She was the veriest madcap of a girl. Her freaks and moods brought with her into the studio the flavor, the air, of a more delicate world. If any envy seemed to exist between her and her comrades it lay on the side of the spoiled young Russian for the simpler lives, the more artistic *milieu* which she imagined was theirs. She is too hard on herself. With a fine scorn in real life for bourgeois pretensions and middle-class prejudices, she could be kind and helpful and tender with the ignorant and ill-advised. She would help the least promising new-comer, and comfort after a sharp rebuke from the master by showing that the work was not really so bad, and this when she must have felt her own time was short. And how she worked; to labor was a passion with her. It was no light enthusiasm which led her to leave a luxurious home to work eight or ten hours a day in a close ill-smelling studio for six years, only to attain a beginning of fame and an early grave. To labor was a passion with her; to toil at whatever she took in hand, a kind of ferocious joy. And yet there was nothing of the prig in this astoundingly learned maiden. There were moments when she regretted she had not gone to balls like other girls. Some people find Marie intensely Russian, her fellow-student thought her curiously cosmopolitan. "But in a larger sense than de Musset she is the child of her age. In her this latter half of the nineteenth century aspires and despairs, flutters its wings against the absolute and the unknown. The introspection which made her analyse motives and tear the trappings from the best actions was practised so ruthlessly on herself." Thus Balzac took to pieces the puppets of his Human Comedy, whom he boasted that he photographed from life, though he was sure that the originals would never recognise themselves in his setting. The fellow-student scarcely knows Mademoiselle Marie in this harsh picture, self-drawn with brutal candor. No doubt she had an immense capacity for being bored, and resented fuss and idle curiosity. Probably she was not so unamiable in her family circle as she reproaches herself with being. How the girl inherited her extraordinary gifts from her ancestry, she, following Zola's theory of heridity, tries to make out. Something of the terrible grandfather, the sickly Russian general, who, while he lived, held his only son Gregory Bashkirtseff in abject bondage, may be seen in her tenacity; but the father was only a commonplace imperious country magnate, and the mother was a passive, sentimental novel-reading woman, who conspired with the maternal aunt in doing everything that Marie wanted, but understanding her was quite beyond them both. No, the theory of heredity is here and in innumerable instances at fault. There is something which each individual has at birth, and more that he can acquire for himself from others than his ancestors. He is not a mere reproduction or re-arrangement of the racial strain. Heredity is preached till it amounts to fatalism, and yet we see people who were quite different from their

ancestors, and whom their posterity in no way resemble. Take Shakespeare, take Scott, and almost all supreme geniuses; we find they come and go without apparent cause or effect. Let us make excuses for the hereditary criminal, and have patience with the hereditary fool in other people; but let no one say that because his own ancestors were faulty or stupid he cannot hope to rise above their level. So much depends on the surroundings and opportunities which are different for each generation and for each individual. Marie complains of hers. "My *milieu* must be called, in spite of the best intentions in the world, *abrutissant*. The people of my family are for the most part ignorant and commonplace. Then there is our friend Madame G——, who is a society woman par excellence. And the people who come to call, or in the evenings to receptions—they cannot converse—the young people are utterly colorless. So if I had not shut myself up with my books I should be much less intelligent than I am Often I become imbecile, and I cannot utter a word. I smile vaguely—that is all I can do."

And again, "I try to console myself by thinking that my troubles are only the equivalent of those which all artists have to conquer, since I have not to submit to the poverty or the tyranny of parents, the commonest grievance, is it not? But after three years of labors such as mine have been, these other artists would have been mentioned, and I have not even made a start. I despise and detest myself as much as I despise and detest my family. A man who is indignant mounts a tribune and makes a remonstrance. But a woman has no tribune at her disposal, and besides she is sat upon (*obsedée*) by father, mother, by everybody, and they make her stupid all the day, and at night she has only her diary to give vent to her feelings in."

With all the education this girl received she had no right moral training, she was left to learn right and wrong by her own observation and reflection, and her selfishness was fostered by the flattery and adulation she received until she began seriously to study art. There she had to find her own level, and as her appreciation of the highest and truest forms of art grew she felt her own shortcomings while she ever higher raised her ambition. And the religion in which she had been brought up was a mere superstition which she tried to work with as with a charm, by prayers and offerings to the Church and to the poor; but when her prayers were not answered she called out into the void in her despair. It was when her father and mother (united for once) were making prayers and costly gifts at the Holy Catacombs of Kieff for the restoration of Marie's health and splendid voice that she felt the first sharp pain in her left lung that was the beginning of serious illness, and she could never see that anybody ever got what they prayed for. This temporary reconciliation was brought about by herself. After the Pietro episode, when she and her family were smarting under the slight passed on her, she was sent alone to Russia to win the affections of her father, and she succeeded by taking a high hand with him, and by making herself the wonder of the rural society. She played on three instruments exquisitely—nothing had been heard equal to her voice, a mezzo-soprano of great compass and fine quality; she feared nothing and nobody; she rode, she hunted, she even shot; and she made her father speak respectfully in her presence, at least, of his wife's relatives, whom he had hated because they were always against him and the Bashkirtseff. But with all this success, and all the admiration she excited, the girl felt the society of stupid, uneducated people oppressive. They had no resource but cards, and she missed the conversation and refinement of continental society. Still, she brought her parents to make an attempt to live together, chiefly with the hope of establishing Marie suitably in marriage. This, however, was not accomplished, and very soon the father returned to his estate, but visits were exchanged at intervals. Madame Bashkirtseff was with her husband when he died, and Marie reproached herself that she had not left her art studies to be there also. The wonderful voice was attacked by laryngitis, which became chronic and destroyed it, after some recoveries, when she felt like a mother who received again a dead child. She was close on eighteen, when she made up her mind to be a painter, and to delay her marriage to anybody whomsoever till she had reached eminence in it. She regretted the years wasted, yet did not think that art was so long an affair to conquer.

Although Marion Hepworth thought her a womanly woman she herself said she was only woman as to the skin. The outside was, however, devilishly feminine, and so she was inveterately coquettish, and she strove to please the other sex, at whatever pain to her admirers. This feminine outside also brought social disabilities, and abridged the liberty which is half the ordinary happiness of men. She did not, however, overstep the decorums of her sex, for she felt that the emancipated woman exposed herself to remark and censure which would curtail her freedom in other

ways. In spite of the friendly comradeship with her two masters, Julian, the resident, and Tony Robert-Fleury, the visiting master at the studio, she was careful not to discuss subjects or use phrases or expressions which might have been thought allowable where the nude study was the most important part of the work. With all the frankness of these revelations the girl was singularly pure-minded, though she read books which are not permitted to girls in France, and which few Englishmen would like their wives to see. Balzac was her favorite study, and she admired Zola, though she objected to his introduction of repulsive details

The girl always pined for Italy, not because it was the scene of her luckless love, but because her artist-nature loved the sky and sea of Rome and Naples, the marvellous remains of ancient and mediæval art, and all the historic associations. She not only could read and enjoy Shakespeare in English, but read the Latin poets and historians in the original, while French and Italian were familiar as her native tongue, perhaps more so, for she was delighted to find that she could speak to the servants and to the peasants during her three months mission in Russia, to their great delight also. She only cared for Paris as a place where she could study, that her mother and aunt were willing to live in. "It is a café, a well-kept hotel, a bazaar. Ah! how inferior to Italy!" But yet it had its points. It was the place in which she could procure the most lovely clothes, and she says she devotes a month twice a year to that, in order that she need not think of it for the remaining ten. Dress, as dress, is not much; but she flattered herself that with her dress led to costume, and costume to history, and to be a great historical painter was the object of her ambition. France is a fine country for gallantry and pleasure, but for other things, no. . . . Perhaps if I complain of France it is because I am not married. France for young girls is an infamous place, and the word is not too strong. One cannot put more cold cynicism into the coupling of any two beings than is put here into the marrying of a man and a woman. Commerce, speculation, traffic are honorable terms when applied to appropriate objects, but they are infamous applied to marriage, and nevertheless there are no other words to use with regard to French marriages."

Marie loved her native country but detested its government; and though she was horrified at the excesses of the Nihilists she would probably have become one if she had lived under the iron rule of the imperial sceptre. Her traditional religion would not have withheld her.

People said of her that she was born fifteen years old, for the extent of her acquirements and the trenchient keenness of her judgment were so far in advance of her age She also looked older than she was Her portrait prefixed to the journal was taken at thirteen; at fifteen she was quite a woman; at twenty she had begun to fade.

In art she was a realist, but a realist who selected with taste and with feeling. She chose subjects for their expression and character, and avoided the ugly and ignoble. She was rather a post-Raphælist than a pre-Raphælist. The works of Raphæl impressed her as unreal, conventional, and inexpressive. She drew her chief inspiration from Millet, who invested with beauty and poetry the fields where the peasants labored, and the peasants themselves. Of all her contemporaries she admired most Jules Bastien-Lepage, whose Joan of Arc was so long in winning recognition from its very simplicity and naturalness. This was an encouragement to persevere on the right lines, and never to court popularity by false commonplace art. This is how she writes of Lepage's work:—"His portraits are miracles of truth, of feeling, of resemblance; they are living beings who pass under your eyes. He is more than a painter: he is a poet, a metaphysician, a creator. . . . The girl seen from behind in his 'Love in a Village,' with the short plaits of hair and the flower in her hand, is a poem. . . . Never has any one entered into the realities of life like Bastien. Nothing is more elevated, more admirably human. Millet, Breton, are poets no doubt, but Bastien has united all in himself. He is king over all, not only by his marvellous execution, but by the profound intensity of his feeling."

We are told that no one has pourtrayed the artistic temperament better than George Sand; but we have not anything to show that Marie cared for her novels. So far as we know she had not read Consuelo, and her aristocratic prejudices were ruffled by the many tales in which the novelist presents love as levelling ranks, and servants and gardeners making voluminous love to maidens and dames of high degree. But if ever the highly-born Russian girl felt love at all it was in the last year of her life, and its object was the peasant-born painter, Lepage, who was dying of cancer, while she was dying of galloping consumption. How the two invalids dragged themselves to go to see each other during that sad year; how they discussed all subjects

—artistic, literary, human, and divine with open heart and soul, sure of being understood, safe from dulness and misapprehension; how she loved the peasant mother, and and the devoted brother who, though a rising architect, felt the superiority of Jules; and how she entered into the details of their simple menage. And yet the Lepages were of as humble origin as the lovers in George Sand's books, and Jules had earned his daily bread by nightly work as a letter sorter when he was studying art in Paris. Now, at the age of thirty-six, he had planted his foot firmly on the ladder of fame. She, at twenty-three, had not reached what she had so long aspired to; but both were dying, and both knew it. He, contrary to her expectation, survived her. The last entry in her diary is as follows:—"In spite of magnificent weather, Bastien comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can hardly walk now; his brother supports him under each arm, almost carries him, and once laid on the couch the poor fellow stretches himself out exhausted. What misery! And how many concierges enjoy excellent health! Emile is an admirable brother. It is he who takes Jules on his shoulders and carries him up to their third floor. And I have in Dina an equal devotion The last two days I have had my bed in the salon, but it is concealed by the piano and folding screens. It is too much for me to go up stairs." *

It was not till after her death that her pictures, "The Meeting," "Six Street Boys —*Gamins*," and "The Three Laughs," were purchased by the French nation for the Luxembourg. If she had not been a foreigner they might have been bought before. She said that if she had dressed her *gamins* in fancy costumes and painted them in a studio with conventional made-up background and accessories, instead of taking them in their habit as they lived, and in the open air, she would have been more admired by the public. Her last pictures sought a morning effect, and the delicate, indeed dying, girl got up at five and tried to catch the true tints and shadows under the shelter of her hack cab. Like Balzac, much as she worked she was always planning other works, which never came into being. "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre" and the statue of Ariadne only exist for us in her vivid word-pictures. But the industry which made her take to sculpture when daylight was over and she could no longer paint, the reading snatched while she was at meals, and with which she reproached herself as unsocial and unkind to her devoted aunt—all show that Marie strove to put into her short life more than even talented people manage to do in the average lifetime of three score and ten.

We may conclude this sketch with a translation (not everywhere exactly literal) of the verses to her memory prefixed to the two volumes—

TO THE

MEMORY OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

AFTER READING HER JOURNAL.

BY ANDRE THEURET.

Vain word of death! Eternally float round
  Dispersed in air, the beings whom we weep,
We recognise in color, perfume, sound,
  The dear ones who before us fall asleep.

What do I see? Two children hand in hand
  Walk through the chestnut grove this lovely day;—
A girl beneath a hedge, dark-eyed and tanned,
  Gazing along the narrowing shaded way.

The azure sky, the amethyst-colored sea,
  The silent fields and the wave-fretted shore
All-ardent heart and artist soul-Marie!—
  Recalled thy work, and brought thee back once more.

Thy lofty reason, thy bewitching grace,
  Thy flower-like spirit, opening to the light,
All still remains. death's self can ne'er efface
  Thy perfect self from human ear and sight.

No, thou who with impatient lip drank deep
  From life's own springs, our best of now and here,—
Death has not snatched thee with his dull blind sweep
  From this live world, to thee so hard—so dear!

Where was thy strange ambition's native home?
  What deeds, what conquests thy young fancy wove?
By turns were Paris, Florence, Naples, Rome,
  Scenes of thy dreams of greatness and of love.

The shocks of human passions thou couldst meet
  Cold hearts, faint wills, hard words combined to give
The crushing sense of failure and defeat,—
  Yet still resolved to struggle and to live.

At last unwearied, undismayed, thy heart
  Shook off old aims and found its true career;—
Embodied henceforth in creative art
  Deathless unfading,—like thyself, sincere.

And what an art!—so human, simple, true
  Nature itself, which only touches all,—
Fair as the wild-rose overhung with dew,
  Fresh as the drops from rocky waterfall.

The world was but saluting the young star,
  Glory and fame came after long despair,
When lo! the shrouded angel bears thee far.
  Wrapped in thy silky pall of golden hair.

Thy form has disappeared,—thine artist soul,
  Thy pictures splendid with their living art,
Thy greater better self remains,—this written scroll,—
  These live with us,—we take them, heart to heart.

I feel thee so alive as I retrace
  Thine eager life, self-told from day to day,
I seem to see thee in the moving grace
  Of thy long garments, pass along the way

Clothed, it meseems, in glory and in light,—
  And thus in future days, we the world will see
Thee rise and stand, a statue pure and white,
  For ever shrined in sacred memory.

* Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days after this entry on the 31st October, 1884.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHERE are ye thinking of going, boss, when we get to Bairnsdale? Twofold Bay's a terrible long way off to go prospectin'. I'd a deal sooner chance Omeo. It's only twenty miles further on."

"Omeo, Omeo!" repeated Lance. "Why should I go to Omeo?"

"Haven't ye heard? There's a big show struck close by the old township. They say they're leaving Ballarat, lots of 'em, to go there. It's the richest find yet, by all accounts; shallow ground too!"

"Omeo, Omeo!" Lance again repeated half unconsciously to himself. Had not Tessie made reference to it in the coach from Ballarat? Had she not said that Lawrence Trevenna was there, the man to whose baleful shadow he owed ruin and dishonor, the ineradicable disgrace which would always be associated with his name? He had a heavy account to settle with him. When they met all scores would be cleared off. This much he had vowed to himself in the prison cell at Ballarat, in the hulk "President," in the silence of midnight in that fetid hold of the prison-ship where he could scarcely breathe the poluted atmosphere laden with crime, heavy with curses. There, in that time of horror and dread, again and again had he sworn to take his enemy's life, that one or other should die when next they met, be it where it might.

And then again, as he hoped to efface himself, to feel secure from the pursuit which he heard in every breeze and feared in every echoing hoof, where could he find so safe and unsuspected a refuge as this new digging, wild, rough, isolated as Omeo must necessarily be? Far from civilisation of any kind, on a lone mountain plateau, snow-covered in winter, only to be reached by paths so devious and precipitous that wheels could not be employed, where every pound of merchandise or machinery was fain to be carried on pack horses. There could be no better place for a hunted man to disappear, to obliterate himself. There he could remain for the present, unknown, invisible to all who had known the former Lance Trevanion, until he matured his plans and could make his way to a foreign shore.

Here, as he recovered health and strength under the influence of the mountain breezes and the wild woodlands which lay so near the river sources and the snow summits, it would be comparatively easy to transmit his share of the Number Six washings, still safe in the Joint Stock Bank in the custody of Charlie Stirling. Here, once located and established as Dick, Tom, or Harry—surnames were in the nature of superfluities at goldfields of the class which Omeo was pretty sure to be—he could make arrangements for selling out to Jack Polwarth. Quietly and without suspicion he could arrange to have the whole of his property transferred to him in cash, and some fine morning, under cover of a trip to Melbourne on business or pleasure, he would show Australia a clean pair of heels, and in America, North or South, in some far land where his name was never heard, would live out the rest of a life with such solace as he might, might even. when Time, the healer, should have dulled the heart-pangs which now throbbed and agonised so mordantly—might even reach some degree of contentment, if not of happiness.

And Estelle! Estelle! There was the sharpest sting—the bitterest grief—the direst pang of all. Could he ever look again into those lovely, trusting eyes, having undergone what he had done? Could he ask her—angel of purity that she was; the embodiment of the refinement of generations of stainless ancestors; sheltered, as she had been, by the conditions of her birth and education from all knowledge of the evil that there is in the world—could he ask her to lay her head upon a felon's breast? To take his hand in lifelong pledge of happiness when at any time, in any land where this long arm of extradition could reach, the hand of justice might seize him? No! Such companionship, such love, could never be his in the future. He had lost them for ever. On the lower level to which he had sunk he must remain. To its privations he must accustom himself. The surroundings he must endure. There

* Begun in August number, 1889.

was no help for it. If Tessie Lawford chose to share his lot he might not deny her. She knew the whole of his story. She loved him. She had been faithful and true. She deserved any poor recompense, such as the damaged future of his life, that of a nameless man, could offer, if she chose to accept it. For Trevanion, of Wychwood, was dead, and his early love, with all his high hopes and noble aspirations lay deep in the grave of his buried honor.

* * * *

From the day of Lance Trevanion's arrest at Balooka no word by letter or otherwise had reached Wychwood of the fortunes of its heir. Days, weeks, months, succeeded each other in the uneventful round into which country life in England has a tendency to settle when ordinary interests are withdrawn or unduly concentrated. It was pitiable to note the squire's anxiety when the Australian mail was due. For him, as for Estelle, there seemed to be but one man whose fortunes were worth following in the whole world—from whom letters were as the breath of life. And now these tidings from a far land, regular if brief and sententious, up to this time, were suddenly withheld.

With the failing health of the squire—for he suffered from one of the mysterious class of complaints before which strong men go down like feeble children—passed away much of his fierce obstinacy, his pride and arrogance. He thought of his son as he had last seen him, haughty, tameless, defiant—with all his faults a true Trevanion—and now when he hoped to have seen him once again, grown and developed, though bronzed and possibly roughened by the rude life of a colony, when he had schooled himself to recall rash words and to make the *amende* as far as his nature would permit, here he was thwarted, bewildered, maddened by this sudden arrest of all knowledge of his fate.

"The boy has had the best of the fight," he groaned out.

Ever at his side, at this crisis chief counsellor and consoler, Estelle here rose to her true position in the house. Awakened to the necessity of taking a leading part in the family fortunes the added weight of responsibility appeared to nerve and mould her to a loftier resolve, to a more sublimely unselfish purpose. She it was who suggested to the desponding father every shade of excuse for the stoppage of the letters which were as the life-blood to his failing constitution. She it was who ransacked the newspapers for reports, meagre as they mostly were, of the great Australian goldfields. She it was who looked up maps and authorities upon the colonies until she even acquired the recondite knowledge, granted to so few Britons, that Victoria is not situated in New South Wales, nor Tasmania the capital of Western Australia.

Torn and rent as was her own heart when she allowed herself to think of her lover—lost to her in the wilds of a far country, perishing in the wilderness for all she knew, exposed to dangers among savages and outlaws even more ruthless—she yet braced up her courage. She nerved herself to bear the worst, if only she might soften the pain and anxiety which began increasingly to sap the strength of the failing head of the ancient house.

More than once had she interviewed the passengers in vessels returning from Melbourne, hungrily eager for any shred of news from Ballarat. Did they know a miner named Trevanion, or even Polwarth? How long was it since they had seen him, and what was his present circumstances? But these inquiries were vain. Few of the returning adventurers had troubled themselves to remember the names of their chance acquaintances. Others indeed had heard of the untoward fate of the young Englishman, but thought it no kindness to tell his friends. They could not possibly aid him or alleviate his condition. Better to let the bad news unfold itself in due time.

So the weary days went on. Spring glided into summer. The ancient oaks and "immemorial elms" of Wychwood Chase were clothed anew with tender greenery. The glad, brief life of the northern summer burst into joyous fulness, then paled and waned. Autumn, with slow pace but ruthless hand, despoiled the glades and strewed the forest aisles with withered leaves and fallen chaplets. Ere the blasts of winter had commenced to herald the doom of the dying year it became generally known that the Squire of Wychwood was failing fast—would, indeed, hardly last over the coming Christmastide. It was observed that he buried himself in his library, that he had given up all habitual modes of exercise. No guests were invited to the house, and Miss Estelle more often dined by herself than not in the great, lonely dining room which had so often echoed with festive mirth, or in older days still rang with ruthless revelry.

As the squire's health declined his affections seemed to concentrate themselves upon his niece. She had in all respects borne herself as a daughter to him—had shown even more than a daughter's sympathy and constant, watchful care.

The younger son was at college. He would be the heir to Wychwood in case the adventurer on the far Australian goldfield never returned to claim his inheritance. Amiable, well-conducted, of respectable ability and fair attainments, he had never (such is the perversity of the human heart) been a favorite of his father's. The stern old man—bitterly as he had quarrelled with the disobedient, elder brother, whose nature was in so many respects a reflex of his own, yet in his heart owned him for the higher nature—recognised in him the befitting heir to his ancient *demesne*, to the hall in which nobles had sat and princes feasted. Now to his gloomy and brooding soul all hope was lost. Some dire misfortune, even a fatal accident, had, doubtless, happened—must have occurred, indeed, or Lance's chronicle of his life and adventures, meagre as to detail, but of regular recurrence, would have continued. If only he could have set eyes on Lance before he died! Could he but have told him how he had regretted the rash words and bitter speech, the prayers he had prayed for his safe return; aye, the tears he had shed in the agony of his remorse—he, the proud, inexorable Trevanion of Wychwood! It was well nigh incredible. None of his old-time comrades and fellow-roysterers could have believed it of the Dark Squire, as the villagers then named him with lowered tones and bated breath. But in the days of sorrow and failing strength—when the strong man is brought low; when those hours so long approaching, so long menacing, *have* come; when death seems no longer a strange visitant but a familiar friend, more welcome in truth than the sad alternation of sorrow and unrest—the haughtiest pride of man is lowered. In those hours of lonely grief and dark despair many a recantation is made—many a vow recorded undreamed of in life's festal season.

"She it was who ransacked the newspapers for reports, meagre as they mostly were, of the great Australian goldfields"

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The death-day came at last. He lingered

on past the season fixed by general expectancy ; but ere the first bud of the swelling leaflet had been set free by the breath of spring in his ancestral glades, the Squire lay with his warrior forefathers in the historic vault, which had not been opened since the last Lady of Wychwood had been carried there long ere her beauty had faded. The retainers of the house, and not a few of the notables of the county, assembled to pay the last form of respect to one, whom in despite of his latter-day life of seclusion, they recognised as one of the born leaders of the land. As the long procession passed slowly along the winding road, which at one point skirted the sea cliff, to the venerable chapel which had seen so many solemn ceremonies celebrated connected with the family, more than one enquiry was made for the absent heir, and uniform regret expressed that he should not have returned from the far south land to claim his own and assume his rights.

When the last sad duties had been paid to him whom, in spite of his stormy outbursts of temper, Estelle could not help holding in love and pity, a strong resolve appeared to actuate the once timid girl, shrinking as carefully-nurtured women do from independent action and strange surroundings The estate would go, of course, to the heir-at-law strictly entailed as it had been for many generations. But it had been in the old man's power to dispose as he pleased of the large amount accruing from the savings of late years, and from the sale of an estate which was not included in the entail. This bequest, which had been made while the testator was of perfectly sound mind and body, was of such amount as to render Estelle perfectly independent for the rest of her life ; indeed, to exalt her somewhat to the position of an heiress.

In the long conversation held in his latter days of decadence between the Squire and his neice, it had been definitely agreed that Estelle should proceed to Australia and there seek out the errant heir—should bring him back if possible by force of entreaty or persuasion to the land of his forefathers, to the rank and position handed down from the fierce warriors and splendid courtiers whose presentments frowned or smiled down upon their descendants in the old hall.

"I have such faith in you, my darling Estelle," said the Squire, in one of his later confidences, that I shall die more peacefully knowing that you will search this far country for my lost unhappy boy. You have sense and courage in a degree rarely bestowed upon women. Your heart has been true to him during his long absence, this more than anxious period of doubt and dread. If he be in the neighborhood of the place from which we last heard from him you will be sure to gain some tidings of him. If you see him your influence over him, powerful for good, always for good, as in the past, will save him, and once more the old ancient race, which has never yet failed of a male heir in the direct line, will be fittingly represented. If Lance, the son of whom I was so proud. returns no more from that far country, the estate will of course pass into the hands of his brother. But you are in any case *well* provided for. May God bless and reward you, my darling Estelle, for your forbearing kindness to a broken-spirited man. And now, kiss me, darling, I think I could sleep."

He slept the sleep which knows no awakening on earth.

The parting words of her uncle had for Estelle almost the sacredness of a dying command. She had vowed, kneeling by his bedside. to leave no region unexplored, to carry through the search with the completeness which characterised all her proceedings. The high courage and resolute will which was hers by inheritance from the Trevanions stood her now in good stead. With an air of quiet resolve she arranged all her personal affairs without parade or hesitation; within a fortnight her passage had been taken, a few letters of introduction procured, also a very moderate outfit suitable for a young lady travelling, if not *incognito*, in a very unobtrusive way. And at the appointed day and hour Estelle found herself speeding away over the waters blue in company with a stranger crowd of enforced acquaintances, borne over an unknown sea on a wild and desperate quest. Before her, in imagination, she pictured the rude solitudes of an unknown land—even the fancied perils of a lawless goldfield.

* * * * *

The low coast of the island-continent line irrregular and faint, appearing from out the southern sky so long unbroken. A new land—a new city. Melbourne at last! The land how strange! The city how new! The people how foreign-appearing, and *bizarre* to the voyager from the region of tradition and settled form. Estelle looked and moved like a strayèd princess amid a horde of nomads. She had schooled herself into the belief that in her quest she would be called upon to suffer all kinds of privations, and to mingle with every variety of "rough colonists." She resolved to make a trip [illegible] In pursuance of this her [illegible] referred to go to an hot [illegible] sibility

THROUGH DREAMS TO ALL.

I WALKED with many others, men and maids,
In a fair garden, filled with shadowy things—
Strange scents from flow'rs that blossomed on strange boughs
Strange sounds of music echoed from afar,
And whispers of strange songs, from the full throats
Of women and of happy singing birds,
And fountains plashing in green mossy beds,
Glad kisses and girls' laughter and softest sighs,
As summer breezes, blown through many flow'rs.
And many shady paths and leafy ways
All things we know of in our daily life,
Things real, yet vague, as seen within a dream.
And in this garden all the paths and ways
Converged toward one place, where stood and grew
A wondrous tree (the one thing tangible
It seemed within a dreamed-of shadow-land)
Whose leaves, like shredded silver swept the ground,
Half veiling fruit that clustered on its boughs
Like myriads of tiny golden moons.
And while I stood and gazed in wondering awe
Some maids approached, and reaching eager hands
Plucked at the fruit, and tasting, found it sweet—
And over-sweet, and ate o'er hastily
E'en to the core, where lurked a stinging bee
Which finding life, stung hard their lips and eyes
So that they saw not. These (God pity them)
With desperate purpose and with brains afire
Drifted away from light, down darkling paths
Into a dread Hereafter, and were lost—
And some there were, who ate a little way,
Finding it sweet all through, and laid them down
Beneath the tree and *dreamed* it always so.
And unto some it seemed not sweet at all,
But bitter through and through, and these did pace
Increasingly, with eyes that found no tears
Beating relentless hands on aching throats
And breasts, and cried to God in piteous tones,
For rest or sleep, forgetfulness, or death.
Most *men* who came there plucked at many fruits—
Ate but a little, finding each one fair
And ere they found the bitter at the core
Sought other. Some men came with lagging feet
As tho' a power unseen did draw them there,
Nor reached their hands, nor plucked the fruit, but looked,
Seeing what others did, turned them aside
Seeking the upward paths and tortuous ways
That led to power and fame and mighty things.
Some, helpless, seemed to drift toward the tree,
Knowing not what they did, or what they would.
And, as in sleep, did pluck and eat the fruit—
And, sleeping still, wandered in pleasant paths.
With sound of children's voices in their hearts
And touch of baby fingers on their breasts.
(Glad women, these !) And yet to some who came

Perchance o'er eager, hungering for the fruit,
'Twas always out of reach : And some did stoop
To snatch it greedily from other hands.
Then did I turn and saw beside me stand
A fair white girl, a slender fragile thing,
Reaching transparent hands towards the tree,
And, pitying, stayed her with my own and said
Oh maiden ! pause awhile. Taste not the fruit
That hangs so temptingly. The bitterness
Of death, and worse than this, is at the core.
Know'st thou the pain and suffering it brings
To some who eat thereof ? Know'st thou the name
By which men call the tree ? She sighing low
Made answer, " I have sought it many days,
" And, having found it, weary for its fruit."
" Nay, stay me not, I would not live unless
I know of the sweet or bitterness it holds.
Hinder me not ; I care not if I die.
An' so I find it but a little sweet."
" Sister " I said—" for all are sisters here—
Thou art so small and weak—scarce but a child—
To know of good or ill, of joy or grief—
Look round and see what others suffer here.
And, seeing stay thy hand, retrace thy steps
And seek again thy gentle mother's knee—
Thy mother's love—the only earthly love
That seeks not selfishly some large return
For that it giveth—that is best for thee."
E'en as I spoke, a luscious golden fruit
Fell from the tree and rolled between her feet.
And stooping low, she raised it to her breast
And smiled. " It is my Destiny " she said,
" To taste of this, be it for good or ill,
For pain or pleasure ; if it be for pain
Then were it better to have known of love
And borne the pain, and through the love grown strong
And through the pain more pitiful, and learnt
Compassion in another's sorrowing,
And patience under sorrows of our own !"
She ceased to speak and while her words still laid
Upon mine ears, her sharp white teeth had pressed
Hard in the golden fruit, and yet again
No stinging bee was there within its core.
No bitterness for her—she only smiled,
And smiling laid her head upon my breast
And sleeping, dreamed of love and happiness.
And ere she wakened, found eternal rest.

POSS. J. SUTTON.

THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA.

BY THOMAS HENEY.

IV.—THE PEOPLE.

II.

CLASSIFYING the labor connected with a station it will be found to consist of three, or perhaps four, divisions. There is what may be called the managing staff, the manager, his overseers and storekeeper, and the jackaroos, or "colonial experience" hands. Next is the regular working staff, such as grooms, boundary riders, and miscellaneous hands; there are then the regular but temporary employees, such as shearers and rouseabouts; further there are occasional temporary employees, such as fencers, tank sinkers, dam makers, scrub cutters in droughty seasons, and men hired to stay at the tanks or waterholes and prevent the sheep bogging or dying in the water; lastly, there is a large class of nomads, drovers and their camps, swagsmen, whalers, &c

"Jackaroo" is a term bestowed upon young men who serve a kind of apprenticeship to station life. They are young Englishmen who cannot find at home a career to suit them, and, with the prospect of commanding some capital, are sent to the colonies to make themselves acquainted with the life of the squatter. Or they may consist of young Australians of a similar class and with a similar outlook. But now-a-days the business of the pastoralist is one that requires an immense capital, and the jackaroos who may reasonably expect to have a share in the proprietary of a western holding are but few. The conditions have changed, immense areas of land are now worked, immense numbers of sheep depastured; the annual interest alone on improvements such as water conservation, station buildings, fencing, is now more than a large income. It is not now inaccurate to take it as granted that the latter day experience hand is qualifying for the position of overseer or manager eventually, and has but a faint idea of having any more satisfactory connection with pastoral pursuits than that of an employee. In his intermediate position he is, as regards his duties, simply a station hand, but with less than the wages and freedom of such, and as regards his prospects he is one of the manager's establishment and one of the homestead circle. He is thrown necessarily into constant and familiar relations with the men, and a great deal of *bonhommie* and *camaraderie* results, with the further consequence that the man who has been through this mill generally carries into a higher sphere the opinions, the common ideals and the knowledge of the class below his own. There is a great deal of frank independence in the life of the "men." Criticism is very incisive and very outspoken, and thrown as they are upon each other for mutual amusement and work, it is difficult for any man to surround himself with a *noli-me tangere* air and yet to hold his own amid the men. To deal with them one must needs be a man at all points, and it must be confessed that while things are not generally too pleasant for the jackaroo as a rule, he comes successfully out of his discipline and is a good deal the better man all round for it. At least he knows himself very thoroughly at the end of the process. It is this class, experience hands and overseers, who generally maintain what social life there is amongst the stations. It is they who represent the sun at the principal functions of the countryside, the annual races, the hospital or Masonic ball, the leading events of the social year in country towns. It is they who pay visits when time and the season permit amongst the neighboring home stations. They are the Debrett and Court Circular of districts whose areas are measured by hundreds of thousands of acres. They know everyone who is anyone, and most people who are nobodies. They are the depositories of all the traditions and history of their region, and their memories are as keen as their knowledge is deep upon a wide variety of subjects.

In the month of August the city reader of his newspaper may notice or not—probably not—that from places with extraordinary

names, whose existence has been quite unknown to him previously, brief telegrams begin to appear announcing that shearing begins at other places with even more extraordinary and equally unknown names. At length, in September, the movement comes to a climax. He cannot scan the column of telegrams without learning of shearing being in full swing, of shearing being delayed through rains or drought, of cutting out. Let us endeavor to understand what state of things these messages describe. The winter lambing is over and the lamb-marking has shown what percentage of increase the pastoralist may fairly reckon upon. The station is very busy. Every paddock is mustered and the sections adjoining the shearing shed vacant for the purpose of providing for the aggregation of all the stock here are prepared for the event of the year. Notices appear in the district newspapers intimating that on a date named shearing will begin at this station. Meanwhile preparations are busily made; the shed and pens and shearers' huts are put in order, the rations are got ready, the sheep begin to troop in towards the central point. A week or less before the day fixed shearers begin to arrive at the station, and generally before the date the manager has "a full board," that is, a shearer for every pen in the shed. The rate of wages is £1 per hundred sheep shorn, and for all supplies the shearer has to pay at fair rates, so much per lb. for flour, sugar, tea, tobacco, so much per sheep-shears and turkey-stones, &c., at due prices. And here it may be said a sore point with the shearer comes in: he is not bound to purchase his supplies from the station, but in practice he generally does, few stations being so near to townships that the shearers' mess can provide itself from there. It is said the squatter or his representative makes a big "margin" on this particular transaction, and that his prices are far from being what are termed "cut values." Be that as it may, in parties of two or three or singly the shearers arrive at the hut, generally riding good, serviceable horses, and often provided with a spare animal. The men take up their quarters in the huts, or when the fit takes them and they have the materials, in calico tents apart. However, this is seldom done when there is tolerable accommodation, and a shearer is not particular, though from his growling he might be thought so. A cook is hired, and it is an object to secure one who is a bird of passage, like the shearers themselves. For cooks do not stand in good terms; they have the reputation of being often thievish and consumers of the luxuries bought for the mess. It is not a pleasant "billet," that of cooking for twenty, thirty or more healthy men with the appetites of wolves, and captious, fault-finding eaters withal. Consider the men at length installed in their big, bare barns: a wood fire burns in the capacious chimney, for the nights are wintry though the days be clear and even warm; a dozen men are scattered about on billets of wood, forms, swags, or sitting at an extemporised table of boards; tea is over, and some men are playing euchre, smoking the while, their hats catching the tobacco smoke and giving each head a nimbus of dense white fume; others sit silently gazing into

A BUSH PUB.

the fire; another may be mending a bridle, or sewing up a rip in his coat, or testing a new pair of shears; a couple of oldish men, grave-faced, leaning outwards from their seats, are exchanging reminiscences, with pauses between the sentences. Some of the men know each other and have shorn (and been shorn) together all over the vast Riverina district of New South Wales. Others are strangers, but the careless unconventionality of their class soon makes them acquainted, and then mutual attraction or repulsion comes into play. There is, I am convinced, nothing so radically democratic in the colonies as a shearers' hut and its community. There one man is as good, or as bad, as another, and the weakest goes to the wall by prompt operation of Darwin's formula—the survival of the fittest. Save in the few cases referred to, men are absolutely unknown as to antecedents, and if anyone has no desire to proclaim what he is, or has been, he may be here whatever he will. It is no other man's business, and no other man cares a farrier's objurgations. Many a romantic career closes in the shearing shed or hut; many a man of wild history finds an inglorious finish in handling jumbucks and making a tally on a backblocks station. But a change is coming over the scene here also. Ten years ago the shearers were a rabble that in a round or series of sheds made cheques that tided them over, with a trifle of loafing or worse, and occasional odd jobs, till the next winter gave the signal for the clash of the steel blades. Now shearing is an organised branch of labor, having a union under legal constitution, which has branch offices, travelling agents, propaganda and apparatus of strikes and occasional intimidations. Then at the shearing season a wild horde swarmed through the stations, working like slaves. They were men of no fixed abode; no property save their horse and equipment, and their clothing; no occupation save shearing; no interest in life save to make big cheques and dissipate them. They rode from station to station, and they travelled all the West. There was no road they did not know, and "humping bluey," "waltzing matilda"—*Anglicé*, carrying their swags—or riding they traversed year in and out countless miles of solitary and inhospitable country. They "blued their stuff," "knocked down" their cheques in every pastoral township and hamlet and roadside shanty; and even Melbourne and Sydney had witnessed many a lucky shearer's wild debauch. How they worked? Under the stress of fierce labor they sweated down to

A NIGHT WITH THE SHEARERS.

bone and sinew, and their long, lean frames did not lodge an ounce of superfluous flesh. Then when the farthest accessible shed had cut out, and the season was done, came the reaction. If men of unusual firmness of will they "put in the peg," and restrained themselves to spend their earnings in the city, or at least in the biggest town of the district. But most often, especially when there was no railway in the district, this firmness of self-denial was too high a height, and fallen in the toils of some aged Delilah of a shanty, or of some expert lamber-down of the "Shearers' Arms" on this road or the other, the cheque vanished like smoke. If the cheque man reached a township in the city the programme was varied, but it is not necessary to follow further the story of those vile debauches. Already the type is frequent, but there is a great change. Men who have taken up small areas of freehold in Victoria or New South Wales, finding a breathing time between sowing and harvest, leave their homesteads in their wives' and children's keeping, and push a methodic tour of shearing. They begin in the South Queensland sheds, working down through New South Wales, saving as they go, till home on the Murrumbidgee, Lachlan, Murray, Goulburn, Wimmera, Campaspe, they devote the proceeds of their toils to improving their farms. I do not say this is even yet a larger proportion of the shearing class; but it is a fair portion and a growing one. In South Australia, where the price is two shillings and sixpence per hundred cheaper for shearing, the small farmers have long made a welcome addition to the scanty results of their harvests by shearing, they and their stalwart sons. And this example is becoming a general one. It dawns upon the shearer that it is ill work knocking up big cheques and knocking them down for the benefit of a cheeky and overfed publican, or for that of the curator of intestate estates, and the accounts of police courts. The old order of things was picturesque, but God only knows at what a cost of human life and possibility. No, it is not romantic at all to think of a little chap, dirty and unkempt, and spare, yonder on his horse riding sedately on to the next shed, and in the nearest post office a money order for his wife and his youngsters at home in Victoria, or in the town Riverina of New South Wales. It is so much more interesting to have a swarthy frontiersman swaggering into a dirty bar and tossing to the landlord a handful of fat cheques to pay for a nip of whisky.

It is six o'clock of a keen winter's morning. In this dry atmosphere there is seldom enough humidity to deposit a visible hoar of frost upon the ground or the scattered herbage, but there is the feel of frost in the crisp air. The sun is just upon the touch of rising, and the light is clear and fair. But to-day, and for many days yet to come, this portion of the station is to have no peace and no rest save on the Sunday; and even then not such soft tranquility as it had a fortnight ago. For the paddocks are occupied by sheep, and already the pens at the side of the shed contain the brown sheep, which, frightened at the proximity of so many men and the disturbance, fill the air with rancous bleatings. Men are engaged with the sheep ready to respond to the call of the shearers and remove the white, shrunken, ridiculous creatures that emerge from the shed, or to supply the pen with new fleece bearers. The manager is in charge of the shed to see that the sheep are handled fairly; the fleece cut truly without second cuts which destroy the value of the long staple, as without waste by leaving too much on the animal; that the haste of the men does not lead to cruelly gashing the sheep with the razor-edged blades. The tally-keeper checks the number of animals shorn by each man, and as this account is the basis of payment to the men at the end of the shearing, and as the highest individual tally is an object of great pride to the expert man, this official is jealously watched. Then there are rouseabouts, tarbrush hands, men or youths, who stand ready upon the call of any shearer to rush to his side and plaster a hideous and bleeding gash in the white and spotless wool with an application of tar. The signal is given, through the openings of the pens the frightened sheep are thrust in, each man seizes his animal, and soon the click of the shears sounds dull in the dense wool that hangs together, almost till the whole fleece falls in a mass. The wool is cleared from the floor lest it be damaged, and so the work goes on in spite of the suffocating atmosphere, reeking with dust, the sweat of laboring men, the characteristic odor of the sheep and their wool. At regular intervals the men knock off for meals or "smoke-oh," and the rest is welcome. At night there is not much disposition for late hours. Eight to ten hours of this exhausting toil "takes it out of" even the strongest man. For simply running a shears through the matted dense twelve months' fleece of a sheep is not by any means a light and gentle exercise for the length of time named; in addition with crooked knees and left hand the shearer has to imprison it

struggling animal and compel it to endure the process of shearing. And a regular stream of very often more than a hundred fresh and vigorous sheep per day will knock up anything made of flesh and blood. Day by day mobs of white, lean, bleating sheep move off towards their appointed portion of the back blocks of the run; and day by day new mobs of yellowish-brown fleecy animals press into the shed. So it goes on to the end. But a spell of wet weather, or a breakdown of the manager's arrangements may delay the reinforcements; then and on Saturday afternoon and evening and Sunday you may see the shearing world as it amuses itself. The younger men will find a level piece of firm ground and go in for footracing, jumping, or even match their horses against one another; handicap, get up a few prizes, open books, and, presto! here is Flemington or Randwick in all essentials. Some of the men will find the nearest available water and wash themselves and swim and divert themselves, but not many, for the character of their work renders the men liable to chills and serious complications from colds. At least, so one would charitably urge in extenuation of the disregard of the saving virtues of cold water prevalent amongst most classes of bushmen. Then there are shears to be looked to, equipment to be studied, repairs made. At night the tastes of the men still further differentiate them. Some bring out greasy packs of cards, and schools of nap or euchre are formed; others sit and smoke and yarn, or excitedly discuss sporting or local events of many kinds; while perhaps in another spot the artist of the parts will sing or dance or play. Often the close of the shearing is marked by a christy minstrel entertainment, with a miscellaneous programme of step-dancing and serio-comic songs. Then accounts are adjusted, cheques made out and signed for, the shearers depart, and the usual Sabbath stillness settles down. The shed is desolate. The paddocks near are cut up into the semblance of roads, but they are now bare of sheep, which, shivering through the piercing winter nights and days of cold spring rains or colder winds, browse about their familiar plains, while "on their backs the wool does grow" to furnish material for next year's campaign. For a few weeks the station is disorganised, for the contact of all these new men makes the regular hands experience a strange unsettling; but routine asserts itself, and the shearers are cutting out fifty miles away, while all the arrangements of the station proceed as if they had never been disturbed. But the dingy white creatures out on tank and plain are witness, and the shed stacked with clean bales of wool ready for transit to market, and the empty storehouse and the littered hut.

CAMPING.

When drought is heavy throughout the district two new classes of labor come into requisition. One of these is composed of men who cut down the various kinds of scrub which the sheep will eat. Necessarily the boughs grow at such a height that the animals, though starving, cannot reach them, and men are employed to hack down these branches, and the sheep eat off the leaves, the young twigs, and even the bark. There is a

great variety of edible scrub and bush throughout the west, and as may be imagined the wretched animals will not disdain to make an attempt at nutrition upon the least promising and least tempting provender so that it seems eatable. But there are some kinds of bush which sheep take better than their ordinary feed, and thrive upon consequently, while there are others which only dire extremity of hunger will induce them to touch. Now the man who is lucky enough to have on his country good patches of myall, emu bush, hop bush, leopardwood, and so forth, is rather careful of them, for with a few scrub-cutters employed at this queer kind of sheep-feeding and sufficient water near at hand he can make a brave show against drought till either scrub or water give out. The second class of temporary laborers includes the men whose duty it is to visit the various tanks constantly and pull out the sheep which have got into the belt of mud that encircles the receding water in the tanks, and, being weakened by hunger and travelling, cannot extricate themselves. Dying or dead, or with still a bare chance of defending themselves against the crows that pluck out their eyes and watch them till they drop to commence their hideous feast, the wretched animals are roughly pulled out and left upon the banks near by. Further, there are some sheep that reach the water, fall in, and drown. These for the sake of the water are taken out. It may be easily conceived that only the last extremity of drought compels the squatter to put men on at such a task. But this class of employee tends to be discontinued, not unhappily because there is any melioration in the stress of drought, but because now the pastoralists, or at least those of them who can afford to keep up with modern improvements, provide their dams and tanks, like their wells, with pumping machinery, pipes and troughing, so that the water is supplied to the sheep just as it is to horses outside suburban hotels. In this way, beside the economy of the wages of extra men, much water is saved, for sheep when they get into water carry about as much out in their fleeces as they take into their stomachs. Further, the term of service of the tank—the tank's life—is lengthened, and less sheep are destroyed in what should be their means of salvation.

One of the most richly picturesque incidents and effects of the pastoral life is supplied by the drover's party. Right through New South Wales, in curves and angles of many degrees, crossing, recrossing, go the half-mile wide reservations which are called travelling stock routes, or, in the breath-saving vernacular, t. s. r's, or tracks. A map of our colony showing them would present a perfect maze of lines. Along these broad routes move continually mobs of sheep or cattle, from and to all points of the compass. There are fat and store cattle from Queensland going to Homebush, to Wodonga, to Adelaide. There are store sheep going to Dubbo and the midland districts for fattening, fat sheep making for the nearest trucking station on the railway, sheep travelling to escape drought, loafing stock for sale, mobs for delivery off-shears, breeding sheep coming into the west. Through every squattage these mobs go, the rate of speed fixed by Act of Parliament. Notice has to be given perpetually as they approach each station, and woe to the drover who loiters or trespasses. For the squatter has a consuming hatred of these grass-thieves on his own preserves, and with a clear conscience will send out his own stock to eat other men's grass in the self-same way he so reprobates. To each of these mobs goes a staff. The drover is the man who contracts with the station owner or his agent for the travelling to a specified market or destination in approximate time of the animals. He pays his men, and he makes what slender profit is to be made in these days of over-competition even in droving, so bewailed by the men of the old school—the famous overlanders. He has several men, varying according to the nature of his stock, the size of the mob, and the distance to be traversed. Attached to his staff is a reporter or man who travels on ahead, secures the necessary permit from the stock inspectors through whose districts the animals are to move, and gives the notices required by law to the stations and town-common rangers interested. Lastly, there is the cook and campkeeper, who travel behind the main body, with the tents, the cooking impedimenta, and the bulky stores carried by the drover. By night or day to meet one of these drovers is a picturesque incident. By day the sheep or cattle spread out over a wide area, picking a mouthful here and there as they move with a slow but steady advance in a given direction. Clouds of dust accompany them, and through the dense fog you will see the horsemen with their whips and dogs keeping the herd in hand through the unfenced and open country. At night the animals settle down to rest or graze, but they are still watched and vigorously shepherded by relays of mounted men. The camp is pitched, tents erected, or perhaps on clear, fine nights some bush is cut down and piled to windward of the camp fires as a break

wind, and here swags are unrolled, and the men not on duty sleep after the cook has submitted his monotonous triumphs—stews, fried mutton, bread and jam, tea, hot and strong, occasional puddings of mysterious composition, and damper or brownie (which is a heavy cake of damper sweetened and colored with black sugar). Watch is set out on the plain, the fire grows dim, the tobacco smoke from the recumbent figures on the blanket ceases, the yarn of some inveterate "flutist" drags to an end, and the white stars gleam down upon deep rest.

There is another figure yet to describe. You are riding or driving along one of the endless roads, and in a side track you descry afar off a slouched figure plodding patiently but heavily through the sand As you approach you recognise the familiar belt across his back from one shoulder crossing to beneath the other arm; in one hand swings a billy and a canvas water bag, the other hand tends a pipe; at his heels a collie of uncertain age follows. This is the swagsman. He may be young or old. When you draw up alongside he may give you a civil greeting and ask you how he is steering for this or the other destination, the location of water, the distances and the state of the track. Or he may give you a sullen glare from under his filthy soft felt, and cross your track to escape the dust. He may be a horse thief discharged from the gaol at Hay or Bourke or Wilcannia, or other pastoral town; he may be a loafer and sundowner who has grown old and put on unreverend grey in tramping the desolate roads of the West; he may be a retrenched station hand, a decent fellow, steering for the next town; a tank-sinker or other artisan on the look-out for a job. Talk to him if you get a chance, and if he is in a talking vein he will give you some new views upon matters which you had imagined to be familiar to you. You may trace the Oxford accent under the *argôt* of a grimy and dusty tramp. They are of all grades of men, these gipsies of Australia, these wearers of "bluey." For it needs no apprenticeship to roll up your worldly possessions in a worn blue blanket; to turn your back upon the cities of men, and, a dog at your heels, to walk forth into the wilderness with just enough food and water for your immediate needs, only requires courage and despair. No man asks you your name or your past; all that is merged in one comprehensive term—swagsman. What if you have bitter memories that blot out from your vacant eyes the empty landscape. What if like Orestes terrible ones keep even pace and speak in your unwilling ears words that burn and menace! What if a mere human wreck you have no past, no present, no future, and plod through the landscape a thirsty and hungry and weary animal, obeying a blind instinct of nomadism. To those who have to do with you it is equal, unless there is that in you—youth or a dim ghost of ambition, some adaptability and capacity, in addition to health—which makes a man put some chance in your way. Eat your begged victuals and drink your draught, keep on the track; not even are you sure of a grave.

THE ORDEAL OF FAITH.

YOU tell me that the spread of thought,
Like sunlight streaming o'er the height,
Is piercing superstition's night
And bringing Cross and Crown to naught:

That slowly in the coming years
The worshipper shall lose his trust
In faiths and creeds, which are but dust,
And lose his superstitious fears:

That knowledge waxing with the time
Shall dry earth's unrequited tears
And calm the pathos of the years
And sap the far off source of crime:

That man himself at last shall be
The shrine to which man's hopes shall turn —
The altar where his gift shall burn—
Strong, perfected humanity.

And then you bid me throw aside
Fanatic faith and shadowy trust.
I cannot. From the very dust
There comes a voice at Eastertide.

For knowledge is but hazy. Behind
The seeming blind omnipotence
Of force and matter lurks a sense
Of mind that answers back to mind.

What boots it that on every hand,
Or soon or late, there meets the eye
Impenetrable mystery.
We feel. We cannot understand.

We speak of sorrows or of bliss,
Of times grown better, growing worse;
But still in all the universe
We know of nothing as it is.

For life and death move hand in hand,
Law-linked through all the circling years;
And joy is nurtured oft in tears,
And many fall that some may stand.

But what is best in human faith,
Deemed noblest, holiest, sublime,
Or cherished through the sweep of Time,
Was found in Him of Nazareth.

And so we look to Him and strive,
Amid the darkness and the stress
Of life's aggressive faithlessness,
To keep the flickering spark alive,

In faltering hope that it may grow;
And feel, whatever else befall,
That if it be not best of all
It is, at least, the best we know.

T. J. HEBBLEWHITE.

THE SEA SHELL AND THE SOUL.

BY PERCY R. MEGGY.

OT that it is a new book, not that it is an obscure book, but because it is a delightful book with a more or less forbidding title, the author of which is at present in Australia, I have set myself the task of describing for the sake of those who have not yet read it for themselves, rather than criticising for the sake of those who have, Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the the Spiritual World." Natural Law is a new word. It is the last and the most magnificent discovery of Science. Before this discovery was made the world was "a choas, a collection of single, isolated and independent facts" from which the philosophers sought, with what skill they could, to construct systems which should include the phenomena, and give some more or less adequate explanation of the world in which they lived. But these artificial systems of the elder philosophers have succumbed to the natural systems of the moderns, who have discovered the laws by which the phenomena themselves are regulated and controlled. "What that discovery of law has done for nature," observes the Professor, "it is impossible to estimate. As a mere spectacle the universe to-day discloses a beauty so transcendent, that he, who disciplines himself by scientific work, finds it an overwhelming reward simply to behold it. In these laws one stands face to face with truth, solid and unchangeable. Each single law is an instrument of scientific research, simple in its adjustments, universal in its application, infallible in its results; and, despite the limitations of its sphere on every side, Law is still the largest, richest, and surest source of human knowledge"

Hitherto these laws have been regarded as operating only in the natural world: the spiritual world being apparently subjected either to no laws at all, or to laws which differ entirely from those which regulate the lower sphere. The utmost that had been done in the way of assimilating the two regions of Nature and Spirit has been to suggest certain resemblances, certain analogies between them; to make the things that are seen body forth the things that are not seen; or, like Swedenberg, to trace "correspondences" between certain phenomena in the two spheres of so astonishing a character as to give ground to the belief that this earthly, material universe is but a symbol, or infinite series of symbols, from which he whose eyes have been spiritually opened can discern the secrets of another sphere. But Professor Drummond has done something more than this. The position he has taken up is not that the spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, or that the natural laws symbolise the spiritual laws, but that they are the same laws. It is not a question of analogy, he tells us, but of identity. "The laws of the invisible," he tells us, "are the same laws—projections of the natural, not supernatural. Analogous phenomena are not the fruit of parallel laws but of the same laws—laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing wiih matter, at the other end with spirit."

The real problem which the Professor set himself may be stated in a sentence: "Is there reason to believe," he asks, "that many of the laws of the spiritual world, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the laws of the natural world? Can we identify the natural laws, or any of them in the spiritual sphere? That vague lines everywhere run through the spiritual world is already beginning to be recognised. Is it possible to link them with those great lines running through the visible universe which we call the natural laws, or are they fundamentally distinct? In a word: Is the Supernatural natural or unnatural?" The way in which the answer to these somewhat puzzling questions suggested themselves to our author is worth noting, because in it will be found the clue to what otherwise might be somewhat difficult to understand. He tells us in the preface to his great work that it was his habit on week-days to lecture to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience consisting for the most part of working men, on subjects of a moral and religious character. For a time he kept these two departments entirely by themselves. They lay at opposite poles of thought. But gradually the wall of partition

showed symptoms of giving way. "The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled," and he "found the truth running out on the Sundays by the week-day outlets. In other words, the subject-matter, Religion, had taken on the method of expression of Science,' and he discovered himself "enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics." At present, as Mr. Drummond very aptly remarks, the religious opinions of mankind are in a state of flux. The phenomena of the spiritual world are scattered. But if these scattered phenomena could be made amenable to law, we should have a science of religion just as we have a science of nature. "The effect of the introduction of law among the scattered phenomena of nature," observes the Professor, "has simply been to make Science. to transform knowledge into eternal truth. The same crystallising touch is needed in Religion."

The transformation of religion into a science was, then, the great task which the professor set out to perform; or rather this transformation, in the shape of the recognition of natural law among the scattered phenomena of the spiritual world, came to him almost unconsciously; evolved itself, so to speak, naturally before his eyes, without his setting himself a task of any kind. And the passage in which he describes how this transformation took place is one of the most graphic in the book. "I confess," he says, "that even when in the first dim vision the organising hand of law moved among the unordered truths of my spiritual world, poor and scantily furnished as it was, there seemed to come over it the beauty of a transfiguration. The change was as great as from the old chaotic world of Pythagoras to the symmetrical and harmonious universe of Newton. My spiritual world before was a chaos of facts; my theology, a Pythagorean system trying to make the best of phenomena apart from the idea of law." Professor Drummond does not, however, lay claim to any very great originality in thus endeavoring to extend the reign of law beyond the province of the material universe, for this had already been done for the political world by Walter Bagehat, and for the social world by Herbert Spencer. Was religion, he asked himself, to be "the great exception," the only realm in which law did not reign? It was because religion was the one region still unpossessed by law that men of science distrusted it. Men who had come to regard law as the one great authority could not but look coldly upon a system in which law had apparently no place. The extension of the natural laws to a world railed off, so to speak, from the rest of the universe, in which hitherto they had been thought to have no part, was, however, an original undertaking of no ordinary kind, and the Professor has not escaped—could not, as he tells us, hope to have escaped, the mistakes and misadventures of a first exploration in an unsurveyed land.

Especially interesting is his account of the method by which he obtained his first glimpse into the working in the spiritual sphere of the natural laws. He seems to have commenced his inquiry by stating some one of the natural laws "in words gathered directly from the lips of nature," and in almost every case he was sooner or later startled by a certain similarity in the general idea to something he had heard before; and this often developed in a moment, and when he was least expecting it, into recognition of some familiar article of faith. "I was not watching for this result," says the Professor, "I did not begin by tabulating the doctrines, as I did the laws of nature, and then proceed with the attempt to pair them. The majority of them seemed at first too far removed from the natural world even to suggest this. Still less did I begin with doctrines and work downwards to find their relations in the natural sphere. It was the opposite process entirely. I ran up the natural law as far as it would go, and the appropriate doctrine seldom even loomed in sight till I had reached the top. Then it burst into view in a single moment."

According to Professor Drummond the law of continuity demands that the natural laws shall also apply in the spiritual world. It is impossible, as he points out, to divide man into two incoherent halves, which would be the case if his physical attributes were subject to natural laws and his spiritual attributes subject to no law, but to something which is above all law. If this were so there would be no perfect harmony of the universe, since the very nature of harmony pre-supposes the subjection to law of all the parts. But this great law of continuity, this "Divine veracity of Nature," as it has been called, this last discovered but greatest of all because including all laws, round which all other laws like lesser lights revolve—this law demands that the natural laws, which have been proved to operate far beyond the boundaries of this planetary speck, shall operate no less in the spirit realm. The law of gravitation, for example, prevails all over the visible universe, unless, as in the case of a growing plant, over-ruled by some higher law, and if spi

be made of matter too, however ethereal the proportions may be, the law of continuity demands that it should also operate there. In the same way with the law of Biogenesis, or law of life. The principle of this law as it operates on earth is that life can only come from pre-existing life. The law of continuity demands—so urges the Professor—that this same law should apply to both natural and spiritual life, although the quality of the vital principle in the two spheres may be radically different. It is when dealing with this law of Biogenesis that the Professor is at his very best.

Let us follow his method. In other words, let us run up this natural law as far as it will go, and see if any doctrine appropriate or otherwise will loom in view when we reach the top. Twelve years ago Professor Tyndal affirmed in the *Nineteenth Century* that "no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." That declaration may be regarded as the final salvo of artillery after the battle has been fought, the authoritative announcement by the high priest of Science that the victory has been won. No one calls this law in question now. But many of us may remember the great struggle which was in its heighth about twenty years ago, when the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation had almost the upper hand, and out of dead matter there was supposed to spring forth the living germ. We now know that between the organic and the inorganic there is a deep gulf fixed, that "this inorganic world is staked off from the living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within;" that "no change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of life;" that "only by the bending down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality," and that, without this preliminary contact with life, they must for ever remain fixed in the inorganic sphere. That is the statement of the law in Mr. Drummond's own words. Now comes the question: "Where in the spiritual spheres shall we meet a companion phenomenon to this? What in the unseen shall be likened to this deep dividing line, or where in human experience is another barrier which can never be crossed?"

Much of the impression which the Professor's book has undoubtedly made, both in religious and scientific circles, is due to the luminous manner in which he has worked out this portion of his case, and to the really striking analogy which he has shown to exist between this primal law in the natural world and a hitherto unnamed, though not unknown, law, and which every Christian who acknowledges the validity of the gospel account must admit to exist in the spiritual sphere: for have we not the express declarations of scripture that "except a man be born again, of water and the spirit, he *cannot* enter the kingdom of God; that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit; that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; *neither can he know them* because they are spiritually discerned; and, finally, that "he that hath not the Son, hath not life." The texts quoted above are remarkably explicit, and if we are to place any reliance upon texts at all they would seem to point to the existence of just such a law in the spiritual world as we know to exist in the natural world. "It is clear," observes Professor Drummond, "that a remarkable harmony exists here between the organic world as arranged by science, and the spiritual world as arranged by scripture. We find one great law guarding the thresholds of both worlds; securing that entrance from a lower sphere shall only take place by a direct regenerating act, and that emanating from the world next in order above. There are not two laws of Biogenesis, one for the natural the other for the spiritual; one law is for both. Wherever there is life, life of any kind, this same law holds."

Two of the most interesting of the scattered papers of which Professor Drummond's book consists, second only in point of merit to the chapters on Biogenesis and Classification, are those in which he treats of death and eternal life. He quotes the most recent scientific definition of the first, and the only definition of the last which Science has yet deigned to give, both of which we owe to the biological studies of Herbert Spencer: and he uses them as a sort of standard by which to measure the conditions of death and life in the spiritual world. Death is defined by the philosopher as "a falling out of correspondence with environment," and life as "the sum total of the functions which resists death;" and in another place as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations with external relations." From thence it follows, according to Spencer, that "were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with

which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge." With regard to death the Professor points out that it is a relative term. All organisms are partly living and partly dead. "The tree, in correspondence with a narrow area of environment, is to that extent alive; to all beyond, to the all but infinite beyond, it is dead. A still wider portion of this vast area is the possessions of the insect and the bird. Their's also, nevertheless, is but a little world, and to an immense further area insect and bird are dead. All organisms likewise are living and dead—living to all within the circumference of their correspondences, dead to all beyond." Then comes the momentous question: "Is man in correspondence with the whole environment? Is he in correspondence with that part of the environment which is called the spiritual world?" "Suppose," says the Professor, "to make the final issue more real, we give this outermost circle of environment a name. Suppose we call it God. Suppose also we substitute a word for 'correspondence' to express more intimately the personal relation. Let us call it communion. We can now determine accurately the spiritual relations of different sections of mankind. Those who are in communion with God live. Those who are not are dead." On the other hand, if the organism corresponds with and can adapt itself entirely to the environment, and the environment itself is perfect, the conditions laid down by Science would be fulfilled, and the life of that organism would be eternal But we are told such an environment exists in the spiritual world, and such an organism is the spiritual man, and the correspondence established between the two through Christ is complete. "Uninterrupted correspondence with a perfect environment," observes the Professor, "is eternal life according to Science. 'This is Life Eternal,' said Christ, 'that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' Life eternal is to know God. To know God is to correspond with God To correspond with God is to correspond with a perfect environment. And the organism which attains to this, in the nature of things, must live for ever. Here is 'eternal existence and eternal knowledge.'"

Very interesting, too, is the way in which Mr. Drummond contrasts the workings of certain spiritual laws, as laid down in the scriptures, with the operation of certain natural laws familiar enough to the scientific mind. For instance, the principle of reversion to type—by which the artificially-improved species, whether of animal or plant, if left to itself, will deteriorate by reverting to the original unimproved type—suggests to the Professor a similar law in the spiritual world by which the soul, refusing to accept the proffered higher life and left to itself, deteriorates by reverting to the original unimproved type, which is spiritual death. The companion law of conformity to type suggests to him another analogy equally significant. All created beings, whether vegetable or animal—whether lichen, eagle, elephant or man—start from semi-fluid structureless globules made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, which in their initial stages are absolutely indistinguishable from each other by the most delicate methods known to science, but which are subsequently fashioned—by the "hidden Artist, with his plan before him," as Huxley puts it in his "Lay Sermons"—into lichen, eagle, elephant or man, in conformity to the type from which each has proceeded. Whereupon follows a carefully-drawn-out parallel to the Spiritual Artist who operates upon the spiritual organism, and slowly but surely fashions it in conformity to the type from which it has proceeded; or, in other words, in likeness to himself, the Christ.

The chapters on "Environments" and "Growth" may be taken as complimentary. The two master-influences of the organic world, as the Professor points out, are heredity and environment. The former is determined for us outside ourselves, no man being able to select his own parents; but surrounding conditions which constitute the environment can be modified and shaped. How important a part environment plays in the life of the organism may be realised when we remember that at least seventy per cent. of the human body is composed of pure water, the rest being gases and earths, all of which come from the environment, which is happily described by the Professor as "an unappropriated part of ourselves" Very striking is the illustration he gives from chemistry. The heat obtained from burning coal is the product neither of the carbon in the coal alone nor of the oxygen in the air alone, but of the union between the two; the oxygen, which is in this case the environment, contributing to the result equally with the coal. "And what," asks Mr. Drummond, "is the spiritual environment? It is God. Without this, therefore, there is no life, no thought, no energy, nothing—'without Me ye can do nothing'" And the moral is—for the enforcement of the moral was one of the main objects of the book—that the only way to achieve spiritual life is to be in constant communication with the environment;

cardinal error in the religious life of to-day, being the attempt to live without an environment, or, in other words, to get along without God.

The paper on "Growth" contains a beautiful analogy between two leading characteristics in the growth of a natural organism—its spontaneousness and mysteriousness—and similar qualities in the growth of the soul. The following eloquent little passage will explain itself. "A lily," observes the Professor, "grows mysteriously, pushing up its solid weight of stem and leaf in the teeth of gravity. Shaped into beauty by secret and invisible fingers, the flower develops one knows not how"—*i.e.*, spontaneously. In like manner "the soul rises slowly above the world, pushing up its delicate virtues in the teeth of sin and shaping itself mysteriously into the image of Christ." The main point enforced in this paper is the vital difference between mere morality and salvation; the former being the result at best of mental struggle, the latter a spontaneous gift of God; the first developing the character in but one or two directions, whereas the last unfolds into a Christ. The difference is illustrated in a striking manner by comparing the spiritual man and the merely moral man to the flower and the crystal, the organic and inorganic, the living and the dead, the latter of which grows by adding new particles from the outside, while the former grows vitally from within. "The whole difference between the Christian and the moralist lies here," observes Professor Drummond. "The Christian works from the centre, the moralist from the circumference. The one is an organism in the centre of which is planted by the living God a living germ. The other is a crystal, very beautiful it may be, but only a crystal — it wants the vital principle of growth."

A somewhat similar, but more carefully worked out, analogy is that prefixed to the final and magnificent chapter on "Classification," in which the Professor recurs to his favorite comparison, that of the great dividing line between the inorganic and the organic, as symbolic of a similar dividing line between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the spirit. The former is represented by the tiny six-sided prisms, capped at either end by little pyramids modelled with consummate grace and fashioned by some mysterious geometry into forms of exquisite symmetry, which are to be found in the Arran earth; while the latter is symbolised by the microscopic vases, goblets, and urns chiselled into the most faultless proportion which are to be found on the Barbadoe sands. Equally lovely, and much resembling each other, they yet belong to two different worlds. The former, built up by molecular force, can be ground to pieces and yet retain its beautiful prismatic form, for the tendency to crystallise is inherent in itself. The latter, modelled by vital force, when once ground to pieces remains a shapeless mass. In the spiritual world, the author argues, the analogy also holds. The character of the merely moral man may be as beautiful to all outward appearance as that of the Christian, but there is the same fundamental difference between them in reality, as in the natural world there is between the crystal and the shell.

At first sight it would seem as if the analogy were all in favor of mere morality, inasmuch as its representative crystal, when ground to pieces, still retains its beautiful crystal form, whereas the shell, when similarly treated, becomes a shapeless mass; but a second glance reveals another difference between the two, which leaves the advantage all on the side of the shell. For the crystal has reached its ultimate stage of development, and it represents the maximum beauty of the inorganic world; but the shell is one of the humblest forms of the organic world, and from it up to man, who represents the very highest achievement in that world, there is an infinity of evolution. And with this word evolution we are brought face to face with the final and most significant analogy in the book. The spiritual man represents the lowest form of life in the sphere of spirit; occupies, in fact, a similar position in the spiritual world to that of the shell in the organic world. And as there is an infinity of evolution between the shell and the natural man, between the lowest and the highest forms in the organic sphere, so in like manner is there a still greater infinity of evolution between the spiritual man and God. "The spiritual man," observes the Professor, in a passage of great suggestiveness, "is a mere unformed embryo, hidden as yet in his earthly crysalis-case, while the natural man has the breeding and evolution of ages represented in his character. But what are the possibilities of this spiritual organism? What is yet to emerge from this crysalis-case? The natural character finds its limits within the organic sphere. But who is to define the limits of the spiritual? Even now it is very beautiful. Even as an embryo it contains some prophecy of its future glory. But the point to mark is that *it doth not yet appear what we shall be.*"

What Professor Drummond does in this splendid chapter is not only to extend the natural law of evolution into the spiritual world, but to present us with an entirely new aspect of evolution. In fact he has done what no scientist has yet been able to do. He has made evolution itself conformable to law by tracing—or rather by suggesting—the lines on which evolution is evolved. He has endeavored to show that the third kingdom, viz., that of the spirit, is evolved in a similar way from the second kingdom, viz., that of the shell, as the second kingdom is from the first, viz., that of the crystal. Science, speaking of the organic kingdom and the future destiny of man, tells us that evolution has an impassable limit; but this conception of an evolution on a spiritual plane, with which the author appropriately brings his splendid work to a close, contains within it such marvellous possibilities of progress as to far surpass the farthest reaching imaginations of a science which deals only with the organic plane. But before even entering this vast avenue of spiritual evolution, of which the converted soul is at one end, while at the other end is God, the great barrier which divides the two worlds must be crossed, not by that kindly stroke which scientists call "a falling out of correspondence with environment," and ordinary mortals call death, but by the reverse of this process, the spiritual phenomenon known as the second birth. Nor is it an objection to this theory from the scientific point of view that the evolution of the spiritual from the natural in such a way would be a violation in the principle of continuity, that it would be in the nature of a catastrophy. For in this it does but conform to the method by which the organic was evolved from the inorganic, viz., by a break equally startling, by a catastrophy equally marked. Instead, therefore, of evolution losing by the two catastrophies, it gains, for it makes evolution itself, which previously had no counterpart, amenable to law; it supplies science with a companion phenomenon to that first break in nature represented by the introduction of life, which is "as perplexing to the intellect as the first eclipse;" it traces the first point of deflection in the hitherto straight line of evolution which gives the commencement of a curve and leaves room for a whole series of deflecting points, each representing a higher evolution on a grander scale.

One rises from the perusal of this remarkable work, not, perhaps, with the conviction that Mr. Drummond, like another Swedenberg, has discovered mysteries hitherto unrevealed to mortal eye, and which irrefragibly prove the truth of the Christian religion; although many a believer may have had his faith therein strengthened and his doubts removed, but with a clearer insight into the deep inner significance, the hidden symbolic meaning, of those great natural laws which represent in the worldly sphere all that science can tell us of the attributes of Nature's God. But, while hesitating, may be, to accept the singular analogy between the idea underlying the second birth and the first of biological laws as evidence that the former has been inspired; and, while refusing, perhaps, to take the startling, though somewhat fanciful, resemblance between the genesis of evolution in the spiritual world described by the Professor, and the equally mysterious genesis of evolution in the natural world as proof positive of the genuineness of the former, one cannot but recognise how this new aspect of natural and spiritual laws has immensely widened our conception of both. One begins to realise, too, the profound depth of the mystic doctrines nourished, with other "thoughts sublime," long before the introduction of Christianity, and taught by the Brothers in the Himalayan deserts for over a thousand years—that life consists of an infinite series of evolutionary æons, each on a higher plane than the last; that man's work therein is one never-ending struggle between his nobler and his baser faculties, his higher and his lower parts; that each day's victory or defeat strengthens or weakens the soul for the battle to come; that the sum of one's victories and defeats in each life constitutes spiritual heredity, since on it depends the starting point in the ensuing sphere; that in these endless conflicts the unworthy will be gradually weeded out; and that, strengthened by innumerable victories, and purified by innumerable defeats, the crowning triumph of the virtuous will be absorption in the supreme. But, above all, one rises from the perusal of this work with the conviction that, whether or no the spiritual world be governed by the same laws as the natural world, it is at any rate subject to laws as undeviating in their operation as those in the sphere we know; that by these laws, spiritual or natural, all created beings are hourly and unceasingly judged; and one begins at length to understand what far-reaching results may follow from their outrage or neglect, and to realise, however faintly, something of the terrible import of the scriptural—and, in this instance, also the scientific—phrase: "How dreadful a thing it is to fall into the hands of the Living God!"

THE OLD ENGLISH SUNDAY LAWS.

A CHAPTER OF CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

BY G. B. BARTON.

THE reserved judgment of the Full Court of New South Wales on the question whether a statute, passed in 1781 for the purpose of prohibiting entertainments on Sunday, is in force in Australia deals with something more than the interpretation of an obsolete law. The question at issue is really one of constitutional history as well as law; and although it has arisen here and in other colonies in different shapes on several former occasions it has never yet been looked at from that point of view. The various opinions that have been formed on the subject are, therefore, necessarily partial and incomplete.

The main points determined by the Court were that the statute of 1781 was in force here at the foundation of the colony by virtue of the principle that "English subjects, going to a foreign and uninhabited country, carry with them as their birthright all the laws of England then existing that are applicable to their circumstances." And further, that even if there were a doubt on that point in the present case there can be no doubt that the statute in question was incorporated in our law by the Act passed in 1828 for the purpose of establishing Courts of Judicature in New South Wales, defining their jurisdiction, and generally regulating their practice and procedure.

This conclusion does not seem to be consistent with the most material facts in the constitutional history of the colony during its earlier period.

The principle referred to cannot be held to apply to a colony founded by convicts who had forfeited their birthright, and who were placed under a special jurisdiction in which the laws of England had a very limited application. The judges who laid down that principle spoke at a time when England had not begun to colonise with convicts, and the very terms of their maxim show that it was intended to apply only to colonies founded by free subjects.

A material portion of an Englishman's birthright is the right to trial by jury; but that right was absolutely withheld from this colony at its foundation and for many years afterwards. By the Act of Parliament under which it was founded a species of trial by court-martial was substituted for the jury system in all criminal cases; and by Letters Patent issued at the same time, constituting the Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, civil cases were to be tried in a summary way before the Judge Advocate and two assessors.

When the English Government resolved in 1786 to establish a colony on the shores of New South Wales, the whole question connected with its legal *status*, so to speak, was referred in the ordinary course to the law officers of the Crown; and it was by their hands that all the legal forms and ceremonies were conducted, from the initial Orders in Council down to the warrants for removing felons from the gaols to the transports. The Act of Parliament authorising the Government to found the colony necessarily involved a consideration of the question as to how far the laws of England were applicable to the circumstances of the proposed settlement; and this question must have met with still closer attention when the Letters Patent constituting the Courts, the Governor's Commission and Instructions, and other documents of the same kind were laid before the King. If no statute was passed for the special purpose of defining the particular laws which were to be in force in the colony it can only be inferred that no such measure was considered necessary.

By the Act under which the colony was founded a criminal system of adjudication was established, but nothing was said with respect to other branches of the law, showing clearly that in the contemplation of the Legislature the administration of the criminal law was the only specific matter that required legislation at that stage. The Governor was authorised to convene, from time to time, a Court of Judicature for the trial and punishment of "all such outrages and misbehaviors as, if committed within this realm, would be deemed and taken, according to the laws of

this realm, to be treason or misprision thereof, felony or misdemeanor." And by the Letters Patent constituting this Court it was empowered to deal with such cases "according to the laws of England, as nearly as may be, considering and allowing for the circumstances and situation of the place and settlement and its inhabitants."

The whole body of law relating to felonies and misdemeanors, so far as it could be applied in the colony, was thus established in it. But nothing was said with respect to those "positive regulations of police," as Lord Mansfield termed them, by which minor offences, not of a strictly criminal character, were dealt with in England for the obvious reason that they were not applicable to the circumstances of the colony; and further, that by the very nature of its constitution it was from the first placed under a system of police of the most rigid and inflexible character.

It was obviously intended, moreover, that the regulations to be made by the Governor and his successors for that purpose should take the place of the English penal statutes; and there is no room to doubt that, as a matter of fact, they did so from the days of Governor Phillip, to those of Governor Brisbane, when the first Legislative Council was established in 1824. During that period the "General Orders" made by the Governor from time to time provided for every matter or thing that could possibly come within the range of police supervision; such matters, for instance, as the "due observance of Sunday." The fact that the Governor's instructions required him to take all necessary measures for that purpose is enough to show that the statutes then in force were not considered applicable to the colony. Phillip, for instance, was enjoined "by all proper methods to enforce a due observance of religion and good order among the inhabitants of the new settlement, and to take such steps for the due celebration of public worship as circumstances will permit."

The judgment of the Supreme Court proceeds on the theory that the statute of 1781 "formed part of a code of law passed to enforce the due observance of Sunday;" and the course of legislation on the subject is traced back to the days of the Saxon kings in order to enforce this idea of a code. But, in the first place, a series of laws following one upon another does not constitute a code, which is usually understood to mean a collection of laws reduced to a philosophic system; and in the second place the old Sunday laws had no more appearance of a code about them than the successive laws for the suppression of vagrancy. They were nothing more than "positive regulations of police"—of which Lord Mansfield said that they were "not adapted to the circumstances of a new colony, and therefore no part of that law of England which every colony, from necessity, is supposed to carry with them on their first plantation." If such laws are not applicable to the circumstances of a colony founded by free subjects, they are still less so where the colony was established as a strictly penal settlement. Such a statute as that of 1781 could not be considered applicable in either case, for the simple reason that it provides for money penalties only, without the usual alternative of imprisonment. Now such penalties could not be enforced in any new colony, because money does not begin to circulate in it until it has become a prosperous settlement; and in the case of New South Wales in particular there was absolutely no money in circulation for many years after its foundation stones had been laid.

There is no more reason to suppose that the statute of 1781 was in force in 1828 (when the 9 Geo. IV, c 83 was passed for the purpose of establishing Courts of Judicature in New South Wales) than there is for holding that it was in force in the first instance. No material change had taken place during the interval; the colony still remained a penal settlement; the Governor's power to frame regulations of police was not abolished, although it was exercised by and with the advice of a Council, and "General Orders" were superseded by laws and ordinances for the peace, welfare, and good government of the colony. It was in 1828 that the new Legislature first dealt with the regulation of theatrical houses, imposing penalties on persons conducting them without a license, but nothing was said about entertainments on Sunday, nor was any mention of Sunday observance made in any law or ordinance until 1833, when the police regulations of the city were consolidated in a bulky collection of over seventy clauses. Penalties were then imposed for keeping open any shop or place of business, and for allowing games to be played in billiard rooms on Sunday; but still the law was silent as to theatrical entertainments on that day—the reason being that no theatrical manager had yet begun to dream of opening his house on Sundays. The offence had not yet come into existence.

It was held by Lord Chancellor Chelmsford (in Whicker v. Hume, 7 H. L. C. p. 182) that the twenty-fourth section of 9 Geo. IV. c. 83, providing that all laws and

statutes in force within the realm of England should be applied in the administration of justice in the Courts of New South Wales, so far as the same could be applied, was not intended to include laws of public policy or regulations of police, but only laws relating to the practice and procedure of courts of law; an interpretation which appears to flow naturally from the further provision in the Act that it should be the duty of the Judges in the colony, so often as any doubt should arise in the course of a trial, to decide whether any particular law of England came within the scope of that provision. The Judges would not undertake to decide incidentally, except in the case of a question of practice or procedure, whether a law of England, especially one imposing penalties, is or is not in force here. Putting that question aside, as it is admitted that no penal law of England can be in force in N. S. Wales at the present day, unless it was applicable to the colony's circumstances either at its foundation or in the year 1828; and as it seems to be abundantly clear that the statute of 1781 was not applicable at either period, may it not be reasonably concluded that it is not in force at the present time?

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

THE LABOR PARTY IN QUEENSLAND.

BY ALBERT HINCHCLIFFE. *

THE recent labor difficulty in Queensland arising out of an attempt to ship non-union shorn wool—the now-famous Jondaryan bales—has excited a very large amount of interest throughout the whole of Australasia, and the peaceful termination of the negotiations must have been received with an equal amount of satisfaction. The action of the Australian Labor Federation in making such a determined stand in defence of "the fundamental principles of unionism," as might have been expected, has been the cause of a good deal of adverse criticism in the columns of the capitalistic Press; and in consequence the attention of many, who have not hitherto given much thought to labor matters, has been directed to the rapid progress of the movement in Queensland as compared with its progress in other parts of Australasia.

It must be pointed out, however, that this rapid advance in Queensland is not because of any greater natural progressiveness amongst the workers here. Exactly the same enthusiastic spirit, the same energy, is displayed by the labor unions of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and New Zealand. To circumstances we owe everything, and circumstances have been singularly favorable in the Banana Land to the organisation of labor The great influence which has stimulated the movement here has been the determined and defiant attitude assumed by employers and would-be employers of yellow, brown, black and other colored labor. "No Kanaka labor" has thus been a watchword; and in the fight the Queensland masses have unconsciously been taught the grand lesson of the necessity for sinking all foolish notions about the superiority of the skilled as against the unskilled workman. All have united to crush a common enemy, until at the present moment the compositor at his frame recognises that the cause of the rouseabout in the back blocks is his cause. Every worker recognises that in very deed "Labor is One." The tyrannical conduct of some of our squatters was instrumental in forcing the shearers and laborers into the Federation. It was on account of the increasing strength of bush unionism that the Darling Downs squatters resolved to check its spread in that portion of the colony, and so waged inexorable war against all unionist labor; and this was why the Federation decided to take the action which has since led to the satisfactory recognition of the once-boycotted unionists. The leading paper of Queensland said at the time that "the Labor Federation aspires in a free country to abolish by intimidation the right of free contract, and to take out of the employers' hands all power to conduct their business according to the dictates of their own judgment and interest."

It sounds well to talk thus of "free contract," but hitherto the right of free contract has been all on one side. The worker has had practically no say whatever in the terms of such contract. Employers now admit the the truth of this by their desire for "conciliation." They are now busily engaged discussing the best means of meeting the workmen or their representatives to arrange matters in a more friendly manner. A year ago they would have been busily engaged in discussing the best means to break up the unions and force their own terms on the men.

The general strike of Brisbane printers which happened last year gave a living object lesson of the necessity for a new system of organisation, and was undoubtedly the ultimate cause of the vigor with which the Federation idea was taken up.

It is necessary that I should here revert to the circumstances which caused this general strike in the Brisbane printing trade. Certain employers had for a considerable time boycotted unionist compositors in their particular establishments, but when pressed with orders were not slow to get much of their work performed in other houses where none but unionists were employed. Consequently those employers who were in a sense adhering to the rules of the typographical union were at the same time assisting non-unionist employers to undermine the basis of all labor organisations, rules without which they would cease to exist. Some of these employers, too, bear in mind, were honest enough to admit, when questioned on the subject, that the very union they were attempting to injure

* General Secretary of the Australian Labor Federation.

had been the means of protecting them from the cut-throat competition which had been carried on in previous years, and had enabled them not only to deal fairly with their workmen but to extend their business four-fold. The printers contended for and lost the principle that a unionist should not take up non-unionist work, exactly the same principle which has been contended for and won in the recent wool dispute. This principle is essential to the maintenance of the right of men to organise without fear of being victimised for so doing. The master printers jointly assailed this principle, and the journeymen in self-defence resorted to a general strike, members of the union not immediately affected joining in to strengthen their comrades who were. Of course the capitalistic press, which was affected in Brisbane by this printers' strike, was bitterly opposed to what it termed "a system of coercion," and ladled out abuse day after day during the continuance of the trouble.

Not long, however, after the settlement of this affair the now historic London Dock Strike took place. Then one-half of those who struck did so, not because they were directly interested, but merely to sympathise practically with the original strikers exactly what the Brisbane printers did out of sympathy for their fellows. This time our capitalistic "leaders of public opinion"—so called I know not why—in place of pouring out torrents of abuse, filled their leading columns with sympathetic articles and unloosed their purse-strings, in some cases, to a very considerable extent. That happened to be a "popular" disturbance with them, which it would not have been had they thought, or even dreamt that by encouraging it they were doing more to extend the federation of labor than could be accomplished by other means in a life-time.

The defeat of the printers is generally regarded as the immediate cause of the acceptance in Queensland of a labor federation based on the proposals laid before the last Trades Congress. This federation has since been extended to all parts of the colony, and is bearing fruit throughout Australasia. It was felt that defeat upon such a vital point imperilled all, and must be retrieved at any cost the first time that unionism was challenged again.

Very many of the most popular labor writers, particularly those from the unionist ranks, set down the modern trades union as a nineteenth century modification of the old-time "Guild." With all deference to those who made the assertion I cannot but think that they are radically in error, and that their confusion of organisations is largely responsible for the haziness in which the labor movement is still enwrapped. Unionism was certainly exhibited in the "guild," but so it was in the "bund," and is in the Masonic Order—societies which none will accuse of having given birth to the great labor unions of to-day. But labor unionism, the popular "unionism" of which I speak, differs fundamentally from the "guild" in being nothing more nor less than a combination of the wage-earners against the wage-payers. In kind it is as old as is the subordination of the many to the few; in degree alone does it differ from the mysterious organisations that half-a-thousand years ago well nigh shook to pieces the tyrannical Law and Order of three great European States. The labor movement is admittedly only the modern expression of discontent by the "villeins" of society. It seems to me to have been confused with the old trades simply because the breaking up of the "guilds" by the introduction of machinery and the consequent swallowing of the skilled master workman in the profit-making capitalist employer came so quickly that some of the "trades" were still subject to customs which restricted to some extent the number of workmen therein, while the changed industrial conditions had thrown these workmen back to the ranks of the wage-earners with practically no hope of their ever becoming masters. Here it was evidently possible for them to support any claims they might make by a "combination" which effectively "cornered" the labor market as far as they were concerned. The advantage was so great that this plan for lightening the conditions of "villeinage" has been eagerly seized upon by other wage-earners, first by the closer trades, then by more open trades, working, like the coal miners, in great masses; lastly by unskilled laborers, men originally handicapped by the greater ease with which their places could be filled if they struck. When unionism was still confined to the closer trades it was merely a phase of the labor movement, but now that it has filtered down until it is a weapon ready to the hands of every wage-earner in the world, it has become *the* labor movement. As such it must be regarded by those who, interested in its manifestations, are desirous of understanding them.

Men do not always act consciously, perhaps they rarely do, but they act always as they feel intuitively is best for their own interests—patriots, traitors, murderers and redeemers, all act so far alike. Unionists do not, as a great whole, conceive consciously that they

have in every employer a mortal enemy whom it is their business to weaken at every opportunity. But they naturally realise that any one of them may at any time need the assistance of others to successfully resist a reduction of wages or enforce a "rise," or otherwise maintain or reform existing conditions. From this they learn unconsciously to respond unquestioningly to the call of other wage-earners for assistance, expecting that in return similar support will on occasion be accorded them. It is this which has for years past been knitting together in unwritten "federation" the scattered unions which had crystallised into existence wherever circumstances were favorable. Men of similar calling in life have naturally a *camaradie* for each other, and the *camaradie* of the average trade union involves a common loyalty to its neighbor. At the very inception of modern unionism it began to be realised that every "trade" must stand or fall by the others; and from this has steadily grown the spirit which is now so dominant that very few unions in Australia would hesitate to "down tools" if thereby they could assist another perhaps distant union, while hardly one would dream of refusing another financial assistance to the utmost of its power.

The Australian Labor Federation has simply reduced this tacit alliance of labor unions to a working system. Under it the Societies are grouped together in districts which again are united by their delegates at a general council. If one society in the federation is threatened steps are taken, as in the Jondaryan affair, to strengthen it by any desirable sympathetic action of other societies. This is denounced as "tyrannical" by those who would once have denounced even the primal combination which they now profess to approve of. Yet it is simply a continuation of the idea of unionism, a continuation to be expected by all who understand what unionism is, and know the causes which drive unionism forward. The vindictive hatred of the average employer for a method which weakens a little his ability to "lord it" over a fellow-worm is exhibited in a persistent victimising of union men and a steady determination to prefer non-unionists. That I am not exaggerating every wage-earner knows, often by bitter experience. There is hardly a man of any prominence in the labor movement who has not been victimised more or less. There is hardly a union started without similar sacrifice; there is hardly a labor disturbance not signalised in a like shameful manner. Even labor candidatures are offensive to capitalists and treated accordingly. At the last Queensland general election, of four labor canditates put forward in Brisbane three were immediately dismissed from their employment. The other, by the way, had previously been "victimised" out of Brisbane. Within the past week the formation of two unions in this district of the Federation has been signalised by victimising in spite of the growing strength of the organisations. The Jondaryan manager *dismissed* men who joined the Shearers' Union. Thousands of victimising "cases" could be given if necessary to show that unionist workmen have no option but to refuse wherever possible to work with non-unionists, thus clipping the victimising employers' claws. They are being driven to carry this principle not only through given trades, but through labor at large.

The organisation of labor in Queensland has been accused of a lack of due reverence and discretion in its relations with the Government of the day. When it is recollected that Republicanism and Temperance are two points upon which most of the progressive men here agree its "irreverence" will be better understood. Trades congresses and other assemblages usually take their tone from the tone of the locality in which they are held. When the labor congress was held in Brisbane "Federated Australia" was toasted enthusiastically by the assembled delegates; while at the subsequent gathering in Hobart, on the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen" being proposed, the Queensland delegates alone declined to drink it. Without exception the officials in Queensland societies are either strictly teetotal or very moderate drinkers. A man does occasionally become an official who is afflicted with the popular vice of the so-called upper classes, but his official life is only a question of weeks. Invariably and speedily he is reduced to the ranks again. It will readily be understood that organisations which have running right through them the Democratic idea that whatever a man's calling, he may be just as good as another man, and which regard it as "unreliable" to get drunk, cannot be expected to have a very high sense of reverence for a Squatter Government, some of whose members are notoriously guilty of intemperate habits, and few of whom have any personal claim to distinction. Much as the labor "agitators" have been abused during the recent wool difficulty by leading politicians they have been enabled to carry out their duties in a manner which has given general satis-

faction to those who elected them, and have never yet required the assistance of a cab to convey them from their offices to their homes.

In regard to the political aspect of the labor movement in Queensland I think I am correct when I state that, generally speaking, the workers place little or no faith in either of the old parties. This is a feeling which is rapidly growing. Governments of both parties have repeatedly sold the workers, and are consequently expected to do the same in the future. The labor candidates at the last general election assumed a non-partisan attitude, and though defeated were successful in making a very desirable change in the representation of the metropolis. There is no reason to believe that this attitude will be departed from when next labor candidates are put forward; it will almost certainly be more firmly maintained than ever.

To conclude: No thoughtful man need fear any evil arising from the federation of labor if employers are even superficially sincere in the oft-repeated allegations of their desire to do justice. The federated unions by their organisations are indeed prepared to stay the wheels of industry rather than see their members wronged; but that staying of the wheels, while preferable to slavish endurance, is a feat which naturally does not commend itself as an everyday act. The pain of the strike all workers know. It is only because the strike has been their only defence that they have endured it. And with the growing strength of their striking power, with the establishment of an organisation which brings the bushman into touch with the townsman, and enables every union to call to its aid in time of trouble the union best able to see it through, the employers begin to fear the strike also, and at last it dawns upon them that after all labor has the rights which those alone have who dare maintain them.

It is because we dare maintain our rights that they are being conceded to us. It is only through fear of the wide spread sympathetic strike that Queensland employers begin to talk of arbitration and conciliation. The federated Queensland unions are about to submit a Conciliation Scheme upon a basis provided by the pledge of its affiliated unions to stand by each other. This scheme proposes a "slate" which will contain the conditions under which all organised Queensland wage-earners will agree to work for two years, and which, after a conciliation conference of employers and employés has passed it, shall be maintained by both parties against all comers. This is our proposal, and a most reasonable one I think it is. It will win all employers who are fair or who are fearful. Those others who still intend to deny the wage-earner's right to defend himself by combination against what he regards as injustice, and who thinks it insolence that he should not take humbly as little of the wealth he mostly produces as capitalists think fit, can only be fought still. Events give us reason to hope that should industrial peace be still impossible Unionism in Queensland will at least fight well.

PASSION.

PASSION ebbs and passion flows
Like the tide.
Seek we the flowers in the snows
Where they died?

Passion fails and passion grows
Like the wind;
He who has kissed it as it goes
Has not sinned.

For aged and mightier powers than he knows
Surely gave
These, the gracious hours of his woes,
From the grave.

PROTEUS.

THE NEW GOVERNESS.

BY WILLIAM GILLIES.

I WAS returning to town from a holiday in the bush. It was hot, drowsy weather. I was the sole occupant of my compartment, and was lazily reviewing the past year of my life, and wondering what the next year held in store for me. I was a student of law and expected to be called to the bar in three months' time. I had paid my way by teaching in a school for young ladies and by occasional journalism. I was glad to think that I would soon be free from the Oskaloosa Ladies' College; for, though I was no hater of Woman, I was not fond of Girl.

I had almost dropped off to sleep, when the train stopped at one of those wayside stations which are equally distant from everywhere. A young lady, neatly dressed in a grey, travelling costume, was standing guard over a pile of luggage. The guard opened the door of my compartment, thrust in the luggage and said: "Here you are, Miss;" and, as she hesitated, "Jump in please, we're late." She looked at me timidly through pretty, brown eyes, and then obeyed the guard.

The train started with a jerk, and one of her bags, a large one hastily placed in the rack overhead, was thrown out, and would have fallen on her had I not caught it just in time. The action brought our faces close together, and a sudden conviction that this was the one face in the world for me flashed through my mind. "Stung by the splendor of this sudden thought," I hardly noticed her words of thanks, or how she blushed as she spoke.

She moved to the window and looked out and backwards, as if taking farewell of the place. A bullock-team was crawling along the white, dusty road that ran beside the line, and she waved her hand to the driver. He was the only human being within sight, and he did not see her.

Presently, through a break in the nearer bush, a range of hills in the background became visible, and, dimly through the smoke-haze, one could see the white walls of a cottage. Tears filled the girl's eyes, and she kept her head out of the window long after the cottage was lost to view. It was a grave face, but, sure, no sweeter soul ever looked through human eyes.

When she drew in her head our eyes met, and I said,

"It's hard to leave the old place, is it not?"

"Yes," she replied, and the voice was soft and musical, "it is hard!"

Her eyes began to fill again, and she turned aside and busied herself with her baggage.

After a little she took out a book which I recognised at once as a Latin grammar—A workman knows the tools of his trade. She put down the book open as we stopped at a station, and my eye caught the heading, "*Qui* with the Subjunctive." There is a book called "Latin Without Tears." I do not think my old friend "*Qui* with the Subjunctive" can have been allowed within the boards of that book.

I stole an occasional glance as the study proceeded, and saw the lines of struggle come into her brow. I thought I knew just what it was that puzzled her. Had I not guided—how painfully let teachers say, a hundred pupils through this maze? But what joy to help this girl!

Presently we stopped at a station where ten minutes were allowed for refreshment. Here was a chance to break through her reserve. I brought her a cup of tea. It was a little thing, but the fervor and tenderness in my heart made it a great thing; and she blushed slightly as she thanked me. The ice was broken, and we talked freely.

Her father, she told me, had been a clergyman in the bush. She was an only child, and her father, who was a man of quiet scholarly tastes, had taught her all she knew. On his death she found it necessary to work for a living, and she was going to act as governess at the Oskaloosa Ladies' College.

"Oskaloosa!" I exclaimed, "good, we shall be fellow-workers," and I joyfully handed her my card.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am glad. One face, at least, won't be quite strange. I am anxious, Mr. Webb, about it all; for it's all new to me."

I made light of her difficulties; not quite honestly, perhaps; but what would you, with those grave, sweet eyes looking timorously into the future? Her face lit up with smiles, her reserve was gone, and in a few minutes we were talking and laughing like old friends.

The slow train became a fast train, and the suburbs of the city came all too soon. As I put her into a cab I read the name on aggage—Margaret Forbes. I wondered

MARGARET FORBES.

that people could call their girls any name but Margaret: it seemed the one name for a woman. And Forbes! Yes, the name was worthy of her.

PART II.

School work had begun. I had helped the lady-principal to receive parents and to classify pupils; for, like many of her class, she could do everything but teach. I had also helped to allocate the classes among the staff, and had contrived so that Margaret Forbes would not be over-taxed, and also that she would be teaching close to me for part of the time of my visit to the school.

That fixed, I drew out and sent to her a list of the probable pupils she would have, adding comments like the following:—

Emily Quick: A lazy girl; needs the spur.

Annie Upright: A mean girl; a tale-bearer; can lie without winking.

Jessie Smith: True as steel, but shy and slow.

Laura Primrose: Forward, vain, officious; needs occasional snub.

Jane Cheerful: Sullen and vindictive if you cross her.

Eve Silence: Full of tricks, but not a bad girl at heart.

I also added a few hints on the errors young teachers generally fall into, and I had the great satisfaction of seeing that by the end of the first week Margaret Forbes was mistress of the situation.

On the following Monday there was a new pupil, a girl from a remote station whose education was backward. No governess had been able to govern her, and she had run wild. At times, when the fit seized her, she would learn, and then she would learn rapidly. She was eighteen, and looked her age. She was fair and had a clear, fresh complexion; and she was tall and graceful in movement. Something in her features, the eyes and the nose, suggested a trace in her veins of Jewish blood. This, probably, was a wrong inference, since the only interest any Jews I know have in pastoral pursuits lies through mortgages on the land or liens on the wool-clip. Her name was Edna Howson.

Miss Howson gave me a good deal of trouble to bring her into line with the others. I found her, indeed, docile enough, though she moved about with the air of one who was not subject to the rules of the school. She was very attentive, but I soon found that her interest was not in the thing explained, but in him who explained it. As a teacher with some experience among senior girls I knew how to deal with cases of this kind. Do not think me vain, dear reader, because I say this. The experience is a professional commonplace.

When Miss Howson's eye was not the eye of the student I refused to catch it, and I treated her, in all respects, like the other girls. At first I bent over her desk frequently to give her the extra help she required; but when I found that she colored and became confused, I ceased to do this and made her come to my desk in front of the class.

Meantime, Margaret Forbes and I were becoming very good friends. I watched her class as well as my own. At the close of school I gave her hints and warnings, and her mischievous pupils soon found that they were under two pair of eyes instead of one pair.

It did not strike me that my own class were watching this little game. Judge,

therefore, of my surprise when, one day, after a written examination, I found on a torn page which had unintentionally been handed in with other papers, the following extra question appended to the questions set:—"11 Mention the number of times per hour that Mr. Webb looks at Miss Forbes. Explain shortly his reasons, and give historical parallels." The writing was that of Miss Howson.

About this time, Miss Howson, who had stood aloof from the other girls, began to show a friendly spirit, and as she could be genial and charming in manner, and had plenty of pocket-money, she soon became popular.

Soon after, Margaret Forbes complained to me that Miss Howson, who had sullenly opposed her from the first, was becoming unbearably insolent, and, what was more serious, was trying to draw the other girls into revolt. Now I understood her friendly advances to the other girls. I saw that there was but one remedy: to have Miss Howson removed from Margaret's classes; and this, with some difficulty, I persuaded the Principal to do.

That Edna Howson understood all this I am certain, and, now and again, I fancied there was a wicked gleam in her eye as she looked towards Margaret.

Margaret, on her part, showed no sign; and, indeed, it was against her wish that Miss Howson was removed from her class. She would not own that she was beaten, and she made no difference in her conduct towards Miss Howson when she met her about the house. In taking this line she was guided partly by her own good sense and partly by my advice, that she should never allow a pupil to see that she had the power to annoy her. It was a hard rôle to keep up; for, in all social functions—dances, charades, tennis-parties, and so on—Miss Howson played a leading part, and was able to put many a slight on Margaret.

One hot afternoon Margaret was in charge of a party of boarders at the sea baths. As a country girl she had not learned to swim, but Edna Howson, who was one of the party, had become quite at home in the sea during the annual visits of her folks to St. Kilda.

Here was a chance to humiliate Margaret. All the girls of the party could swim, and Miss Howson led them to steps where the water was too deep for any but swimmers. "Here you are, girls," she cried, "here are the steps for all but the muffs."

Margaret, ill at ease and uncertain, felt that she, and not Miss Howson, ought to say where the girls were to enter the water; but while she hesitated they dived, one after the other, all except a timid girl who had only just learned to swim. Margaret ran forward to stop her. "Come on, Lucy!" cried Miss Howson. "Don't, Lucy!" cried Margaret, as she rushed down the steps. It was too late. The girl was braced for the dive, and Margaret, reaching forward to catch her, stumbled and fell into the water. No one was near her except Lucy, who had enough to do to swim into shallow water. Edna Howson saw what had happened and swam to the rescue at once. Margaret had risen to the surface the second time, when she caught her and pushed her to the steps. An ambulance class was included in the College curriculum, and Miss Howson had been an apt pupil. She knew the drill for restoring the half drowned, and in two minutes Margaret recovered consciousness.

Next day, after school, I was sitting alone in my room making up returns, when Miss Howson came back for a book she had forgotten. I beckoned her to me, and said: "You did nobly yesterday, and I hope you'll follow it up. You have saved Miss Forbes' life; try to make that life happy."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with rising color and a quick frown, "always Miss Forbes, Miss Forbes; you think of no one but Miss Forbes." And she lifted her books and swept out of the room.

Next morning I received a note, which ran thus:—"Dear Mr. Webb, you are right. Forgive me. I have written to Miss Forbes. Good bye. Edna Howson."

When Margaret was well enough she was allowed to read the following:—"Dear Miss Forbes, I have behaved badly to you, but you have a woman's heart and can understand. Forgive me."

I never saw her again. She went to the house of an uncle in another suburb, and then to a school near Sydney. Two years after she was carried off to England by an officer of the Navy.

A load seemed to have been lifted from Margaret's life, and a new buoyancy gave charm to her grave manner. My afternoons at Oskaloosa College were all too short. No duty was irksome, no pupil tiresome when Margaret Forbes was in the room. I was told that a glad light was in my eye, and I know that goodwill to every pupil was in my heart.

And if I was changed so also was my class. They worked for me with a will, and a word of rebuke was as effective as formerly a long "imposition." When, at the end of the session, I gave up school work, each girl

gave me her photograph; and there are marks on some of the cards which I firmly believe are tears.

When, a year after, I came back to take away Margaret Forbes to her new home, there was much crying over her, and clinging and kissing. Oskaloosa College lost the best governess it had ever had, and I won the sweetest wife that ever made a man happy.

SIR CHARLES AND LADY HALLE.

BY JAMES GREEN.

THE first time that I ever heard Hallé play was on May 16, 1859, at one of the early Monday Popular Concerts. These famous entertainments, I may, perhaps, remark, were originally inaugurated by Messrs. Chappell and Company on January 3, 1859, at St. James' Hall, London, with ballad and other miscellaneous programmes which amply justified their name. Six weeks later the cheap, classical, chamber concerts (with prices of admission ranging from one to five shillings) which, under the more familiar epithet of "Monday Pops." have run continuously for thirty-one years throughout the London winter season, and have made a name in every civilised portion of the globe, were established by Mr. Arthur Chappell, who, instead of allowing the name of "Popular" (as it has been sometimes charged with being in this connection) to become an anomaly and an impertinence, played his managerial cards with such consummate tact and skill and foresight that he changed the public taste, and made the "classical" in chamber music "popular." Much the same has been done during a slightly more extended term of years by Sir Charles Hallé in Manchester and Liverpool, with respect to the popular taste for orchestral music, and by Mr. W. T. Best for organ-playing; each of these gentleman, however, taking up and developing work the rough foundations of which had been gradually laid in England during previous years by that gifted eccentricity, half artist and half charlatan, the great "Mons." Jullien, of the gilt arm-chair and pink-embroidered shirt-front.

But I am wandering from my subject, which is simply Sir Charles Hallé regarded as a pianist. On the occasion I have mentioned he was associated with the greatest of living violinists, Herr Dr. Joseph Joachim, the programme consisting exclusively of works by Spohr and Schubert, when I was not a little impressed with the intensity of German poetry and romance that both these German artists threw into their interpretation of the composition of two masters who are particularly German in their tone and feeling. But it was not till some time later, when I heard them interpret the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven's, that I first realised the superlative magnificence of their playing. This was, indeed, a new revelation to me in the domain of chamber music, and led me to analyse in my mind in what their all-compelling charm and power consisted. As the opinions I then formed have been merely strengthened, and not materially modified, during the past thirty years, I will reduce them, so far as Sir Charles Hallé is concerned, to a brief and general summary. This great artist appears to me, then, as the absolute embodiment, in executive music, of pure and perfect classicality. He comes before us in his performances just as we see a noble specimen of Attic architecture or a beauteous piece of antique sculpture, seemingly, at first, a trifle cold and passionless, perhaps, to the uncultured mind that bottoms an extravagance, sensationalism and vulgarity, but full of subtle truth and genial warmth and tender beauty to those of appreciative culture and refinement—abounding in unity of treatment, in suppressed, suggestive rather than in manifested force, elevating the listener by reason of the artist's conscientiousness and sympathetic self-effacement, and charming through the intellectual beauty of his "readings" and their chastity of self-restraint. The most salient characteristics of Sir Charles' playing appear to me to place him midway between two very distinguished pianists—both of them ladies—Madame Clara Schumann and Madame Arabella Goddard, and to make him the complete antithesis of Thalberg, just as Herr Joachim is the complete antithesis of Paganini. Madame Schumann may be regarded as, perhaps, the foremost living exponent of the impassioned school of classical pianoforte-playing. Though

her *technique* is, of course, extremely fine, mechanical perfection is not her *forte*, and the late Henry Chorley, the well-known critic of *The Athenæum*, once accused her—it was in 1856—of a "humor of execution by which clearness is sometimes sacrificed to get at passion." This, though severe, was not far from the truth; albeit such failings were forgotten in the intelligence that characterised her interpretation of the noble works of Beethoven and her own husband's (Robert Schumann's) compositions, aided by a soft, pure tone and velvety touch which seemed almost to caress the key-board, and lent a final charm to an intensity of emotional and womanly warmth that gave to everything she handled a poetic reading essentially her own. Madame Goddard, on the other hand, I have always looked upon as the type of perfect mechanical execution in the higher fields of music She was in her young days a pupil of Thalberg's, and the influence of that extraordinary performer and mischievous composer seems never to have wholly left her, though her style and taste were, practically speaking, formed by Mr. J. W. Davison, the critic of *The Times*, whom she married in 1860. In 1857-58 Miss Goddard played all the later sonatas of Beethoven, from Op. 101 to Op. 111—some of them, I think, such as the last-named work (at her earliest performance of which I was present), for the first time in England; but successful as these great efforts unquestionably were, the interpretation seemed always to glorify the mighty combination of resource which the monarch of the instrumental masters employed in his "third period"—the chords and runs and modulations and *arpegii*—rather than the *soul* of the tone-poet to whom such things are but the alphabet of his art.

Between the two great pianists whose characteristics I have endeavored to sketch stands, in my humble judgment, Sir Charles Hallé, like the indicator of a well-adjusted balance. His noble qualities as one of the greatest living musical artists he undoubtedly owes in a great degree to his early training—to the severe and uncompromising course of study he underwent from the age of seven to fourteen (after he had become a *protégé* of Spohr's) at the hands of his father (who was musical director at Hagen), and to the gentler influence of his mother (who was a very charming singer). This sound and solid teaching received its completion at Darmstadt during the two years that young Hallé studied harmony and counterpoint under Rink, the famous organist, and the theory of music under Gottfried Weber, the greatest authority of his day upon the subject. As this brief article, however, has no claim to a biographical character I will only further allude to the influence that such men as Cherubini, Chopin and Hector Berlioz exercised upon the young pianist during his Parisian life from 1836 to 1848, and that of Mendelssohn during the visit of Mr. Hallé, in 1842, to Frankfort, when the composer of the "Scotch Symphony" practised with him the then-progressing four-hand pianoforte arrangement of that immortal work, and when, at a far-famed concert, Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Hiller and Charles Hallé played Bach's "Triple Concerto" together.

From the foregoing observations it may be surmised that Sir Charles Hallé's playing is distinguished by a classical severity and completest conscientiousness that are absolutely untinged by the slightest *soupçon* of, or the most distant approach to, charlatanism, trickery, or sensationalism. This is probably to be attributed, apart from the artist's splendid training, to the fact that his early circumstances precluded his purchasing much music, and compelled him to study principally through the medium of the libraries. The whole of the Beethoven sonatas he bought, one at a time, studying and practising each new purchase till he felt certain he had mastered every shade of meaning, and was confident he should never forget a single bar of the whole composition. Hence the extraordinary feat of his being able to play, as he has done year after year in his celebrated courses of recitals, the whole series of sonatas, from beginning to end, without the notes. And as with Beethoven, so with other composers, especially with Chopin. Sir Charles entirely merges his own individuality in, and devotes the whole of his great talents and his wonderful executive capacities to, the most faithful and faultless interpretation of the master he is dealing with. On the one hand we have no technical brilliancy for the sake of the display, and to the detriment of the composer's subtler meaning; on the other, we have no Hallé upon Beethoven, or Hallé on Mozart, as we have Thalberg upon Meyerber and Liszt on Wagner. In Sir Charles' playing we have neither the overpowering individuality of Madame Schumann, nor the visible *tours de force* of Madame Goddard; neither the peculiar piquant crispness of Nathalie Janotha (one of Madame Schumann's most brilliant pupils), nor the liquid rippling delicacy of female touch displayed by Madame Schiller; neither the sacrifice of great composers to the marvellous manipulation of the artist

tic and dangerously seductive Thalberg; nor the hammer-smashing pyrotechnics of the *Donner-Wetter* school, to "break in pieces, like a potter's vessel," the drum of the poor listener's ear. In place of all this we are treated, at Sir Charles' hands, to carefully-matured and well-sustained, and perfectly-balanced, Art—"pure classical playing"—to quote from a London criticism of my own, written in 1866, which lies before me—"Where every note has special meaning." Sir Charles Hallé is an artist of the very highest and purest stamp, and of all the *virtuosi* of the pianoforte I have ever heard seems most completely to illustrate the practice of the old Horatian maxim, *ars cetare artem.*

And now a brief reference to Lady Hallé. She takes a higher position, in my opinion, as a violinist than any living *virtuoso* I can name, excepting only Joachim. Playing her idolised instrument almost from the time that she could toddle as a child, the little Wilhelmine Néruda at six years of age astonished the critical audience of Vienna by "her extraordinary power of bow, her great execution, and the deep sentiment of her *cantilèna.*" In 1849 (June 1), when she was scarcely more than nine years old, the youthful lady created a profound impression at the Philharmonic Society in London, in a concerto of De Beriot's; and in 1864, when this gifted artist appeared at the Pasdeloup concerts in Paris; again in 1869, when she reappeared (May 17) in London at the "Philharmonic," and in the early winter of the same year when she assumed the position of first violin at the "Monday Pops.," the impression was not only far more than confirmed, but the lady created everywhere, as Madame Norman-Néruda, an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, and has since steadily increased. Combining the characteristics of the high German school of Joachim with those of the English, as displayed by the Blagroves and Henry Holmes—eschewing the all but trickery of Wieniawski, and the strong dramatic contrasts of which Vientemps was so fond, and with a personal charm as irresistible as that of Pablo Sarasate's, without the peculiarites of the popular Spanish *virtuoso*—Lady Hallé's performances are distinguished by the superbness of her tone, her breadth of bowing, her unrivalled combination of power and sweetness, her certainty of intonation, and her steadiness of nerve in the execution of the most difficult and complex passages. Splendid as were Madame Néruda's native talents, they have no doubt been greatly fostered and developed through her long musical association and more recent marriage with Sir Charles Hallé, as were those of Miss Arabella Goddard under somewhat similar circumstances, by Mr. Davison. The many years of constant concerted playing of the two great artists I have been considering has produced in them a perfect consentaneousness of technical execution, as well as of art sentiment, that might be rarely looked for under other circumstances. The visit of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé to the Australian Colonies is therefore an event of altogether unique interest to the rapidly-growing musical community within our midst, and one which cannot fail to be equally productive of a material elevation of the public taste, and of a vast amount of purest, highest, unalloyed enjoyment.

MEDICAL WOMEN.

BY ETHEL CASTILLA.

"The advance of women in useful attainments is the most infallible sign in any country of advancing civilisation."—CHARLES READE.

THERE is a tradition that Artemus Ward once delivered a lecture, the advertised subject of which was "The Babes in the Wood," and never once alluded to those murdered innocents during the whole of his discourse. I trust that the title of this paper will not be as misleading as that of the American humorist's lecture; but it is so difficult for ordinary mortals to "dip into the future," that the prospects of our medical women can only be ascertained by generalisations on what women-doctors have done in other countries and under other conditions. The girl-graduates in Victoria and New South Wales, and it may be in other colonies of the Australasian group, who are vexing their brains and wearying their eyes over the study of physiology and anatomy of *materia medica* and biology, will develop into doctors "licensed to kill," as some wit puts it, in a few years. The question of their future is an important one, not only to the students themselves, who have left the beaten track of feminine employments in Australia, but to all who are interested in the progress of women.

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The nineteenth century can by no means claim to have developed women-physicians. The fitness of women for the study and practice of medicine was discovered hundreds of years ago in sunny Italy. As far back as the ninth century of the Christian era a famous school of medicine was established at the Roman colony of Salerno, where many of the professors of medicine and other sciences were married and were helped in their labors by their wives and daughters. The name of *Civitas Hippocratica* was given to the picturesque town of Salerno in consequence, after Hippocrates, the father of Greek medicine. In the words of Edward Gibbon, "The treasures of Grecian medicine had been communicated to the Arabian colonies of Africa, Arabia and Sicily; and in the intercourse of peace and war a spark of knowledge had been kindled and cherished at Salerno, an illustrious city, in which the men were honest and the women beautiful. A school, the first that arose in the darkness of Europe, was consecrated to medicine."

The celebrated Trotula, the wife of a professor at the medical school of Salerno, and herself a professor of medicine and a writer of treatises on the subject, stands out from the mists that hide from us the eleventh century of the Christian era. Trotula is the first European lady-doctor of whom we have any definite knowledge. Great and royal personages, amongst whom was William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Conqueror of England, were in the habit of resorting to Salerno for the restoration of their health. As we read that the general plan of medical treatment at Salerno was dietetic rather than pharmaceutical, it is quite possible that William of Normandy might have been restricted by Trotula in the matter of wassail-cakes and venison-pasties, and received admonitions from her as to the inadvisability of indulging in iced drinks while heated by the chase. At the time of Trotula Italy was filled with northern conquerors, and the Normans held Salerno itself; but the barbaric conquerors of the city respected the science of its inhabitants and protected its schools. The women professors of the eleventh century in Italy may be regarded as an outcome of the old Roman civilisation and luxury. The lady-doctors of Salerno are not solitary instances of female professors in Italy in days of yore. From the fourteenth to the nineteenth century there were amongst the ladies of Italy professors of anatomy, philosophy and mathematics, connected with the various Italian universities, and the names of many of these women are preserved on the roll of fame. In connection with my present subject I only want to draw attention to one point in the history of Italian "doctresses." It is, as the lady-doctor of Charles Reade's "Woman-Hater" remarks, that the constitution of Bologna, where so many doctresses have filled the chairs of medicine and other sciences, makes no more direct provision for female students than did the constitution of any British university thirty

It is of no use to tell her that what may be called the "slap-dash" method of treatment is by no means the best; that the masters of the medical science are patient, studious, cautious; that they often hesitate and compare and consider, and that every physician, worthy the name, wants to know a great deal about his patients and about their fathers and grandfathers before them. This distrust of their own sex, which is still to be met with amongst the women of our own day, is a relic of the ancient rivalry that existed amongst all women when matrimony was the end and aim of their lives. This feeling is described with delicate irony in some of the novels of Miss Austen. It will disappear altogether when liberal education has widened the views and minds of the girls of to-day.

Did Dickens draw Mrs. Skewton from life? I am inclined to think that he did. The old lady who, when dying of palsy, demanded "rose-colored curtains for doctors" is not an impossible character to-day. There are Australian women who prefer a doctor of a different sex to their own, because there is a certain amount of interest about the visits of an agreeable and good-looking medical practitioner that would be lost were that practitioner only a woman. I cannot say whether these women constitute a very large class of our community. I know they exist, and our medical women of the future will have to take this feeling into account in reckoning up their disadvantages. Thackeray's satirical description of a typical ladies' doctor is not very much exaggerated. Dr. Brand Firmin, the novelist's *beau ideal* of a fashionable ladies' physician, was "Physician to the Plethoric Hospital, Physician to the Grand Duke of Groningen and Knight of his order of the Black Swan, member of many learned societies, and husband of a rich wife." He was "quite a lady-killer out of his profession," according to one of his rivals in the faculty. Dr. Firmin was a handsome, melancholy, interesting-looking man, with black whiskers, fine eyes, a good set of white false teeth, a sweet voice, the dress and appearance of a dandy and the manners of a Lord Chatham. There are Dr. Firmin's amongst us now, and with some women they will be the lady-doctors' most formidable rivals.

The best way, however, of gauging the possible success of medical women in Australia is to consider the position of lady-doctors in other English-speaking communities at the present day. One naturally thinks of America and of what medical women are said to have done and to be doing in the "greater Britain." There are more than two thousand lady-doctors in the United States of America, according to an English journal of recent date, and some of them appear to be brilliantly successful. From the same journal I quote this glittering paragraph:—"The inhabitants of the New World are, as as usual, in the van of any progressive movement. The American woman-doctor seems not only to have "come to stay," but to be destined to drive her male competitor altogether out of the field. There are no fewer than one hundred and fifty lady-physicians practising in New York, while more than double that number are to be found in Brooklyn and the adjacent cities. Their professional earnings are in general quite equal to those of the average male practitioner, while not a few of them make an income which even a fashionable London physician would not be ashamed to own to. Quite a number of lady-doctors in New York are known to make two thousand a year regularly. Some two or three are believed to realise an income of between three and four thousand a year. One princess of the science is stated to have made a steady annual income of five thousand pounds for the last four years." This would seem almost too good to be true, only that we are long accustomed to the high standing taken by American women.

In Britain also, since the passing of the Act of Parliament to allow women to practise medicine, the progress of lady-doctors has been marked by a success which is encouraging to medical students at the Antipodes. The new Hospital for Women in London is officered entirely by lady-physicians and surgeons In Edinburgh Miss Jex Blake is the medical officer of the dispensary for women and children, and similar hospital appointments are held by women both in London and the provinces. Dr. Jex Blake has established a medical school for women in Edinburgh, and in conjunction with Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., founded the Women's School of Medicine in London. A lady-doctor is the medical superintendent of the female staff at the London General Post Office, and another lady holds a similar position at Liverpool. Now that *mens sana in corpore sano* is recognised as a motto as suitable for girls' as for boys' schools lady-physicians in Britain are gaining positions as medical inspectors of those whilom abodes of unhealthiness—"educational establishments for young ladies." British lady-doctors are also extending their labors to India, where, we learn, the supply of European doctresses is not equal to the demand.

This encouraging array of facts, however, tells us nothing of the difficulties and rebuffs encountered by female students in America and in England. When a successful novelist dies the newspaper paragraphs concerning him tell of his works, his successes, his fame, and his easy transmutation of ink into gold. It is only when his life, or his autobiography, is published, that we hear of his early struggles, uncrowned with success; of his disappointments; of his experience of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick; of his blotted and rejected manuscripts, and of his foiled attempts to turn ink even into silver. The quoted facts regarding the present condition of medical women in Britain bear the same relation to their struggles to attain to it as a catalogue of the most successful novels of Anthony Trollope, with the prices obtained for them, would bear to his autobiography, where he tells us, amongst other interesting facts, that for the first ten years of his literary career he did not make money enough to pay for the pens, ink, and paper he used.

Dr. Mary Scharlieb, a well-known London physician, writing on the subject of the position of women in medicine to-day, says: "the difficulties that beset the path of a female student of medicine are manifold, although we thankfully acknowledge that much has been done to make rough places smooth. A few years ago there was no medical school for women in Great Britain, and no hospital open for their instruction. But, year by year, difficulties are being removed, fresh facilities are obtained, and hope for the future is bright indeed, if women will be but true to themselves. They must now show that they can bear prosperity and ease as profitably and well as they bore anxieties, difficulties, and disapprobation. A little of this still remains, and medical women, both students and practitioners, are sometimes reminded of old days by the refusal of a hospital to admit them to its wards, or the alleged inability of certain societies to enrol them as members" The "anxieties, difficulties. and disapprobation" spoken of by Dr Scharlieb are well exemplified in the career of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, now one of the most successful of English medical women. About thirty years ago Miss Garrett. an enthusiastic student of medicine, knocked in vain for admission at the doors of all the British universities. At last she found an opening in the school of the London Apothecaries. In the Apothecaries' Act of 1815 Parliament inserted a clause, compelling them to examine all persons who should apply to them for examination, after proper courses of study. The London Apothecaries, therefore, admitted Miss Garrett as a student. Like all the students, she had to attend lectures on the various subjects of a medical course. In the collateral subjects she was allowed to sit with the male students, but in anatomy and surgery she had to attend the same lectures privately, and pay for them herself. These lectures, naturally, cost her enormous fees. In her hospital practice she met with difficulties enough to discourage a less ardent student, but succeeded in passing, in England, as an apothecary, while she was obliged to go to Paris, and pass in French, for her M.D. degree. The feeling as regards female medical students in England, at that time, was shown in the action taken by the London Apothecaries just after Miss Garrett had passed her examinations They passed a bye-law to the effect that no apothecary could receive any part of his instruction privately, making it known, at the same time, that women-students would not be allowed to join the public classes. In this way they effectually shut their doors against female apothecaries. Miss Garrett's example was followed by other ladies, Miss Jex-Blake among them, who, after difficulties innumerable, succeeded in opening the doors of three British universities to medical women.

In reviewing these struggles the question naturally comes to mind, "Are Australian girls strong and self-denying enough to bear a repetition of them, however modified?" Our girls and boys have lately been complimented—if the phrase is a complimentary one—on their "dæmonic energy," but in such a struggle more than mere energy is required. "Dæmonic energy" may co-exist with a certain restlessness of disposition, that makes long-sustained efforts painful and unendurable Strength and determination of character, more often to be seen in the inhabitants of cold than of warm countries, will be needed. It may be said that Australian ladies have succeeded so well in the profession of nursing that their success as doctors is assured. I do not think the simile holds good. Not only are higher mental qualifications required in the medical profession, but its lady members in the Sunny South will be without the support of public opinion to some extent. Ever since the Crimean War gave us Florence Nightingale and her followers, the general concensus of public opinion has been in favor of ladies becoming trained nurses. The first Australian medical woman will take up a position unsanctified by custom in this country, and

it is always difficult for a woman to depart from what is considered strictly orthodox. I believe that women all over the world would be wearing a healthful garb at the present moment could there only be found a few in every community who would dare to brave *les convenances*, and leave off high-heeled shoes that ruin the feet and health, heavy skirts that confine the limbs, and head-gear that does anything but protect the brain and face. In spite of all the compliments that have been paid the typical Australian girl on her brightness, her energy, her self-reliance, and her quickness of perception, it seems to me that she is of too restless a nature to bear well the struggle for the status of a physician and the never-ending study and work the life of a busy doctor entails.

In dealing with the question of the future of medical women in Australia, however, the ordinary Australian girl is not taken into account. Our medical students are the elect few who always appear in the van of a progressive movement. A vocation for medicine is not always considered necessary in the case of a male practitioner, as some of us know to our cost. In the case of a female medical student a vocation is as much a matter of course as a university education. Our university students are necessarily a picked body of women, and there can be no doubt that our future medical women will have courage, energy, and determination enough to make them valuable members of the Australian community, always providing that community is sufficiently advanced in its ideas to use their services. The best specimens of Australian women are remarkable for their nerve and self-possession, and it is quite possible that we shall have both clever woman-surgeons and physicians amongst us. "Sister Dora's" work as a surgical nurse in England might alone disprove the notion that women are incapable of surgery.

Had the question of medical women in Australia been mooted ten, or even five, years ago I should have doubted whether the community was ready for them. We have seen that in Italy, in America, and in England female professors of medicine have always appeared and flourished whenever the community was higher in the scale of civilisation. The most superficial study of Roman history shows us that no nation was ever more cultivated and luxurious than the Romans in their days of empire, and the first European doctresses were part of the outcome of this high civilisation. The reading of "Robert Elsmere" has brought vividly before us, at the Antipodes, the cultured and luxurious atmosphere that may be found in the London of to-day, and the inhabitants of the great American cities are not less cultivated and luxurious than the Londoners who move through the pages of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. Lady-doctors then are the outcome of the highest civilisation.

The manifest appreciation of classical music in Australia, and the growing interest in art, literature, and science, are hopeful signs to all who are interested in the future of our medical women. The spread of luxury in Australian cities also is marked. The homes of the wealthier classes in our cities are abodes of art and luxury. An artistically arranged and ornamented house is no longer a novelty. If further evidence that this is an epoch of luxury were wanting it might be found in the dress of our women. They are making efforts to revive the fashions in dress of the time of Napoleon I. The more the dress of an Australian lady of to-day resembles that of the Creole wife of Napoleon, Josephine, whose extravagance is proverbial, and who devoted her life to the study of the shape and color of her garments, the more nearly is she "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Art, literature, music, luxury, all exist to some extent in Australia, and every year we better deserve the name of a cultured people. In a few years our medical women may begin their labors in the sure and certain hope that they will be ultimately successful. The large and ever-growing Australian cities will afford the best field for our lady-doctors. There they may help to carry out those sanitary and moral reforms that are amongst our crying wants, and prove themselves heirs "of all the ages in the foremost rank of time."

NEAR KIAMA, N.S.W.

(From a Painting by J. W. Sayer—Engraved by George Collingridge.)

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LITERATURE AND ITS VALUE IN LIFE.*

BY ARTHUR W. JOSE.

OF all the parrot-cries which mislead the thoughtless of the present day by their constant iteration, none is more misleading than the cry for "practical" education. I call it a *parrot*-cry! I mean by that a cry which in the mouth of its originators had a definite and possibly a praiseworthy meaning, but which has been taken up by people who do not understand that meaning and who repeat it as something clever and original in season and out of season, hopelessly ignorant of their own folly. And this particular cry is a case very much in point. I suppose no one would nowadays wish to go back to the times when Latin and Greek were the only subjects that were thought worth teaching: but I am afraid that a great many look forward to the time when Latin and Greek will be obsolete subjects. These people tell you, with an air that defies contradiction, that it is useless mechanical work for a boy or a girl to learn the Latin Grammar, because the children will never read a Latin book after they leave school: and they go on to propound as their ideal a curriculum which includes French, skimmed history, a good deal of superficial mathematics, odd scraps of Natural Science, and a peppering of the still more "practical" subjects. This *omnium-gatherum* of undigested, because indigestible information they recommend on the ground that it will be of some "practical" use to the child in after life. If that is the end and goal of education—if we are to value it as some men value presents, by what they will fetch at the pawnbroker's—we may as well teach a boy nothing but the compound rules in Arithmetic and a little Carpentry:—for nine-tenths of us use little more in our actual daily work. But such an end and such a goal are mockeries: education, if it is worth anything, has a higher and a nobler aim. Rightly understood, rightly carried out, it is the one great elevator of mankind—the one human influence which raises men into something more than animals. It is the cultivation and training of the two especially human faculties—the reason and the imagination: and for such a work this "practical" education is totally insufficient. You can train a pig to do sums: but you cannot train him to tell you why such-and-such a method is to be used. You can train a monkey to turn the handle of a barrel-organ; but you cannot train him to distinguish between good music and trash, to appreciate the one and to despise the other. Most of what we call education is, I am afraid, not much more than teaching children to turn with infinite labor the hands of certain barrel-organs* called Rules of Arithmetic, Rules of Grammar, Rules of Analysis, Formulæ of Chemistry, and so forth: and the unfortunate children understand and appreciate the results which they produce, perhaps, not quite so clearly as a monkey does his tunes.

You will be wondering, probably, what all this has to do with English Literature. I own that I have to some extent digressed, but the connection is a closer one than it would seem to be at first sight. For the same mistakes that are so injurious in the bringing up of the young crop up again and again all through life. It is the rule for this and the rule for that which most of us keep seeking so earnestly: reasons are a minor consideration. The formula guides us in every walk of life: tradesmen or professional men, farmers or politicians, Freetraders and Protectionists and Single Taxers, each of us gets hold of his formula and measures the world

* Certain colloquiations and slightly rhetorical phrases may, perhaps, find their excuse in the fact that these notes were originally intended for the basis of a lecture. The writer has preferred to leave them, for the sake of vividness, as they stood, rather than alter them into a more logical but less dramatic form.

* They are, perhaps, rather a cross between the barrel-organ and the sausage machine.

by it.* As for the reason of the formula, its originator may have thought about that, but very few of his disciples will trouble their heads with it. And as long as we continue merely to stuff ourselves with facts and rule ourselves by formulæ, so long shall we govern ourselves blindly and badly: blindly, because irrationally; and badly, because unintelligently. Now what is the cure? Education, and education only: the education we have defined already, this training both of the reason and the imagination, this process of enlargement and expansion which ought to be going on in our minds every hour of our life till we die. Of all hateful and lying phrases that can help to stunt us, this is about the worst. "He has finished his education." The man who has "finished" his education never began it. At school we learn little more—we have not the capacity to learn much more—than the use of our minds. How to think, how to reason, how to put two and two together—that is the lesson which the schoolboy ought to be learning, not how to make himself an adding machine warranted to earn thirty shillings a week from the time he leaves school. And when, having been taught at school to think for himself, he goes out into the world, then there should open before him a vast new realm of delights, of which he has already caught a glimpse: and while still continuing to think for himself, he should recognise the fact that other people have had thoughts and difficulties which have taken much the same lines as his will take. For here, again, is another of our besetting sins—we are only too willing to be guided by formulæ, but the formulæ must be, or must at least look, bran-new: nothing over a hundred years old will serve our purpose: all our forefathers walked in darkness and ignorance, and we are the first and only possessors of a patent new electric light, which has completely revolutionised the art of walking, and rendered useless all the results of their painstaking but misguided researches. And yet if some of our orators and politicians would devote a little of their time to finding out what the Greek colonies thought about Federation, or even what the American colonies thought, we should be spared a great deal of useless talk and unreasoning assertion. For it is no mere Tory doctrine, but a very plain and bald truth, that our forefathers, or at least those of them whose knowledge we can utilise, were a good deal cleverer than we are. We have more knowledge, if we like to use it—we have all their accumulations at our disposal, besides what our own time brings us; but their natural ability was probably of a higher stamp than ours, and they had far more leisure to cultivate it. The Greeks, a nation of philosophers, the Romans, a nation of statesmen, had little else to do but work out very much the same problems, in their essence, that present themselves to us to-day: and we, a people so occupied with living and making ourselves comfortable that we can only spare the merest fragment of our time to making ourselves better—we think that we can afford to despise the results attained by men whose whole life was a training for their two great duties, to think and to govern.

Well, we are not all statesmen, or orators, or people who are going to have a very marked and lasting influence on our country. What has all this to do with us? After all a man's nearest duty, I don't say his most important, but his nearest, is to keep himself alive: and the struggle to do that keeps us so constantly employed that we really have not the time to study Greek and Roman authors, or even the writings of our forefathers, to any great extent. Exactly: and herein lies the whole moral of my argument. We are not all statesmen: but most of us are voters. We do not expect to have a great influence over our country's destinies: but we all have considerable influence over our own, and a good deal over our neighbors'. We have not the time for extensive reading: then let us read good literature, and let us read it intelligently. We have not sufficient knowledge to let us read Greek or Latin: but we can all read English. And out of the whole voluminous catalogue of English writings, those will probably suit us best which are the productions of the great men of our own time. For it is in these great men that we find the combination of originality and learning which we need for our own education. They are original: I suppose no one, remembering the names of Ruskin, Spencer, Carlyle, and Browning, will deny that they breathe, one and all, the spirit of these modern days, whether they applaud the new *régime* or disparage it. And—what is perhaps of most importance to denizens of a new country and citizens of a very young state—their originality and their modernity are founded upon a close study and a strong appreciation of the wisdom of former generations. It is only small men who proclaim themselves original: the great man is quite content to be largely indebted to his predecessors, and pays the debt off by the use he

* I remember a man now in an important educational position saying gravely that it was our duty to *set to work and create for ourselves*, as Australians, a distinctive national characteristic.

makes of their materials. And as they grasp at the good things of all former time wherewith to build up their own edifices of thought, so they are catholic in their interests. The poet, in these days, is not a poet only, or the naturalist only a naturalist: the broad knowledge which three hundred years ago distinguished Shakespeare from his fellows, and has puzzled his modern critics into making him a Jack-of-all-trades, from the lawyer to the printer's devil, seems a common possession of our modern great writers,—ay, and might be a possession of ours too, if we would only follow his method and theirs. For the secret of it is just this—get knowledge, get understanding: never think a scrap of obtainable information on any subject useless, never shirk a talk on any subject with someone who is well up in it; and, above all, whatever you read, read carefully, trying to understand it,—for a man who does not understand something about the facts he knows is no better off than a baby who should try to carry on a chemist's shop.

So then we shall study in order to continue our education after we leave school: we shall study English works because they are the most quickly understood: we shall study modern English works because all good ones are based on the whole world's experience and so sum up for busy men the wisdom of ages in a handy and readily used form. Why should we select the special branch which we call distinctively "literature?" Why not set to work at studies of more "practical" value? What good does it do to the young professional man, the young tradesman, the young squatter, or farmer, or mechanic, that he should read Tennyson and Carlyle and Darwin and Ruskin? Would it not be better for him to spend his leisure time in working up all the latest discoveries and theories in his own line of life? There is an objection which one often comes across. "Girls" these people say "who in many cases do comparatively little besides their household duties,—men who are not compelled to earn their living—boys who are lucky enough to be supported by their parents a little longer than usual, these can afford to accumulate general knowledge and dabble in unproductive studies: we cannot. We can hardly keep abreast, as it is, of the latest knowledge in our own professions: what time, then, can we spare for knowledge that lies outside them." And yet we were not born into this world, I fancy, merely to be clerks and lawyers and doctors and mechanics: we were intended to be men and women, creatures with developed reason and intellect, creatures with a cultivated imagination, not deformities with the lower intellect abnormally swollen and no imagination, no real human feeling at all. Granted, that our young student, by reading Tennyson, loses a few hours from his legal or scientific work: what then? He may be a little less of a scientist, but he is a good deal more of a man. As a matter of fact, his own special branch of study will be greatly benefited: he may miss a few new scraps of knowledge, but he will learn to grasp far more thoroughly what he knows already: what his mind loses in extension it will gain in expansion. And expansion is what we all want: we are too narrow, too mechanical, too blind to the excellence of anything outside our own groove: we know little, and care less, about what goes on outside our own little world: even as a nation, or the beginnings of one, we are too prone deliberately to narrow down our interests to events and questions of this continent, not seeing, or wilfully disregarding, the necessity of mutual help and mutual influence among all civilised peoples. Like the soul in the *Palace of Art*, we try to withdraw ourselves from the society of nations, to build ourselves a lordly pleasure-house in this remote land, and to sit there apart and above the rest: but I am very much afraid that our isolation, instead of being God-like, would only be dull, stupid, and eventually barbarous.

To sum up, then: true education is a life-long process, expanding the powers and extending the range of a man's reason and imagination. For the young, it is the reason chiefly which requires to be developed: they have plenty of imagination, if only we will not deliberately stunt it. But as we grow older, and are compelled to support ourselves, the reason once developed will be kept in constant use: it is the imagination which in its turn needs cherishing and strengthening, if we are to keep ourselves healthy and without deformity. For this want of imagination, of sympathy, of sensibility, is so serious a deformity that it has become almost a vice: it is the essence of what we call "vulgarity," the parent of callousness and want of heart and brazenness, the canker so deadly that its victims are demoralised into proclaiming it as a virtue. When a man tells you, in the blantant way that some men assume, "I don't believe in your damned sentiment: I'm a practical man, *I* am," that man stamps himself as a monstrosity. At Strasburg they diet unfortunate geese till little else is left to them

but their livers: they make, I believe, a dainty eatable, but I doubt if even a goose would proclaim her swollen liver as a virtue. The disease is a terrible one: and yet it is not hard to ward off. Read, and your mind must expand: study what you read, and you must become sympathetic: learn to appreciate and to love good work, and you are safe from any taint of vulgarity.

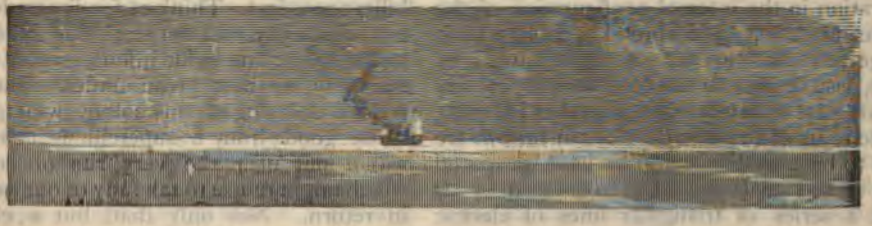
Read, then: but how are we to read? We have agreed, I hope, to have a little of our time for literature: how shall we use the granted leisure? To read at all is something gained: the trashiest novel will at least do us this good, that we are dragged by it out of our own groove. But reading for mere amusement's sake is frivolous, and the good done is accidental. Novels, after all, are in very few instances more than intellectual lollies: and one can scarcely live heartily upon a diet of chocolate creams. As for reading great works for amusement, one would as soon use a racehorse to ride about town. We who are trying to educate ourselves want a better motive and a better method.

Now there are four ways of teaching and studying English literature, and it may be well to glance at each of them. The first, and, I am sorry to say, the commonest out here may be called the Parsing-Analysis method. I do not wish to abuse either Parsing or Analysis, rightly taught and suitably practised: but it is a barbarous system which compels us to apply them to great writers. It is bad enough to ride your racehorse round town: this is setting him to draw your manure-cart. The second method, slightly more refined, but scarcely more useful, is the Biographical method. *When was our author born? When did he die? Where did he go to school? How many works did he write, and what did he get for each of them? Give an extract from each of his most famous writings.* Really, on considering the matter, I am not sure if this is not a worse method than its predecessor. Parsing ought at least to teach you something of the author's meaning; this method crams you with undigested and indigestible facts. For not one of these biographical facts is of any use to us unless we can connect it with our author's work. Whatever scraps of biography you may come across, whatever are suggested to you for your own study, must be chosen for their value in explaining the writer's turn of mind and illustrating his productions. If we look up Darwin's parentage and Thackeray's early life, it will be because they were important factors in the intellectual career of the two men. If we picture to ourselves Tennyson's home in Lincolnshire or Browning's in Italy, it will be to elucidate the influences which were at work on the poet's brain.

But there are better methods than these. There is one which it is almost impossible to avoid using in lectures. We may call it the *labelling* method, by which the lecturer sums up a writer's ruling characteristics in one phrase, and so deals with his subject as to make the whole lecture an expounding of that phrase. In the same way one sees on the programmes of popular orchestral concerts a short exposition of what each particular piece is supposed to mean, and one sits through the performance trying to recognise which musical phrase means *Song of the happy reapers* and which *Pattering rain-rising wind—approach of a thunderstorm.* The evil side of this method is that it tells you what you ought to think instead of leading you to think for yourself. If you are told that Tennyson is a poet of art, order, and growth while Browning deals rather with momentary crises and abnormal heats of passion, these phrases are simply a very inadequate attempt to sum up what some of us feel when studying their work. No one has a right to dictate to us: we must read them for ourselves, and form our own judgments. The important thing is, not that we should have a particular feeling about the author, but that we should have *some* feeling about him: that his words should appeal to us as the thoughts, wise and helpful thoughts, of another man, not merely as the utterances of a printing-machine. And to secure this result we must adopt the fourth and only real method of studying literature for one's own health. This, and this only, is the "reading," whose value I have been trying to explain: this is the expander of our minds, the extirpator of vulgarity, the true education: and it is summed up in three words — earnestness, discrimination, and thoroughness. We must have the earnest desire to read, not a mere vague feeling that it would be nice to take up such and such an author. We must pick and choose till we find a book which is both noble in itself and attractive to our own spirit: reading at haphazard is worse than useless. And when our choice is made we must set to work to study that book, not skim it: to ask ourselves why the author put things in that particular way, and how they bear on ourselves: to sift out the ephemeral part which there is in all literature from the ideas that stand true for all time. "You may read," says Ruskin, "all the books in the British Museum, and remain illiterate and uneducated: but if you

have read ten pages of a good book with real accuracy, you are evermore in some measure an educated person." And this work we must do for ourselves: the lecturer can suggest, can help us to choose, can (I hope) kindle in us the enthusiasm for reading; but we ourselves must set ourselves down to this work, we must resolve, we must choose, we must study. What work is more important? What work will repay us better? Not that I urge that as a motive. "It is a dull and deformed nature" says the Greek Philosopher, "that gives itself up to bodily cares, and is mightily concerned about taking exercise, and eating, and drinking, and so forth. These things should be done by the way: the training of the mind must be our chief concern."

And the practical conclusion of the whole matter is this. For all of us there are opportunities of reading of which we take little or no advantage. Henceforth let us never miss one. And in our reading we must not be narrow, but always studious to widen our range, and to see our favorite author not isolated but in the company of his equals and in his proper place among them. We shall thus be able to watch the spirit of the age speaking through its different mouthpieces, asking and answering always the same questions—Why did this happen? How did it come about? No two answers are the same, and yet there is not one that has not its suggestion of truth for us. And if in the course of our studies some of us come to view old friends with different eyes, and find that Macaulay is not the accurate historian, or Ruskin the whimsical retrogressionist, or Browning the crabbed eccentric that we believed—perhaps even so we shall get some permanent good out of it and feel at last that the time has been well spent. Read, then, you who wish to enlarge your own minds: and you who do not, remember that it is not your own minds alone that are in question. Listen to the words of a great French philosopher, well qualified to deal with these subjects:—"The sound instruction of the people is an effect of the high culture of certain classes. Countries which have created a large popular system of instruction, without providing serious education of the higher sort, will suffer a lengthy punishment for their neglect: and that punishment will be intellectual mediocrity, vulgarity of manners, superficiality of spirit, and want of general intelligence." *Certain classes*, he says, *must have high culture.* What classes? What but those which have the opportunity for it, as you have—the opportunity of coming out of yourselves, of broadening your range of thought, of finding out how little you know and how much you may yet be able to learn? If to you personally the want of culture is a trivial defect, know that for the country of which you are a citizen that want is a crying evil, a serious deformity. There never was a great nation composed entirely of small men. Therefore either for your own sake or for the sake of your citizenship, read. Let the girls read—girls who think they are women just because they go to balls. Let the boys read—whether they are boys who talk high-flown politics without studying the rudiments, or boys who think that the proper study of mankind is cattle. If lectures will be a help to you, attend them: if not, read at home: but read, whatever you do, steadily and earnestly and intelligently, led on, like Milton's scholars, "in willing obedience, enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, and stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages."



AT AN OBSERVATORY.

BY JOHN FARRELL.

IT would hardly be ingenuous to deny that public confidence in the visible universe has been somewhat shaken of late. The fine old crusted conservatism which was thought to govern the heavenly bodies appears to have been broken through, and radical changes are taking place in several directions. From what should be the best informed circles, whispers of inexplicable alteration in the internal configuration of the planet Mars have got abroad. It has been suggested that mysterious appearances of light, visible only to the best telescopes, are nothing less than electric signals that are being made to us of the earth. Certain *savants* are said to have said this, and to have proposed that these signals should be answered by us with a series of triangular lines of electric lights of such magnitude as to be visible from the Government Observatory of Mars. Such a scheme is, of course, rather nebulous, and the possibility of its accomplishment rather remote. But, all the same, forewarned is forearmed, and I would hint to our Protectionist friends that an insidious scheme may be in course of development, at the bottom of which the coldly calculating calico party is quietly working. If intelligible interchange of thought with this planet can be established by Mars it may be possible to establish intercommunication.

What a vista of demolition and smash to the "Australian National" policy such a possibility opens up! Think of foreign trade being extended away into the steel-blue regions of stellar space, and made infinitely more foreign than any we now groan under. Picture a sudden deluging of this colony with pauper-made goods from a supercilious orb somewhere out near the very rim of creation, which might refuse to take any of our products in return. Not only that, but a class of emigrants quite unused to such a civilisation as ours, and incapable of intelligently exercising the franchise, might begin to infest our shores. The prospect is an appalling one,

and although nothing may come of it the patriotic party could do worse than keep an eye upon this very doubtful Mars business.

That, however, is a mere fiscal digression. I was going on to observe that many important instances of change among the heavenly bodies have been spoken of latterly by those who ought to know. The Great Red Spot of Jupiter has been regarded with suspicion by astronomers, and will have its movements shadowed pretty closely for the future. Something more than usual is the matter with a particular patch of the shade which Saturn casts on his ring, and all sorts of inuendoes are being retailed about the star clusters. But what concerns us most closely, and is the chief subject of this paper, is the open scandal which has been emblazoned abroad about the moon. It has become widely known during the past few months that part of her face—that face which through immeasurable æons has been turned so steadfastly and immovably towards us, has undergone a marked change. Notwithstanding the charge of inconstancy hurled against her by Juliet, at an hour when well-conditioned young persons, of either sex, should have been in bed, the moon has never, until recently, been seriously accused of change. Till lately she had shown no trace of cosmic emotion to us. The face we saw, white, and dead, and cold, was a face on which the deep wrinkles of unimaginable age had been indelibly graven. No one dare guess the years of the moon, or venture to number the cycles of time through which she has looked down upon the weak and pitiable side of human nature. May be the romantic Troglodytess, listening to the exaggerated utterance of the amorous cave man (if he could utter anything) as they strolled together in the patches of light that filtered through the high forest tops of the tertiary period, glanced sighing up at a moon in every lineament the same as that under which the more refined and voluble modern male perjured himself awhile ago at Bondi beach, or where you will. Who knows? Who knows? In one of his supreme outbursts of passion (there was a woman and a want of appreciation concerned in the matter) Joaquin Miller, after shaking his fist figuratively in the face of Cosmos generally, and indulging in heated disparagement of everything that occurred to his mind at the time, turns upon the moon and accuses it of being played out. He rates it roundly for having gone on rising and setting in a mechanical and cold-blooded way "until worn as thin and as bright as tin." Of course Miller was unreasonable in specially attacking the moon, which it is well known has no choice in the matter. Inexorable law that dictates the swing of a pendulum by the same ukase that fixes the orbits around which a hundred millions of worlds fleet and flash onward in space has told the moon what to do, and there can be no refusal. Like the Wandering Jew, like Poor Jo, her cue is "Move on!"

Impelled by Sunday newspaper paragraphs and by the alarming thought that the friction of continual locomotion might have really worn a hole in the "regent of the sky," or caused such other damage as would compel her early resignation from the important position she has so long and brilliantly filled, I went the other evening to the Sydney Observatory to have a talk with Mr. Russell about it. Apart from any matter of such immediate and pressing necessity as the errand upon which I went the Observatory is worthy of a visit. It is placed on a commanding height, overlooking on one side the blue deep waters of the bay, across which continually pass and re-pass the harbor steamers; and on the other the teeming life of the city, and stands in the midst of beautifully-kept grounds. It is a place to be approached respectfully, and with an inward sense of shrinkage. Directly you get within the front gate you feel that you have got beyond your depth, and realise that the surroundings are before *your* time, so to speak. Surmounting the stone tower, clothed with clinging green, are strange appliances that revolve glibly, telling the world what the wind is doing, and otherwise checking off the proceedings of nature. Around you on the lawn are various contrivances of a mysterious nature, which have something to do with the rainfall, or the sunshine, may be. There are out-buildings, too, consecrated to uses you cannot comprehend; and going up to the front door you have an uneasy conviction that from some of the windows eyes that have measured the star-depths and found the secrets of the pleiades may be taking stock of you.

Do not go there, though, with your mind seeing in the person of Mr. Russell a star-reader of the awful old type (who were frequently awful old humbugs, by the way). I confess that I had some dim idea when touching the electric bell-knob, extremely modern as that proceeding was, that of being ushered into the presence of an inscrutable old man with a skull cap and a flowing white beard. I half expected to stand subdued and awe-stricken before an imagined Tycho Brahe or Copernicus, who from a height would

address me as "My son," and condescend to make a few oracular remarks of the Jack Bunsby school; who would perhaps unbend enough to cast my horoscope and say what of joy or sorrow the future had in store. Not that Copernicus would have done that, perhaps, but the early fathers of heavenly lore certainly would—for a fair thing between man and man. They were always ready to open the Book of Fate and read a chapter to any one who made it worth their while. Before astrology had broadened down under the light of reason and knowledge to astronomy—before the hysterical incorporation of elementary understanding with imagination and faith and fear, which they knew then, had been expanded into the exact and beautiful science we know now—what a time those old fellows had of it; what a hilarious and sufficient time. A seer whose calculations would to day be received with derision by the merest amateur had the power to appal monarchs, stop national undertakings, and leave broad thumb-marks on the pages of history. Such as these were, of course, the leviathans; but in a smaller way their humble brethren, who mixed astrology and divination with the greengrocery, fried fish, and other businesses of that day, did well. Do you remember the story told by the lame young man in the "Arabian Nights?" He had sent for a barber in order to be shaved in a particular hurry for a certain urgent occasion. But let the young man speak: "Instead of putting water into the basin the barber took a very handsome astrolabe out of his case and went very gravely out of my room to the middle of the court to take the height of the sun. He returned with the same grave face," and said, "Sir, you will be pleased to know this day is Friday, the 18th day of the moon, Suffir in the year 653 from the retreat of our great prophet from Mecta to Medina, and in the year 7320 of the epocha of the great Iskender with two horns, and that the conjunction of Mars and Mercury signifies that you cannot choose a better time than this very day and hour for being shaved." But I digress again unpardonably.

The Government Astronomer of New South Wales would disappoint one who expected to find stern and mystic erudition or professional "frill" of any kind. "A fat comfortable man,"—reasonably fat, that is,—but one who does not "sleep o' nights" to such an extent as might be imagined. The work he is engaged in does not admit of that; much of what sleep your astronomer gets is necessarily taken by day. A courteous gentleman, I found him to be, and one well-inclined to give me such information as lay in his power about trouble in the moon. This, however, was not so great or so definite as under other circumstances it might have been.

"I am confident," he said, "that a change has taken place, but I have as yet been quite unable to get a good observation. The phases of the moon have been unfavorable at times; at other times clouds have interfered. The exact spot where the change is said to have occurred I have been unable to see as clearly as I could wish. It is in the crater called Plinius. This crater, according to the most reliable measurements that have yet been obtained, is shown to be about thirty miles in diameter. Formerly there were two mountains standing up near the middle of it, mountains well-defined and unmistakeable, covering about three miles in diameter, as shown in the drawings. I have seen quite sufficient during the observations I have taken, under difficulties as they were, to satisfy me that something remarkable has happened. The mountains have fallen in, as it were; in these places there are now several craters, of which I have taken measurements. Two of them correspond very closely to the sizes of the mountains which formerly occupied these places. There are, I think, other new craters of a similar size near. But I cannot be sure of this yet. I am waiting to take further observations when all the conditions are suitable."

Is this the first known disturbance of the surface of the moon which has taken place?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "this is the first unmistakeable instance of such a thing happening. It has been thought that changes have taken place since astronomers first began to watch the moon closely, but nothing certain was known until now. She has been taken in the act at last."

"This occurrence will excite much interest in astronomical circles, I suppose," I said.

"Very keen interest, naturally. As an astronomical event its importance cannot be estimated until the observers have had time to compare notes, if even then. It proves the existence of force within the moon, a matter about which doubt had long existed. At all events it should increase our knowledge of the present condition of the moon."

Then we got talking about the wonder of this thing and passed on to other of the marvels of heaven's fields. To Sirius, the magnificent, to the Milky way, and the nameless and numberless shoals of stars

beyond each other, and beyond across profound and terrible gulfs of space such as the human mind cannot form any meaningful conception of. To worlds strewn as thickly as sands on the shore of the sea, millions of hundreds of millions of worlds for all we know, compared to some of which our consequential and puffed up little globe would be as a speck of dust measured against the whole earth's bulk. An entrancing subject to enter upon, truly. The known part of astronomical science, its demonstrable revelations are sufficiently marvellous. But what can one say of the conjectural part?

"Come to-morrow night at half-past-seven and I will show you the moon. The disturbed part will be fairly visible, and you will also be able to have a look at Jupiter," said Mr. Russell at parting; and you may be sure I went.

I was conducted into the room where stands the great telescope itself, and with my own eyes saw the Government Astronomer make certain strange and thrilling preparations. The dome of the room, which is moveable, turning on a number of cannon balls in a groove, was rolled round until an opening in it came opposite the end of the instrument. Then Mr. Russell stretched himself out on a couch specially contrived for the purpose, and took deliberate aim at the moon's disc. When he had it properly sighted, and after some turning of delicate screws, he arose, and I took his place It was a singular experience, this taking his place, and I did it with a distinctly apologetic feeling and some trepidation. What I felt for a moment was that I, a worm, was turning to cross-examine the dread power of the Omnipotent. What I was doing seemed like pointing an impudent little spy-glass at the countenance of Deity itself. It was seeking to pluck aside the veils that, since the beginning, have draped from our view the machinery of life and death: it was stretching forth an audacious hand to pull the moon nearer than universal law has placed it, so that I might know what it was made of. I had some thought that Supreme Wisdom at which I was looking through the large end of the telescope was looking back all the time, and seeing me through the small end. But I soon got over that. The scrutiny of science is, after all, a loving and reverent one which seeks to understand that it may glorify. The adoration of the Magi is highest of all praise: the tribute of knowledge holier than that of a faith which may err in its idols. We worship in a loftier fane than any wherein our fathers knelt, because we have learned. Someone says if I remember rightly:

God moves abroad in a mysterious way,
Our grand sires sang of old, in pious lands:
Yea—far more wondrously than aught which they
Supposed. Is it too wondrous to be God's?

Surely too wondrous to be any other than God's!

It takes the eye a few minutes to become fully accustomed to looking upon the moon through this big telescope, and to a bystander the eye of the observer has a startling appearance, the moonlight focassed upon it seems to turn the pupil into a ball of white fire. By and bye you begin to realise that you are looking down from an infinite height upon another world; that at least is how it seems. On the night when I saw it the moon was nearly full. The sun was shining almost fully upon it, consequently the shadows of the mountains were not thrown so largely in their dense and striking darkness upon the illuminated parts. The effect was pretty much the same as we see when the sun is nearly vertical above the earth; there was little shade. But the shadow they enjoy in the moon—if there is anyone to enjoy it—*is* shadow. It is not like the poor diluted thing we get in our daytime. It is as black as the inkiest midnight, owing, it is thought, to the absence of atmosphere, and, consequently, or refraction. But there is no mistaking that it is shadow you are looking at, all thrown one way from the sun. It is best though, Mr. Russell told me, to take a view when the moon is in the first quarter. Then the shadows of the towering abrupt mountains fall across the white places in sharp separation. It is a solemn sight though, even as I saw it. Certainly a world; certainly one that has been "battered by the shocks of doom." That is written deeply on the side we see; and the side we do not see, that which has for ever been averted and hidden from us, may be more rent and ruined still. What I saw, seeming to look down as at something mirrored in clear water rather than up to the skies, I cannot hope to place before your eyes, my reader, I can but tell you of it. Mighty fissures and deep caverns, oval and round mostly; great dark spaces with fretted edges as of bays and promontories which I would have said were oceans but that science, upon which I lean as a staff, says that there is no water there. Oceans then, from which the water has fled of a surety. I think no idea would bring so vivid a conception of the sight I beheld to the mind of another, not beholding, as that of a mass of molten metal suddenly frozen as it

THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

boiled and bubbled. The huge cup-like craters thickly studded over its face like the pittings of titanic smallpox—the distorted ridges and chains of mountains, the isolated peaks and deep hollow places suggest something like that. Desolate, lifeless, void, it seems, like a place "where no one comes or has come since the making of the world." But there is life in the old horse yet, if one may use a miserably commonplace phrase in such a connection. Now that the moon has asserted the possession of force of some kind who knows but it may enter upon a car convulsive dissipation, a perfect ri change?

One by one, Mr. Russell sitting ne directed my attention to the most n features in the moon's topography. are many, for the face that we see is where about twice the size of the con of Europe, and has been charted out by of diligent explorers. And without anything derogatory to Science it m remarked that it is better work explorir

moon from headquarters in an observatory than exploring, say, Australia on a strict nardoo diet. Copernicus was indicated to me, Mount Pico, the Bellenden-Ker of the lunar sphere, the huge crater Plato, and the dark places which the ancients thought seas, and named accordingly. Slowly, inch by inch, under this guidance I found my way to Plinius, the crater which has all at once excited so much notice. An oval place with walls around it, as shown by the shadow, and a dark spot or two in its centre. That was all my unprofessional gaze could discern.

The calamity, if it may be so called, or at any rate the occurrence on the moon's surface which I have described, may yet be fraught with important political consequences. It is well known for whom the stars in their courses fought, and there is a possibility that the moon, in its course, may have determined to fight for Protection. After sitting on a rail for a good while she may have thought that a restrictive policy was coming, and decided to give it a discriminating support. There may be a good deal of human nature and national politics in the moon, after all. A notable French political economist once represented a number of those who were interested in the industry of supplying light, such as lamp and candlestick makers, as petitioning against the competition of the sun, which was recklessly giving its light free of charge. The moon may have taken the hint, and concluded not to "flood" us any longer. I figure it out this way: The mountains which formerly existed in the centre of the crater of Plinius certainly reflected more of the sun's light back upon the earth than will the hollows that now have taken their place. The depressed parts of the moon's surface are, of course, those which are darkest, and the more of these depressions, the less moonlight. If a good few more mountains cave in the moon will become practically useless to us, except, perhaps, when it is full and the sunlight shines right down into these deep places and right back on us out of them. So we will need more street lamps, more gas, more electric light, more kerosene; and what a good thing all that will be in the way of giving increased employment! I am inclined to think that there is something in this, and that the moon will yet have considerable influence on our political life—if it has not already had it.

After a while Mr. Russell readjusted the big telescope to Jupiter, and I proceeded to turn a coldly critical eye upon that planet. Jupiter seems, through the telescope, somewhat larger than our moon as seen with the naked eye, and has four little moons of his own. Broad red bands cross his disc, mystic, wonderful. On one of these, I believe, is the Great Red Spot, which has occupied a pretty prominent place in astronomical discussion. To my eyes, after a time, the whole planet took a strangely red hue, and the four moons became beautiful in color beyond description. They seemed to blaze with deep crimson light on one side and with a lovely green on the other, just as if two of the signal-lamps one sees at Redfern of a night were placed together, and hung up in space. But no earthly signal-lamps ever shone with such light. It was "a light that never was on sea or land." Only an optical illusion of some kind—a jugglery of light amusing itself upon a new chum—but splendid to see, nevertheless. Then the telescope was wheeled around again, and I got under it and peered at Alpha-Centauri. None of your common planets of the solar system this time, so near as to be regarded with easy familiarity. A double star, if you please. Two glowing yellow intense globes, just touching each other, and seeming to be joined together for better or for worse. But man has put them asunder, all the same. Close as they seem to one another, they are separated by a distance quite thirty times as great as that which divides the earth from the sun. It is true that the sun is only ninety-two millions and a-half of miles from us, but then that is a good way. It takes the light of the sun eight minutes, travelling with all celerity at something like one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, to reach us, and it takes the light of Alpha-Centauri three and-a-half years to get across the gap that separates it from us. That is the same thing as saying that the double orbs of light which I was looking upon might have ceased to exist nearly three and a-half years before the night on which I looked. We have to be contented with a pretty stale kind of light from Alpha-Centauri. They don't undertake early delivery. These two worlds that seem so near, yet are so far from each other, revolve around a point between them, where as yet science has not found anything for them to revolve about. They have their orbit, round which it takes them seventy-six years to go, but to me, as a young astronomer and one not yet quite sure of his ground, the game seems hardly worth the candle. The moon revolves round the earth, held by attraction; that is flattering to us, and greatly to her credit. The earth revolves round the sun, and can, no doubt, give excellent

reasons for doing so. But here are two mighty bodies waltzing round a patch of utter vacancy, evidently under the insane impression that there is something there all the time.

After a great deal of interesting talk about the heavens, during which I learned much that was strange and vast and incredible concerning worlds and systems, we got down to the raw material of which they are made. In one corner of the Observatory there is a dark pile of stones, like blocks of iron almost. These are meteoric stones that have been drawn within the radius of the earth's attraction, and have rushed to impact themselves upon it with a swish of sound and a long flash of fire. "The angels hurled to the realms infernal, which man misnameth the falling stars" did not happen to be angels after all, but ærolites, like those Mr. Russell has. Large and heavy they are, and have been collected from various parts of Australia. The theory concerning these is that they are either the remains of disintegrated planets or the faint beginnings of new worlds. Interplanetary space, it is conjectured, is filled with these whirling blocks as thickly as a sunbeam with motes, and there is supposed to be a belt between Jupiter and Mars where they most do congregate. These are "the flaring atom-streams," as Tennyson finely puts it, that may be continually separating or rushing together to make "another and another frame of things." Analysis shows that meteoric stones are made of the same matter as this planet of ours, having in them iron, silica, magnesia, sulphur, nickel, &c. These, in immense shoals, circle round and round the sun, as the earth does, and when some of them find themselves journeying along beside it they are irresistably drawn to it and incorporated. As soon as they enter the atmosphere which envelops the earth the friction of it ignites them, and if they are not burned up in consequence, which is supposed to mostly happen, they reach the surface of our globe in a state of semifusion. It is possible that the earth is but an aggregation of these cosmic splinters, which in their wild course have been drawn together round a nucleus as in a whirlpool floating leaves will gather round a cork. I advance this proposition without diffidence, and solely on my own responsibility. It does not formally emanate from the Observatory, nor has it been brought forward before on high authority, so far as I am aware; but I am prepared to risk what scientific reputation I have upon it. But it is probable that the bulk of the earth is being slowly added to by this falling of meteoric stones, and I would suggest that an *ad valorem* duty —none of your ten or fifteen per cents., but a hundred per cent. or so—be placed upon them, and their landing here prevented unless it be paid. If a seven-ton ærolite would then insist on falling the incidence of taxation would fall upon it.

On a subsequent day I was shown all through the Observatory by Mr. Russell and Mr. Lenehan, his first assistant. Mr. Lenehan's work consists chiefly in attending to the Transits of Stars. He is in charge of the Transit or Meridian instrument. I need not fully explain to the uninitiated what Mr. Lenehan really does, chiefly for the reason that I do not understand; but it is an important astronomical function. He is a kind of transit officer, who keeps a look out on the star traffic, and if anything like a block occurs promptly reports it. But seriously speaking, I cannot conceive of anything in science more interesting than, after having measured the orbits of two stars, and calculated years before, perhaps, that at a given time one of these would pass in front of the other, to lie there on a cushion and watch the event happening. Some of these transits are of supreme consequence in determining vexed questions of measurement and so forth. The instrument employed is a large and costly one, and is connected with an electric clock which marks the time occupied with minuteness and unerring precision. There are numerous other highly ingenious mechanical contrivances in the various rooms. One of these, the harmonograph, although merely a kind of scientific practical joke, is really a charming toy It was constructed under Mr. Russell's direction, and consists primarily of two heavy and long pendulums. These give motion to a pen, and by varying the height of one or other of them wonderful looking ornamental figures are drawn upon sheets of cardboard. There is a tide register, an exact model of that which is now working at Port Denison, and there is a most delicate and cunning little aneroid barometer, which is a triumph of invention, working independently of mercury, and recording the density of the atmosphere by the contraction and expansion of the extremely thin metal of which it is made. There is a thing which registers the readings of a large ordinary barometer by writing them on a sheet of paper, and there is a rain gauge which is so arranged that every time a certain exact quantity of water gets into a little bucket, the bucket turns over and empties itself into a bigger one and goes back for more. In performing this feat it also causes

a pen to write what has been done. There is a wind register, too—the logical sequence of the strange thing moving up on the towers summit—which works all day and all night, reporting the wind *verbatim*. At the time I was there it showed that the wind was going at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, in an easterly direction. This machine, it struck me, would be a valuable addition to the Staff of *Hansard*, only the strain might be too much for it. Every instrument you see here is writing; every machine is recording rainfall or humidity, or entering up the temperature for the week, or else just putting the pen behind its ear after having done so. All the machines are automatic and keep their own books in the shape of marks and dots and comprehensible dabs on boards and cylinders. Never was there so much writing on the wall, and it is probable that Belshazzer could not have endured the place for five minutes. If the "vast eyelid of an inky cloud" is drawn over the sun for a few seconds some of the machines in the Observatory will be making a note of it; if there is a thunderstorm, or a hurricane, or a sudden access of heat or cold, the pens of the observant and relentless machines will know, and write a full account of it for posterity. Even the seismograph writes, or rather some day it will write. But I must give a separate paragraph to it.

The seismograph I regard as the crowning glory of the Observatory, while at the same time it is its only failure. Its work is to attend any earthquakes that may occur. Immediately on the arrival of an earthquake the seismograph mechanically interviews it and jots down its strength, duration, where it came from or is going to, and so on. The appliance is wonderful indeed, and is so finely adjusted that the difference of a hairsbreadth anywhere would destroy its usefulness. A needle stands vertically balanced so that the faintest vibration causes it to fall. Whatever way it falls it completes an electric circuit, and sets in motion a clock which records the precise beginning and duration of the movement, for with the cessation of it the circuit again becomes broken and everything stops. Certain clock-work also sets in motion a large disc of smoked glass which revolves on a centre like—like—oh! like a music stool. On the surface of this disc, in several different places, pens rest, the handles of which, for lightness sake, are made of fine straws. The cynic might say that in making such a contrivance drowning science was clutching at straws, but the cynic generally sacrifices everything to a desire to be thought smarter than he really is. As soon as the disc moves the points of the pens indicate on the smoky surface upon which they rest the direction and the distance, and if the movement is a vertical one, an arrangement of springs discloses that fact. Excellent results, I believe, have been obtained elsewhere from the seismograph, but this one has never yet made a sign. It was only fitted up since the heavy earthquake of some three years ago, which affrighted so many of the good people of Goulburn and Yass. There was a tone of personal feeling in Mr. Russell's voice when he told me of this; something which conveyed a sense of injury. I could quite understand it. Picture him to yourself sitting there in the chill watches of the night, year after year, "sleepless, with cold commemorative eyes" fastened upon the machine, waiting, hoping, praying for an earthquake—just for one glorious comprehensive convulsion of nature to set the thing going. Enoch Arden always there, in his seaward gazing-gorge, "a shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail." Penelope netting and unravelling her web for the sake of one who came not—what were their experiences to that of him who waits for an earthquake? My own impression, although I did not mention it at the time, is that the machine is not altogether reliable. Since it has been put in order there have been several patriotic addresses delivered by well-known orators. The needle should have fallen, and the pens indicated on the disc what rate they were going at, in what direction, and under how much patriotism to the square inch. I think the seismograph is a failure.

The Observatory is well worth a visit from any one with a soul at all, or any appreciation of the splendid and wonderful which is above and around us. If it were for no other thing than to watch the movements of the beautifully made machines that go on so tirelessly, fulfilling their appointed tasks, and adding to the store of knowledge, he should go. They have, for the most part, been made here—even the fittings and stand of the great equatorial telescope are of local workmanship—and are a credit to their makers. But the chief value of such a visit is the clear glimpse of immensity which one gets in the course of an hour's chat with an expert, and the general reduction of "cocksureness" which follows. One who sees the methods of astronomy, and notes with what infinite patience and exactitude they must be applied, how confirmation stronger than proof from Holy Writ, in the way of tests and corroborations from different bases, is

insisted upon before any conclusion is definitely accepted, may not afterwards be quite so hasty in delivering sweeping judgments upon things in general. The impression left upon the mind after such a visit is one that lingers, and although I may have written lightly, as with a feather, here and there, no one is more profoundly impressed than I with the beauty and truth of astronomical science, or the wonders among which they walk who seek to interpret the laws of the stars.

LOST IN LIFE'S MINE.

LOST in life's deep-mazed mine that never
Doth open to the Heaven clear,
We wade above the floods of fear,
Towards the lamp of love, for ever
Seeming to shine so near, so near!

Who heeds these endless excavations,
Hard-won by our laborious breath,
Hewed in the universe of death?
Arched in whose adamant the constellations
Shine, gems no steel-stroke looseneth:

But at the central splendor, stricken
Still by the missle blaze of love—
Then seraphs dance, death's sphere above!—
The dense walls 'neath their far feet quicken,
And with one dizzy tremor move!

But oh! to find but lampless mazes;
To madden at dark horrors nigh;
To sink against the walls, and lie
With dead face whereon, nearing, gazes
The light hid at our coming by;
While all the lone vaults startle with a cry!

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT.

"ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

BY LEONTINE COOPER.

IS life worth living? Really it is not a matter to be answered off hand. In fact it is a very doubtful matter altogether!" So meditated Andrew Rowley, and as he meditated he gave his finger nails another chew. He had a horribly bad habit of biting his finger nails, a habit that was a source of constant annoyance to his wife. It was a little matter, but as the dropping of water wears away stone, so little annoyances repeated take the flavor out of life.

All day long while Andrew sat on his stool in the Lands Office the same thread of thought was running in his mind. Life was wearisome, intolerably wearisome. Once he had not thought so, but now he woke each morning with a pang of regret to have started on another day of life and work. It was not that he minded work, Andrew was industrious by nature and enjoyed the exercise of his faculties; nevertheless that exercise, *per se*, was not enough. There ought to be something behind it, some result pleasureable or beneficial. Was there any? No.

He had been married six years and his Alice, with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, had changed wofully in that time. She had been a pretty, plump, coquettish girl when at seventeen, he being then just twenty-two, he married her. Her parents said it was a foolish marriage. They thought they knew their own minds, however, and that the choice that pleased them then would always please them; and so perhaps it would have if they and their surroundings could have remained stationary, but they did nothing of the sort. Circumstances changed and they changed with them. Andrew got tired of the pinching and scraping that was necessary to make both ends meet now that they had a family, and being tired and out of spirits had given up the caresses and happy little jokes of former days. And Alice had changed too. Now she was thin, pale, haggard, a mere bag of bones, ill-dressed and ill-tempered. If Andrew thought his life hard she thought hers much harder. He had to go to work each day and forego amusements in the evening because he could not afford them, but she had to work from morning till night; and though he might have to find the money to pay for the food of their four children, she had to bear the weakness and ill health that belongs to so many mothers. She had to give that ceaseless care that each baby demands, and to wash and dress, or mend and mind them all, no matter how her head ached or how tired she was They could not afford a servant, but they kept an "orphan" who, though she did help a little in the house and with the children, certainly cost her mistress dear with the ill habits that were her heritage and the impertinent annoyance of the lady visitors appointed to inspect the homes of the orphans. Yes, Alice Rowley's lot was hard, and as she dwelt on the conditions of her life she became more snappish to Andrew and her face took a more vinegarish expression as she got thinner. She felt that Andrew had changed very much. That grave, taciturn, white-faced man was not the man she had vowed to love and honor, any more than she was the bright loving Alice to whom he had plighted his wedding troth. It is a great puzzle, this. People change in every sentiment and opinion, in habit and appearance as well as in actual physiological fact, and yet, because the change is gradual and they bear the same name all the time, we regard them as the same individuals. They are nothing of the sort. Take away the thin thread of memory which is their identity, and what have you left of many a man and woman that you knew some fourteen years ago? And yet by that thread of continuity, *i.e.*, memory, we bind them, index them, and call upon them to abide by the bargains which that many-years-ago-evaporated man or woman made! "It is a farce! an absurdity!" muttered Andrew Rowley, "I wish I was not myself, or at least that my present self and the doings of my old self were well separated." Why not? why could he not walk out of his shell that had ceased to fit him and begin afresh?"

He sighed heavily.

"What's the matter? You look ill, Rowley," said Purcell, a man working in the same room with him.

"Yes, I'm not quite up to the mark. My head's bad."

It was bad—very bad. He felt as if black clouds from every quarter of the heavens were converging to one spot just above his devoted head.

Four o'clock came at last, as welcome as the sound of irons knocked from the wrists of a galley slave. The oppression of the day was at its climax, and yet nothing had occurred to make it worse than its predecessors. It had been just as all the other days were, but in some way or other the purposelessness of it all had come home to him on that day with redoubled force.

"He went to the far end of the Roma Street station and watched it pass."

He took down his hat from its peg, and followed the stream of more or less well-dressed beings who throng the streets near the Government offices between four and half-past four p.m. He turned towards the railway station, though that was not his accustomed route. He had just been reading "Anna Karinina," and had a mind to see how the engine looked as it came past with its crushing glide. He went to the far end of the Roma Street station and watched it pass. Why not? It was a sure way out of it; no more monotony, no more grinding.

He lingered about the station till it was time for the Sydney mail to pass. It whistled in the cutting from the central Brisbane station, and just as it reached the platform a man flew frantically into the booking office, bought a second-class ticket to Wallengarra, and sprang into the train.

That was all that came of it! Instead of lying down and being crushed in his shell an inspiration had come upon him not to change his shell, but so completely to change his *habitat* that it would be as good. His movements had been so hurried that even if there had been any of his acquaintances on the platform there would not have been time for them to recognise him.

In the carriage into which he had jumped there were four persons, all utter strangers. To make assurance doubly sure he pulled his hat far over his eyes and sat back in the corner.

One might fancy it impossible to get away straight from one's office to the general railway station and get off by the mail train without being recognised by anyone in a land so sparsely populated as Queensland; but so it was. Fortune favors the bold, and this was either a bold stroke to get clear of the chain of consequences that are said to hold us all in such fast grip and fashion our destinies, or a mad one. No matter which, it was a successful one; but the strangest part of the whole

matter was that by dint of desiring to lose his own identity he did to a certain extent actually lose it. It appeared to him that he was really no longer the Andrew Rowley who had groaned and plodded, and had loved and married, but a new individual with no distinctly recognisable antecedents. There can be no doubt but that there must have been great mental disturbance to bring about such a condition. A dim, dull, indistinct outline of a history of some other life floated in his mind, the details of which he could never grip; they were like particles floating in the air, distinctly visible but impervious to the touch. One thing only he had clearly present, and that was that he had ceased to be the Andrew Marvel of the Lands Office. No remorse visited him for leaving his wife unprovided for, and no yearning to see his children. That portion of life had become unsupportable; he had broken with it, and here he was a new and unfettered man. He was a strongly-built, muscular fellow, and had no trouble in getting work. Sydney is sufficiently populous for the unit to be lost if it or he so desires it, especially a unit in moleskin trousers and a dilapidated shirt, which was the garb Andrew assumed.

After working some months in the environs of Sydney and in the city itself he got employment on board one of the steamers going to Japan. Arrived there he did really make a start in a new life. Everything round him was different to everything that he had ever known before, and far preferable. As rapidly as he could he assimilated himself in dress, speech and habits to the people among whom he was living, and he succeeded well. With his arrival at Yedo a new vitality had come to him; he was gay, sprightly, quick to perceive a chance and to avail himself of it. He was popular with the Japanese with whom he came in contact, and he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of several Japanese young women, with whom he got on splendidly. He did then literally and truly forget all about Brisbane and the Lands Office, and Alice and the home life. It was like the sponge passed over one of Evans' slates, on which the writing, if not effaced, becomes at least for the time invisible. The knowledge of the past was still there, but it was latent and obscured.

Seven years passed in this manner, and one would have thought that none of his old comrades would have been able to recognise in the handsome, light-hearted Jap. the quondam clerk of the Lands Office.

One day as he was walking blythely along the street, past the hotel patronised by foreigners, he caught sight of the back of a lady's figure—only the back, for she was ascending some steps, and he had but one glance down from the shapely shoulders to an uncommonly neat ankle before she disappeared. The sight gave him a thrill. He had been accustomed to thrills since living in Japan, but this was destructive in character—not a bit like what he had been feeling lately. It had such an effect on him that from walking along so elastically that you might fancy he trod on air, or at least on india-rubber soles, he slouched along hanging his head and, strangest thing of all, chewing his finger nails, the old habit that he had quite forgotten—once the cause of so many acrimonious words. He caught himself in the act as it were, and his perturbation became extreme. What whole bundle of disagreeables was fastened to that action! Sorely troubled he went back to his quarters and took a prolonged smoke, instead of keeping the agreeable appointment he had made for the evening.

"Hullo! is it possible?" and a man clothed in English, or at least Queensland, garb barred the way, as the quondam Andrew Rowley sallied forth on the morning after the vision of the foreign lady's ankles had so disturbed his mental equilibrium.

Andrew started and came to an abrupt halt. It was seven years since he had heard that voice, since the remembrance of it had even recurred to him, but he recognised it instantly. *It was* Purcell's, the man who worked next him in the Lands Office. It was another shock. Old memories that once seemed blotted out were reappearing with startling distinctness.

"Rowley!" exclaimed Purcell.

Rowley did not answer. He stood like one who was dazed by lightning—a half vacant half puzzled expression on his face.

"Don't you remember me? You are Andrew Rowley, aren't you?" asked Purcell, puzzled in his turn.

"Am I?" murmured Rowley.

It was a ludicrous position. One man not sure of the identity of his companion, and the other not sure of his own.

"Why, man, what's happened to you?" said Purcell again. "How did you get here?"

At this moment several persons issued from a bazaar near which they were standing, and proceeded in the direction away from them, so that they only caught sight of their backs. As they turned, Rowley darted away from his companion and walked rapidly after the group.

"He caught sight of the back of a lady's figure—only the back, for she was ascending some steps."

"Alice!" he called out.

One of the ladies turned round at the sound.

"Andrew!" she exclaimed, after a moment's agitated gaze.

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the gentleman who seemed to be the principal person of the party; and he seemed inclined to lay hands on the Jap, who had dared to behave so familiarly to one of the ladies of his party. Before he could quite make up his mind what was the correct thing to do under the circumstances Purcell had got up with them. He was terribly white and haggard-looking, and his words were incoherent. He spoke to the stout gentleman in a whisper.

"His wife! Nonsense! Impossible!"

Purcell shook his head. "Not impossible. I recognised him immediately."

"Well, in all my life I never heard anything so romantic!" exclaimed Sir Thomas Millan, a thick, heavy individual, who looked as if romance and he were indeed utterly unacquainted, and he gazed open-mouthed at the pair, who had walked on ahead.

What they said of course nobody knew, but question and answer seemed to pass rapidly.

"It looks as if we should lose our travelling companion," said Sir Thomas. "I wonder why the deuce the man went away."

Purcell was silent. He was going through one of the crises of life, and, like an Englishman, he endured his torture silently.

He had loved and wooed Alice even before she had ever seen Andrew Rowley, and had loved her even when she turned from him to give the treasure of her affection to Rowley. In the hour of her trouble, when no news came of her missing husband, and day succeeded day without bringing letters, tidings, or (far more prosaic consideration) money for the housekeeping, John Purcell it was who stood in the breach, and with many subterfuges and much inventiveness made it appear correct that she should take the money he brought "on her husband's behalf," he said. His help had continued a long time, and it had been but very recently that Alice had found out how deeply she had been beholden to her old lover. She had gone back to live with her parents, but they

were in straitened circumstances, and not able to help her much. She had scarcely repined when three of her children died, so heavy was the burden laid upon her, and so difficult did she find it to support. There was only one child left, a girl, whom she had placed at school, so that she could accept the offer of travelling companion and governess to the daughter of Sir Thomas Millan; and that very morning she had nearly yielded to Purcell's solicitations to promise that if in another year no tidings came of her missing husband she would reward his long devotion by giving him her hand. He had set out on his morning's walk as blythe and bright as had been Andrew on the morning before that on which he had been mesmerised, so to speak, by a woman's ankle. The like cause had smitten the two men. What a strange medley! Cross purposes in everything. That from which Rowley fled Purcell pursued; that which followed Rowley escaped Purcell.

Sir Thomas was right. The loss of his travelling companion was imminent. Andrew had no need to bring forward proofs of his identity, Alice supplied them for herself, and strange to say, the love which had once sprung into existence at first sight between them blossomed forth as suddenly a second time.

Though Andrew had been troubled as well as strangely excited at the vision of that ankle, much of that trouble was due to the strange loss of memory which had followed (so opportunely some persons might think), upon his flight and its flickering rekindling. His heart had throbbed tumultuously as he watched his unrecognised wife, far more tumultuously than in any of his Japanese entanglements. Apparently there must be affinity of spirit superior even to the thread of identity that keeps the changing man the same though some fleshly hitch may cause a cessation of attraction. Given time for the obstacle to be cleared away the old affinity asserts itself again. This may be the explanation, and it *may* follow thereupon that a disappearance akin to that of Andrew Rowley may have a philosophical, though uncompre-

"At this moment several persons issued from a bazaar near which they were standing."

hended, reason, and should be imitated. Be that as it may, Andrew and Alice Rowley, brought together in a strange land, the old relations thrust away, and only they themselves presented to each other in the spirit—for the flesh was very much changed—fell in love as rapturously as they had done aforetime, and Alice forgot to ask the reason of that cruel desertion, or to question Andrew as to the manner of his life during those seven severed years. Andrew, in like manner, forgot the old cross remarks, and the sour visage, and the figure like a bag of bones. The lapse of the seven years had brought him his Alice back again, and he, in his turn, forgot to ask whether it was the freedom from the relations of married life, or the cessation of maternal cares that had effected such a blessed alteration, or more active causes.

So everybody was satisfied except poor John Purcell, and his was the hard lot all the way through, for in all the episodes of this world, moral and political, there must always be a scapegoat. But he bore it valiantly, as it became such a man to do, and never betrayed to the restored husband how narrow an escape he had had from being an Enoch Arden. Alice never told him either. Perhaps her memory failed her concerning that portion of her life, just as Andrew's had done him, concerning the Queensland life, during the Japan episode and the Japanese reminiscences on his restored and legitimate domestication. Truly, all things have mitigating circumstances, and it is impossible to ticket any action definitively "this is good," "this is bad."

> Turn ye. twist ye, even so,
> Mingle human weal and woe

was George Eliot's favorite motto, and just as difficult to unravel and lay ticketed and side by side the right and wrong, as the weal and woe, mixed, confused; incomprehensible are all the workings of the human mind, but they work according to rule and to per centages—for just as so many letters per thousand are each year deposited in the post office unaddressed, and so many men and women die at a given age, so are there a given number of suicides, and a given number of unexplained disappearances. And the motives? The tickets for them, right or wrong? *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

Anyway, Andrew and Alice Rowley were wise enough not to scrutinise too closely the veiled pages of one another's lives. The second love at second sight flourished vigorously. And instead of ending my story like a fairy tale—"they were married and had lots of children, and lived happily all the remainder of their lives"—I am bound to state that Alice and Andrew had only one more child, a boy, and with the "regulation two" continued happy for a good while.

THE ABUSE OF MARRIAGE.

BY JOHN MILLER.

HE early Christians made one huge mistake which colors to this day our thinking and our living, which has ever since been a pitfall in the pathway of social progress. In their blind, unreasoning fanaticism, they placed death above life, and banned as impious and unholy all that makes life worth living—most of all, they banned the sexuality in our natures—attempting to stop with clay the bubbling of the fountain of Being. To them, poor jaded offshoots of degenerate Rome, there was nought but evil in the grand passion with which nature quivers and from which humanity springs; the sweet purity of monogamy held no sweetness for them, the eternal laws of reproduction seemed bestial and devilish in their blurred mind-sight. Woman, to them, was still the Eve of the Hebraic myths. She was the temptress, the seducer; to look upon her was idolatry; to clasp her to one's heart was a deadly sin.

So from this crazy delusion, from this blind protest against an age, worn out with sensuality and viciousness, came the absurd deduction that virginity was higher than maternity, that celibacy was superior to Monogamy. Sexuality and sensuality were ticketed together by frenzied monks and hysterical nuns. Love was coupled with lust, virtue with viciousness, purity with the vilest thoughts. Marriage was thrown contemptuously to the vulgar herd as an indulgence for those who had not "the gift of continence." But even into marriage was dragged the same degraded and degrading spirit. It was not the formal mating of those who loved. It was the curbing of sensuality by licensing it under the restrictions of the Church. And this same foul spirit, this same total misconception of the truth, continues largely in the Marriage of to-day. It is this that largely makes Marriage a failure.

We come of a pure race, we Teutonic peoples, of a Monogamic race, of skin-clad women whom fearless barbarians loved and honored, and whose glory it was to have a yellow-haired brat at the breast, and to be loyal and true to its father from budding maidenhood to tottering old age. Heathens they were, worshipping Odin and Freyer, trampling down the rotten civilisation of Rome with the mighty treading of their naked feet; but they were pure. In this purity was their strength; because of it they conquered and Rome fell at the last. They had, indeed, no priests to make Marriage a sacrament for them, no monks to warn them always against the lusts of the flesh, no neurotic visions to reveal to them that their strong sexuality was unclean. But they had Nature's own teaching unconsciously acquired and faithfully obeyed, that the one man is for the one woman. They had Nature's own verdict in the ultimate Gothic triumph that sexuality is not sensuality; that the purity which makes for strength is purity indeed.

Sexuality is the instinct that brings the sexes together, the resistless prompting which is Nature's pulse-beat, and which draws mate to mate on every peopled round of life's million-rounded ladder. It comes to each as is most fit, as it has evolved side by side with each in perfect harmony with mental and physical development. However it manifests itself, so long as it is indeed a manifestation of the race-life, so long as it is in accord with the race and the racial surroundings, so long as it pulsates with all the passion of living and incarnates all the vigor of living, it is still sexuality. Still will it fulfil well its mission, still will it do well its work of handing on and on with ever brightening blaze the sacred torch that was lighted in the labyrinthian abysses of Chaos, and may some day illumine, for our children's eyes, the furthermost mysteries of Space. Sensuality is diseased sexuality, the result of unnatural surroundings: is one of the punishments with which Nemesis punishes all who offend against those supreme laws of Nature which overturn all the opposing regulations of puny man. Asceticism is an unnatural condition, the morbid product of sensualism. Grafted upon a healthy people it becomes a poison which, if not antidoted, must ultimately destroy. Not all at once! The torch will not go out at once, smother it, or shake it, or stamp on it as we will. Mother Nature has not been breathing on it all these æons

without setting the fire deep, so it splutters and smokes, and flames, and hisses, and stinks for generations, ready to leap to life again if we will but be wise in time. And can we wonder at its spluttering? If we bind the strong with oaths to be passionless, what can we look for? If we chain a vigorous people to a morbid asceticism, will not the reaction necessarily simulate much that is lewd and vile? The Stuart Restoration period was a necessary sequence of the Puritan period, and there is a similar cause for the sensualism that gangrenes the heart of our morbidly prudish Society of to-day.

Sexuality is passionate, strong and pure; sensuality is feverish, morbid and foul; that modern Society is morbid must be admitted. It shrinks like an Origen from the frank utterance of physiological and psychological truths affecting the very life of our race. We hardly dare tell our girls that they should uncorset themselves if they would bear strong children. We unite in a frown if one but whispers that after all there is something underneath Marriage and something higher than Prudery, and something better than mere Toleration, that the Passion which begets the love-child endows it and it alone with the inheritance of all the ages, and does not need the patter of a priest to make it pure. We feign to see in a mere marriage ceremony justification for those sexual relations which need no justification. Rather than frankly review our position we bury our heads ostrich-like in the sands of conventionalism and thus await ignorantly a danger which we might easily escape. For there is a danger to our very existence from our present sexual relations; to ignore that danger from merely morbid objections to discussing it is folly so great that it would be ludicrous were it not too sad.

For nature itself is entering a protest against this modern Marriage of ours. Not because Marriage is useless, for it has its uses, but because our particular form of Marriage is based upon error and fails to keep pace with our progression, to advance as our faculties broaden, to expand with the expansion of our lives; because it has become the great incentive to looseness of living and the cloak for the most enervating immorality; because it is not the outward and visible symbolling of that Sexuality which is passionate and pure, and thus cannot be emblematic of Monogamy and discharge its only duty—to assist against inbreeding by making family relationships clearly marked. Because of all this, Marriage, as we have it, stands in the way of our physical and social development, and in thus impeding racial evolution it necessarily induces the friction of Pain. Its unnatural chains are entering into the soul of suffering Humanity; by this suffering Nature protests against it.

Marriage in the abstract, whether civil or religious, is practically the public profession of an act which involves the assumption of certain duties to the community. Provided that all the other conditions essential to that act are satisfactory, there can be no objection to Marriage. On the contrary, it becomes as desirable as taking a receipt for money paid. But always it is only a form, only a ceremony, only a mere publication. The union is made by the mutual love of the parties interested, and not by any virtue in a public profession of natural love. When the public profession, the mere ceremonial, the empty form, becomes all and the mutual love nothing, may it not be wise to break the ceremony into pieces in order to put an end to a delusion and a stop to a snare? And Marriage to-day has become just such a delusion. To Love is accounted nothing; to be Married is all. So Love degenerates to Lust, and Sexuality to Sensuality; as a consequence, venereal diseases shatter our physique while infamous vices and intolerable lusts fester in the morale of our Christian civilisation. Asceticism may curse the flesh if it will; celibacy may be exalted as the higher life; religion may enhalo a mere ceremonial, and attempt to unite those whom God has put asunder; but the supreme instinct of living cannot be thus curbed, the divine desire for loving cannot be thus subdued. We have tried it for centuries and this is what we have to show for it—millions of ill-matched couples straining at the yoke and clamoring for divorce to save them from far worse. Yet we come from a people that was nothing, if not pure. Have we not a right to enquire why this is?

To understand the conditions under which we live and appreciate at their true value the social instincts which have moulded the evolution of races and nations, we must examine impartially the effect of these conditions and search for the cause of these instincts. If we do so we must see that "Love" is nothing but the healthy vigorous pulse-beat of the all-pervading Life as manifested in Humanity, and that it has of itself, and in itself, and for itself evolved conditions, the fulfilment of which is true Virtue, and the non-fulfilment of which is true Vice. These conditions are invariably directed towards the conservation of the energy of living. In this effort the whole of our sexual instincts are rooted. Knowing this, we can realise what are sound of the social customs which are our written or

understood sexual laws, and what, on the contrary, are based on ignorance or induced by social disease.

In the light of this unquestionable truth Incest ceases to be an empty, meaningless crime concocted to prevent an empty, meaningless licentiousness. It becomes the unpardonable sin—the key-stone of the vaulted Vices, which without it sink into helpless and hopeless ruin. Greece sinned when she led the sister to the altar of Hymen, and the glories of the Hellenes passed like a breath; Egypt sinned—Egypt, to whose philosophers Plato was but a baby, and the rod fell that scourged the builders of the Pyramids and the readers of the stars. And we at this day are learning, despite the law, in the face of Protestant sanctification, that the Marriage of cousins is incestuous also, that those near of kin can only mate under penalty of that physical and mental decay which, made general, is national ruin. Incest, close in breeding, is impure because it weakens the upspringing of Humanity, because the incestuous race must go down before the race whose children are steadily drawing into their veins the strength of a whole people, not the weakness of a single family. Polygamy is bad because it tends towards Incest, and Monogamy is good because it tends the other way; thus all the jealousies, and all the sympathies, and all the mutual passion for the one only which have sprung up in the Western nations, all turn in strengthening cordings round the conservation of the race. It is because the fire on its hearth has been the symbol of its monogamy that the Home of the Teutonic people has been indeed its Temple, and that its swarming millions have been lighted by it to conquests of which Cæsar never dreamed.

To be the one-for-the-one is our ideal of sexuality, ours because its being in us has kept us vigorous all these centuries since we came from the trackless forests and the never ending steppes. This is Monogamy, and this is purity. It is purity because if we cleave to it unconscious incest becomes impossible, and the race grows like the Vedic tree whose roots are in Chaos and whose branches stretch to the firmament of heaven itself. But are we cleaving to it? Can we boast of our Monogamy now as we could when our barbarian mothers died in glorious self-immolation on the mountain of saddles rather than yield to the hated kiss of the conquering legionary? We are more modest, truly. Our wives are ashamed to be seen suckling their babies, and Mrs. Grundy declares for us that sexuality is lewd and foul. Well, our barbarian mothers, with the long yellow hair, and skin white as milk in foaming, suckled their free-born brats in the sun and taught their budding girls that the love-clasp was good—and how many of our simpering prudes would slay themselves to avoid dishonor? How many slew themselves of the delicate dames whom Nana Sahib trapped at Cawnpore?

We have Marriage, but have we still Monogamy, or is Ibsen flinging a shameful truth in our teeth when he taunts us in "Ghosts" with the incestuous marriages that follow in the train of hidden adulteries? We have Marriage, but have we still the passion with which the yellow-haired men and women clung to each other and died for each other? We have Marriage, but down the centuries comes the legend of the love-child whose being no priest has blessed, but whom Nature herself has sponsored—on the pages of history William the Bastard writes his name in scornful boasting, and Abraham Lincoln records his genius due to an unmarried woman's "lawless" love. We have Marriage practically indissoluble. We profess Christianity, the religion of asceticism. Yet the world shrugs its shoulders at the secret worship of Venus Pandemos; and in the family cupboard is the skeleton of infidelity, and by the Teutonic hearth Indifference sits, like a toad, spitting into the sacred flame that flickers lower and lower. We have Marriage, but what is it often but a public registering of an infamous bargain, of the sale of womanhood for a home, of the sale of manhood for gold. And the alarming part of it all is that such Marriage is thrust at us as sufficient to excuse any offending, that mothers preach "marriage, marriage," to their daughters as the be-all and end-all of morality, and that the whole weight of public opinion is cast to maintain this shell from which the kernal has been picked. Is this Monogamy? Is it any more like Monogamy than a cinder is like a glowing coal?

For Monogamy is something more even than one man for one woman, it is *the* one man for *the* one woman, the mating of two beings whose hearts throb in sympathy, and whose mutual passion brushes away the last vestige of that sexual reserve which we call shame. Love is to Monogamy its sword and its shield, its sceptre and its crown. If it be wanting Marriage is a mockery and a pestilence, a sin against natural law and a stamping out of virtue and morality. It is a sin because only from the passionate can come the strong; because only from the loving can come the tender; because only along the lives

that thrill to its throbbing can the race-life flow in all its vigorous strength. It is more than a sin, because it attempts to stifle the yearning of Humanity, and Humanity's yearnings will not be stifled—to sit on the safety valve is not enough.

In Love there is nothing impure, there is nothing immoral, there is nothing that can weaken, and nothing that can destroy. We stamp it out with the vile asceticism with which we are poisoning Monogamy. We tread on it with our castes and our classes and our greed for gold. We deny it when we set Marriage enthroned above our hearths —the ascetic Marriage which mocks at Passion, and in which our racial life begins to putrify and stagnate. Darwin tells us that sexual selection is failing—the sexual selection which dragged us by the left hand while natural selection dragged us up by the right. And it is failing because we do not realise all that Sexuality is, and because we submit blindly to the false morality which is immorality—the false morality that springs from degeneration, and which would have us believe that the emotions are evil and the desires obscene. And they are not! It is asceticism that is the father of the viciousness we have to-day. It is suppression, not expansion, tyranny not liberty, that cause explosion and revolt. It is not the constant exercise of a faculty that causes its disease; it is the weary, stifling, vitiating paralysis of disease. And in this very revolt of licentiousness, in this very disease of viciousness unspeakable there is hope if we will but listen; there is a warning and an appeal if we will but read. If we were only not so fearful! If it was not that we dread so utterly that incarnation of asceticism, Mrs. Grundy, the miserable old witch whose perverted passions have prematurely departed, and who now sits on the judgment seat of public opinion with a Grimaldi code of conduct beside her, sipping tea and measuring our morals with that much-knotted tape-line called Marriage. It is because we have not the courage to take the old witch, and her cat, and her knotted tape-line, and burn them in the fire of Reform, that Monogamy is drifting from us, and that our racial vigor shows signs of breaking down.

In our heart of hearts we want to be passionate and pure. In the depths of our being we cry out for the mate who will make our existence complete. In our dreamings we incarnate the woman or the man one touch of whose finger-tips would outweigh all that a king could offer or an Asparia give. To us Life has come with all its power and all its responsibilities and all its inheritance; into our hands has been placed that torch which it is a sacred duty to hand still burning to our children—a duty to which all our instincts urge us and all our desires compel. And to us enters asceticisms telling us in its ridiculous ignorance that Origen was a wise man and Stylites a good man, that the Eternal Wisdom which made us sexual has made a mistake, and that the Devil in person is the author of the passions which conserve and perpetuate Life. And this to us who come of a people that has joyed in the laughter of children, that swarms as the bees swarm, that has lighted over three great continents the hearthfires of the yellow-haired race. From the great salt marshes where the heron dwells our forefathers came, without arts, without science, with only their vigorous health and their emotional natures, and their overwhelming solidarity—they came and they conquered because they were pure, because our heathen mothers could slay themselves for the "good-man's" sake, long before Christian virgins learned to die for the mystic Lord's. And to our people teachers came from an empire worn out with debauchery and slavery, festering with lust, rotten with sapless sin, an empire so decayed that had not our forefathers poured into its veins the rich red blood of conquest it must have passed away with its cities and its history from the memory of man. Repetition this is! Ah, it needs repetition! It is the truth.

What are we now? Let us speak out like men and admit facts. Is it not the exception for a man to be Monogamic? Is it not exceptional for a woman to be Polygandric? Are we not all more or less burdened with diseased tendencies that spring from the sexual sins of the past? And is not all this because asceticism has made us look at the world through smoked glasses, has made us see sin where there is no sin and virtue where there is no virtue; has attempted in defiance of moral gravitation to dangle us, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth? Asceticism has denied us Passion, and without Passion we are lost. Without it one generation cannot possibly give to another the strength of its muscle and the vigor of its brain. All the religious ordinances in the world cannot give us strong children from marriages lacking in love. We want Passion, and instead we crush it. We ignore Love and make Marriage a whited sepulchre, driving women to take refuge in unnatural coldness and men to seek relief in an unnatural licentiousness from the yearning that unconsciously possesses us all; and still the

generations come that are not love-children, and to whom is denied the full inheritance which only Passion can give. How can they inherit with the love-children, these poor products of the tape-bound victims of asceticism, of mothers yielding a passionless duty, of fathers sinking lower and lower into the dull bestiality of the master-male? What can we expect for children conceived in listlessness and borne with indifference, whom the love-light did not guide to the gates of living, who do not come from manhood and womanhood stirred to the very depths by all-absorbing passion and made by that sacred passion indeed one flesh? The poor little children whose mothers elevate passiveness as a virtue, and do not know that it is against this very passiveness that faithless wives and wandering husbands blindly revolt!

Indeed, we long to be pure, we long to be for the one only. Diseased and depraved as we are by a vicious inheritance. Love can still bond us and bind us, and hold us pure and true.

Never a woman was wilfully immoral yet whose heart a lover had reached, whose fairy-prince, the hero of her dreamings, had found her and clasped her and made her his own. From the very brothel the right man can take the right woman, and she will never betray his faith. Is it not done? And from the depths of debauchery the right woman can draw the right man, can cleanse him from all sin with her kisses, and hold him ever captive with the clinging of her arms. Only her lips must be warm with love, not cold with duty. She must bring to him the passion of purity, not the hateful prudery that chills the very soul; she must bring her womanhood to match his manhood. If she does she will be his queen as he will be her king, and their lives will be their kingdom, and in it there will be no rivals so long as their love lasts. Instead of this we have a Marriage based upon the idea that Passion is evil, and inculcating by its very form the idea that Sexuality is something to be abhorred. It cannot conceive how in Sexuality there is neither satiety nor secresy, neither excess nor shame, if it be poured out over the whole lives of lovers always, in whom is the jealous forbearance that is the instinct of loving, that asks passion for passion and makes anything else feel coarse and brutal, dishonoring and vile, to whom come the love-children in whose features they see the Past stretching out to the Future, and whose little lives are sheltered in the soft shade of theirs. This is Monogamy indeed, the humanity of a Sexuality unrecognised in Marriage as we have it, the manifestation of a Supreme Law which, though unrecognised, still strives in persistent harmony for the production of the best.

Civilisation has been termed a struggle against Nature. It is not. Civilisation is a recognition of Nature; so far as any civilisation is not this it is not civilisation at all. If we look back upon the great states, which to our knowledge have risen and fallen, we see this axiom written in their ruins. It was not by their excellencies that they fell, but by their weaknesses; all their excellencies were based upon natural law; all their weaknesses upon misunderstanding of it. And our great weakness—the weakness we draw from the Christian fathers—is that we do not recognise why we live and how Sexuality affects us.

The object of Living is to "live" in the fullest, highest, strongest sense. The bird has never "lived" which has only seen the sun through bars. It has not lived unless it has stretched its wings and flown free as the air; unless it has sung love songs to its nestling-mate; unless it has toiled early and late to close the gaping beaks of its ever-hungry young. It has not lived unless the life passed on to it has been passed by it to others, unimpaired and undefiled, as the instincts in it teach it. That it may live so Nature has made it perfect in its kind. For this she has filled its little life with desire to do deeds whose very doing is joy; for this she has given color to its plumage and song to its throat, and strength to its tiny wing, and patient heroism to its little heart; for this she has made it fierce and tender, fickle and faithful, passionate and pure—not by the clumsy working of mechanician fingers, but by the resistless impulse of one all-pervading law. And as the bird is, Man is also. The object of his living is likewise to "live."

And he who has not loved has never lived, even though he has led a bride to the altar and has seen his children's children grow to manhood; he has been discontent; he has not felt the strength of the Monogamy which is the only purity, and which roots itself in the Sexuality that our Marriage, as Marriage, misunderstands and ignores. He has never tasted the honey-happiness with which All-wise Nature rewards us for pursuing her chosen path. He has been the victim of a fallacy which opposes the will of the Supreme; and because our modern Marriage is based upon a fallacy it is in very truth a failure, and must sooner or later go.

DIGGING FOR DIAMONDS.

BY JOHN B. GRAHAM.

OUTH AFRICA has been very aptly termed "The Country of Surprises," and foremost amongst these surprises must be reckoned the discovery of diamonds in 1869, on the Vaal River, in the north of Griqualand West—a discovery which was destined to revolutionise the diamond industry of the world.

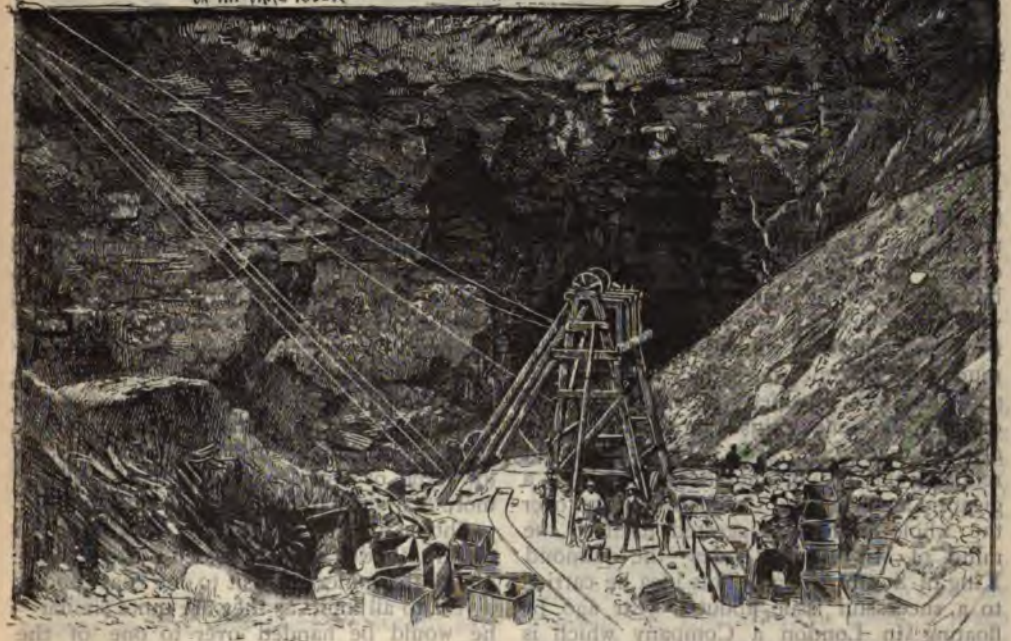
The story of the finding of the first diamond and the subsequent development of Kimberley has been so often told that in all probability it is well known to most of the readers of this magazine. A brief recapitulation, therefore, of the earlier history of the diamond fields will be sufficient for the purposes of this article, which is intended mainly to be descriptive of Kimberley and the great diamond industry as they are situated at the present day.

In the year 1869 a traveller on the banks of the Vaal River noticed amongst a number of pebbles with which the children of a Dutch farmer, with whom he had spent the night, were amusing themselves, one which had a different appearance from the rest, and which he took to be a fine specimen of a crystal. The farmer's wife, on noticing him pick it up requested him to keep it, considering it to be merely a valueless toy of the children; he, however, induced her to accept £5 for it, and in due course sent the stone to Grahamstown. Whilst in Grahamstown the stone came under the notice of Dr. Atherstone—the eminent South African geologist—who after applying the most searching tests unhesitatingly pronounced the stone to be a diamond. The original owner accepted £500 for his stone, thinking that he had got a very good return for his original investment of £5. The second purchaser of the stone parted with it to a Cape Town syndicate for £5,000, who sent it home to be cut, and ultimately sold it to the late Earl of Dudley for no less a sum than £25,000, by whom it was placed amongst his family jewels, where it is known to-day as "The Star of South Africa." Of course the news spread like wild-fire through South Africa, and an immediate rush set in to the banks of the Vaal River, where, in the course of the next two years, a number of very good diamonds were found, but not in such quantities as to warrant the supposition that South Africa was to become the great diamond-producing country of the world.

In the year 1871 a young Englishman of the name of Ralston, who was on a shooting expedition in Griqualand West, happened to be taking a siesta under a thorn-tree during the heat of the day; on awakening he began idly to prick the ground with his heels, with the result that he brought to light a shining object, which upon examination proved to be a diamond.

The news of the discovery, of course, soon found its way to the diamond-searching community on the banks of the Vaal River, with the result that a rush set in to what became known as "the dry diggings," as opposed to "the river diggings," and which ultimately developed into the Kimberley of to-day. At first the diamonds were discovered in a kind of yellow gravel which was found to exist in four distinct patches of about seven acres in extent, each forming as it were the four corners of a square, the sides of which were each about one-and a-half miles long. These patches ultimately developed into what are now known as "The Kimberley Central," "The de Beers," "The Bultfontein," and "The Dutoitspau" mines. It was soon found that although the diamonds were not of such good quality as the river stones, still that they existed in much larger quantities, with the result that nearly every one who could scrape together £100 set out to try his luck on the diggings. Claims thirty feet square each were marked out, nearly all of which proved payable, although it was observed that those which were situated near the centres of the patches proved richer than those which were situated nearer the outside.

It must be born in mind that in these days everything had to be brought up for several hundreds of miles in ox-waggons, whilst water was so scarce that it was often retailed at one shilling a bucket, and sometimes was not even to be obtained at that price. As a set-off to these expenses, however, there was an almost inexhaustible supply of cheap native labor, which,



A KIMBERLEY MINE.

coupled with the fact that diamonds were found in very considerable quantities, enabled many diggers to amass—if not large fortunes—still a very fair competence.

This state of matters went on for a year or two, and "The Camp," as Kimberley still continues to be termed, assumed larger proportions, whilst galvanised iron houses began in many instances to take the places of the original tents of the diggers.

Then came the first scare: in some of the claims the diamondiferous gravel was found to give place to a hard blue rock, which was of course presumed not to be diamond-bearing. To such an extent did this belief take hold of the minds of the diggers that many of them on coming to this rock covered it up again with the yellow ground, sold their claims for what they would fetch and left the place. In this manner many claims were sold for a £5 note, which were afterwards sold for thousands.

This may be said to be the end of the first chapter in the history of Kimberley, whilst the second chapter begins with the discovery that the blue rock, or "blue ground" as it is now technically termed, was actually richer in diamonds than the yellow gravel.

Then it was that "the Company Mania" set in. Claims were amalgamated and disposed to Limited Liability Companies at a price, in many instances, far above their value, while the Kimberley share market became the scene of some of the wildest speculation that the world has ever seen, with the result that men laid themselves out not so much to develop their mines as to keep up the shares in these mines at a fictitious value.

Of course there could only be one ending to this state of affairs, and that was a fearful collapse in the share market, carrying with it widespread ruin to many who had thought themselves on the high road to fortune.

Those men, however, who had not bought shares at the high prices which had at one time maintained, but had been able to buy them during the collapse, got good value for their money, and were enabled to work the mines at very considerable profit until within the last two or three years, when the third and last chapter in the history of Kimberley begins.

By this time the mines had assumed the form of huge holes (in fact the deepest that men have ever dug) the bottom of which resembled a chess-board of which some of the squares were very much higher than others. This state of matters had been brought about by some of the Companies working faster than others, and occasioned frequent landslips, which not only caused much loss of time and labor, but were also sometimes accompanied by an appalling loss of life. To remedy this state of affairs, and also to raise the price of diamonds by reducing the output, the idea of forming a gigantic amalgamated Company to take over the whole industry suggested itself to the mind of Mr. Cecil Rhodes—the diamond King of South Africa. This idea he carried to a successful issue about a year ago, by floating in London a Company which is called "The de Beers Amalgamated Diamond Mining Company, Limited," with a capital of £3,500,000, of which Mr. Rhodes himself is the chairman.

The town of Kimberley is in itself probably one of the most disagreeable places in the world in which to live; situated in the midst of a desert of ironstone, with scarcely a tree near it, it is subject to violent dust storms, and under an almost tropical sun; were it not for its wonderful mines it is very certain that it would soon become a city of the dead. There has been no attempt made to lay out the town; houses have sprung up where tents were originally pitched, with the result that the town well bears out in appearance the name by which it always goes, viz, "The Camp."

In order to see Kimberley and its mines as they ought to be seen, it is absolutely necessary that the visitor be well introduced or he will see very little of what is worth seeing. Undoubtedly the first feeling upon witnessing Kimberley is one of disappointment, and this feeling is by no means lessened by taking a stroll through what is called the diamond market, where no one would believe that in the shabby street which goes by that name, and in which the Jewish element is decidedly predominant, nearly £6,000,000 worth of diamonds change hands every year. Close to the diamond market is the "Kimberley Central Mine,"—a huge hole about 800 feet deep—with a wooden staircase leading down the entire distance, and a net-work of wire ropes running from the top to the bottom. This hole is some 300 yards across at the top and was scarred on all its sides by numerous landslips, the result of the irregular working of the various companies. Now, however, under the regime of the de Beers Amalgamated Company all is altered, there are no open workings at all, but *from the bottom* of the hole you descend another 1,000 feet into the real mine.

The blue ground is run out just as if it were so much coal. In fact, when one is down any of the diamond mines at Kimberley he might readily imagine himself down a coal mine, were it not for the appearance of the miners, who are, of course, all Kaffirs—black swarthy giants, practically naked, and with a low type of countenance, rendered all the more diabolical by their gloomy surroundings.

Should a visitor with a letter of introduction to Mr. Rhodes have expressed a desire to see one of the mines—a visit to one is as good as a visit to all four, as they are quite similar—he would be handed over to one of the managers, who as a preliminary would take him into his room, and make him don, probably, the dirtiest looking suit of clothes ever he had on in his life, he would then be supplied with a tallow candle without a holder, and requested "to follow."

The workings of a coal mine have been so often described that it is needless to describe

one's descent into a Kimberley diamond mine. Whilst down the mine, however, the visitor will be sure to take in his hand a piece of the blue ground, when he will be told that every ton of it, on an average, yields about £3 worth of diamonds; but, that before it can be crushed and washed it must be exposed for about a year to the atmosphere, on what are termed "the floors," in order that it may become decomposed. These floors, to which the visitor will be taken on leaving the mine, are just large flat pieces of enclosed ground outside the town, and it is on these floors that the crushing and washing of the blue ground takes place.

Having seen all that is to be seen as far as the practical working of the mine is concerned, one may be pardoned for asking himself the following questions: What is the meaning of the mystic letters "I. D. B." "What are these mines and how were they formed?" and lastly, "how did the diamonds get into them?"

In the early days of the diggings the Kaffir laborers had no idea of the value of the diamonds, which they were engaged in helping to find, and therefore readily gave them up to their employers. As may be imagined, however, this state of Arcadian simplicity did not last long. There very soon appeared on the scene numbers of unscrupulous men, who made a business of buying stones from Kaffir laborers, whom they knew could only have obtained them by robbing their employers.

To such an extent did this evil grow that men began to realise the fact that about one third of the stones that were found fell into the possession of the "Illicit Diamond Buyers," I. D. B.'s as they are always called.

First of all vigilance committees were formed, and a bill was brought before the Cape Parliament and carried, which, although it has to a certain extent repressed the evil, still on account of some of the fearfully stringent regulations which it embodies, and the severe penalties which it allows to be inflicted for a seemingly small offence, make it a blot upon the Statute Book of the Cape Colony. This bill allows the police actually to induce men to buy diamonds illicitly, and then have them arrested and sent to the Breakwater, at Cape Town, for periods varying from five years, as a minimum up to twenty-five years; although this much must be said, that the police maintain that they never try to "trap" men unless they have very good reasons for believing them to be engaged in the I. D. B. trade.

THE DIAMOND MARKET.

The *modus operandi* of "trapping" is very simple: A Kaffir detective, of whom there are numbers in Kimberley, is given a rough diamond and told to represent himself to the individual whom the police wish to trap, as a man employed in the mines who has managed to steal a diamond, and desires to sell it. Should the unfortunate victim evince the slightest desire to buy, it is needless to say that he is immediately arrested and sentenced to a term of years of hard labor. "That

desperate diseases require desperate remedies" can be the only excuse of such an immoral and almost unjust law. The fact, however, that the men engaged in the I.D.B. trade consist of the most unscrupulous and cunning scoundrels in the world, of all nationalities, must not be lost sight of. They are men plentifully supplied with money, who do not hesitate to use it, and are quite capable of committing any crime to obtain their ends.

The most ingenious subterfuges are, as may be expected, practised in the I.D.B. trade, and whole columns could be filled with the story of clever arrests and clever escapes; of how men had false tops to their hats and false bottoms to their boots; of how children, dogs, and even oxen have been made to swallow stones, and of how women, too, have been largely made use of in smuggling the stones. Of a truth, in the conflict between the Kimberley detective and the I.D.B., it is a veritable case of "diamond cut diamond."

The story is told of an unscrupulous I.D.B. who was one day accosted by a Kaffir with the following words: "Mooi klippe, Baas" (splendid stone, sir), and shown a stone of nearly one hundred and forty carats—the Kaffir had, of course, stolen it from the mines, and was only too glad to part with it for about a two-hundredth part of its value. No sooner had the I.D.B. bought the stone than the idea struck him that if the Kaffir were to find out how shamefully he had been robbed, he might inform the police; so rushing into his house, he picked up a small rough diamond and ran after the Kaffir, and gave him into charge for trying illicitly to sell the *small* stone. The result was that the unfortunate Kaffir got seven years on the breakwater, and the *real* culprit was enabled to satisfactorily dispose of his large stone in Europe, and live for the rest of his days on what he was pleased to call "the result of 'ard work and hearly rising in the Cape Colony."

A single word, in conclusion, as to what the Kimberley mines are, and how the diamonds came into them. The mines are ancient mud volcanoes, and the so-called blue-ground is, in reality, a number of kinds of rocks, all melted down together, and then become hardened. How the diamonds came there, however, is a question that never has been, and probably never will be answered. There is one thing that can be said with a certain amount of confidence, and that is that the blue ground is *not* the matrix of the diamond, a statement which is borne out by the fact that nearly half the diamonds which are found are broken.

Other diamond mines have been discovered in Africa, and doubtless many exist which are as yet undiscovered; but the public may rest assured that even if no other mines are found Kimberley is quite capable—and more than capable, as is shown by the fact that the mines are not working at full time—of supplying the civilised world with diamonds for many generations to come.

A LETTER ON INGRATITUDE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.]

HERE in two lines, my dear Millaud, is the substance of your letter: You are rich, you like doing good, but you have never yet met with anything but ingratitude; you are disheartened; and you are going to cultivate selfishness. Then you give instances of several disappointments that you have suffered. Allow me to tell you that your discouragement arises from your own unreasonableness. If you go to an apple tree and ask it for peaches, the apple tree will say, "Take my apples if you like; I don't bear peaches." If you fancy that the tree ought to give you peaches, if you chop it down and burn it, I warn you that you will miss the apples by-and-by. Many of us—indeed I should say nearly all of us—expect to find along the path of life sweet-scented groves, bright sunshine, double roses—perhaps even blue roses—and abundance of luscious fruits. Now take my advice: Do not pass by the roadside hedges with disdain; gather the sweet-briar and the black fruit of the bramble, without even grumbling at the thorns.

You thought that you might count on the gratitude of those to whom you had done good. It was a mistake; you played the usurer, and you were not paid; the devil enjoys the joke, and even Jupiter does not frown.

At this moment, as I write, I see through the window which overlooks my garden a large *sorbier** laden with clusters of red fruit. Perched on this *sorbier* are two great blackbirds, who with their orange beaks are feasting sumptuously on its coral berries. Do you think that the *sorbier* demands of the blackbirds that they should sing his praises, or that he finds fault with them because they have no fruit to give in exchange for his? No, the *sorbier* is very happy to have the blackbirds singing amongst his yellowing leaves. And would you like to know what it is that they are singing? You think perhaps they say: "Oh, the fine *sorbier!* the generous *sorbier!* blessed be he amongst all the trees." Not at all; listen to them: "Oh, what fine *sorbes!* I never tasted any so ripe and red! How I have been worrying about the winter, and now here is food to last till spring! Come along, friends, come along, children, and have a feast."

Not one word, you see, for the *sorbier*, but they sing their song with a charming joyous melody, and the *sorbier* rejoices in the joy of the birds. He does not want to be without flowers and berries next year. You see, Providence made the *sorbier* for the blackbirds. If you are a *sorbier* resign yourself tranquilly to the lot of a *sorbier*, and don't bemoan yourself, and don't grumble.

Besides, in spite of your terrible determination, you will not succeed in altering your nature; you will still remain what you are. The *sorbier* too, when the blackbirds and the thrushes have stripped him bare, will look ill-tempered enough; but watch him in the spring – of all the trees of the forest he will be the first to display the flowers which are one day to be fruits.

If an unlatched door prevents your sleeping at night you get up and shut it, and you don't expect thanks from the door.

Very well—suppose that just as you are sitting down to dinner before a good fire, you say to yourself, "I met my neighbor Pierre just now returning from town before the end of the day. Evidently he has no work to do, and there can't be any fire or bread in his house." All your dinner is at once spoilt. There will be a taint of bitterness in that dish now giving out such savory fumes. You send off a loaf, a jug of cider, a fagot, and a great piece of meat to your neighbor Pierre, and now nothing is wanting to your dinner; for there was nothing wanting before except to know that your neighbor would have his dinner too. Does he owe you any gratitude? Not the least, unless it gives him pleasure—there are people to whom it does give pleasure to have a reason for loving somebody. But if he is not built that way he owes you nothing whatever. He and his children will cry, "O, what fine cider! O, what nice white bread! O, what splendid soup!" and you—you will make a better dinner, just as you would sleep more soundly after having closed the door or the shutter that the wind was slamming.

Not only does your neighbor owe you nothing, but you owe something to him. True, you have enabled him to satisfy the

* Service or sorb-apple tree.

wants and appetites of the man and the animal; but he has put it in your power to satisfy the wants and appetites of a God—to do good. But this is only one side of the question.

A service rendered is a debt contracted.

Pierre and his family had nothing for dinner; and you came upon the scene as a helping Providence. Very well! Eight days hence, or eight weeks, or eight years, if some night when Pierre and his family have nothing for supper they come to ask you for help and you do not give it you will have deceived them. They have counted on you, and you rob them; and I tell you frankly that they will be your enemies, and will do you all the harm they can. I do not say this to complete your discouragement; quite the reverse.

Besides, you will act in obedience to your nature; if you have been a *sorbier* you will live and die a *sorbier*. Spare, then, your regrets and your resolutions. The *sorbier* would feel it far more painful to be without flowers or fruits than to see them eaten by the blackbirds that fly off when they have stripped him bare.

Let me give you three examples* and a proof of what I say.

A friend of mine, whose name I need not mention, has been endowed by nature with a mournful privilege; it is that privilege which above all distinguishes man from other animals and some men from other men. Let me explain this privilege.

It is cold: you feel the cold keenly from head to foot—down to the very tips of your toes; but naturally your suffering goes no farther. You are hungry: you fill your stomach, and naturally your hunger has gone; it remains only to digest. Well, there are some people who feel the cold in other people's fingers, and who, when their own stomachs are full, suffer from the void in the stomachs of others.

Let us return to my friend whose name is immaterial, now that his infirmity is laid bare.

For a number of years past he has been living in retirement in the country, at the seaside. One morning when the sea was rather rough and stormy, as he was returning after drawing his nets in one of his boats, he saw approaching him another boat containing an old fisherman and his two sons, whom he looked at with some complacency. The fact is that it was he who, in order to relieve a family from misery, the sight of which made him uncomfortable, had given this boat to the old fisherman. These three men, from caps to boots, had nothing which they did not owe to him. Their boat rode well, and my friend rejoiced to see it. A few moments later he met one of his own boats—the largest and finest he had—which had broken its cable and was drifting unchecked to sea. The three fishermen had passed close by and had not stopped it. "They were quite right," said our friend, "that would have put them to inconvenience and made them lose time. Besides, if they did not feel any inclination to stop it, it was because it would not have given them any pleasure to do me a service. When I helped them, it was because that did give me pleasure; otherwise I would have done as they did."

* * * * *

So, my dear fellow, follow your nature, accomplish your mission. Or rather, do as you feel prompted to do; you are not going to change. Why should the good fellows change? The others don't.

* Two of the examples given in the original have been omitted in the translation.

MISS JANET ACHURCH AS "NORA."

A WOMAN AS IBSEN PAINTS HER.

BY MRS. GEORGE MONTIFIORE.

SOME eighteen centuries ago Pilate is reported to have asked the question, "What is Truth?" and according to the same report to have troubled himself very little about the answer. Since then, age after age has busied itself about little else but throwing dust into the eyes of those who were looking for Truth, or stopping the ears of those who were listening for it, till at last expediency and conventionality have well-nigh thrust Truth out of place, and with their evil breath have so defiled its fair mirror that every image has become blurred and difficult to recognise; yea, even after the mirror has been oftimes polished. In this age again, men are busy asking, like Pilate, "What is Truth?" but they also seem very indifferent to the answer; they look sideways at the mirror, where no real image can be reflected back to them, or they glance hurriedly at it after giving it a furtive rub; but very few fairly and loyally set themselves to work to rub out the smears and blurs left by expedi-

ency and conventionality, till the clear polished surface gives them back line for line and shade for shade the very Truth; while if some fellow man takes the trouble to polish the mirror for them, and thrusts it in front of their astonished eyes, they shrink from the naked realism, and beg not to be shown such unpleasant images. This is the attitude of those who cry out against Ibsen's consummately clever delineation of life in the play of the "Doll's House." They are not used to seeing the life of the ordinary middle-class man and woman, with their foibles and pettinesses, their strong and weak points, their aspirings and backslidings, set before them with such fidelity. These complex studies of human nature distress and anger them, and the more the thrilling interest of the story carries them along, whilst their eyes are actually watching the progress of the drama, and their ears listening to the sad words of a despairing fellow-being, the more they revolt afterwards, when they come to think it over, against the truths so forcibly brought home to them, against their being made to see that such a plain everyday story is real life, and the delineation of it by such a master hand is real art. And truly, as a matter of fact, it is not astonishing that it should be so. "The many" think alike on all subjects on which it is *desirable* to think alike, and the writers of plays write for "the many." "The many" cling to the simple old idea of the sheep and the goats; so in the ordinary play sheep and goats there must be It would be difficult for "the many" to class any intermediate or complex characters, so those must be ignored; there must be a satisfactory ending of some sort, to meet the ends of poetic justice (whoever that imaginary person may be), so the persecuted sheep must come unscathed through all their troubles, while the goats, in the shape of the wicked baronet or the unscrupulous lawyer, must remove themselves either by a pistol shot, handcuffs, or by leaving for Australia. Everything must happen in the nick of time, and all the characters must behave on the same lines as all similar characters in all modern plays have spoken and behaved—so that we know to a nicety which string is going to be pulled and which puppet is to be made to dance. All this drawing up of the different threads of the story into one even finished line, instead of leaving them as they are in real life, with the edges frayed and torn—witnesses of the recent struggle—may be intensely satisfactory, but it has the disadvantage of being exceedingly monotonous and highly inartistic. Surely nothing should be more interesting, either in literature or on the stage, than a showing forth of daily difficulties, daily troubles, and, as this is a world of compromises, the different ways out of them that daily life offers. What real sympathy have we with one of those impossibly perfect characters who always say and do, aye, and always think the right thing; for we know all the time, the best of us, though we may keep our hands clean, that our tongue is often an unruly member, hardly ever subdued, and our thoughts—though we may refrain from mean actions—do we not often think mean thoughts? Then how rarely do we recognise in real life the double-dyed villian who has to act as a foil to these masses of perfection? The orthodox villian must be, as Mark Twain would put it, a villain "out of pure cussedness," one who is a master in every branch of his department. If there is a till to rob, a woman to seduce, a name to forge, a man who stands in his way and must be put out of it, he is always ready for the part with an inexhaustbile stock of wickedness in store. But these are scarcely the evildoers we meet in everyday life, though we should easily recognise the morally weak, if perhaps amiable, man who brings trouble on himself and all around him from the weakness and not from the blackness of his nature. The woman, whose regard for truth-speaking was not included among the other "finished" parts of her education, and who, once slipping into an evasion has to lay it to rest with a score of others. How much more honest we should be if, instead of describing some of Ibsen's characters as I have seen them described, as "men and women without one spark of nobility in their nature, men without conscience, and women without affection," we had taken the lesson to ourselves and felt, when Nora is telling her half-truths to keep her husband satisfied, and Dr. Ranke, at a moment when "Nature, being oppressed, commands the mind to suffer with the body," weakened by the long strain of ill-health, and carried away by his feelings, is saying more to his friend's wife than he would have said in calmer moments, that Truth's mirror had been more than usually brightly polished, and that we were indeed seeing ourselves face to face.

And now for Nora's sad little story. She is the child of a weakly amiable, and not over scrupulous man, who had loved his motherless little girl, but had scarcely realised he had any duties towards her, and left her to the care of servants, whose training produced the results prophesied by the old Greeks, "give your child to be educated by a slave, and in the place of one slave you will

have two." The moral atmosphere with which she had been surrounded was not of the clearest, and she had early been taught petty deceits and a doctrine of expediency. When scarcely more than a child, and knowing nothing of the meaning of life, she became the wife of Thorwald Helmer, being then in fact launched on the sea of life without compass, chart or rudder to guide her should storms arise. For eight years the sea remained more or less quiet; at any rate if now and then a small squall arose she was able, according to the seamanship she had been taught, to hoist a few rags of childish fibs and run before the wind. That there were depths in her nature that no one had yet sounded were proved during the first year of her married life, when her husband, whom she loved with a woman's self-sacrificing devotion, lost his health, and was ordered by his doctor to seek a warmer climate. Money was wanted for the trip, and none was to spare. Nora was within a few months of her first confinement, and that event would also entail extra expenses. She wrote to her father for help, but found he was laid up and could not be troubled with business matters. Her husband's health must be saved at any cost, and she comes across a money-lender who offers to advance her the sum of £300 if she will get her father to back the bill. She know's her husband's horror of being in debt, so she is anxious to conceal the whole transaction from him, and finding her father is getting worse instead of better, so that there is no possibility of obtaining his signature, she quietly signs it for him, imitating his handwriting. . . . The money is procured; the journey to a warmer climate re-establishes her husband's health and he returns to work, perfectly unsuspicious of the means his wife has employed to attain her end. Eight years pass; Helmer has obtained a responsible position as head of the Bank, and Nora has become the mother of three dear little children, with whom she plays and romps as if she were one of themselves; she is still treated by her husband as she was treated by her father before—as a toy to be played with and caressed in his hours of leisure, scolded as a child when she thwarts him, and forgiven with patronising little kisses when he is in the humor, but never raised to a companion or friend. Though seemingly united they had unconsciously been growing wofully apart in interests and sympathies. Nora has been working to pay off unassisted the horrid debt and its interest, which has haunted her all the time like a nightmare lest her husband should discover she had contracted it. She saves half her dress allowance and takes in copying, sitting up many hours of the night to accomplish her task, and when we are first introduced to her it is on the eve of Christmas, and she has hopes of paying off the last instalment before the end of the year. This set purpose of itself has helped to strengthen her character in one direction, and it has also been developed through the friendship of Dr. Ranke, a scientist and invalid who has been a daily visitor at their house, and who, whilst teaching her the meaning of many of life s sad mysteries, has learnt to appreciate the possibilities in the character of the yet undeveloped woman. Helmer has in his employ at the Bank the very man who had lent Nora the money, and having felt for some time the clerk's character did not stand high, determines before the New Year to dismiss him and put someone else in his place. In the delineation of this man's character Ibsen has shewn great skill. He is one of the weak ones of the earth who has once fallen and who has all his life been paying the penalty; years have passed since his disgrace, but his character has always been suspected, and his family have suffered through him—now his children are just growing up, and he sees possibilities of regeneration through them, in keeping them above the reach of temptation. But if he is to lose his situation at the bank he will, as he says, "be thrown back into the gutter;" and to prevent this he determines he will use every weapon at his command, even if it means dragging his employer's wife with him, for he knows now that the name at the back of the bill was not written by Nora's father. He is no deliberate villain, he is willing, nay anxious, to keep straight if only circumstances will not deal too hardly with him. He seeks an interview with Nora and puts the case before her, but she, loathing the feeling of debt under which she has lain so long, with which feeling this man is indissolubly associated, refuses to help in the matter, and tells him she hopes to be free of him altogether in a few days, when she will send him his last payment. He is then obliged to force her attention, and tells her what in the eyes of the law she has become by signing another person's name, and what the penalty for such a transgression of the law will be. Then for the first time she fully realises what may be the consequences of her double dealing, and what trouble she may unwittingly have brought on her husband and children. But she puts a brave face on the matter, and

argues as a child that the law will take her motive into consideration; but that hope the man also tears from her and she is forced at last, in order to buy his silence, to promise to plead for the dismissed clerk. That her pleadings are in vain, that the letter denouncing her to her husband is written and posted, that the poor woman struggles with overwrought hysterical efforts to keep up her character of charmer and amuser, so that her husband may not go to the letter box to take out the dangerous missive, are the thrilling points in the story. She has lived for some days in an overexcited state and her feelings are worked up to fever point, everything swims before her and seems to elude her, but she still hopes for what she calls "the miracle." She feels her husband must judge her only with the motive in sight, that though she has brought disgrace into his household it was in his interest—and in ignorance—that she did it; he will take into consideration the sacrifices she must have made to pay back such a sum; he will feel the need she must be in of consolation and help; he might even carry out some of his oft-repeated protestations of devotion, which had included laying down his life for her, and perhaps he might take her fault on his shoulders and say to the world, "I did it, I am the culprit." Men and women of the world will smile at Nora's idea, and will meet it with the answer that Helmer did: "Men do not dishonor themselves even for those they love most;" but Nora has her answer ready too, and it cuts like a knife, "Millions of women have done so!"

The letter has been read, the rankling words of egotistic denunciation, of unjust upbraiding, have been poured on poor Nora's head, and every word has left its mark; it is a complete revelation to her of the narrowness of her husband's nature, of the unjustness of the way she has been treated. His love must have been a poor thing to shrivel up thus at the first fear of the world's censure. *He* speaks the words that must forever keep them apart, "I might have known what you would be; your father was dishonest and you have inherited his tendencies. As for us, though we shall live as we are doing now in the eyes of the world, I can never look upon you as my wife again; you must not be allowed the care of your children, you would teach them deceit and falseness." This is the language of the man who has all along treated his wife as a pretty irresponsible child, whose policy has been to overlook her foibles and leave her in ignorance of her responsibilities lest her sweet face should for a moment look too serious to spoil *his* pleasure in its contemplation; who has never admitted her into companionship, never tried to awaken a spark of consciousness from her soul, but has kept her as she says "to play tricks for him." Now the scales have at last fallen from her eyes, and some clue to the meaning of life is forming itself in her brain, but speech is denied her, she can only quail and shiver as the storm seethes round her. . . . A knock comes to the door, and another letter is handed to Helmer. He reads it, and the whole expression of his face changes and glows with sudden joy—"Nora, we are saved, the man has been induced to return the bill, and now no one knows of it but ourselves; I will burn it at once and then this dreadful trouble will have passed over," and he tries to take his wife in his arms. But those few minutes of concentrated agony and shame have done their work, and it is no longer the old Nora who stands there ready to be forgiven and petted back into smiles. All is in ruins around her, and she cannot smile. She has learnt a truth that Flaubert in one of his letters thus expresses, "*Au apprend aux femmes à mentir d'une façon infâme. L'apprentissage dure toute leur vie . . . chacun s'ingère à les rendre canailles et après on crie contre elles.*" Neither her father or her husband have been fair to her, they have never put into her hand the compass and chart which alone would help her to navigate the troubled sea of life. But now she knows! Knowledge has been flashed on to her, instead of coming gradually and lovingly from those who might have led her. She feels that if what her husband said five minutes before was true then, it is so now; that the case so far as it concerns herself and him and the children has not altered one iota; if she was unfitted for the duties of wife and mother before the arrival of that second letter, she is every bit as much unfitted now; besides, does not the gulf between her and her husband yawn wider every moment, as every moment she feels more keenly how far apart their souls stand. "He is as a strange man to her, and she has borne three children to a strange man." Nothing but solitude and time can heal her wounds. She must go out for her forty days into the wilderness, and wrestle with herself and learn to know herself. She has been on the brink of suicide to save the good name of the man she loved, but now she knows the emptiness of the sacrifice. All her ideas must be re-adjusted. The world swings before her half-blinded eyes so that she cannot see the path,

and in her ears is swirling the sound of the many waters of trouble, so that she cannot hear the voice that should lead her, but a hand is laid on her shoulder bidding her fly. "Desperate evils require desperate remedies," and at least she has high authority for the course she takes, for did not the founder of a great philosophy say: "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee."

"It is unnatural," cry most of the critics, "to depict a woman leaving her children almost without a pang." No doubt it is unnatural, inasmuch as very few women are capable of it; but the leaving of them was to Nora as the cutting off of her right hand or the plucking out of an eye. In her present strength might lie future weakness, and in order to ensure against that weakness she must, for the present, put turning aside out of her power. "Habits," says Carlyle, "are our miserablest weakness," and nothing but breaking for a time the bonds of habit can give freedom to her soul. There is no word in Ibsen's play to suggest the parting was necessarily final. Nay, there is room for hope, and what more can we ask for in this world? Helmer may learn his lesson and Nora hers; while her last words are that she will return "when such communion of soul can be established between them as shall constitute a real *Marriage*." We have an English writer who believes as firmly as does Ibsen in the wrong that is done to women by the falseness of their teaching. Thus writes Ruskin:—"You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them* also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being; do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian Kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice in not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbors choose; an imposture, in bringing, for the purposes of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?" Woman exists for herself as well as for others, and in the life of nearly any woman who has a character to be developed may come a crisis such as came to Nora, when she feels that, after years of married life, she and her husband are "strangers yet;" that the house they have been building is, from its very foundations, rotten and falling around them. It is then for her to choose whether she will go on living in a ruin, whether she will patch (as so many do) the crumbling walls, and hide the unsightly gaps from the eyes of the world, or whether she will stand for a time on one side, and take time to consider before she attempts to build again, when extended knowledge may help to make the work enduring.

> Nay, falter not—'tis an assured good
> To seek the noblest—'tis your only good
> Now you have seen it; for that higher vision
> Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.

There are some who think Ibsen's play too didactic; is it not more as science is—demonstrative—and may not that fairly be described as a function of a good play?

An old Sanscrit proverb says: "What will the wise precepts of books do for him who is destitute of natural wisdom?" What will a mirror do for him who hath no eyes?

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UCH to Estelle's surprise the journey, strange and unfamiliar as were all things to the English maiden of a country family, was far from unpleasant. The rapid rate of travelling, the speed and stoutness of the horses, the astonishing dexterity of the American stage-driver, were alike novel and interesting; and these were matters as to which she was qualified to judge. Like many English girls brought up in a great country house she rode well and fearlessly—had, indeed, for more than one season, ere the shadow fell upon Wychwood, followed the hounds with decided credit. Beginning with a pony carriage, she had in later years amused herself with driving her uncle in a pair-horse phaeton with a groom, in the back seat of course. She was therefore intelligently interested in the ease and accuracy with which the laconic Mr. Levi piloted his team alike adown crooked stump-guarded sidelings, through dense primeval forests and over unbridged creeks, for under such perilous conditions the road to Ballarat in the early "fifties" pursued its devious course. The driver, in whose charge she had been placed with strong recommendations and a liberal *douceur* by Mr. Vernon, though saturnine and sparing of speed, as was customary with that "spoiled child of fortune,' the stage-driver of the period, was, in his way, courteous and respectful. He indicated from time to time points of interest in the landscape. He even answered her questions civilly and with a show of attention. Concerning the coach and harness, the leather springs and the formidable brake, so diverse from all English experience, he was explanatory and gracious. The day was fine, the air clear and fresh, while from the close-ranked eucalyptus exuded balsamic odors, which, to her aroused fancy and eager appreciation of the new nature which encircled her, savored of strange health-giving powers. The flitting birds, the occasional forest cries, the great flocks of sheep, the absenc enclosures, the droves of cattle and h with their equally wild-looking attend the long trains of bullock-drays and wag were not these the wonders and porten the land of gold? In despite of forebo and the sense of isolation with which E Challoner had commenced this most eve enterprise of her life, the natural fearles of her race asserted itself, and true to instincts of youth her spirits rose percep When at the close of the day the c rattled along the macadamised road w prepared the passengers for the lig streets, the clanking engines and yaw shafts of Ballarat, she had confessed to self that Australia was by no means so d ful a place as she had expected.

The team was now pulled up nerv close to the doorstep of a large well-lig hotel, thus at once exhibiting the verbial skill of Mr. Levi, and scatterin group of loungers which surrounded entrance. Then a man's voice hailed driver cheerfully and demanded of whether Miss Challoner from Melbourne on the coach.

"Right you are, Commissioner," wa response. "If you'll help the young down reckon I've delivered her into the tection of Her Majesty's Government. luggage is in the rack. Joe'll have it nea by this. Good night, Miss. The Con sioner'll take care of you."

"Good night and thank you very m said Estelle, as stepping downwards tiously from the high box-seat she found self almost in the arms of a tall man, half-assisted, half-lifted, her down.

"Permit me to introduce myself, Challoner," he said, "as Mr. Dalton and Majesty's Commissioner of this goldfiel had a note from a friend and brother o in Melbourne, advising me of your co I have arranged with Mrs. McAlpine wife of the Police Magistrate, who wi most happy to receive you. You will her cottage more comfortable than an h Trust yourself to my escort and we sha there in a few minutes."

* Begun in August number, 1889.

"This is some of Mrs. Vernon's kindness, I am sure," said Estelle. "Really I seem to have friends everywhere in this land of strangers."

"May you always find it so, Miss Challoner. Please to honor me by enrolling me among the number. This is our vehicle, and your luggage is safely packed."

A nondescript trap with four high wheels and disproportionately large lamps stood near. Into this her companion helped her, and taking the reins dashed away into the darkness, as it seemed to Estelle, at a reckless and extravagant pace. After threading several side streets, however, and ascending a slight elevation without loss or damage Mr. Dalton drew up beside a garden gate, out of which issued a lady who, taking both her hands in hers, welcomed her guest with effusive warmth.

"So glad to see you, my dear Miss Challoner. Mrs. Vernon was afraid you would get lost in our dreadful goldfield. We trust you will find us not *quite* such barbarians as the Melbourne people think us. Mr. Dalton, you'll stay and have tea. No? Don't say you've got business; I know what *that* means—loo or poker at that wicked camp. Perhaps you'll look in to-morrow evening. You may? That's very good of you. We'll manage a whist party and a chat, at any rate. Good night! Now, my dear, we'll have a 'small and early' all to ourselves. It's just as well Dalton didn't come in. He suspected you were tired, I dare say."

After a few more disjointed but all hospitable and sympathetic utterances Mrs. McAlpine inducted Estelle into an extremely neat and comfortable bedroom, and bidding her not to trouble herself to make any change in her attire for that tea was quite ready, left her to consider the situation.

No sooner had this kindly acquaintance left the room than the strangeness of the situation appeared to force itself upon Estelle. She looked out through the open window—a hinged casement overhung with a trailing creeper, the glossy leaves of which partly obscured, partly diverted into glittering fragments of rays, the gleaming moonlight. It was a still evening. The half-audible murmur of a large population, confused and inarticulate, came faintly on her ear. There was a softness in the air which soothed her somewhat excited brain. Thinking over the strangely-varied experience of the past week, she could not help owning to herself that so far everything had been rendered easy through the kindness of these newly-found friends in a far land.

"Who knows," she asked herself, "whether I may not find similar aid and guidance throughout my quest? May heaven grant it? My errand is one of sacred necessity, pledged as I am to this by my vow to the memory of the dead. As God shall help me I will remain faithful to the end. I begin to feel that though far from dear England's shores I am still surrounded by English hearts and English homes, changed in form, and in form alone, as the latter may be. Onward must be my motto."

Thus concluding her meditations Estelle bathed her eyes, somewhat sensitised after the day's exposure, and then making some slight but befitting change in her attire, joined her hostess in the pleasant sitting-room, now devoted to the exigences of the evening meal. Over the tea table, and within the influence of a cheerful wood fire, the younger woman became insensibly more unreserved and confiding as to her place and purpose. Mr. McAlpine had not returned to his home. presumably detained by business of importance. It may be surmised that neither of the ladies was deeply grieved at his absence, under the circumstances.

Being in full possession of facts, as far as Estelle had resolved to furnish them to Australian friends, Mrs. McAlpine strongly recommended her guest to remain with her for the present, and await the coming of Mr. Stirling, who would be certain to arrive on the morrow or the day after, on being notified of her presence in Ballarat. "Our town looks uncivilised, my dear, but Growlers' Gully (fancy such a name) is, of course, only a rude caricature of it. I don't think you could possibly exist there, though there is an hotel of some sort."

Very gently and quietly, but firmly, Estelle made it apparent to her hostess that she was not to be shaken in her purpose. She had formed her plans carefully before leaving Melbourne, indeed during the voyage, and she had determined to see with her own eyes the very claim, as they called it, where he, the loved, the lost Lance Trevanion, had worked. She must see John Polwarth, with whose name she was familiar, and his honest-hearted wife. She would never be able to rest without full and complete explanation from Mr Stirling of all things connected with Lance's mysterious disappearance. Of course she could imagine that in Australia people often moved away to new diggings at great distances, and, she supposed, left off writing to their friends, though she could hardly account for it in her cousin's case. "Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mrs. McAlpine to herself,

"she will have to hear the wretched truth some time or other. *I* can't venture upon it, but I don't know a man who is more likely to break it to her gently than Charlie Stirling, and so, as she is bent upon it, the sooner she gets safely out to "Growlers'" the better."

So it came to pass that, as Mr. McAlpine was still absent on out-post duty, a trusty messenger was despatched next day for the Commissioner, who regretfully saw Estelle safely into the coach, which leaving daily for Growlers' at the convenient hour of ten p.m., was the recognised mode of communication with that rising goldfield and township.

There were two horses instead of four. The coach was smaller and by no means so well appointed. The driver was less distinguished in air and manner, but capable and civil, particularly after receiving the Commissioner's strict injunction to take great care of his lady passenger. The road was more than novel, indeed exciting, to Estelle's untravelled mind, winding amid fallen trees, bounded on either side by yawning dark-mouthed shafts of unknown depth, some desolate and deserted with unused windlass and dangling rope; others in work with full laden buckets which, as they came to the surface, Estelle believed to be partly filled with gold, now crossing a rushing water-race upon a rustic bridge of most temporary nature, and finally plunging through a creek which flowed level with the feet of the inside passengers. On the further bank of this much celebrated watercourse stood a scattered collection of huts, tents, and cottages, threading which by no particular roadway the coach dashed ostentatiously into a more closely occupied thoroughfare in which some dozen edifices of superior pretensions denoted the business centre of the township.

Here the minor peculiarities of a goldfield, somewhat shaded off in the civilisation of Ballarat, commenced to present themselves. The "Reefers' Arms" was an enlarged cottage, the front of which boasted the more expensive, and in goldfields architecture, more correct material of "sawn stuff" disposed weatherboard fashion, while the side walls, the roof and rear of the building were composed of large sheets of stringy bark. It was wholly unlike any building which Estelle had ever imagined, certainly with a view to lodging therein. However, this was not the time to falter or hesitate, she had chosen her course and must follow it out.

Carrying her smaller property in each hand and following the driver, who walked through a group of loiterers or still unsated revellers who encumbered the entrance, Estelle found herself in a painfully clean sitting roo which her guide deposited her portmant merely saying "I'll call Mrs. Delf to see Miss," and departed.

He had probably explained that the y lady was a friend of the Police Magis and the Commissioner. Nothing further necessary to ensure her the utmost res and attention which Growlers' could af Both functionaries were men in auth and as such to be held in awe. Though probable that even without these valu introductions any girl, though wholly un tected, who was conventionally correc conduct, would have met with similar a tion. As to the peculiarity of a young apparently of position, electing to a temporarily in such a queer locality as G lers', the hostess was not likely to disc herself. So many strange things and str people were constantly in the habit of pas across the orbit of any given goldfield surprise was of all the emotions the rare and difficult to arouse.

Mrs. Delf shortly presented herself neat, alert personage, shrewd of aspect decisive of speech. She anticipated enquiry of Estelle by remarking: "Ned me Miss Challoner, as you want to stop for a while. Well, you know Growlers' al was a rough shop, and I can't say as altogether A1 now, but I'll do what I car you while you're here, Miss."

"Thank you very much," said Est "I may stay a few days or even lor Would you kindly tell me if you remen a Mr. Trevanion, who was mining here n than a year ago?"

"Trevanion — Lance Trevanion? course I do. Belonged to Number Six. and Jack Polwarth were mates—and a s ning claim it is this very day. Know h Why he stayed here the very last night was on the field—poor fellow!"

"Then he has gone away—left this of the country?" asked Estelle, with s anxiety depicted on her countenance the quick-witted matron at once divi that the real truth was as yet unknowr her. "And why do you say poor fell Has anything happened to him?"

"Oh no! Not at all, Miss—that is, that I've heard of (and that's a bange ever there was one," ejaculated the g woman inwardly) "it's a manner of speak that's all—we were all that fond of him, sorry to lose him—you see. Is there one else here you know, Miss? Oh! Stirling of the Bank opposite will be to dinner at one o'clock; has his meals

regular, though of course he sleeps at the Bank. He'll tell you all about Mr. Trevanion. Bless you, they was like brothers. As for Mr. Stirling, he's that quiet—Why whatever's up at the Bank? Not a fight, surely!"

This exclamatory query was apparently caused by a simultaneous rush of all the unoccupied portion of the population, with the exception of three men who stood up in a cart, across to the comparatively pretentious building with corrugated iron roof, legended on the front as the Joint Stock Bank of Australia. Mrs. Delf's experienced eye had noted the formation of a ring, simultaneously with the sudden precipitation on his head, of an able-bodied miner, through the Bank's portal.

"It's that Geordie Billy, sure as I live, he's been cheekin' Mr. Stirling about his gold and got chucked out. He's a rough chap when he's had a drop. There's bound to be a row now!"

A tall brown-headed man, decidedly in undress uniform, but effectively attired for service, had by this time appeared at the door. He wore a colored crimean shirt, to which however was attached a white linen collar. His coat was off, and his sleeves had been rolled up. He watched with a smile the burly miner recover himself, and standing upright glare around him with the silent fury of the bull-dog in his small black eye.

"Are ye game to come out of your box there, and stand up to a *man?*" he growled out. "I'll show ye what it is to put your hands on me!"

The banker's answer to the challenge was to walk calmly forward, while the spectators with cheerful expectancy closed around, in confident trust that one of the principal excitements of their monotonous existence would not fail them.

"Estelle was much minded to turn her head away."

"I'd rather see you go home, Billy, and sleep off your sulk. It's the grog that always makes a fool of you, but if you must have a licking, come on."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Estelle, who with the most liberal allowance for the free and lawless life which colonists are believed to lead, had scarcely expected this. "Are

they really going to fight. How dreadful! That gentleman may be killed."

"Not he, Miss! Mr. Stirling's a hard man to mark; not but what the Geordie's as strong as a bull, and can fight too! Come to this window, Miss, we can see it first-rate from here. They'll only have two or three rounds, and his mates 'll take away Billy."

"And is *that* Mr. Stirling?" asked Estelle, with deepest amazement. "I thought you said he was so quiet."

"So he is, Miss, till he's put upon. I expect Geordie said he was weighing the gold wrong, and Mr. Stirling won't likely stand that from a digger, and put him out. That's about the size of it. Oh, do look, Miss! they're going at it."

Estelle was much minded to turn her head away. In her own country she would doubtless have thought shame to have looked on at any such spectacle. But somehow the anxiety to see how the aristocrat fared in conflict with the man of the people overpowered her scruples, so she gazed eagerly at the conflict, as might her ancestress at a tournament where her badge was worn by a knightly aspirant.

"Geordie" Billy, belonging to a section of miners, who hailed from "canny Newcassel" was a low-set, broad-chested, unusually powerful man. Long in the reach and in the pink of condition from severe daily labor, his enormous strength and dogged courage, independently of science, made him a dangerous antagonist. Mr. Stirling was held to be the most finished performer with the gloves on the field. It was therefore a contest of champions, and as such awaited by the crowd with keen and pleasureable expectation; and a very ugly customer indeed did Mr. Billy Corve appear as he came forward with an activity, which the various 'nips' he had indulged in that morning had but slightly impaired. Had one of those sledge-hammer blows, which he delivered with fierce rapidity taken effect, Mr. Stirling would have had some difficulty in "coming to time." But stepping back from one, eluding another, by what appeared to be the slightest side movement of his head, and stopping a third neatly, he caught his advancing foe such a left-handed facer as staggered him, leaving him a prey to the body blow that followed, and which, getting "home" to some purpose sent him very decidedly to grass.

"Oh! dear, how dreadful!" said Estelle, pale with apprehension. "Surely they won't let them kill one another. That poor man must be badly hurt!"

"Not a bit of it, Miss. You couldn't kill Billy with an axe. He'll be all the steadier for it next round. Oh! look out, Mr. Stirling."

This friendly admonition, which in the ardor of her partisanship, Mrs. Delf screamed out at the top of her voice, was justified by the apparent success of the very ugly rush which Mr. Corve made, with the evident intention of getting to close quarters. He broke through Stirling's guard, and nearly succeeded in getting his head "into chancery"—as that peculiar feat of the combat is designated. Once enfolded with that mighty arm, and the enormous fist left free to pound away at discretion, the classical outline of Charlie Stirling's features would have been sadly marred, perhaps permanently altered. But *dis aliter visum*. Countering with lightning quickness through the "half arm rally" Stirling managed, by the exercise of desperate agility, to keep clear of the octopus-like hug in which science would have been vain. Finally, springing backward, he evaded a final lunge, and darting in from the side administered a rattling hit on the "point," which for the moment completely discomfited his antagonist.

A ringing cheer went up from the discriminating crowd, while a friendly bystander, moved to apprehensive sympathy, earnestly exclaimed "keep your head, Mr. Stirling, for God's sake, sir, keep your head."

But Charlie Stirling had already seen the necessity for caution, for though his grey eyes glowed and his chest heaved as he regained his corner, he seemed to fall mechanically into the attitude of calm watchfulness with which he had commenced the encounter.

"Wasn't that grand, Miss?" exclaimed Mrs. Delf. "Mr. Stirling's as quick on his pins as a wallaroo. I was most afeard the Geordie had him then. This round will settle it. Don't go in, Miss. Maybe you'll never have a chance to see a right-out good mill, so comfortable again. Two to one on Mr. Stirling."

For her life Estelle could not have moved away then, though she had turned her head a minute before, deeming that for shame's sake she could no longer look on at such a sight. But the ancient fire which glowed in the breasts of the patrician dames of Rome's proudest day, though stifled and repressed for centuries, has never quite died out of the female heart. After all no one would be killed, or perhaps mortally wounded. Mr. Stirling was Lance's friend, thus necessarily hers. She could not bear to leave the arena ignorant of the fate of their champion.

She had not long to wait. And now that her blood was slightly warmed by the excitement of a real battle, a combat not quite *á l'outrance*, but as near to it as is permitted in these degenerate days, she confessed to herself that there was something not wholly inglorious in this ordeal by combat.

The tall athletic form of Charlie Stirling showed to great advantage, as he advanced, with head erect and elastic step, towards his truculent antagonist, whose countenance, with a splash of blood from brow to bare neck, wore a savagely stern expression. Furious at his late failure he made a rush, with every intention of ending the fight then and there. Forcing the fighting, and compelling Stirling to use his utmost skill in warding off or evading his terrific blows, each one of which was sufficient to disable an ordinary man, he appeared at one time to have mastered his adversary. But Charlie Stirling, the hero of a hundred glove fights, was too clever, in the language of the "lanista." Feinting suddenly, he drew the blow of which he had thoroughly mastered an infallible guard, at the same time getting home with his right in a terrific body blow, the effect of which brought his man forward, to be shot backward by a lightning left-hander on the temple, which stretched the brawny gladiator senseless, putting the possibility of "coming to time" entirely out of the question.

"Great work, Mr. Stirling! You gave him 'London' that time," shouted a man who hailed from Bowbells; and amid congratulatory cheers, in which Estelle felt a sudden impulse to join, the discomfited champion, after recovering his valuable intellect, was led off, resisting manfully, to do him justice, but his crowd was decidedly against him, and by force of numbers, in despite of oaths and protestations, he was borne off to a rival hostelry, there to drown his mortification in beer, and finish the day in a manner worthy of its auspicious commencement.

As for Mr. Stirling, he "retired into his kingdom" (like the king in Hans Andersen), "and shut the door after him"—presumably for ablution, for he emerged in half an hour, at the sound of Mrs. Delf's dinner bell arrayed in conventional garments, and save a slightly flushed countenance and a forehead bruise, unscathed from his recent encounter.

Meanwhile Estelle proceeded to Mrs. De f's dining-room, not without natural misgivings as to the composition of the "table d'hote." These, however, were set at rest by observing that only six guests were provided for. They proved to be Mr. Stirling and the manager of another bank, a commercial traveller, a gold buyer, and a stranger unclassified, all of whom were scrupulously correct and deferential of manner. Later on she became aware that, according to the highly commendable custom of Australian hotels, even on the most recent goldfields and out-of-the-way country towns, there are two tables, corresponding to first and second class in railways. At the first, those who may be considered gentle-folk are entertained, while to the second the rougher and less manageable guests are relegated.

"Miss Challoner," said Mr. Stirling, bowing deferentially upon entering, "perhaps you will permit me to introduce myself. While expressing my deep regret that you should have been an involuntary spectator of such a disgraceful occurrence. We are not generally so badly behaved, though you are the only lady that has so far honored Growlers' with a visit. We have no police to keep order, so we are obliged to protect ourselves."

Estelle faintly smiled as she replied, "You seem to be able to do so pretty well, if I may judge from appearances. I hope no one is severely hurt. Ought I to congratulate you on your victory?"

"You don't know how relieved I feel at your forgiveness, Miss Challoner," he replied. "As for Geordie (who really is a deserving individual when sober, and a capitalist besides) he is wholly unhurt, and to-morrow you will probably see him on the most friendly terms with me and all mankind."

Before returning to business, Stirling found means to intimate to Estelle that he was aware from Mrs. McAlpine's letter that she wished to have some private conversation with him: that he would do himself the honor of calling upon her later in the afternoon, when he would be most happy to afford her whatever information he was possessed of about her cousin.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Oh, Mr. Stirling, if you knew how I have longed to find some one who could give me authentic news of his movements. And you knew him so well?"

"Yes; *very* well. I must go now, but you shall hear all that I can tell you.

Easier said than done, thought he, as once more in the small inner room of his unostentatious edifice he lit his pipe and abandoned himself to fullest contemplation. "And what in the world shall I tell her? What a glorious girl she is. What an air of refinement, and yet with what courage and high resolve she has faced the difficulties of her

position. Proud, cultured, aristocratic to the finger tips, she has volunteered to expose herself to rough journeyings, rude associates —even ruder in her imagining than the reality. And for what? For the sake of a heedless self-indulgent scamp like Lance Trevanion, who never was good enough to black her boots. God knows I pity him from the very bottom of my heart; but I cannot help believing that it was his own selfish obstinacy in a great measure that brought about his ruin. And now I have to tell this sweet and noble creature that her lover was till lately a convicted felon—actually at present an escaped prisoner, at the mercy of the first police trooper that falls across him. The bare idea is frightful." And then Mr. Charles Stirling filled his pipe again to the brim and smoked on for some considerable time, apparently in a most anxious, not to say despondent, frame of mind. The irruption of a party of diggers with a parcel of gold to be weighed and deposited here temporarily diverted his thoughts, but soon after four o'clock, having finished his day's work and impressed upon his junior to keep close to the bank premises in his absence, he betook himself to Mrs. Delf's hostelry. He found Estelle awaiting him, in walking attire. He proposed that they should visit Number Six claim, where Jack Polwarth still lived and worked. It was barely a mile distant. On the way he would be able to give her all the information she desired.

"Nothing would please her more. She was fond of walking, and should like above all things to see a real claim at work. So forth they fared through the crooked straggling street, crowded on either side with the heterogeneous buildings of a goldfield town. Turning to the south, they trod a winding track through a labyrinth of shafts of all sizes and depths of sinking. Mounds of earth thrown up in every direction gave the scene a ghastly resemblance to the cemetery of a plague-stricken city. As if unwilling to enter upon the subject so unavoidably painful, Stirling directed her attention to the various novel features of the scene. When suddenly turning towards him, she said in a low but distinct tone of voice: "And now, Mr. Stirling, please to tell me all you know of my unfortunate cousin? No one has said so in so many words but I *feel* it," here she laid her hand upon her heart, "something dreadful has happened to him? Is it not so?"

"I wish I could deny it," he answered, in a tone of the deepest feeling; "but I cannot," your heart has warned you truly. "He is a most unfortunate man."

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red flag, the well-known signal, brought here by Californian miners that the claim was "on gold." They had still some distance to go; her feet that were so fleet and eager awhile since became slow and listless ere they reached the mound on the other side of which they saw the stalwart form and good humored countenance of John Polwarth; he had told and she had heard the sad finale to the high hopes and joyous aspirations of Lance Trevanion.

"Perhaps he can travel safely through the wilderness and find a ship for England. Oh! If he were but once at home! at home! Why did he ever leave? But I must not break down now. Is that John Polwarth?"

"Yes, and yonder is Mrs. Polwarth at the door of that neat cottage, and Tottie standing by her. I think we may as well call upon her first, and have Jack in by-and-by. She is a good, kindly woman, and Lance's misfortune was a bitter grief to her."

"'I see it all,' she said, rising from her seat and walking excitedly onward."

"And now that he has escaped from these terrible hulks I suppose there is not much chance of his being recaptured. This country is so wild and large that surely prisoners must nearly always escape."

"No doubt they do, but not so often as we might think. The country is wild, but those who pursue them are keen and fearless. However, the place that he has reached is inaccessible and distant."

"Thank God for that," she said softly.

"He seems to have had such *good* friends around him," said Estelle sorrowfully; "why could they not save him? But I know that he was wilful and headstrong. Alas! Alas!"

By this time they had reached Mrs. Polwarth's cottage—a mansion in the estimation of all "Growlers'," inasmuch as it boasted of four rooms of medium size, a verandah, and a detached slab kitchen. Mrs. Polwarth, who was engaged in sweeping around her door, a space in front of all miners' habita-

tions being scrupulously kept clear of sticks, leaves and other untidinesses, halted in her occupation and greeted Mr. Stirling warmly.

"Why whatever's brought you over to-day, Mr. Stirling? I suppose this fine afternoon. Come inside and I'll get you a cup of tea after your walk. Maybe the lady's a little tired."

"We shall be glad of the chance, I am sure. Mrs. Polwarth, this lady is Miss Challoner, a cousin of Lance Trevanion, our poor friend and Jack's partner. She has come all the way from England, from his old home, to see about him."

"The Lord bless and keep us!" said Mrs. Polwarth, a devout Wesleyan—as are mostly Cornish mining folk. "Only to think of that! It's the doing of Providence, that's what it is. Sit ye down, Miss. To think I should ever see you in my poor place. It's clean and neat what there is of it, too. And to think of your being *his* cousin—poor Mr. Lance's cousin. Many's the tear I shed thinking o'er his sad fate. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm that glad to see this day!"

"And I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Polwarth," said the English girl, softening at once at the sight of the genuine grief displayed by the good woman, for the tears were by this time running down her cheeks. "I have so often heard of you in my cousin's letters that I seem to know you quite well. And is this Tottie? Come to me, my dear, and tell me how old you are."

Tottie, a pretty child, rather more carefully attired than usual, was not shy, and coming up to the pretty lady, as she ever afterwards described her, looked up wonderingly with great blue eyes and a wistful smile.

"Mother, is this Lance's sister?" she said with the curious childish intuition which seems to suggest so many guesses at truth—some near enough in all conscience. "Is he coming back to Tottie?"

Mr. Stirling upon this thought he would go and have a word with Jack, and not sorry to leave the two women to open their hearts to each other, hastily departed.

There was no particular news about Number Six. "She was going on steady," Jack said. "Last week was as good as any washing-up they'd had for a month, and she wasn't half worked out yet. So that was Mr. Lance's cousin, her as had coomed with Mr. Stirling? All the way from England, too? It was her as used to write to him and tell him about the old place at home and how his father, the squire, was. And now the Squire was dead. And Lance, poor chap, had broke jail, and was gone nobody knew where.

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"I don't wish to pose as a heroine, Mr. Stirling," she continued, blushing slightly at the momentary excitement into which she had been betrayed, "but I wish all my friends to understand that I have fully resolved for several reasons, not the least of which is that so I promised his father on his death-bed, to go through with this task. And heaven helping me will never abandon it while Lance is alive!"

"I can quite appreciate your feeling in the matter, Miss Challoner," said Stirling. "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to join you in the search for our unfortunate friend. But I am, so to speak, chained to this spot. In all other ways you may command me, and I have good warrant for saying Jack Polwarth here, as well as Mr. Hastings, who is our staunch ally also, will join in the enterprise heart and soul."

"This is truly the land of warm and unselfish friendship," replied Estelle. "I have met with nothing else, for which I shall be grateful as long as I live. It will give me fresh confidence in my search. I never could have believed that the way would have been made so smooth for me. I feel more at home here than I have done since I left England. So I shall stay at Mrs. Delf's for a week longer, getting together all the information which I shall need."

"I think we had better be moving, Miss Challoner, or Mrs. Delf's gong will be sounding an alarm for tea. She has many virtues, but punctuality and scrubbing she may be said to carry to excess."

"Amiable weaknesses, to my mind," said Estelle, rising from her chair, "I feel disposed to humor them, and Mrs. Polwarth, if you will have me to-morrow, I will come down after breakfast, now that I know the way to Number Six, and spend the day with you and Tottie."

(To be continued.)

IN ABSENCE.

I'M lonesome since she went away,
My study's blank and dreary;
I sit and puff the weed all day,
Till of that same I'm weary.
The smoke-rings rise in airy whirl
From pipe between my fingers,
And in the fumes I see the girl
Whose image with me lingers.

Her face is sweet, her waist is neat,
There's humor in her glances;
Her smile brings all men to her feet,
And, faith, she leads them dances.
To be hen-pecked by her were bliss,—
Who'd not be so commander'd?
O, were the pay but one sweet kiss,
I'd list beneath her standard!

J. STEELE ROBERTSON.

LIEUT. WAGHORN, R.N.

CAIRO TO SUEZ IN 1829.

BY T. WAGHORN COMYNS.

ON the 29th October, 1829, with only four days' notice, my grand-uncle, Lieutenant Waghorn, took his seat on the top of the "Eagle" stage coach then filling with passengers in front of the "Spread Eagle Tavern," Gracechurch Street. He had conceived the idea of "an overland route" to India and Australia; and now, after two years of the most persistent advocacy in which he was strenuously opposed by both Postal authorities and East India Directors, had succeeded in obtaining a commission from Lord Ellenborough, the President of the India Board, to carry despatches through Egypt to Sir John Malcolm, the Governor of Bombay, and at the same time to report upon the difficulties of navigation in the Red Sea. The whole of his luggage weighed only twenty

pounds. At the outset an accident beset the coach, and, indeed, everything seemed against him. The East India Company's steamer "Enterprise," from India, was expected at Suez on the sixth of December, and it was necessary that despatches from England should reach her at that place. He could neither speak French nor Italian, but he had some knowledge of Hindustani, and knew a little Arabic.

He reached Alexandria in twenty-six days, and so extraordinary rapid was the first part of his journey, *viz.*, to Trieste (accomplished in nine days and a-half, through five kingdoms) that an enquiry was instituted by the Foreign Office respecting it; for at that time the London Post Office letters occupied fourteen days in getting there. Yet Waghorn had been compelled to travel upwards of one hundred and thirty miles out of his direct way in consequence of broken bridges, falling avalanches, and the disabling of a steamer.

Enquiring instantly for the quickest means of getting on to Alexandria, he was informed that an Austrian brig had sailed only the evening before, but, having had calms and light airs all night, she was still in sight from the top of the hills. Away he dashed in a posting-carriage, because if he could reach Pesano, through Capo D'Istria, twenty miles down the eastern side of the Gulf of Venice, before the Austrian vessel had passed, he might embark from that port as a passenger for Alexandria. On reaching Pesano he could still distinguish the vessel, and he accordingly strove to increase the rapidity of his chase to the utmost—actually got within three miles of the vessel, when a strong northerly wind sprang up and soon carried her out of sight. Exhausted in body, and "racked," to use his own words, by disappointment after the previous excitement, he returned to Trieste. Ascertaining that the next opportunity of getting to Alexandria would be by a Spanish ship, which was then taking in her cargo, he instantly repaired to the quarantine ground where she was lying. The captain informed him that the vessel could not possibly sail in less than three days, and that he would require one hundred dollars for the passage. Waghorn directly offered him one hundred and fifty dollars if he would sail in eight-and-forty hours. The captain discovered that it was just possible, and it was done.

"After a tedious passage of sixteen days," says Waghorn, to whom every hour that did not fly was heavy laden, "I arrived at Alexandria, but hearing that Mr. Barker, who held the combined offices of Consul-General in Egypt and Agent to the Honorable East India Company, was at his country house at Rosetta, I hired donkeys, and was on my way for it after five hours stay at Alexandria." Spending only a brief interval at Rosetta, to recover from his fatigue, Waghorn then set out for Cairo, on a *congé*, a sort of boat of fifteen tons burthen, with two large latteen sails. The *rais* or captain agreed to land him at Cairo in three days and four nights, or receive nothing. This he failed to do in consequence of the boat grounding on a shoal. Waghorn's notions of a reason for fatigue may be curiously gathered from a remark he makes in incidentally referring to this adventure. "The crew," said he, "were *almost* fatigued: we have been continually tacking for five days and nights." Out of all patience he left the boat, and again mounting donkeys proceeded with his servant to Cairo, and then across the burning desert to Suez, where he remained two days, waiting with feverish anxiety the expected arrival of the "Enterprise." But she still did not appear, and at length quite unable to endure the suspense any longer he determined to embark in an open boat, on the Red Sea, intending to sail down its centre, in hopes of meeting the ship between Suez and Cossier.

All the seamen of the locality vigorously remonstrated with Mr. Waghorn against this undertaking, and he well knew that the nautical authorities both of the East India House and the British Government were of opinion that the Red Sea was not navigable. But he had important Government despatches to deliver: had pledged himself to deliver them on board the "Enterprise," and considering that his course of duty, as well as his reputation as a traveller, were at stake, he persisted in his determination. Accordingly, without any personal knowledge of the navigation of this sea, without chart, or even the engagement of a single precedent for such an enterprise—his only guide the sun by day, and the north star by night—he sailed down the centre of the Red Sea. Of this most interesting and unprecedented voyage, the narrative of which would have been read by everybody who had avidity, Mr. Waghorn unfortunately gives us no detailed account. All we get from him is the following characteristically brief sentence: "*Suffice it* to say *I arrived* at Juddah, six hundred and twenty miles, in six and a half days, in that boat!" In one of the many scattered papers since his death, there has been found but a slight passing allusion to the toils, perils and privations, which, however, he calmly says,

were "inseparable from such a voyage under such circumstances," but there is not one touch of description from first to last.

A more extraordinary instance of a project which must of necessity have appeared little short of madness to almost everybody else, but which was nevertheless so resolutely carried out, has never perhaps been recorded. He was perfectly successful so far as the navigation was concerned and in the course he adopted, notwithstanding that his crew of six Arabs mutinied. It appears (for he tells us only the bare fact) they were only subdued on the principle known to philosophers in theory, and to high-couraged men, accustomed to command, by experience, viz., that the one man who is braver, stronger, and firmer than any individual of ten or twenty men, is more than a match for the ten or twenty put together. He touched at Cossier on the fourteenth, not having fallen in with the "Enterprise" on his way. There he was told by the Governor that the steamer was expected every hour. Waghorn was in no fit state of mind to wait very long, so, finding she did not arrive, he again put to sea in his open boat, resolved, if he did not fall in with her, to proceed the entire distance to Juddah, four hundred miles further on. Of this additional voyage he does not leave any record, even in his log-book, beyond the simple declaration that he "embarked for Juddah, ran the distance in three days, twenty-one hours and a quarter, and on the twenty-third anchored his boat close to one of the East India Company's cruisers, the 'Benares.'"

But now comes the most trying part of his whole undertaking, the part which a man of his impulsive nature was least able to bear as the climax of his prolonged and arduous efforts, privations, anxieties, and fatigues. Repairing on board the "Benares" to learn the news, the captain informed him that the "Enterprise" had been detained for repairs at Bombay, and was not coming at all. This intelligence completely stunned him, and he was immediately seized with a delirious fever. "I was six weeks," says Waghorn, "before I could proceed to Bombay by a sailing vessel." On arriving at length with his despatches he received the thanks of the Governor-in-Council "for having, when disappointed of a steamer, proceeded with the despatches in an open boat down the Red Sea, &c." There was evidently more of a complimentary nature in this document, but Waghorn cuts all short with the *et cetera*. He reached Bombay on the twenty-first of March, having thus accomplished his journey from London in four months and twenty-one days—an extraordinary rapidity at that date (1830). Of course the time he was detained in Cairo, Suez, Cossier, and Juddah (where he lay ill with the fever six weeks) ought to be deducted, because he would have saved all this time, fever included, if he had not expected the "Enterprise" from India.

From what Waghorn observed on this trip he felt convinced that for every purpose of interest—politically, morally and commercially between England and the East—this was *the* route, and he turned his attention to its public advocacy in India, and subsequently, bringing with him the testimonial of thanks he had received from the Governor-in Council of Bombay, he returned to England. Let his own words—homely, earnest, straightforward, full of sailor-like simplicity and impulsiveness, and fraught with important results, relate his reception:

"Armed with the record of the Governor's thanks I commenced an active agitation in India for the establishment of steam to Europe. In prosecution of that design I returned to England, expecting, of course, to be received with open arms, at the Indian House especially. Judge of my surprise on being told by the successor to Mr. Loch that 'the India Company required *no steam to the east* at all!'

"I told him that the feeling in India was most ardent for it; that I had convened large meetings at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and in fact all over the Peninsular, which I had traversed by *dawk*; that the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, was enthusiastic in the same cause, and had done me the honor (with what prescience need not now * be stated), that if ever the object was accomplished it would be by the man who had navigated the Red Sea in an open boat, under the circumstances already named.

"To all this the Chairman made answer that the Governor-General and people of India had nothing to do with the India House; and if I did not go back and join *their* pilot service, to which I belonged, I should receive such a communication from that House as would be by no means agreeable to me!

"On the instant I penned my resignation, and placing it in his hands then gave utterance to the sentiment that actuated me from that moment till the moment I realised my aspiration—that 'I would establish the Overland Route in spite of the India House.'

"This avowal, most impolitic on my part

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as regards my individual interests, is perhaps the key to much of the otherwise inexplicable opposition I subsequently met with from those upon whose most energetic co-operation I had every apparent reason to rely. I proceeded to Egypt, but not only without official recommendation but with a sort of official stigma on my sanity.

"The Government nautical authorities reported that the Red Sea was not navigable; and the East India Company's officers declared that if it were navigable, the north-westers peculiar to those waters, and the south-west monsoons of the Indian Ocean would swallow all steamers up! And, as if these were not enough to crush me in the eyes of foreigners and my own countrymen, documents were actually laid before Parliament, showing that coals had cost the East India Company £20 per ton at Suez, and had taken *fifteen months* to get there.

"Notwithstanding all these allegations, I happily so succeeded in persuading the Pasha of the practicability of my design that I possessed myself of his entire confidence, and obtained his sanction to proceed according to my own judgment. I saw that coals might be brought readily enough to Alexandria, then up the Nile, and across the desert by camel for £5 per ton; and returning immediately to England was fortunate enough to impress my conviction on this point on that most able public servant, Mr. Melville, Secretary to the East India House—and through his instrumentality one thousand tons were so conveyed at £4 3s. 6d. per ton from the pit's mouth to the hold of the steamer at Suez. From that hour to this * the same plan, at the same, or even a smaller cost, has been pursued in respect to all the coals of the East India Company, the saving in ten years being *three quarters of a million sterling* as between the estimated and the actual cost of coals."

Once in the enjoyment of the Pasha's friendship, Waghorn was enabled to establish mails to India, and to keep that service in his own hands for four years. He succeeded on one occasion in getting letters from Bombay to England in forty-six days by means of a fast French brig, hired by him from Alexandria, which was lying in ballast and ready to start at a moment's notice to Marseilles. And it is scarcely credible that immediately afterwards the Government and the East India Company, at the pressing solicitations of the London East India and China Association, started mails of their own, taking from the Pioneer the conveyance of letters without a sixpence of compensation.

Still Lieutenant Waghorn received the thanks of three-quarters of the globe—besides numberless commendations from mercantile communities at every point where Eastern trade was concerned. Unaided—except by the Bombay Steam Committee—he built the eight halting places in the desert between Cairo and Suez, which are now marked on every map of Egypt, and the three hotels established above them, in which luxuries were provided and stored for the passing traveller. He familiarised the desert with the spectacle of horses, vans, and all the adjuncts of English travel in lieu of the unchanging Arab and his primeval camel. Knowing that none could cross the desert from Suez to Alexandria—a distance of between seventy and eighty miles—without being friendly with the Arab tribes, he proposed to Mehemet Ali the hitherto impracticable task of establishing commercial relations with them. The appeal was successful. Waghorn was appointed by that sagacious ruler his secret emissary to the Arabs; and to them he went without a single attendant, living among them three years, exerting so much influence over them as to induce them to practice forbearance, and to treat that mysterious thing, a letter, with due respect.

Lieutenant Waghorn was not only a distinguished traveller, but a brilliant and vigorous writer for the London press. He contributed numerous articles to the *Times*, containing valuable information on Eastern affairs.

In his first "Guide to Passengers" he revealed to the public with what extraordinary rapidity and efficiency he had established agencies at all the principal places in France, Italy and Malta; how successfully he had used his means and opportunities (chiefly through the instrumentality of the Pasha) to promote the interests and comfort of travellers in the East. His boats were not only the cleanest and swiftest on the Nile, but such was his surprising influence over the Arabs on the river that he persuaded them to relinquish the semi-nude condition of their race for attire more in accordance with our notions of European delicacy; and by a combination of individual daring and resolution, which the denizens of the desert could well appreciate with kindness of manner, judicious liberality and unswerving punctuality in all his time and monetary en-

* June, 1849.

gagements, he indoctrinated them with habits of regularity and docility that would have been pronounced to be utterly unattainable within a life-time by any person previously unacquainted with the state of things existing among the population alluded to. In 1848, through Waghorn's influence over the Arabs, even unescorted ladies accompanied by their infants passed to and fro the desert with as much ease and security as in Europe.

Shortly before his death in 1850 Waghorn stated, in a memorial of his claims upon England, that "on his honor no money or means were ever received by him from Her Majesty's Government or the East India Company to aid in the establishment of the overland route." It grew into life altogether from his having by his own energy and private resources worked the overland mails to and from India for those years (from 1831 to 1834) in his individual person. And then when his enterprise, industry, capital and his possession of Mehemet Ali's friendship were beginning to produce their natural results, Her Majesty's Government and the East India Company gave the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful company.*

Speaking of this gross injustice he said: "In my hands the Egyptian traffic was English, and I venture to say that English it would have remained to this day had I not been interfered with. But my successors gave it all up to the Pasha, and under the altered and altering circumstances of Egypt it will be fortunate indeed if the circumstances of that act do not bitterly atone for the hardships so inconsiderately and wantonly inflicted upon me."

At the beginning of his career Waghorn was possessed of a property by inheritance. This was sacrificed in the overland route, and at the time of his death he was in debt to the extent of £40,000 to his relatives and £5,000 to other persons.

Of opinion that his position in India would be strengthened by the rank of Lieutenant in the British navy Waghorn made repeated applications for it, but without avail. He thought that his great services entitled him to receive this recognition, especially as it would have added to his means of usefulness. But no! Government, like the serpent, is a wonderful "wise beast," and the ways of Ministers are inscrutable. All spoke of his merits, but none rewarded them, until at length, towards the end of 1842, Lord Haddington, being head of the Admiralty, did grant this astonishing honor! Egypt actually beheld the man who had brought England within forty-six days of her sands, before any steam system was in operation between the two countries, permitted to write "R.N." after his name!

On January 7, 1850, Lieutenant Waghorn paid the penalty of the hard life which his exertions in establishing his stupendous work entailed upon him. He died literally of a broken heart. The wreck of his iron constitution and his irrepressible energy offered so great a resistance to the inroads of debility that it was thought to the last he would rally, and his dissolution was attended with much pain and suffering. A few years before his death Lieutenant Waghorn nobly expressed to Captain W. J. Cole, R.N., at Malta, that his "earnest desire was to spend and be spent for the benefit of his country"; and that his "greatest wish was when he was no more that his remains might rest on the traffic-road between Cairo and Suez." His wish was never respected, partly owing to family reasons and the expense which it would have entailed. Waghorn's ashes lie buried in the churchyard of Snodland, near Rochester, Kent; and a mural tablet to his memory was set up in the edifice by his widow.

Both his pensions died with him, and his widow was left to starve until the India House came to her assistance, and granted her a pension of £50 per annum. The Imperial Government naively intimated, as if in excuse for their extravagance, that it was in consequence of the "eminent services" performed by her late husband that they awarded her the sum of £25 per annum. This £25 provoked a good many indignant and scathing comments in the press, whereupon the Government made an additional grant, accompanied by the statement that, "in consequence of the *extreme* destitution of Mrs. Waghorn," a further sum was awarded her of £15 more! This reads very like an act of clemency towards some notorious malefactor.

It was while Waghorn was engaged in the earlier stages of the construction of the overland route between Cairo and Suez that the idea of the canal across the desert, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, forced itself upon his mind Again and again, in the midst of his arduous labors, did the grand scheme intrude itself upon him, until he determined to set the matter at rest. To decide was to act. Scores of times was this exemplified during his life. He has been known to leave his bed at midnight and post

* The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

thirty miles to London to advance a single idea; nor would he rest until the utmost had been done to bring it to maturity. Seizing an opportunity, Waghorn proceeded to the Red Sea and engaged native boatmen, with whom he embarked, to make soundings. He next took the soundings of the Mediterranean, and, already possessing the levels of the desert, he worked the scheme out on paper, and declared it practicable. On his return to London the Cabinet and the East India Committee ridiculed his idea, as they had previously ridiculed the overland route. Before he returned to his labors in the desert Lieutenant Waghorn interviewed the then President of the French Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards His Imperial Highness Napoleon III., at Paris, and left him and his Ministers to consider the plans he laid before them till his return. He was not laughed at in France, and he had numerous consultations with the most eminent engineers of that country, including Baron De Lesseps. Anxious up to the last that his own country should have the honor of initiating the Suez Canal scheme, Waghorn again endeavored to induce the Cabinet to favorably consider his plans; but in this he was unsuccessful. Years afterwards De Lesseps constructed the Suez Canal, and all the world knows the result.

Baron De Lesseps openly acknowledges that he received his first ideas as to the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez from Waghorn, and with a generosity too rare among Frenchmen he has caused his bust to be placed on "Waghorn Quay," at the entrance of the canal at Suez.

The inscription upon this bust, translated, reads as follows:—

"The Universal Suez Maritime Canal Company have erected this monument to the memory of Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N., born at Chatham in 1800, died at London, 1849, who alone, without any help, by a long series of labors and heroic efforts, has practically demonstrated and determined the adoption of the establishment of a postal road through Egypt, in order to serve the communications between the east and west of the world. The Universal Company has been desirous of consecrating by this homage the memory of the generous though unfortunate man who was the initiator and chief Pioneer of the Great Egyptian Maritime Commercial Transit—completed with the Canal of the two Seas."

Mr. Fitzgerald, in his admirable work entitled *The Suez Canal*, quotes the following interesting letter from Baron De Lesseps on Lieutenant Waghorn, showing that the former had a generous sympathy for the Pioneer, and was encouraged by his example:—"During my stay in Egypt, in the space between 1831 and 1838, I was greatly struck by the perseverance with which a lieutenant in the Indian navy, Waghorn, attempted to carry out his project of taking the English mails to India through Suez. At this time the regular route was by the Cape, and it took from four to six months. This lieutenant was bent on proving to the English by practical example that a direct road to India by the Red Sea was possible. After unheard-of efforts, all he could obtain was the privilege of carrying duplicates of despatches to Calcutta at his own cost. Seven years of his life he devoted to this labor. He wasted all his means. He used to scour France and Italy—now sailing from France, now from Italy, starting from Marseilles or Trieste, and thus getting to Alexandria. There, without losing an instant, he set out for Suez, either on a dromedary's back or in a canal boat, and at Suez trusted to chance for meeting a steamer. I used to see him arrive in this way for many years. In his own country he passed for a man with a craze. Yet he had undertaken a project which he had marked out with courage and devotion, had ruined his health and his fortunes, and had left his family to beggary. . . . . He had, however, succeeded in proving that a single person carrying the despatches could arrive by this route at his destination. An enquiry was conducted by the Bombay Government as to the possibility of steamers navigating the Red Sea. The English Parliament examined various men of professional experience and politicians. Admirals, and particularly the politicians, pronounced solemnly that, though sailing vessels might make their way, it was impossible for steamers to do so. It was Lieutenant Waghorn, nevertheless, that opened up the route to India overland. He showed that it could be done, and it was the courage he exhibited that left a deep impression on my mind, and served as an example."

Mr. Fitzgerald adds:—

"This generous testimony is worth recording, and is worthy of a spirit as persevering as was Waghorn's. . . . . The P. and O. Company and the East India Company, we are told, 'were opposed to steam navigation as a mode of conveyance of the mails.' This principle was laid down with all the solemnity of an economic truth, though it is incomprehensible how such statements could be gravely put forth and accepted. It may, however, have been founded on the in-

terests of a safe and sound *routine*—the road by the Cape being established, having a certain old-fashioned and cumbrous simplicity, and involving no trouble to the heads of the department. There was something particularly heroic in the mode adopted by Waghorn for convincing his countrymen that his scheme was for their interests. It was as though a physician were to persist in treating a sick patient who believed him to be an impostor, and were to convince him by making him well. Waghorn could only prove his case by doing himself what he wished others to do, and this at the expense of his health and fortune. . . . . It is impossible to speak of De Lesseps and his Suez Canal without recalling the story of the ill-fated Waghorn."

In regard to Waghorn's proposal for the extension of steam navigation from Singapore to Sydney, it may be mentioned that in 1846 he addressed two pamphlets on the subject to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Earl Grey, who were successively Secretaries of State for the Colonies. Copies of these little *brochures* are in the possession of the Sydney Public Library. They bear the author's autograph, and were presented by him to Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, of the East India Company.

To Earl Grey Waghorn wrote :—" Perseverance has been the governing principle of that course of conduct which has enabled me to assist myself with the triumph of steam in the overland route. Perseverance shall be my motto in the prosecution of the object now before me, and which, as I said before, is part and parcel of the overland route ; and perseverance without cessation, without abatement of zeal, without diminution of pressure —no matter what the rebuffs or what the discomfiture I may sustain—shall be my actuating motive till the Government gives effect by a pecuniary grant to that scheme to whose importance both yourself and your predecessor have testified—namely, bringing England and the capital of her colonies in the Pacific within sixty-five days distance of each other. Till this object is accomplished, I devote myself to be the plague and the torment of the Colonial Office, and shall never cease to invoke the merchants of London and of our great outports to aid me in rendering intolerable the position of that Minister, be he whom he may, who shall permit any consideration to shut out such colonies as Australasia and New Zealand from the blessings of steam communication with the Mother Country. Should the vicissitudes to which I may be exposed deprive me of the gratification of witnessing the achievement of my desire, I bequeath to whomsoever may follow me in perfecting the overland route the duty of prosecuting steam to Australia as an integral portion of that great design. I enjoin him never to lose sight for one moment of the vital importance of the overland principle of this extension of it to Port Jackson and the other places contemplated in the scheme already broached; for I again and again repeat that the people of this country can never adequately estimate the real value of the overland route as long as the distance from Sydney to Singapore is untraversed by steam ; nor can the important territories lying in the sphere just mentioned ever fully participate in the happiness or worthily contribute to the resources of the Parent State till this extension shall be carried into effect. . . . . I may be accounted a bore and a nuisance—so is every man who urges unpalatable truths, or palatable truths at unpalatable seasons, as happens to be the case with me and my project at present ; but I am indifferent to all such imputations, or, rather, I shall rejoice in their frequency, for then I shall feel that I am provoking inquiry into the merits of my plans, and every day of such inquiry will virtually bring Australia and England one day nearer to each other."

Referring to the deficient harvest and anticipated famine at the time, Lieutenant Waghorn continued :—

" Knowing this, and pondering upon it, I say let us thank God we have such colonies as Australia to fall back upon ; and I conjure you, my Lord, to ask yourself what would your feelings be hereafter should it turn out that through want of timely energy on your part, with the means now at your fingers' ends, Australia should fail us in our extremity. And this part of the question, be it remembered, is irrespective of the financial, commercial, social and political considerations involved in the scheme now again urged upon you."

It will scarcely be believed that the project received the " cold shoulder " from those in power. Procrastination was then the Shibboleth of all men in office, where party and political considerations were not directly involved. The word *now* was an expression rarely ever heard in Downing Street, " *by-and-by* " being the favorite in the vocabulary of every functionary in that region. After the meeting Waghorn, who was never idle, left England for the purpose of trying his experiments relative to despatches from Egypt over the mountains of the Tyrol, in the depth of

winter. The Pioneer did not live to realise his magnificent dream of belting the world with steam. In four years he was dead and forgotten; but all the gigantic machinery he set in motion is going still, and like Canning, he may be said to have called a new world into existence.

Lieutenant Waghorn was both a man of thought and action; but this must be understood with certain marked limitations. His mind was of that peculiar construction which appears never to think earnestly except with a view to action. Even that quality, which in other men is of the most ideal kind, and commonly exerts itself in matters of little or no substantiality of fact or purpose, with him partook of the physicality of his strong nature as much as the admixture was possible—so that he may be said to have had a practical imagination. His objects and designs were welded into all the materials of his understanding and knowledge; his ambitions and hopes were fused with the generation of the mighty steam forces that were to drive his ships across the oceans and inland seas; the vigor of his enterprise was identified with the flying speed of the Arab horses and dromedaries carrying the "mail" across the desert; and when he projected a wonderful shortening of time and space, he at the same time beheld the broad massive arm of England stretched across to govern and make use of her enormous Indian territories, comprising over two hundred millions of souls.

Thackeray draws an amusing picture of Waghorn, in his volume of travels: "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and depicting the scene at a Cairene Hotel, on the arrival of the mail from England, speaks of Lieutenant Waghorn as bouncing in and out of the courtyard, full of business. "He only left Bombay yesterday morning, was seen in the Red Sea on Tuesday, is engaged to dinner this afternoon in Regent's Park, and (as it is about two minutes since I saw him in the courtyard) I make no doubt he is by this time at Alexandria or Malta—say perhaps at both. *Il en est capable.* If any man can be in two places at once (which I don't believe or deny) Waghorn is he." Thackeray further compares the Pioneer's achievements with those of Napoleon in Egypt, greatly, of course, to the disadvantage of Napoleon. "What are his wonders compared to Waghorn's?" he asks. "Nap. massacred the Mamelukes at the Pyramids; Wag. has conquered the Pyramids themselves, dragged the unwieldy structures a month nearer England than they were, and brought the country along with them;" and he ends in his own delightful way with the anticlimax:—"Be ours the trophies of peace! O my country! O Waghorn!"

Such is an outline of twenty years' toil and anxiety, resulting in irreparable damage to the mind, body, and fortune, and in the death of the Pioneer. The reader can glean from this brief sketch how noble were his efforts to advance the interests of his brother men, how effectual were his exertions to forward the cause of civilisation, and how unutterably base and paltry was the recognition of his great services by the British community, whose prosperity he had principally advanced.

Shortly before Waghorn died, it was thought that during the continuance of the excitement felt in England respecting some momentous efforts in the East, popular gratitude would have signally manifested itself towards the individual to whose efforts were due the knowledge of the issue of those events, and but for whose energy England would for months have been left to conjecture, as her hopes or fears might have predominated, whether the British race were victors on one bank of the Sutlej or vanquished on the other—whether British sway in India was for ever consolidated or for ever lost. But such was not the case, and it is a lasting reproach to our age that the mercantile public of Great Britain did not record their sense of his deserts in a manner worthy of the greatest commercial nation on the face of the globe. Having exhausted his fortune, which he inherited from his grandfather—a wealthy landed proprietor in Kent—and subsequently his family's fortune to the extent of £40,000; having squandered the bloom and ripeness of his years upon the overland route and other schemes which have benefited Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, and more particularly England, beyond all her capabilities of estimation—he was, at the moment when his splendid projects had arrived at their final realisation, abandoned to anxieties and difficulties, the mere recollection of which should have excited sentiments of remorse in the heart of the English nation.

It is a reflection disgraceful to the country, and more particularly to the East India Company, that this eminent Englishman had drawn only one quarter's instalment of a miserably small pension when he departed from an existence fraught to him with so much bodily pain, and so many pecuniary misfortunes. Gifted at first with a frame as robust as his mind was clear—and his faculties were inventive—Lieutenant Waghorn undermined the vigor of his constitution by the toils of his self-imposed enterprise, and found in the ingratitude of those whom he

had served the most conspicuously the means of filling the hours of his highest achievements with the lowliest and most harrowing of regrets.

Two of the Pioneer's sisters, viz., Mrs. Ann Mundy and Mrs. Sarah Ransom, who left England for Australia shortly after their brother's death, were each in receipt of a pension of £25 per annum from the Imperial Civil List. They subsisted, or, rather, managed to eke out a miserable existence on these sums for a period of ten years, when their failing health, owing to advanced age, impelled the writer, on their behalf, to apply to the Victorian Government for assistance. In recognition of Lieutenant Waghorn's labors in establishing the overland route, and subsequently in projecting the extension of steam navigation from Singapore to Australia, the Service-*cum*-Berry Administration, to their credit, promptly allowed the unfortunate ladies £1 per week each. Shortly afterwards the Indian Government, also at the solicitation of the writer, likewise granted each of the sisters £25 per annum. Mrs. Ransom and Mrs. Mundy have both joined the "great majority"—the former in February, 1887, and the latter in April, 1889—and of course their income of £102 a year each died with them. The question that now arises is, are not the members of the Waghorn family equitably and morally entitled to receive an Imperial Parliamentary grant—a reimbursement of a few of the thousands advanced by the Pioneer's relatives to enable him to carry out those splendid schemes which have since enriched Great Britain, India, Australasia, and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company to the extent of millions? Indeed, were the commercial gains accruing from Waghorn's services—to say nothing of their political and social value—computed according to a commercial standard, the gallant lieutenant would have been first amongst the foremost of England's millionaires; and his relatives (the majority of whom belong to the gentler sex) would not now be living in straitened circumstances. For gross injustice the case is without a parallel in the annals of civilised history. About one hundred and fifty years ago Sir Hugh Middleton introduced the New River water scheme in London—a work not to be named in the same breath with the overland route—and his descendants are now receiving large annuities from the Crown. But Waghorn, who opened the noblest and broadest channel ever opened for the ebb and flow of commerce, and whose extraordinary genius may be said to have made itself simultaneously felt at both sides of the earth, bringing the Saxon of the Thames, the Hindoo of the Ganges, and the Aboriginal Australian into contiguity, was compelled to quit the world without resigning into the hands of his relatives the petty produce of his life of heroic achievements.

THE HUMORS OF COBB AND CO.

BY H. WILLIS.

IT is one o'clock in the morning. A slumbering township lies shrouded in dreary mist; the sulky moon deals out feeble rays from behind the clouds which mottle the sky; and the signal-lamp down the line glares with a baleful eye in opposition to the solitary light which shines before the "Travellers Rest" Hotel, a short distance up the road from the railway station. A hoarse whistle, a rush of porters with lamps and porters with luggage, a general scramble, another asthmatic blare, and the long mail train rumbles away, and is lost round a curve in the line. Meanwhile a score of passengers have been set down, and now they stare about and fall to wondering when the coaches start. If the train was early they may have to wait some time, if late—but hark! the cracking of whips and the rumbling of wheels. Everyone snatches up parcels and rugs, and rushes out to where the coaches stand. The horses are steaming so much that their drivers are indistinguishable. There is the usual bid for the box-seats. A commercial traveller has secured one on the "Emulator."

"Keep that other seat for me, Joe," calls a voice from the crowd.

"Taken yesterday, sir, for a young lady," says the driver, reluctantly; "but if she ain't come—. Oh! certainly, miss, this way; put your foot up on the wheel, so. Hurry-up inside, there. Hur-r-y!"

He gathers up the reins; crack goes the whip; the horses start off at a gallop, and the "Emulator" cuts out through the railway gates just ahead of the "Superb"

"Scored there, I guess. Goo'-night, Bill," from our driver.

"Goo'-night, Joe. Yer off hind-wheel looks rather dicky."

"See to it when we get to the Boundary. Goo'-night."

The horses are in grand condition, and tear merrily along with their heavy load. It is a road to try the springs of the best of coaches. Bump she goes, down into a rut, and before the inside passengers have disentangled themselves and regained their seats, they are tossed up to the roof as the wheels pass over a stone or the uncovered roots of a tree. Presently we are driving round the sloping side of a hill, and the passengers on one side of the coach have much ado to keep themselves from falling upon the passengers on the other. A nervous little man in the corner asks:

"Pray, which is the off hind-wheel?"

"That there one just under you," says the youth opposite him.

The nervous man shudders.

"And—and how far are we from the boundary?"

"Twenty-two miles, that's where we change coaches. Would you like to change seats with me, sir? I've been this trip so often I'm used to accidents."

The change is effected with much alacrity on the part of the boy, and gratitude on the side of the nervous man, who for the rest of the journey sustains the weight of a sleepy farmer of extensive build. We have left the open country, and are bowling along now through pitchy darkness, for no light can penetrate the overhanging roof of gum trees. A man on horse-back jogs past. We cannot see him. We merely hear his horse's hoofs on the hard road.

"Goo'night, Jim," says our driver; "thought you weren't coming back till Friday?"

"Got through quicker than I expected. Ta-ta."

This sort of thing puzzles us. We ask the driver how he knew it was Jim. He reflects for a while, and finally says he doesn't know, we must ask him another. So we ask him why the man didn't say "Goo'night." Joe seems pleased at our noticing the peculiarity, says he'd noticed it frequently himself; supposed it was because the man was in a way a foreigner, as he'd only lately come to the district. Nothing else occurs to us to talk about, and we imagine we are following out a train of thought, till our heads drop forward suddenly, or tumble back, and we are surprised and a little indignant with ourselves for going to sleep when we had not intend to do so. We glance round apprehensi and defiantly in the darkness with a so lurking suspicion that the rest of passengers have been watching us, and amused. Then we meditate, and

drowsy, sleep, and bob our heads again. There are a few incidents. We call at a couple of wayside post-offices and deliver the meagre mail bags to drowsy storekeepers. We pass several camps where teams of horses are spanned out for the night, round waggons laden with the dairy produce of the surrounding districts.

Suddenly we emerge onto a broad cleared space. The moonlight dazzles us, and the sound of falling water gladdens our ears.

"Five minutes to see the waterfall," cries Joe, as the horses stop of their own accord.

We alight and hurry to the little wooden platform jutting out from the cliff, forming the side of the plateau across which we have been driving. We are entranced with the weirdness, the loveliness, the immensity of the scene before us. The sound of rushing waters forms a prelude of little runs and ripples to the soft whisper of the great waterfall itself. The late rains have swelled the volume of the stream, so that it is with a force of some hundreds of water-mills that it falls in a space of some twelve feet wide over the sharp edge of the precipice. For two hundred feet it keeps its glittering silvery way quite intact; for the next two hundred it is not so decided, and little gusts of wind cause it to deviate in various directions, till the bewildered moonlight scarce knows where to touch it; for the final two hundred it just floats about at the caprice of each wilful breeze, it is merely a series of fairy cloudlets of mist and tender dew which rest on every moss-clad rock, each feathery fern and luxuriant shrub within a hundred yards round the base of the cliff. When water falls six hundred feet without an obstacle it does not beat the rocks below: it kisses them. If we had time we might scramble down to the bottom of this fall, only to find another at our feet. Nature seems to have been trying its hand at waterfalls in this corner of the mountains. Oh! the waters of Lodore with their splashing and dashing were nothing to this. Here a noble staircase, a hundred feet from the top to the bottom, composed of a score of steps, down which the water bounds with exhilarating abandon; and further down yet another fall where rounded curves and graceful sloping rocks are the order of the day. Down, down sinks the narrow gully, widening as its descends, until it reaches other valleys, lying like a network among the mountains. And such mountains! Away far off against the horizon lie their soft outlines; then others nearer and more distinct appear in billowy masses one behind the other; while nearer still, like an island, rises a solitary round topped peak, girt with frowning cliffs like those on which we stand.

"If ye'd like to wait till to-morrow night I can pick you up next trip," says our driver, and we awake to the fact that he has been calling "Time's up!" for the last five minutes. We scramble into the coach once more, and plunge again into the blackness of darkness under the gum trees. But this time only for a short distance. We pull up at the edge of another precipice, and now

"I'm used to accidents."

it is we ourselves who are to descend. Joe fixes the brake and says: "Now, look out, an' hole tight." We turn a sharp corner and begin to rattle down as steep a hill-side as ever bid defiance to the road engineers. The pace is terrific. We "hole tight" to whatever seems firmest; we also hold our breath, but eventually let it go—after a time we let the other things go too, but clutch them convulsively at intervals.

Having left the plateau, we have also passed straight from the shadow of the everlasting gum tree into regions of tropical verdure. Above us, on our left, rise to an ever increasing height, palms, cedars, and sassafras trees, from the boughs of which heavy cotton vines hang their long arms carressingly as we pass. We are plunging deeper and deeper into a mist which hides the dreadful abyss on our right—this saves our nerves considerably, as the road is hideously narrow, with no fence or guard of any kind between us and destruction. If only the driver (who smokes placidly), or the horses (which canter carelessly), forget what they are about! We hear the boy telling the nervous man inside that we shall soon be coming to the place where the coach rolled over last week, and just at this juncture we pull up with a jerk. The nervous man utters a groan. It appears that there is nothing the matter—we have merely met a team of bullocks and a dray at the narrowest part of the road.

"We turn a sharp corner and begin to rattle down as steep a hill-side as ever bid defiance to the road engineers."

"Wait a bit Joe," the bullock driver said, "we'll fetch them in close to the bank."

Then with a cracking of whips and a deal of profanity they induce the animals to plant themselves and their burden as far up the bank as it is possible for them to stick, considering that nature has not provided them with feet akin to those of the common or garden fly. They have left us the "outside edge" of the road without doubt, and we commence to pick our way past the long team of twenty-four bullocks with much circumspection.

The nervous man insists on getting out of the coach and walking; and somehow he gets mixed up between the wheels and the long-horned bullocks who toss their heads at him and snort viciously, till he is fain to scramble up into his place again. We have passed all the cattle and are come to the ticklish place between the dray and the precipice. Slip go the off-side wheels, slip—a little further. This is growing terrible; we dare not even breathe. Slip—slip—Thank Goodness! we have passed the dray, and with a "Hup! you lazy 'orses!" Joe fetches his team into the middle of the road just as the nervous man had given up all hope.

"Bye-bye, Joe," yell the bullock drivers; "that off-hind wheel of yours looks—."

The rest of the sentence is lost distance; we are already galloping al below them.

We have reached the valley: this that we crawl up and scamper dow score of minature mountains which work, and uninteresting. It is now growing light, and the passengers each other with languid interest. Po things! we are sleepy after our ni travel. The commercial traveller on is snoring soundly; he has been s since the coach started. The other o of the box is well-nigh hidden altogether and furs. All that can be distinguish curly brown head, surmounted by

THAT OFF HIND WHEEL.

little blue travelling cap. Occasiona little head turns, and a pair of brig beam on the boy when he tells a part good yarn. The nervous man is dapper, wears side whiskers, and carri hat in a hat box beside him; he is hidden by the burly form of the big who rejoices in a face rosy all over, upper lip and bushy beard. The merely an average youngster of fourte a face that missed being cherubic th something wicked in the twinkle of h There is another farmer—a Cassius and hungry aspect, and a festive

dealer, returning from the races. The latter has slept most of the way on the floor of the coach, much to the inconvenience of the lean farmer, who has not known where to bestow his long limbs—he has evidently suffered many things in dreams, frequently muttering and anon complaining. Presently he wakes up, pulls himself together, smiles brightly round on his companions, and digging the indignant man in the ribs, says, "Mornin' Cassius, how far is it to the next hotel?" Receiving no answer, he demands of the driver how many deaf mutes he's got on board this trip. Cassius fidgets about, and, taking off his hat, wipes his bald poll viciously with a red and blue bandana.

"By jove! pure bred Hereford!" ejaculates his tormentor; "well, old man, I've seen some good bald cattle in my time, but never a head to come up to yours." The boy bubbles up into a series of squeaks and giggles. The horsey man torments his victim till he has him fairly spluttering with wrath, and then turns his attention to the boy, who enjoys the wordy warfare and gives back as good as he gets, which earns him the admiration of the horsey man, and provides amusement for the rest. The passengers (excepting the Hereford) regard the pair with a sneaking fondness for serving to relieve the tedium of the journey.

The fog has lifted sufficiently to disclose the rich pasture land, through which the road now winds. From well-kept homesteads the smoke is already rising, while sleek cattle stand knee deep in grass waiting for milking time, and shrill-voiced roosters signal to each other that the night is over.

Presently we draw up at a rambling wooden inn, from which half a dozen men emerge in various stages of drowsiness. Here the horsey man gets down and invites everyone in the coach to have a "nip." The driver gets down, so do the stout farmer, the commercial traveller, the nervous man, and, after some demur, the thin farmer. It takes more time to take a "nip" than I should have imagined.

The innkeeper who comes out to look at the coach beckons to the hostler, and jerks his thumb at the off hind wheel. The hostler whistles and signs to the rest of the loafers. They all whistle, and say "By Gosh!" The driver and the passengers come out and take their seats. "How long has it been like that?" says Joe, the hostler, jerking his thumb at the centre of interest. *Our* Joe replies that he noticed it before we started. Every one whistles again, and says "Crikey?" During the whole of the time none of the loafers had taken their hands out of their pockets.

Off again, and past more farms, where milking is in full swing. Those strange erections of wood and shingle, the driver says, are butter factories. We are hungry, and are pleased when the coach turns in at the stables. Here we are to breakfast and change coaches. The up-coach has already breakfasted. The weatherboard cottage the other side of the road is new, and smells of paint. We study a picture of Joseph and his brethren while the table is being cleared. While the table is being laid we marvel at the moral obliquity of the individual who has perpetrated a bunch of woollen flowers under a glass shade. We are disturbed in our meditations by a noise beneath our feet, and looking down between the flooring-boards see pigs and piglets rooting about. Our breakfast is ready. We seat ourselves before corned beef and pickles, bread, sardines, a morsel of oily butter, and tea with preserved milk in it. The mistress of the establishment is sorry there ain't no heggs, becuz the 'ens 'a-done layin', and the up-coach has ate the milk and near all the butter. We are sorry also. Paying a shilling apiece we turn towards the new coach. Joe eats his breakfast next door, his pretty wife pouring cream on his porridge, and bacon and eggs frizzling on the fire.

The nervous man enquires whether the wheels are safe. We seat ourselves in the vehicle; it is smaller than the other coach, and our four strong bays are replaced by five poor little rats of horses that hang their heads and tails in a way that betokens the want of a good feed of corn. Our new coachman is a half-caste, with that childlike, trustful countenance peculiar to the Australian darkey. He shakes the reins, and the rats wake up and scamper off in grand style.

Nothing can be more lovely, in a peaceful Arcadian fashion, than the bush green meadows stretching away to the hills, where cornfields hang on to the skirts of the mountain walls, which keep guard over the valley. Before us, "in the wild pomp of mountain majesty," the highest peak in the range rears itself, like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than its brothers. Like some imperial castle, hewn by the hands of giants from the solid rock, rise from its summit battlements of stone, over which the rising sun has flung a luminous mantle of rose and pearl, whilst its precipitous sides, its spurs and buttresses, are hidden beneath one glorious tangle of palms, tree-ferns, myrtle, tamarind, cedars, trees of the sun, cotton-vines, and wild grapes

laden with fruit; while everywhere on trees, rocks and earth flourish myriads of ferns in bewildering variety.

We begin to ascend the hills which lead to the mountain. The sun has risen high in the heavens, and the poor little horses tug and strain at the traces in mute reproach. On each side of the road scarlet wild raspberries gleam invitingly, while Cape gooseberry bushes are to be seen at intervals laden with fruit. The road zigzags backwards and forwards along the mountain side, and the underfed team crawl up, up, always up, yet never seem to get much higher. The half-caste meanwhile admonishes them, "Get*up!* you lazy little 'orses! *Get*up Blondin; go it Bray*vo!*" Presently he turns round with a pretty smile in his bright black eyes, and says insinuatingly:

"Wouldn't any of you gentlemen like to pick a few raspberries? plenty of 'em growin' up de short cut."

So we all get out, and struggle up the long short cut (cheered, it is true, by the presence of raspberries), which brings us to the top of the mountain some twenty minutes before our equipage. We are glad to rest awhile, and gaze upon the scene which bursts upon us, as we stand on the narrow ridge of the mountain. Beneath us lies a valley, dotted over with emerald meadows and fields of half-grown maize, the occasional spiral of smoke rising from the midst of clustering trees, denoting the presence of numerous farm-houses. Farther and farther away stretches the fertile plain, and down through the centre of it a mighty river, on whose banks towns have set themselves, and across whose breast lies, like an order, one of the big bridges of the world. The river, as it makes its way due east, grows wider and wider, till, large as a lake, it spreads out two silvery arms and greets the ocean. Yes, that deep, distant roar that has puzzled us during the last quarter of an hour is the beating of the waves on the Illawarra coast, and now we stand drinking in great draughts of salt sea air, fresh from the glittering, palpitating bosom of the Pacific.

The coach has caught up to us, and the horses, after a ten minutes' spell, pull themselves together briskly, as if they well knew that the rest of the road is as nothing compared to what they have just traversed. "Hole tight!" is again the command. We are tossed up and down, and from side to side, as the little team scamper down the steep incline, whisking round corners so sharp, and across bridges so narrow, that the coach seems to bear a charmed life since no accident ensues.

We are driving through a forest of tree-ferns; we see gooseberries and raspberries all along the road, but there is no chance of picking any—the passengers on the return journey to-morrow will do that, when the sapient darkey makes his suggestion about a short cut to the top. We drive over a snake, but snakes are common here, and we do not stop to despatch it. We remark a great tree, like an enormous magnolia, spangled with snowy blossoms. The darkey is contemptuous, "Dat ain't no mugnoly; it's a red cedar covered wiv white cockatoos. Whoop!"

It is even so, the "snowy blossoms" rise screaming into the air, and sail away in a body to another resting place. A pretty little hut built of chocolate-colored stringy bark: the road-maintenance man lives here—further on the road-maintenance man himself, tapping gently at some blue metal, while his old wife squats on the ground near him. There are many worse billets than that of a stone-breaker on the Illawarra Road. Then through a straggling little village at a gallop. Our darky driver has the mail bag ready, and as we pass the store-cum-post-office he flings it out with so good an aim that the portly postmaster is nearly sent spinning off his feet with the shock of catching it. We are out of sight before he has recovered the use of his tongue—our jehu giggles and chuckles away to himself—he has evidently paid off an old score. He whistles and laughs, and cracks his long whip till the forest trees ring with the echo, and the ponies catch the enthusiasm of the moment, and toss their heads and cover the eight miles to the end of their journey in a very creditable style.

We are bowling along the beautiful bit of road which leads up to the giant bridge. We have entered the long lace-like tunnel of iron—a grand study in perspective this series of girders, each as large as a fair-sized hall, and the last one appearing about the height and breadth of the average dog-kennel. We pass several houses and an hotel—we turn a corner, more houses—another corner, and with churches, banks, shops, newspaper offices, blacksmiths, and hotels on either side of us, we race down the chief street of the town. Every one comes out into the street to look at us, the dogs bark at us, and the horses hung up in front of every house snort and frisk about—some break their bridles and strike a bee-line for home. We draw up before the leading hotel. We alight. We are embraced by our relatives. The little ponies are led away. We have finished our journey by the mail coach.

SHOOTING A GHOST.

BY WILLIAM GAY.

"NOW look here, you fellows! I tell you straight, if I see that thing again to-night, I'll shoot at it!" and the speaker turned on his heel and walked down the paddock with a double-barrelled gun on his shoulder.

There was no doubt about it, Armstrong had got his monkey up, and I, at least, began to think the joke had gone far enough; but the other fellows, especially Poynter, who played the ghost, determined to go on with it.

"I say, Poynter," said I, "what'll you do if he shoots?"

"What's that to you, Wilson, if you're going to jib at the business?"

"O, well, all I know is that if Armstrong says he'll shoot, he will shoot; and what he shoots at he generally hits."

"I suppose you'll go and split the whole thing to him," said Poynter with a sneer.

"I think as you're likely to get the worst of it, I'll mind my own business," replied I, somewhat nettled; and went off to catch my horse.

We were a lot of young fellows from town roughing it on Burrabongolong Station during the last Easter holidays. Burrabongolong belongs to Poynter's uncle, a worthy old gentleman who is at the head of a large commercial house. Poynter had got permission to invite a batch of us up for a fortnight, and the manager, rather a quiet young fellow, who was not often disturbed by visitors, must have been waked up a bit when six of us appeared at the homestead, each with a portmanteau and a gun-case. We all managed, however, to find sleeping places; and as there was plenty of mutton, bread and tea, there was no fear of starving.

I must admit that from the first Armstrong made himself rather disagreeable. Why he accepted Poynter's invitation at all I can't conceive. It may have been because of his passion for sport and because he had possibly no opportunity of gratifying it in any other way. Poynter I know had asked him merely as a matter of form, since he had not long arrived from the old country, bringing with him letters of introduction to the firm of Poynter, Allan and Co.

On the second day of our visit we went out duck-shooting, and Poynter, who fancied himself a good shot, was very much annoyed that Armstrong should bag at least twice the quantity of game that he did. In the evening Poynter, Armstrong and two others played four-handed euchre in the little diningroom, while Williams—who is a newly-fledged M.B.—and myself tried to best one another at cribbage. Perhaps for the better understanding of the case it may be as well to mention that among other things on the table there was a decanter of whisky, which, on account of a generally prevailing thirst rather than for any other reason, was pretty often handed round. I myself didn't touch it much. I had not long recovered from an attack of typhoid, and did not feel much in sympathy with the boisterous humor of my companions. In fact I had come up to Burrabongolong more for the benefit of my health than anything else.

I must say that Williams wasn't much good at cribbage, whatever he might be at cutting off limbs. I could almost have played him with my eyes shut, besides giving him a start of half the board. As it was I felt more interest in what was going on at the other end of the table than in giving him a beating.

Poynter and Armstrong were on opposite sides. Poynter, his face a little flushed, was evidently doing his level best to win, but was, instead, two games to the bad. It was his deal. The ten of clubs was the turn-up. Every one said "pass," and Poynter took it up. Armstrong got the first two tricks, and Poynter the third; and Poynter's partner having taken the fourth and led off with a small diamond Poynter took it with the ace of the same suit.

"You revoked," said Armstrong, who had played the king.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Poynter, evidently meaning what he said.

"Perhaps you don't mind having a look at your cards," returned Armstrong in a tone which, though polite, had yet a good bit of a sneer in it.

Poynter turned up his cards and was found sure enough to have trumped a previous diamond while holding the ace. Armstrong, therefore, had euchred him, and the euchre put him another game ahead of

his opponent. All through Armstrong had a long way the best of it, and I could easily see that Poynter was getting rather wild at him. Still there was no need for Armstrong to parade his satisfaction in the way he did. There couldn't be any doubt about it—he really did put on a little too much side.

"Damned new chum," remarked Poynter to Billy Davies, his partner, when Armstrong had turned in. "Thinks he knows too damned much, don't he, Billy?"

"Yes, he does, by George. I should like to take some of the starch out."

"What do you fellows say?" said Poynter, addressing the rest of us.

We all agreed that Armstrong was a good deal too much stuck up, and that to take him down a peg would do him good and afford some good fun as well.

"Where does he come from?" asked Williams.

"He's a half-starved Scotchman, not worth a cent," replied Poynter, whose wrath was still smouldering.

"Scotch, eh?" said Williams, who had got his degree at Edinburgh by the skin of his teeth. "I've got an idea, chaps; let's play the ghost on him. Scotland, you know, is the native land of wraiths, apparitions, second sight and all that."

"The very thing," said all of us.

"Who'll be ghost?" asked Williams.

"I will," answered Poynter with alacrity.

There wasn't sleeping accommodation for the lot of us in the house, though the manager gave up his room and slept in the men's hut; and we had to toss up which of us should camp in a bunk which had been rigged up at the far end of the woolshed. The lot fell to Armstrong, and he looked so beastly pleased to be away from us that, out of spite, we wished some one else had got it.

The manager didn't bother us much. We hardly saw him except at meal times; and though he wasn't half a bad fellow, he was a bit taciturn, and we didn't miss him much.

"I say, Wilson, old boy, wake up and have a look at the ghost."

When I sat up on the sofa which was doing the duty of four-poster, I must say I was startled. I was rather dazed from being suddenly waked up: the room was lighted only by a single candle whose flame was not very steady on account of the draught; and the first thing that met my eyes was what seemed to be a corpse in its grave clothes up-ended in the darkest corner of the room.

As I say, I was not fully awake and so could not fully grasp the situation, which must be my excuse for my having insti grabbed at Williams' arm for safety. I c what the game was, however, when the su corpse burst into a laugh and said, "B if I can frighten a hard-headed Sydne like Wilson, won't I send Scotty ou wits?"

"What's the time, Williams?" said

"About two in the morning. W you think of my ghost? Ain't he a b

"You must be an old hand at turn ghosts," said I with an attempt at and completely roused by my own sm I slipped on my clothes in a hurry.

Everything favored our design, moon was pretty low in the west and right into the woolshed when the d opened.

We all got inside and crouched do place where the shadows were d Poynter, with his arms extended i spectre-fashion, advanced into the p moonlight, where he perambulated down uttering frightful groans. By as there was no sign of life from th end of the shed, he raised his voice blood-curdling yell; and we all hear distinctly a sound as if Armstrong ha denly raised himself up in bed. I couldn't see anything, and after t didn't hear anything either, so in twenty minutes we cleared back to ou

At breakfast next morning Armstro rather quiet, and looked a bit white. he thought he had seen a real ghost. was in a devil of a rage, and didn't which of us to get on to.

It was after breakfast that he us words with which I began this accoun affair.

Now I don't believe Armstrong half whether we had anything to do with it I am inclined to think that he spoke shooting only to see what its effect would be I know from what I have learnt that he had some kind of b supernatural visitations, and that he c an old Scotch family in which there tradition that the death of each members was announced by a messeng spirit-land.

At any rate, I thought the joke ha carried far enough. If Poynter were through the ghost-scene again, and Arm were to shoot, there would be son trouble; so I washed my hands of th business.

All that day, having borrowed one station horses, I was out with the m who was visiting a distant part of th

't know anything at all of the game being played, and as it was now none usiness I didn't enlighten him. I if he had known he would have put on it—and a lucky thing if he had. nter, a real old gentleman, would n downright mad if he had known nephew was playing tricks on one of s, no matter what the provocation

t back in time for tea—six o'clock were unknown at Burrabongolong—strong did not turn up till later, and by himself, an arrangement which everybody.

vening passed quietly. Armstrong e Scotch newspapers, I followed his with "Robbery Under Arms," and r four played euchre.

ten o'clock Armstrong fetched his of a corner of the room, coolly t in our presence, shouldered it, and ut, saying "good-night" with an ugly

oner was he out of hearing than the ty threw down their cards and looked other without saying anything.

lo! Poynter, old chappie, how d'ye ?" said Billy Davies at last. "That if he meant biz."

right, Billy; he can blaze away till n come if he likes, but I'm going to im to-night till his teeth chatter." Poynter whispered something in ear, and both of them laughed very nd Davies said, "What a lark!"

ed to my sofa about midnight, feeling rious as to how things would turn f course I was again waked up about e morning by the preparations for a ack on Armstrong's peace of mind; everybody cleared out I tried to go again.

just dosing off again—about half an hould say after they had gone to the d—when I was thoroughly awakened eport of a gun. A few seconds later s another report; but so determined keep out of what might be a bad at I lay still. "If there's anything thought I, "I can't be of use any-Villiams is there, and he's a doctor; y Davies is there, and he's the son of leacon." But so excited was I by s I had heard that it was no use try-o to sleep.

About a quarter of an hour later I heard footsteps approaching, and turning my face to the wall I pretended to be asleep, for I was thoroughly determined to be out of the whole thing.

"I say, Wilson, old boy, wake up"—and Williams tugged at my shoulder in such a half-hearted way that I felt sure something had happened to damp his usually boisterous spirits.

When I sat up, there I saw, just as on the previous night, the candle flickering in the draught. Williams was standing beside me, staring towards the doorway with pale face and terrified eyes, and clutching at me for protection as I had clutched at him the night before.

"Naturally, I too looked towards the door; and just as I did so two of the fellows appeared carrying a man between them. Poynter shot! thought I. They laid him on the table. It was not Poynter; it was Armstrong, and he was quite dead.

It seems that when they went up to the wool-shed, Billy Davies had crept up to Armstrong's bunk, and finding him asleep had taken the bullets from his gun and put blank cartridges in their place. Then Poynter began the ghost business, and succeeded, by the unearthly sounds he made, in waking Armstrong up. In about thirty seconds after Armstrong was first heard to stir he called out in a voice that was not quite steady, "I warn you, whoever you are; I will fire when I have counted twenty."

And then he began to count in a voice which became less and less composed as he went through the higher numbers without any sign of the ghost retreating.

At "twenty" he fired, and immediately afterwards uttered a low cry of dismay, most likely on seeing the shot take no effect.

"Man or devil, by heaven, I'll hit this time," he was heard to say in a suppressed tone, and fired again. But Poynter, with his spectral arms still calmly extended, walked about as totally unhurt as if he had been an immaterial spirit. A gasp and a heavy thud were heard from the other end of the shed. Then there was dead silence. Williams, with the instinct of his profession, thought it advisable to see what was the matter. Striking a match and going up he found Armstrong lying on his face on the floor. Further examination put it beyond a doubt that he was dead. Failure of the heart's action.

OUR GOVERNORS AND THE HOME OFFICE.

BY CONSTITUTIONALIST.

IN these Australasian colonies we find among others two classes of people. The first is composed of those who, in constitutional matters, cling with affection to the old country—"home" as we call it—who follow its traditions, keep as close as may reasonably be to its institutions, and acknowledge its authority where the same is rightfully exercisable; and who hold that it is well for the vigorous but inexperienced youth who has set up for himself, that his parents, in granting him full liberty to manage his own affairs, should still retain the power to interpose with advice or an actual veto if the son, in his rashness, self-will, inexperience or ignorance, should be disposed to do anything contrary to law, or detrimental to his parents or their friends. The second class takes in those who, impatient of all control, resent even the least interference on the part of the Mother Country,* and would make Colonial Ministers supreme, and the Queen's representatives nothing more than their puppets—mere machines to confirm whatever they may choose to propose. This latter class has, it is to be feared, a good deal of influence with the democratic element in Australasia; and when they raise the cry of "Australia for the Australians" their unthinking followers are only too ready to adopt their language and their sentiments.

One of the most prominent among those who would disturb the present relations between the Home and Colonial Governments is the Chief Justice of Victoria—Judge Higinbotham He claims to be, and is supposed to be in reality, a great authority on constitutional questions—with how much reason is shown by the fact that he advised the McCulloch Ministry that no other sanction than a vote of the House of Commons was required in matters where the public funds were concerned, and that that advice was afterwards found—as all well-informed persons knew at the time, and as the other law officers of the colony had subsequently to acknowledge—to be erroneous and tendered under a misapprehension of the real facts of the case. When one holding the position which Judge Higinbotham does, and putting forth his dicta with the positiveness and self-confidence which he exhibits, expresses himself as dogmatically as he does people who know no better are very apt to accept his deliverances as authoritative and final; and so false conclusions pass for true, and vicious precedents are established, and it is hard to undo the mischief.

Eagerly seizing the occasion of the Secretary for the Colonies courteously inviting an expression of his views upon the subject of the appointment of a substitute for the Governor of Victoria during his absence from the colony, Judge Higinbotham, in a correspondence which he published in *The Argus* of 16th February, 1889, conducted on his part with a rudeness and offensiveness for which there was neither cause nor justification, at once plunged into a fierce controversy as to the right of the Colonial Office (*i.e.*, the Sovereign by whose authority it acts) to give any instructions concerning local matters to the Governor of a colony having representative Government on the ground that his authority rested solely upon the Constitution Act.

It is of immense importance to the future of these colonies that their political affairs should at the outset be administered on correct principles. In England there is a large class of persons with abundant leisure to study politics as a science, but in the colonies politicians are generally busy men, whose time is too much engrossed to permit them to apply themselves systematically or thoroughly to the study, and who have not had the previous mental training necessary to fit them for it. It may be useful, therefore, to examine the views put forward in this correspondence by the assailing party.

He lays great stress upon the fact that very little alteration has been made in the instructions to Governors since the establishment of the present Constitutions. But did it never occur to him that there may have been good reasons why no greater changes have been

* For instance, in the *Home News* of Feb. 22. 1889. we read that, in moving an address to the Queen in the Canadian Parliament for the power of making treaties with foreign nations direct, Sir Richard Cartwright is reported to have said it was "time to meet the issue squarely without minding what England thinks of it."

made? That it may have been, not because the subject had been overlooked, or because some evil-minded official was bent upon keeping his hold over the Governors, but because no more important alterations were necessary. That the question was not overlooked is shown by the fact that in 1875 it was decided, under the advice of the law officers of the Crown in England, to make a change in the form of the instrument appointing Governors; but before making it, a despatch (dated October 20, 1875) "enclosing a copy of the proposed new forms, and inviting suggestions to be submitted by the Governor, after consultation with his responsible Ministers, for such alterations as might appear to them to be specially advisable in the case of the particular Colony." (Todd, "Parl. Govt. Col.," 77). As regards Canada, the circular seems to have been very carefully considered by the Minister of Justice, who "suggested numerous alterations," which the Secretary of State promised should receive due consideration, and who was specially requested to visit England to confer with the Colonial Office on the subject. It must be assumed that when the new forms of letters patent, commission, and instructions for the Colonies generally were prepared, the persons entrusted with the work had all the suggestions in reply to the circular before them, and that everything which was considered worthy of being adopted was embodied. In 1877 and subsequent years, on the appointment of the Governors of the various Colonies, their commissions and instructions were drawn out in accordance with the revised forms, showing that the subject was never lost sight of. (Todd, chap. iv.)*

"The change," says Todd, "to 'Responsible Government" was one which required no Legislative process to effect or ratify it. It scarcely necessitated any alteration in the Governor's 'commission and instructions;' although, as the new system has matured, these organic instruments of Colonial Government have been occasionally modified so as to bring them into more perfect accord with the existing polity" (Todd, p. 26). The chief change, as the same author elsewhere remarks, was, that instead of matters being discussed and approved in the Executive Council in the presence of the Governor, on the establishment of Responsible Government they were discussed by Ministers alone in Cabinet, and afterwards submitted, as their collective decision, to the Governor-in-Council for his sanction. There were, however, other changes beside these. Thus, under the old Constitution, in its last days, there was only one House, though in some, if not in all cases, it was elective; and the Government was carried on by the Governor, who was represented in the Legislature by the Colonial Secretary and certain other *ex officio* members, who held their offices permanently, and were responsible only to the Crown and the Governor. Under the new Constitution two Houses took the place of one; and the officials conducting the Government business in the Legislature were responsible to Parliament as well as to the Governor, and became liable to retire "on political grounds,"—that is, whenever they ceased to retain the confidence of Parliament.

The Colonies were left to adapt themselves to the new order of things with as little interference as possible; and it was only when some grave difference arose that the *deus ex machinâ* came on to the stage and was seen by the spectators. The necessity for more extensive alterations in the commission and instructions is in a great measure avoided by the clause in the Colonial Regulations which says, "That in colonies possessing Representative Government, those regulations are not expected to be so strictly observed as in those which are more directly under the Government of the Crown."

In the Constitution Acts of the Australasian Colonies there is no formal recognition of the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility. The Home Government, with the sanction of Parliament, agreed to grant certain concessions to the Colonies, on condition that they secured by law certain vested rights, that was all; the rest was matter of usage or practice which each was left to work out as best it could for itself, and to collect from such sources, written and unwritten, as were available. As Todd remarks, at first the occasions on which the Colonial Office was appealed to, or found it necessary to interfere, were frequent; but as the new system has become better understood (to which result his own invaluable works have largely contributed), and the difficulties have lessened, the Imperial Government has left the Colonies more and more to themselves.

But although it has granted to the Colonies the power of self-government, the Mother Country "still retains the right to interpose —either by advice, remonstrance, or, if need be, by more active measures of control— whenever the powers of self-government are

*The Judge himself admits that there are to be found in the instructions numerous and frequent verbal alterations, "indicating that constant and minute attention is paid in the Colonial Office to the form of" those instructions. But he thinks that it is the fault of that office that "no substantial alteration has been made" in them.

attempted to be exercised by any Colony in an unlawful, unconstitutional, or oppressive manner," as Todd further says (p. 27).

How necessary and salutary the reservation of such a right is, was shown on the occasion referred to by the Judge, when the McCulloch Ministry determined to obtain their object *per fas et nefas*, advised the Governor to override the law, and found in him only too willing and pliant a tool. Had the Governor taken the course pointed out on this and other occasions by the Secretary of State, he would at once have given his Ministers to understand that he would withhold his approval from any and every course which was not strictly in accordance with law and Constitutional usage; and in all probability the deadlock between the two Houses, with all its attendant inconveniences and evils, would have been avoided.

We shall now proceed to notice, in detail, some of the Judge's statements.

And first, with respect to the resolution which he says was submitted by him to the Legislative Assembly in the year 1869, and passed by a majority of more than two votes to one, and which was to the effect "that the official communication of advice, suggestions, or instructions, by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to Her Majesty's representative in Victoria, on any subject whatsoever connected with the administration of the Local Government, except the giving or withholding of the Royal Assent to, or the reservation of Bills passed by the two Houses of the Victorian Parliament, is a practice not sanctioned by law, derogatory to the principles of Responsible Government, and of the Constitutional rights of the people of this Colony." That this resolution was passed by a large majority of the House amounts to very little, seeing that a body of that kind, being told that its rights were invaded, and with its passions roused by meeting with a strong opposition to its claims and desires, would be only too ready to agree to anything which supported its pretensions; and seeing also that no resolution which the House could pass could alter the law, or confer on it any rights or privileges which it did not possess. The House of Commons, it is true, has extended or amplified its powers as regards the House of Lords, by resolution, because that House was powerless to resist; but the English Constitution is based solely on precedent and usage, and is independent of any external sanction, while in Victoria, as in the other Australasian Colonies, the powers of the Legislative bodies (except such as are inherent in them), are conferred by the British Parliament, and the Crown, by its assent and authority conveyed through the Colonial Office. The English House of Commons, by claiming and exercising new powers, may in time acquire a legal right to them. The Colonial Parliaments can never invest themselves with any powers not so conferred upon them. The "resolution," therefore, on which the Judge lays so much stress, was utterly nugatory for any purpose; except to bring ridicule on those who were foolish and ignorant enough to propose or support it.

The Judge requests the special attention of the Secretary of State to his assertion "that it is by virtue of the Constitution Acts themselves of the Australian Colonies (assuming those Acts to have created in each of the Colonies the system of Responsible Government), that the prerogatives and powers which are necessary for carrying that system into effect and operation are transferred from the Sovereign, and are vested in the representative of the Sovereign." In the first place, it is not by virtue of the Constitution Acts that the system of Responsible Government was established in these Colonies.

These Acts make no mention of that system of Government. They simply vest the Legislative authority in two Houses instead of one; and the change from the old system of Government to the new or "responsible" form was based upon no other foundation than the request of the Colonists and the consent of the Home authorities. All that Legislation did in the matter was to provide certain facilities necessary for carrying that system into effect. The Constitution Acts were passed on the understanding that they were to pave the way for the substitution of the new form of Government, but they did not themselves establish it.

The Victorian Act hands over the entire management and control of the waste lands of the Crown, with all royalties, mines, and minerals, to the Legislature; and it provides that out of six of the high officials mentioned four at least shall be members of the Council or Assembly, that the consolidated fund shall be chargeable with certain sums, and that certain officers, on retiring from office on "political grounds," shall be entitled to pensions. Beyond this, it takes no account of the system of "Responsible Government," and does not interfere with any pre-existing arrangements.

In the Victorian Constitution, as in the Constitutions of all the other Australasian Colonies, there are two provisions which notably distinguish them from the British

Constitution, and show that the Colonial Parliaments do not occupy the same independent position as the British Parliament. The one is, that their standing orders are subject to the Governor's approval, and he can therefore, to that extent, dictate to the Houses of Parliament how they shall conduct their business; the other, that when a Bill is presented to him for assent, he can suggest amendments. In these respects the Governor is invested with greater powers than the Queen of England has in regard to the Imperial Parliament. But at the same time the independence of the Houses of Parliament in the Colonies, as compared with those of the United Kingdom, is by so much curtailed.

As the Constitution Act of Victoria (the "Victorian Government Act") simply substituted two Houses for the one Legislative Council theretofore subsisting, these Houses had no powers except such as might be expressly conferred by statute, beyond those which were possessed by the old Council. They were, however, authorised to define their powers, privileges, and immunities by Act, but so that such powers, &c., should not exceed those of the House of Commons.

Section III. of that Act distinctly recognises the right of the Crown to give "instructions" to Governors as to dealing with Bills presented for the Royal assent. But neither in that Act, nor in the older Acts (5 and 6 Vict., cap. 76, and 13 and 14 Vict., cap. 59), is such a power *conferred*: it is *admitted* as already existing. Not only in the case of Bills, but of many other matters also, it is a necessary consequence of the relation in which a Governor stands to the Crown—namely, as its deputy; and so long as that relation continues the power of the Crown to give instructions to Governors, provided they do not conflict with the law, cannot be abolished.

In the next place, "the prerogatives and powers which are necessary for carrying that [the present] system into effect and operation" are not "transferred from the Sovereign and . . . vested in the representative of the Sovereign." The Governor continues to be the representative or delegate of the Sovereign, precisely as he was before, only that the administrative heads of departments, instead of being appointed directly by the Home authorities, and responsible only to them and to the Governor, acting on their behalf, are now appointed by the Governor, and are responsible, not only to him, but also to the Parliament, and hold office only so long as they enjoy its confidence—that is, in effect, during the pleasure of Parliament, whereas formerly they held office during the pleasure of the Crown.

The statement, therefore, that certain evil-minded and insidious "subordinate officers" of the Colonial department have acted from a desire "to retain for their department by stratagem, a power which they know has been taken away from it by law," is just as trustworthy as many other allegations coming from the same prejudiced and utterly unreliable source.

The next point we shall notice is, that the Governor "is legally independent of all external influence and authority, and can be lawfully guided only by the advice of his responsible Ministers."

There are here two propositions which must be separately considered:—(1) That the Governor is legally independent of all external influence and authority; (2) That he can be lawfully guided only by the advice of his responsible Ministers.

The whole point of these propositions seems to lie in the words "legally" and "lawfully," which we assume are here used as synonymous. By what "*law*" are the Governor's relations to the Home authorities on the one hand, and to the Colonial Parliament and Ministers on the other, determined? The Statute law, *i.e.* the Constitution Acts of these Colonies, is silent on the subject, except in regard to the Governor's recommendation for the initiation of money votes. We have then left only Constitutional law, based upon precedent and practice, and common law, which is created by the decisions of the legal tribunals.

As to the first point, that the Governor is legally independent of all external influence and authority. The Governor of a Colony is the representative or delegate of the Sovereign. It is now agreed by the jurists that he is not a Viceroy. "The authority of the Governor is derived from the Crown; it is delegated, and not inherent, and is defined by the commission and instructions" (Broom, Court Law, 2nd ed., 626). Lord Brougham, in Hill *v.* Bigge, delivered this opinion:—"If it be said that the Governor of a Colony is *quasi* Sovereign the answer is, that he does not even represent the Sovereign generally, having only the functions delegated to him by the terms of his Commission, and being only the officer to execute the specific powers with which that commission clothes him:—'The Governor,' said De Grey, C.J., in Fabrigas *v.* Mostyn, 'is the King's servant; his commission is from him, and he is to execute the powers he is invested with under that commission'" (Broom, 630). Erle, Q.C., and

Merivale for the respondents, in the same case, said: "The authority of a Governor is derived from the Crown; it is delegated and not inherent, and is defined by the commission and instructions" (*Ib.* 626). In the case of Cameron *v.* Kyte, it was held "that the Governor of a Colony has not, by virtue of his appointment, the Sovereign authority delegated to him; that an act done by him, unauthorised, either by his commission, or expressly or impliedly by his instructions, is not equivalent to such an act done by the Crown itself, and is consequently invalid" (*Ib.* 644). The judgment of the court in Musgrove *v.* Pulido was: "That the Governor of a colony (in ordinary cases) cannot be regarded as a Viceroy; nor can it be allowed that he possesses general sovereign power. His authority is derived from his commission, and limited to the powers thereby expressly or implicitly entrusted to him" (*Ib.* 645). Further on, it was said that "protection cannot be extended to Acts which are wholly beyond the authority confided to him. Such Acts, though the Governor may assume to do them as Governor, cannot be considered as done on behalf of the Crown, nor to be in any proper sense Acts of States" (*Ib.* 646).

These decisions show unmistakeably that when the Judge says that "neither can the Crown or the Secretary of State lawfully impose any restriction upon the exercise of the Governor's inherent powers," he simply betrays his ignorance of the law. The Governor has no inherent powers; he has no powers but such as are delegated to him by the Crown directly through the letters patent, commission or instructions, or indirectly through an Act which derives its validity from the assent of the Crown. The Crown does not infuse all its authority into him, and then give up all control over him; he is not a Viceroy: he receives his commission and instructions from the Crown, and is never freed from its advice and control. He never can be independent of it, except in those cases where his duties are specifically prescribed by law. No such specific duties are prescribed by the Australasian Constitution Acts; and, therefore, those Acts do not take away any power on the part of the Crown to give instructions to the Governors. The assertion that this power has been taken away by law is, therefore, like so many others coming from the same source—entirely without foundation, and contrary to the fact.

The second point to be considered is the assertion that the Governor "can be lawfully guided only by the advice of his responsible Ministers."

This idea prevails extensively in the Colonies. Those who are possessed with it think that the Governor is a mere "figure-head," a puppet, whose strings are to be pulled by Ministers, and which is to be made to do just what they please; that he is bound to do whatever his Ministers may ask him; that he has no right to exercise his own opinion; and that, even if the advice tendered to him should seem to him to be in clear contravention of the law, he has no alternative but to follow it.

It is of the utmost importance to the future welfare of the Colonies that incorrect notions on a subject so vitally connected with the working of their political institutions should not be allowed to take deep root and flourish; and to this end it will be necessary to examine the question now before us at some length.

The whole matter depends upon a right understanding of the relation between the Sovereign (or her delegate) and Ministers.

Whatever changes have taken place in this respect in the course of time the theory has always remained the same, and that theory is that the Sovereign is the governing power. A reference to any Royal speech to Parliament will prove this. The Queen always speaks in the first person. It is she who directs papers to be laid before Parliament; who enters into treaties; declares war; makes peace; and generally sets in motion all the machinery of Government. Ministers (as the word itself testifies) are her servants, through whom she acts, who are responsible to Parliament for everything she does in her official capacity, and who hold their places only so long as they can satisfy both the Crown and the Parliament. "The King can do no wrong," because his Ministers, when they take office, accept the responsibility of every public act he performs. If at any time they may feel themselves unable to do his bidding or to justify his acts they must resign, unless he gives way.

"To assume that the Sovereign has become a cipher in the State—'a dumb and senseless idol'—without any measure of political power, is entirely inconsistent with the continued existence in England of a monarchical government. Such an assumption would transform the Queen's Cabinet Ministers into an oligarchy, exercising an uncontrolled power over the prerogatives of the Crown and the administration of public affairs, upon the sole condition that they are able to secure and retain a majority in the popular branch of the Legislature, to approve their

policy and to justify their continuance in office. There have not been wanting some political thinkers who have argued in favor of a system of this kind; but however theoretically defensible it may appear from their point of view, it is not a true representation of the British Constitution, and, should it ever unhappily prevail, would deprive us of one of the main securities upon which the liberties of England depend" (Todd, p. 4). This author adduces the names "of the most eminent British statesmen of our own day," Brougham, Grey, Russell, Derby, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Stafford Northcote, as having expressed opinions adverse to what may be called the "figure-head theory;" and he says it must not be lost sight of "that the Sovereign is no mere automatom or ornamental appendage to the body politic, but is a personage whose consent is necessary to every Act of State, and who possesses full discretionary powers to deliberate and determine upon every recommendation which is tendered for the Royal Sanction by the Ministers of the Crown" (*Ib.* p. 5) It will be seen, from "Martin's Life of the Prince Consort," that the Queen reads and considers all important papers before she signs them, and will not sign them until she has had the opportunity of doing so; and thus, as Todd observes, the Sovereign is enabled to exercise "that 'Constitutional criticism' in all affairs of State which is the undoubted right and duty of the Crown, and which, in its operation, Earl Grey and Mr. Disraeli, amongst living statesmen, have concurred in declaring to be the most salutary and efficacious" (*Ib.* p. 8.) Mr. Gladstone used these words: "If it is the Queen's duty to form a judgment upon important proposals submitted to her by her Ministers (implying that such is her duty), she has an indisputable right to the use of all instruments which will enable her to discharge that duty with effect; subject always, and subject only, to the one vital condition that they do not disturb the relation on which the whole machinery of the Constitution hinges, between those Ministers and the Queen" (*Ib.* p. 8); and by this condition he seems to have understood that she should not consult in private on political matters with the opposition, and that all her deliberations should be carried on in the strictest secrecy; that is, we may presume, that whatever passes between the Queen and her Ministers in regard to important public affairs ought not to be divulged to anyone else, so that no one should know whether the advice in a given case came from the Queen or Ministers, the effect being precisely the same in either case, since Ministers are equally responsible. whether they themselves offer advice or whether they accept the suggestions of the Sovereign. The possible abuse of the freedom of action exercised by the Sovereign "in any given case would be effectually restrained by the equally independent attitude of Ministers towards the Crown, by their liberty to accept or reject the ultimate conclusions of the Sovereign upon all public questions; and by the consideration that they alone are held responsible to Parliament and to the nation for every Act of State, and for everything which is done in the name of the Crown" (*Ib.* p. 10). "The Crown . . . seldom refuses to act upon advice deliberately pressed upon it by its servants, nor could it do so frequently without creating great inconvenience. But the Sovereigns of this country may, and generally have, exercised much influence over the conduct of the government; and in extreme cases the power of the Crown to refuse its consent to what is proposed by its servants may be used with the greatest benefit to the nation" (*Ib.* p. 12, see also p. 135.)

Slight differences of opinion between the Crown and its Ministers must be reconciled by one side or the other giving way, or by compromise; but when the differences are too serious to be settled in this way Ministers may resign, or the Crown may dismiss them, and may even appeal to the country by a dissolution. But if the voice of the country, whether expressed in this or in any other way, be unfavorable to the action of the Crown, then the will of the people must prevail, because the Sovereign exists for the people, not the people for the Sovereign (*Ib.* pp. 14, 15), and because the representatives of the people may refuse to vote the necessary supplies.

"Upon the advisers and Ministers of the Crown" rests "the ultimate and unqualified 'responsibility of deciding what shall be done in the Crown's name, in every branch of the administration and every department of policy, coupled only with the alternative of ceasing to be Ministers, if what they may advisedly deem the requisite power of action be denied them'" (*Ib.* p. 18.)

"In the face of the country," it is said, "the Sovereign and the Ministers are an absolute unity." It matters not, therefore, whether Ministers advise the Crown, or the Crown advises Ministers. Ministers are equally responsible in either case, and, being so responsible, are perfectly free to accept the suggestions of the Crown or not, as they may think proper. The cardinal blunder made

by the persons against whom we are now contending, is that they exactly reverse the position—instead of the Crown being the master and Ministers its servants, they make Ministers the masters, and the Crown (or its representative) their servant.

Under the old form of Government in the Colonies the responsibility rested entirely with the Governor, and affairs of State were discussed between himself and the members of his Executive Council, in Council assembled. Under the present form the responsibility rests entirely with Ministers, who discuss their measures among themselves in Cabinet, and lay before the Governor only the final result of their deliberations. The Governor may either give or withhold his approval; but in the latter case, the Ministers, so long as they choose to retain their offices, must take the whole responsibility of the Governor's action, as fully as if it had originated with themselves.

If Ministers desire to do anything which is contrary to law or Constitutional principles, the Governor is bound to interpose his veto. His duty was laid down by the Secretary of State, in 1866:—"It is the desire of Her Majesty's Government to observe to the utmost the principle which establishes Ministerial responsibility in the administration of Colonial affairs. . . . . Nevertheless, it is always the plain and paramount duty of the Queen's representative to obey the law, and to take care that the authority of the Crown derived to his Ministers through him is exercised only in conformity with the law" (Todd, p. 436); and on a question of unauthorised expenditure in New South Wales, the Governor, in a despatch of January 7, 1870, was instructed by the Secretary of State that "if the law required him to do one thing, and his Ministers recommended him another course, it was his plain duty to obey the law; and it would be idle to object that such obedience was unconstitutional, for the Governor is himself a branch of the Legislature" (*Ib.* p.p. 438-9).

The Governor is bound to oppose any infringement of the law by his Ministers. But how is he to find out what the law is in any given case? He ought, of course, to be able to depend upon the opinion of the law officers, who are the recognised exponents of the law. But what if the law officers themselves, as happened in Victoria when the McCulloch Ministry were in power, are ignorant of the facts, and therefore give erroneous opinions? In such a case, the Governor, if sure of his ground, ought to act on his own opinion, and uphold the law and Constitution at all risks (*Ib.* p. 439). And he need not be afraid to exercise his own judgment in Constitutional questions, when it conflicts with that of his legal advisers, inasmuch as the law officers in the colonies, however skilled they may be in the ordinary branches of their profession, have not usually applied themselves specially to Constitutional and Parliamentary law, and are therefore liable to make mistakes on such points. If the Governor has any doubt what the law is, he might, in most cases, obtain the opinion of the law officers in England, through the Secretary of State.

In considering the relation of the Governors of these colonies to their Ministers, it must never be forgotten that the colonies form part of a monarchy, though a limited one. Whatever powers the Crown possesses (so far as they are capable of being delegated) it may commit to its representatives. It follows that if the Colonies are determined that their Governors shall be independent of all external control in regard to local affairs, under all possible circumstances, they can bring it about only in one way—by severing their connection with the British Empire. There is no other way in which they can do it. So long as they desire to claim the privileges of British subjects they must submit to the limitations of the British Constitution, on which their own forms of government are modelled.

But there is another reason why the Governor cannot be bound in every case to follow the course advised by his Ministers. Suppose he has reason to believe that in any matter submitted for his approval Ministers are not in accord with the more popular branch of the Legislature—that is, with the people whom it must be supposed to represent. If he gives way to them he is assisting to set up an oligarchy, and making himself its tool, instead of consulting for the true interests of the whole community. Or suppose that Ministers, to curry favor with a certain section of the populace, should ask the Governor's sanction (to take a special case), to a measure for confiscating private property, it would, without question, be his duty to refuse it. It may then happen not only that the Governor may have to uphold the privileges of the Crown, whose delegate he is, but even that he may have to maintain the rights of the people against a Ministry who, to secure present popularity, would be ready to sacrifice them to the mob.

When the Judge states his belief that, with certain exceptions which he mentions, the analogy between the British and the

nial systems of Government, and be- the Sovereign in England and the re- ntative of the Sovereign in Victoria, is lete, he is again at fault. The analogy en the relative positions of the Crown its Ministers in England and in the nies possessing Responsible Government doubt pretty close (though it is directly sed to the pretensions set up by the e); but the difference between the eign and a Governor is so wide that it not unreasonably be questioned whether is any analogy at all. The similarity t that between the sun and a planet. give light, but the sun shines by his light, and would shine if there were not net in existence; while the planet shines by the sun's light, and unless illumined is rays would be in darkness. The eign has no earthly power above him, he is bound only by law and Constitu- l usage. The Governor is equally d by these, but, in addition, he owes a to the source from which his authority ived, and whose delegate he is. "If it id that the Governor of a colony is *quasi* eign, the answer is that he does not represent the Sovereign generally, having the functions delegated to him by erms of his commission, and being only officer to execute the specific powers which that commission clothes him," as said by Lord Brougham in Hill *v.* e.

e now come to the Judge's objections e Governor's letters patent, commission, nstructions.

e says that the letters patent "pretend nfer powers and authorities which have already conferred with others by the titution Statutes," and that "they de- to recognise the dual character" (by n is meant, presumably, the character or ions of the Governor in relation to—1. rial matters; 2. local affairs) "of the rnor."

e truth is that the letters patent (which certainly have been drafted and scruti- in England by much abler lawyers than critic) are right, and the critic is, as , wrong. The Governor is the delegate e Sovereign, and as such derives his rity from her, and not from the Consti- n Act, which does not give the Governor important powers which he did not ess under the old form of Government. at respect matters continued precisely ey were. The Governor always was, still is, responsible to the Sovereign and British Parliament for all his official acts. The only change in regard to him brought about by the new Constitution (not the Constitution Act alone) was that thenceforth his Ministers were appointed by himself; that in all matters pertaining to the Government of the colony as distinguished from those relating to Imperial interests, Ministers were to be responsible to Parliament for all his acts; and that when they ceased to retain the confidence of the popular branch of the Legislature, they were to resign or appeal to the constituencies. Such being the case the letters patent do not "pretend" to confer certain powers already conferred, but *do* actually confer powers not otherwise conferred. The only express provision in the Victorian Constitution Act and the introductory Act (18 and 19 Vic. cap. 55 w.) bearing on the present point is that which continues the previous practice with regard to the assent to and reservation of Bills, and which refers to the "instructions to be conveyed to Governors for their guidance in relation to the matters aforesaid and the disallowance of Bills by Her Majesty." Here the Act stops very properly; and it became necessary for the Crown to supply what more was wanting. This is done in clause II. of the letters patent by the words "we do hereby authorise . . . our said Governor . . . to do and execute all things that belong to his said office in accordance with his commission and instructions," &c., and with "such laws as are now, or shall hereafter, be in force in that colony." It may be asked, why is the Governor told to do all things in accordance (*inter alia*) with the laws of the colony? Because the document was drawn up by someone who was evidently well skilled in Constitutional law. The reason is this:—The Governor of a Colony is responsible for his official conduct, including observance of the law, to the Crown and the Imperial Parliament and Courts alone, and not to any colonial authority. It is right, therefore, that the power to whom alone he is responsible should direct him as to his conduct in this as well as in other particulars.

But our great Constitutional authority says: "This [clause II. of the Letters Patent] purposes to grant, subject to limitations, certain authorities and powers already vested in the Governor by the Constitution Statute. The grant is, in my opinion, void, and the limitations and the commands founded thereon are also void and illegal." It has been shown that those powers were not so vested, and that the grant was not illegal, and therefore not void.

This conclusion is supported by an opinion

of the Attorney and Solicitor-General of England, Sir R. Bethell and Sir H. S. Keating, of December 17, 1857, in regard to the presence of the Governor-in-Council, in which it is said that, while "the Royal instructions do not control the Act" therein referred to, "the enactments, of course, do not control or dispense with the necessity of obeying the instructions" (Forsyth, Court Cases, p. 79). Here it is distinctly laid down, as a matter "of course," that even a positive enactment does not invalidate or nullify or render unnecessary the Royal instructions, unless the instructions should be repugnant to it.

Speaking of the Executive Council the Judge makes this astounding statement:—"Like the Privy Council, it could not be convened except by the direction of the Victorian Premier." The Privy Council convened only by direction of the Victorian Premier! Either this great Constitutional authority is stupendously ignorant on the subject on which he writes with such assurance, and with an air of such lofty superiority and profound knowledge, or else he is not sufficiently master of the English language to express what he means, and has made a gross grammatical blunder. We leave him on the horns of the dilemma. If he meant to say that the Executive Council of a colony is convened only by the Premier, he is still in error. The Executive Council is not convened by the Premier, but by the Governor. It is his Council, not the Premier's, and the Premier has no right to convene it, unless, perhaps, in those cases, as in Canada, where the Governor does not preside.* Reasoning from analogy, even these cases ought to be no exception to the general rule; for though the Governor does not preside in Parliament, he nevertheless convenes it. The Judge has probably confounded the Cabinet with the Executive Council. In some of the colonies both bodies consist of the same persons, and they are then distinguished only by the purposes for which they meet: if to offer the collective advice of the Ministers to the Governor, and to obtain his sanction, they act as the Executive Council; if to consider and discuss Ministerial arrangements or policy, or to decide what advice they shall tender to the Governor, they sit as the Cabinet, and are then convened by the Premier and presided over by him, if present In other colonies where Ministers do not resign their seats in the Executive Council when they leave office, the Executive Council and the Cabinet are different bodies, the former including members who are no longer in the Cabinet.

The Judge's objections to clause VII. of the instructions have been sufficiently answered by what has been said above as to the duty of the Governor to decline to accept or act upon the advice of his Ministers when they desire to do anything illegal or unconstitutional. Such cases have actually occurred, and it is absolutely necessary that the Governor should have some direction as to his course when they do occur.

With regard to the clauses of the instructions relating to "the passing of laws" and the furnishing of copies of the "Journals and Minutes" of Parliament, the Judge is almost equally at sea The assent of the Crown is necessary to constitute a law. It is but reasonable therefore that the Crown should, as a condition of granting such assent, require that heterogeneous matters should not be mixed up in the same Bill, and that Bills should be drawn in a certain form. The object of this direction is, that there may be uniformity as between Imperial and Colonial Acts. It is provided by law (28 and 29 Vic. cap. 63), that the Legislation of the Colonies shall not be repugnant to the laws of England, and that any laws so repugnant shall be "absolutely void and inoperative." And if it be the duty of the Home Government to see that Colonial laws are not repugnant to the substance, is there not also an implied duty to see that they are not repugnant as to the form? Moreover, may not the Crown reasonably say to the Colonial Parliaments: "If you want my assent to your Bills you must comply with my conditions?" But further, the greater part of such bills are originated by the Governor's ministers; and as to these there can be no question about the right of the Governor, acting under his instructions, to require that certain rules shall be observed in their preparation. It may be remarked, in passing, that the rule as to heterogeneous matters is a most salutary one; and that, had it been observed, more than one "political crisis" in Victoria would have been averted.

Then as to the direction to the Governor to require from the clerks copies of the journals, &c., of their respective Houses—a direction which the Judge says could not, if disputed, be enforced, and for the fulfilment of which the Governor is indebted to a Minister of the Crown, the objector is again at fault. Putting aside the question whether in such a case the officers of Parliament are in strictness

* But this is possible only where acts are done by the "Governor *and* Council," as distinguished from the "Governor-*in*-Council."

bound to acknowledge the authority of anyone outside their respective Houses, Ministers have no other origin for their authority than their appointment by, and commission from, the Governor. They are his Ministers, and whatever they do they do in his name. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se.* If, therefore, the right to give orders to the officers of Parliament resides in anyone outside of Parliament it must reside, theoretically, in the Governor, and only derivatively in Ministers.

The radical mistake running through almost everything which the Judge has written in this controversy is that Ministers instead of being planets are suns; that they have their powers by some inherent right; that they are responsible to no one except, we may suppose, to Parliament; and that the Governor has no more to do than passively to ratify whatever they may choose to put before him.

Reference is made by the Judge to the Constitutional embroglio in Victoria, as he says, about 1864-8, and the Colonial Office is accused of having improperly interposed on that occasion. "At that time (he says) the Colonial Office first endeavored, by means of instructions to the Governor, to check and prevent Legislation on the subject of the tariff. When that question led to a contest between the two Houses . . . the Colonial Office influence was exerted in favor of one House as against the other House, and against the will of the great majority of the people, repeatedly expressed at several general elections. It was owing solely to the influence of the Colonial Office that the claims of the Legislative Assembly to the exclusive control of the public finances received at that time a decisive check." This is put in such a way as entirely to mislead anyone who is not acquainted with the actual facts, which may be seen in (Todd "Parl. Gov. Col." p. 103, *Legg*), and in the Victorian and English Parliamentary papers. The true story is this:—In 1865 the Assembly agreed to certain protective duties, and believing that they would not pass the Legislative Council if sent up separately, tacked them on to the annual Appropriation Bill. The Council having vainly sought, by means of a Conference, to express its views, and being unable to amend the Bill, rejected it. Parliament was then prorogued, and Ministers being left without supplies consulted the law officers (Mr. Justice Higinbotham being then Attorney-General), who, with a want of Constitutional knowledge that is perfectly surprising, advised them that a vote of the House of Commons is of itself sufficient authority for making available grants of money, when, had they consulted the records of the English Parliament, or referred to May, they would have seen that "a grant from the Commons is not effectual in law without the ultimate assent of the Queen, and of the House of Lords" (9th ed., p. 658); and whenever supplies are required to meet expenditure in anticipation of the Appropriation Act, an interim Bill is passed by the Commons for so much on account out of the Consolidated Fund as will cover the amount of the votes up to that time, and is then agreed to by the Lords and assented to by the Queen, like any other Bill. In regard to the imposition and alteration of taxes (and especially of customs duties), May says: "It has been customary for the Government to levy the new duties, instead of the duties authorised by law, immediately the resolutions for that purpose have been reported from a committee, and agreed to by the House; or from the date expressed in such resolution, although legal effect cannot be given to them by statute, for some weeks, and may ultimately be withheld by Parliament. It is obvious that this custom is not strictly legal: but the ultimate decision of Parliament is anticipated by the Executive Government, upon its own responsibility." He then goes on to describe the mode in which the duty is collected, and then adds: "for these official acts there is no legal authority at the time" (pp. 640-1). No competent authority has ever contended that the collecting of duties on the sanction of one House alone is legal: the utmost that has ever been claimed for the practice is that it is absolutely necessary in order to protect the public interests, since any delay would occasion loss of revenue. It is one of those cases coming under the legal maxim *salus reipublicæ summa lex*, and is only a provisional expedient. The Judge passes over in convenient silence the fact that the legal gentlemen, excepting himself, had afterwards to acknowledge that they were in error, and that the House of Commons had no such power as they had supposed.

The *bous et origo* of the whole difference between the Houses was the unconstitutional attempt to coerce the Council and deprive it of its right to express its opinion on the proposed tariff, by tacking to it the Appropriation Bill; and Ministers and the Assembly themselves were responsible for all the consequences which followed. The Colonial Office did not "endeavor to check and prevent Legislation," but simply to prevent illegality. Had the wise regulation in the instructions, that heterogeneous matters should not be

mixed up in the same law been observed, whatever became of the Tariff Bill, the Appropriation Bill would never have been thrown out. So again it is not true that the Colonial Office exerted its influence "in favor of one House as against the other." It had to express disapproval of the action of one House (or rather of those who led the House), but that was simply because that House was in the wrong and wanted to set aside the Constitution. Nor is it true that the Colonial Office "ruined" the representative of the Crown in Victoria. He ruined himself by his want of firmness and Constitutional knowledge by yielding to his Ministers when he should have restrained them, by consenting to illegal appropriation of moneys, and by making himself a strong partisan of his offending Ministers, even to the extent of writing to the Secretary of State particulars about the private affairs of Members of the Council who were in opposition, with the object of damaging them and serving the cause of those whose party he had, in flagrant disregard of his duty, espoused.

The only one of the charges brought by the Judge against the Colonial Office which is in any degree true, is that it was owing to its influence "that the claims of the Legislative Assembly to the exclusive control of the public finances received at that time a decisive check." But even here the truth has been twisted and contorted out of all shape under the influence of passion and party spirit. What the Colonial Office did check was, not any legitimate and reasonable claims on the part of the Assembly to the control of the public finances, but the ignorant and illegal pretension to the exercise of powers to which the House of Commons itself has never laid claim.

But, we are told, the "recall and ruin" of this model Governor, "than whom Her Majesty never had a more faithful and loyal servant" (we should rather say "a despotic Ministry never had a more pliant and obsequious tool") took place "really because that Governor performed his plain duty by retaining and acting on the advice of Ministers of the Crown* in whom alone at that time the Representative House of the Legislature had confidence." This again is a perversion of the truth. Governor Darling was recalled, not because he performed a plain duty by acting on the advice of his Ministers, but just because he did not perform a plain duty by declining to act on their advice when that advice was in favor of illegal and unconstitutional proceedings, and by using his influence with them at an earlier stage to prevent any such advice being tendered. The true reasons of his recall are set forth in Mr. Cardwell's despatch of November 27, 1865, namely: The collecting of duties, the contracting of a loan, and the paying of salaries, without the sanction of law; and because, while it was his duty "to keep himself as far as possible aloof from and above all personal conflicts," he had placed himself in "a position of personal antagonism towards almost all those whose antecedents point them out as most likely to be available in the event of any change of ministry," and therefore could not with advantage continue to conduct the Government of the Colony (Todd, pp. 104-5).

The Judge assumes that it is the duty of a Governor on all occasions to accept unreservedly the advice of his Ministers—and a great many people in these colonies have the same notion. But it is a very erroneous one. The true doctrine is well stated in the despatch above quoted: "The Queen's representative is justified in deferring very largely to his Constitutional advisers in matters of policy, and even of equity; but he is imperatively bound to withhold the Queen's authority from all or any of those manifestly unlawful proceedings by which one political party, or one member of the body-politic, is occasionally tempted to endeavor to establish its preponderance over another. I am quite sure that all honest and intelligent colonists will concur with me in thinking that the powers of the Crown ought never to be used to authorise or facilitate any Act which is required for an immediate political purpose, but it is forbidden by law" (Todd, pp. 104-5). The Governor is to follow the deliberate, mature advice of his Ministers, provided it does not contravene the law or the Constitution; but if it does, it is his duty to reject such advice, and to uphold the law at all hazards. As Todd says, "In the event of a recommendation being submitted to him that involved a breach of the law, or that was contrary to express instructions received from the Crown, he would be obliged to refuse to sanction it. For no violation of the law could be excused on the plea that it was advised by others. In the ordinary exercise of his Constitutional discretion a Governor is unquestionably competent to reject the advice of his Ministers, whenever that advice should seem to him to be adverse to the public welfare, or of an injurious tendency" (Todd, p. 40). Still more when, as

* "The Governor is in a considerable degree guided by the advice of the Executive Council, but partly also by his instructions from the Home Government." (Cox, Brit. Com. Ed. 1854, p. 534).

he Victorian case of 1865, it was in direct travention of the law.

: is a fortunate circumstance for the onies on many occasions that there has n a controlling power outside their own ernments and Legislatures. It has frently kept them from doing illegal and rious things; and they ought rather to re the continuance of so wholesome a ck than to set themselves against it. In the onies the system of Responsible Governt is comparatively new; many mistakes e been made, and there is yet much to n as well as something to unlearn. Statesship is yet in its infancy, and Colonial isters are usually too much occupied with administrative duties of their departts to be able to apply themselves to the ematic or profound study of Constitutional ory and principles. They are therefore ys liable to fall into error, all the more so hey have not usually the assistance of the e class of old and experienced permanent ers, thoroughly versed in the theory and itions of Constitutional Government, as isters in England have. As long as the onial Office is free to give instructions to ernors, and Governors are free to appeal : for advice in situations of difficulty, we e the benefit of the highest opinions inable on matters of State, and from men are not swayed by local prejudices or onal interests, and whose views are not orted by political leanings or partisanship. l this right of giving instructions must tinue as long as we remain a part of the ish Empire. If we are bent upon putting end to it we must sever our connection the Empire, and declare our absolute ependence. Our Governors must be of own creation, and not representatives of Crown; there must be nobody but ourres from whom they can receive instrucs. This is the end to which all the ry, passionate diatribes of Judge Higinham tend. He himself was foiled in his mpts to make Ministers, backed by a comnt majority in the Assembly, despotic, he has never forgotten or forgiven it. He bears the old grudge, and it still warps judgment and makes his opinions and his rances on political and constitutional ters untrustworthy, revolutionary, and unnd.

'ery much instruction may be gained by lying the history of "Responsible Governt" in Canada. In 1839, we are told ey's "Col. Pol.," i. 202), there was much tement on the question of establishing it, ough the notions as to what was meant by it, which generally prevailed, were exceedingly vague and ill-defined. The movement, however, resulted in "the admission of the all-important principle that the Ministry advising the Governor should possess the confidence of the representatives of the people, assembled in Parliament" (Bourinot, "Parl. Pro." p. 28), and the Governor-General received Her Majesty's commands to administer the Government "in accordance with the well-understood wishes and interests of the people;" and it was not until after the arrangements necessary for inaugurating the new system had been pointed out by the Secretary of State that resolutions definitely affirming the principles of Responsible Government were passed by the Legislature. For some years "Responsible Government did not always obtain in the fullest sense of the phrase, and not a few misunderstandings arose between the Governors and the supporters of the principle as to the manner in which it should be worked out" (Bourinot, p. 30); but in 1847 positive instructions were given to the Governor-General "to act generally upon the advice of his Executive Council, and to receive as members of that body those persons who might be pointed out to him as entitled to do so by their possessing the confidence of the Assembly. No Act of Parliament was necessary to effect the change from the one system of Government to the other; the insertion and alteration of a few paragraphs in the Governor's instructions were sufficient (*Ib.*). In a note to the same page this author informs us that "Lord John Russell, in his instructions to Lord Sydenham (the Governor-General) expressly stated that it was 'impossible to reduce into the form of a positive enactment a Constitutional principle of this nature.'"

Here, then, we see—(1) That what Responsible Government is was very imperfectly understood in Canada, both before and after its inception; and who will venture to say that these southern colonies are even now beyond the need of being enlightened on the subject when the Chief Justice and former Attorney-General of one of the most important of them betrays such lamentable ignorance in this respect? (2) That no express Legislation was necessary for the establishment of the system of Responsible Government. (3) That the advice, experience and wise counsel of the Home authorities, conveyed in the form of "instructions" or directions to the Governor, was of the utmost value in first inaugurating that system, and afterwards working it out in detail. Had it been left to inexperienced hands alone to construct and

start the State machine the result would almost certainly have been a failure in the working, if not utter destruction of the mechanism itself. It was the skill of the master, gained from "old experience" in Statecraft, and from long and daily familiarity with its practice, that showed how to lessen the friction, and to do whatever was necessary to make the machine run smoothly.

The value of the advice which an experienced British statesman may have it in his power to give to the Governor of a Colony in circumstances of doubt or difficulty, may be seen from a very able despatch of Earl Grey to Sir John Harvey, when administering the Government of Nova Scotia, transmitting instructions which, as the writer observes, "involve principles of general application to all Colonies having a similar form of Government." These instructions run thus: After recommending a certain course in a particular case, the despatch proceeds to say: "The object with which I recommend to you this course, is that of making it apparent that any transfer which may take place of political power from the hands of one party in the province to those of another, is the result, not of an act of yours, but of the wishes of the people themselves, as shown by the difficulty experienced by the retiring party in carrying on the Government of the province according to the forms of the Constitution. To this I attach great importance; I have therefore to instruct you to abstain from changing your Executive Council until it shall become perfectly clear that they are unable, with such fair support from yourself as they have a right to expect, to carry on the Government of the province satisfactorily, and command the confidence of the Legislature.

"Of whatever party your Council may be composed, it will be your duty to act strictly upon the principle you have yourself laid down in the memorandum delivered to the gentlemen with whom you have communicated,—that, namely, of 'not identifying yourself with any one party,' but instead of this, 'making yourself both a mediator and a moderator between the influential of all parties.' In giving, therefore, all fair and proper support to your Council for the time being, you will carefully avoid any acts which can possibly be supposed to imply the slightest personal objection to their opponents, and also refuse to assent to any measures which may be proposed to you by your Council which may appear to you to involve an improper exercise of the authority of the Crown for party rather than for public objects. In exercising, however, this power of refusing to sanction measures which may be submitted to you by your Council, you must recollect that this power of opposing a check upon extreme measures proposed by the party for the time in the Government depends entirely for its efficacy upon its being used sparingly, and with the greatest possible discretion. A refusal to accept advice tendered to you by your Council is a legitimate ground for its members to tender to you their resignation—a course they would doubtless adopt, should they feel that the subject on which a difference had arisen between you and themselves was one upon which public opinion would be in their favor. Should it prove to be so, concession to their views must sooner or later become inevitable, since it cannot be too distinctly acknowledged that it is neither possible nor desirable to carry on the Government of any of the British Provinces in North America in opposition to the opinion of the inhabitants.

"Clearly understanding, therefore, that refusing to accede to the advice of your Council for the time being, upon a point on which they consider it their duty to insist, must lead to the question at issue being brought ultimately under the decision of public opinion, you will carefully avoid allowing any matter not of very grave concern, or upon which you cannot reasonably calculate upon being in the end supported by that opinion, to be made the subject of such a difference. And if, unfortunately, such a difference should arise, you will take equal care that its cause, and the grounds of your own decision, are made clearly to appear in written documents, capable of being publicly quoted.

"The adoption of this principle of action by no means involves the necessity of a blind obedience to the wishes and opinions of the members of your Council; on the contrary I have no doubt that, if they see clearly that your conduct is guided, not by personal favor to any particular men or party, but by a sincere desire to promote the public good, your objections to any measures proposed will have great weight with the Council; or should they prove unreasonable, with the Assembly; or, in last resort, with the public.

In commenting on this despatch Earl Grey says of Lord Elgin, who was afterwards to assume the Government of Canada, that "he was to act generally upon the advice of his Executive Council, and to receive as members of that body those persons who might be pointed out to him as entitled to be so by their possessing the confidence of the

Assembly. But he was carefully to avoid identifying himself with the party from the ranks of which the actual Council was drawn, and to make it generally understood that if public opinion required it he was equally ready to accept their opponents as his advisers, uninfluenced by any personal preferences or objections" (Grey's Col. Policy, pp. 210-4.)

These are wise and weighty words, and it is a happy thing for the Colonies that there is still someone with authority to give them such salutary counsel. Had it been strictly adhered to several unpleasant occurrences in the Australian Colonies might have been avoided.

NIGHT HANGS OVER THE CITY.

BY RICHARD HADLEY.

A FEW angles, a few curves, a pointed steeple here and there, a rounded dome or two, and light sparkles, revealing in broken, disconnected snatches the jagged outline of a city as it looms in the black night.

The rook builds high up in trees, large numbers together, for mutual protection and benefit; the ant musters by myriads in sand-mounds with a like purpose. This is man's method. The rook and the ant fulfil their destinies so, body forth so much of the world-idea as is allotted to them in that way; man utters himself in cities. Travelling over this planet anytime behind the sun you shall see such a sight here and there, and no more if you be an atheist; if perchance not, you may see much else.

A city then in the year of our Lord 1890; in other words, in eternity. When the outward manifestations of the inward spirit are of such a kind, and that which we call good and bad take such and such forms. In the days of standing armies, endless pauper institutions, cheap literature, compulsory education, churches by the hundred, burglar-proof safes, afternoon tea, Hotchkiss guns, professional caterers, foundling hospitals, corners in copper, mutual improvement societies, pigeon-shooting, labor strikes, printed dress gossip, electric-light, and a free vote.

A city at a time when wool is firm at last quotations, and there is an increased inquiry for silver stocks; when a European war is impending and nigger minstrels are nightly drawing crowds; at a time, too, when universal brotherhood still is, though it may be deep down, when, if a man fall, a hundred are ready to help him on his feet again; of hospital nursing for the love of doing good; when in the crowded train, the men get up to let the women rest; and in the sinking ship go down to death to let the women live—at a time withal when it is good to be alive.

Mysterious, secret-working, careful planning Nature, what incalculable trouble hast thou gone to of process and evolution in the bringing us here? Why couldst thou not have given us our civilisation and our city long ago? Were brick-clay and cement, iron and glass and steel so difficult to make? Since thou couldst accomplish it at all why not by a straight method and without this infinite sequence, or with less of it? Peace, babbler! There must be a firmament with galaxies and solar systems, a Milky Way and a Pole Star if there are to be stamped paper and overdrafts—air-tight compartments depend on air. By never-ending, long-continued revelation alone are the fair cathedral spires, the palaces of luxury and assembly halls, with first-class carriages and state cabins to ride about in, to come to pass, and all this only as part process of something else. The floating vapor, carrying in it the materials for a habitable world, was the then form of the steam-engine and government by party; this and all that is between and is to come was shaping then, has always been making. Epochs, ages, centuries, are but as children's beads and picture-books—mere aids to memory to set our clocks and make our appointments by. Pompeii was partly buried, the Lisbon earthquake opening, American independence getting achieved under the glistening ice. All in due order the outer crust assumes the forms by which we know it. Mount Blanc and the Sahara desert are there; the Giant's Causeway is hollowed out; the endless whirl has forced the Mississippi and the Thames, and floating vapor and glistening ice are now a fruitful earth. The germ of life there all along in its component parts has come together, and something on the surface creeps and flits about. The Crucifixion is at hand, the Norman Conquest, Magna Charta, Waterloo, and the Paris Exhibition are all arriving in order of

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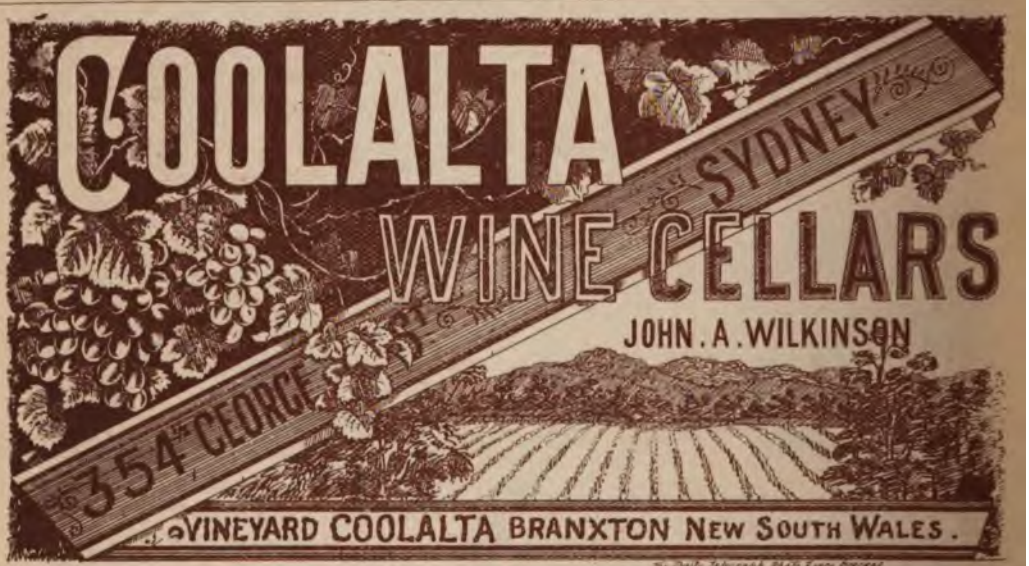
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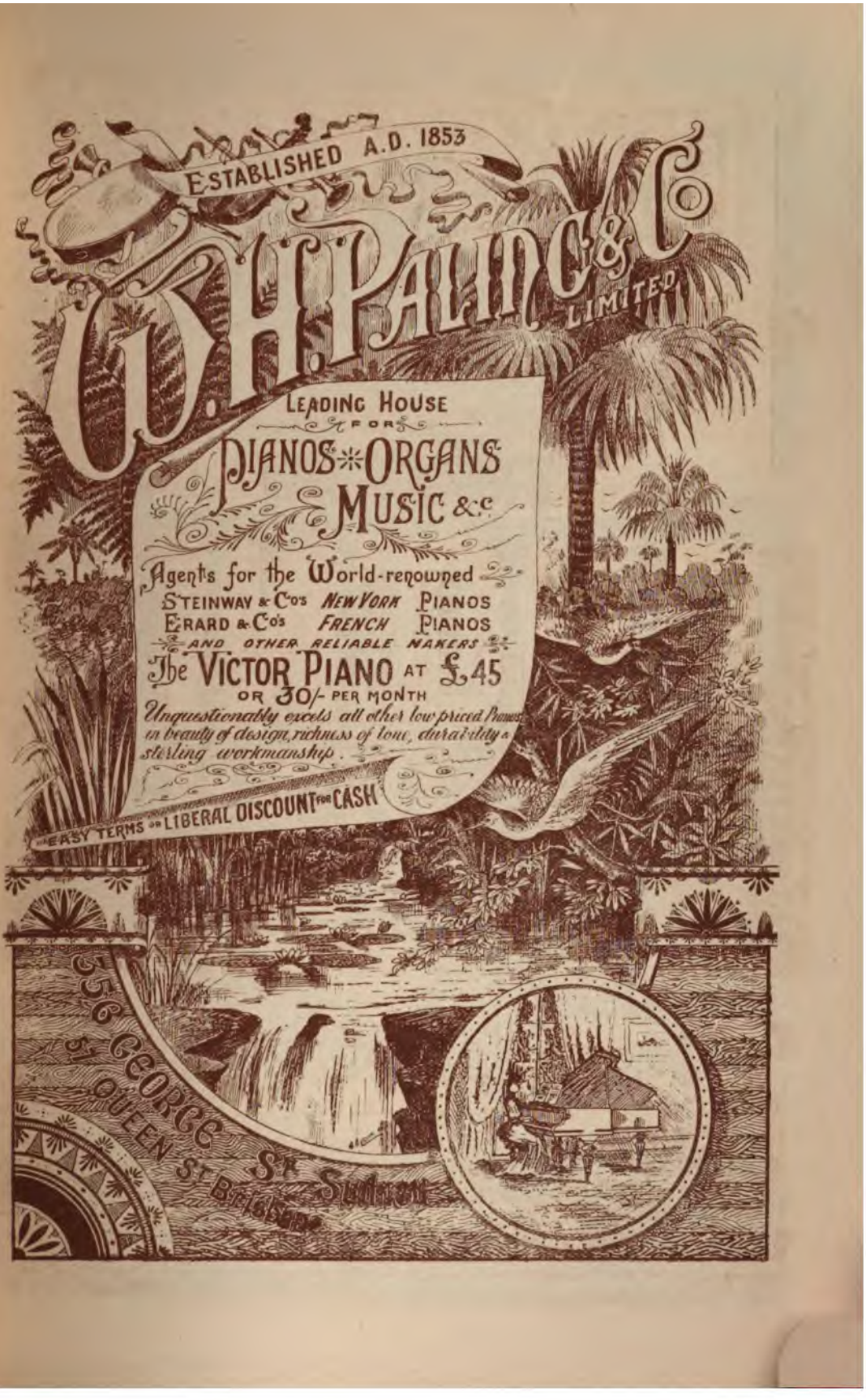
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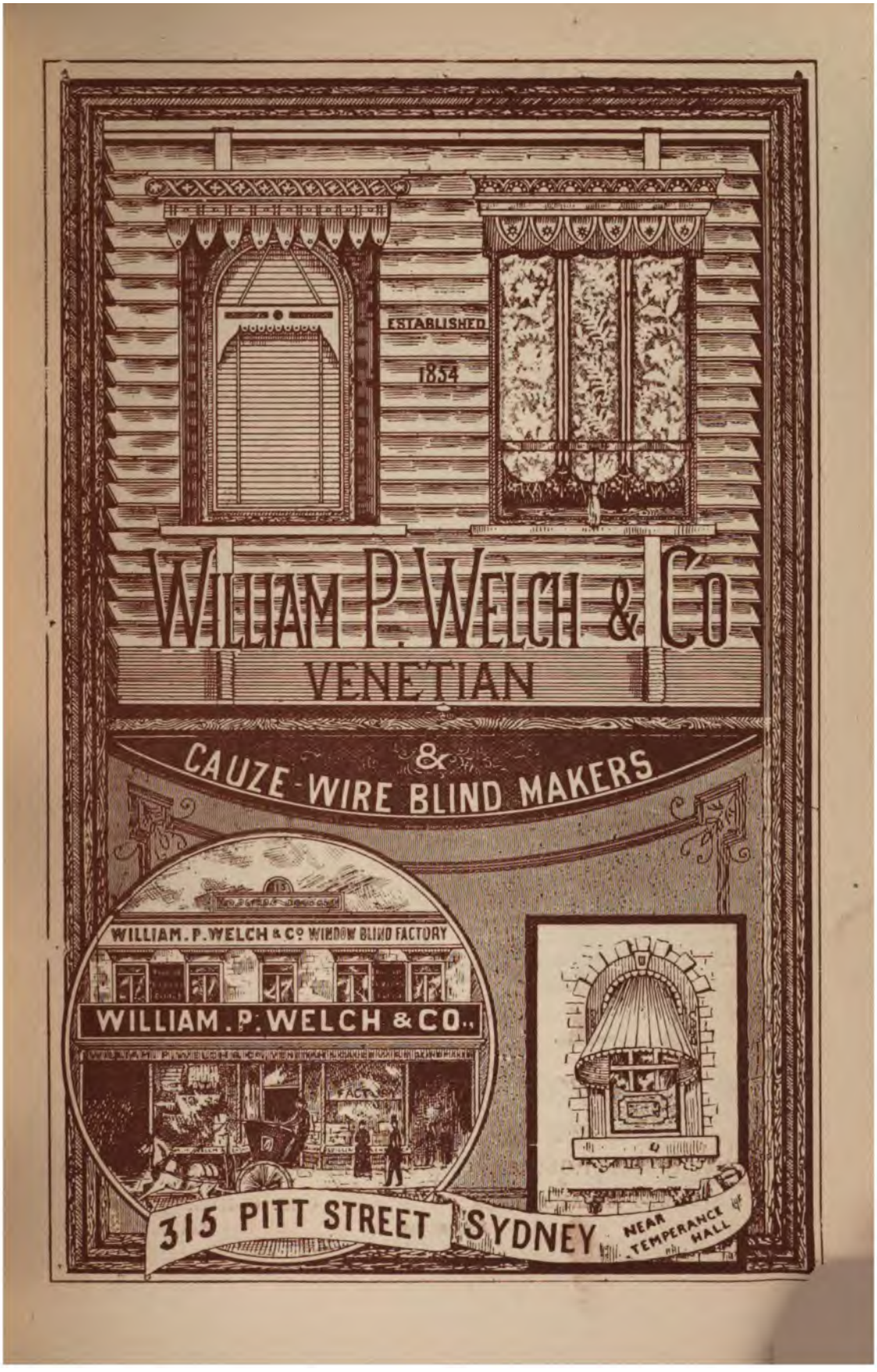
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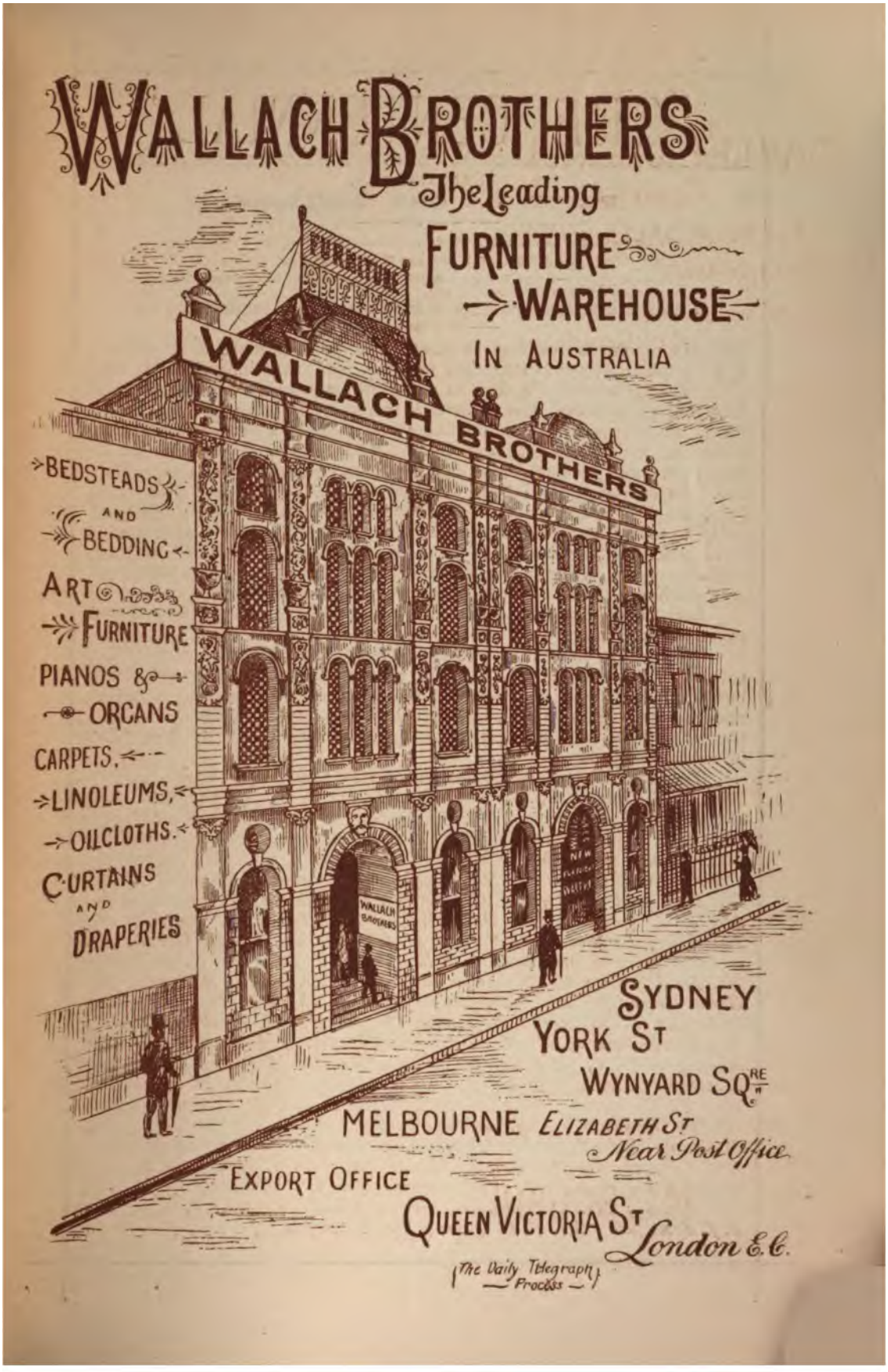
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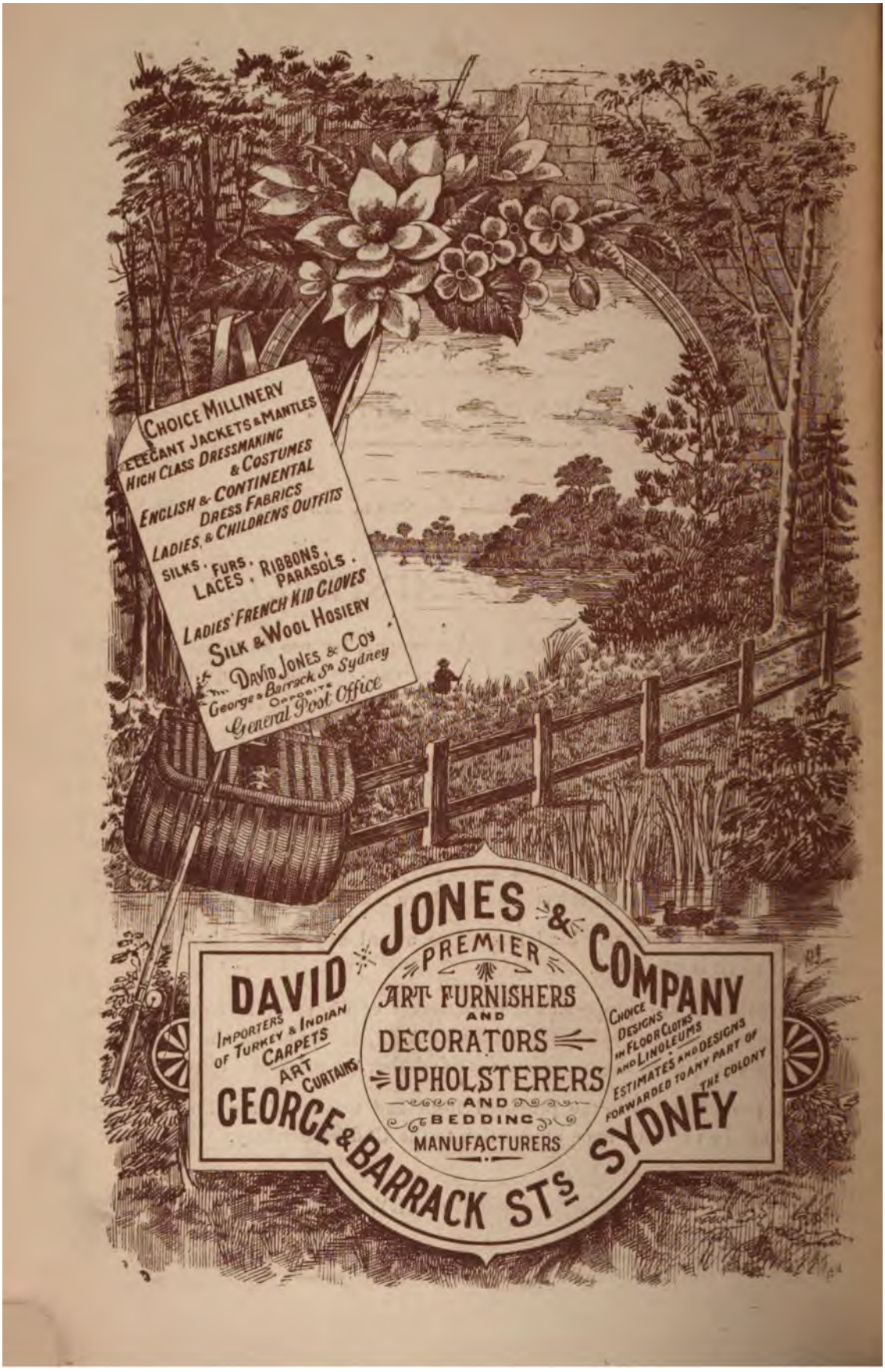
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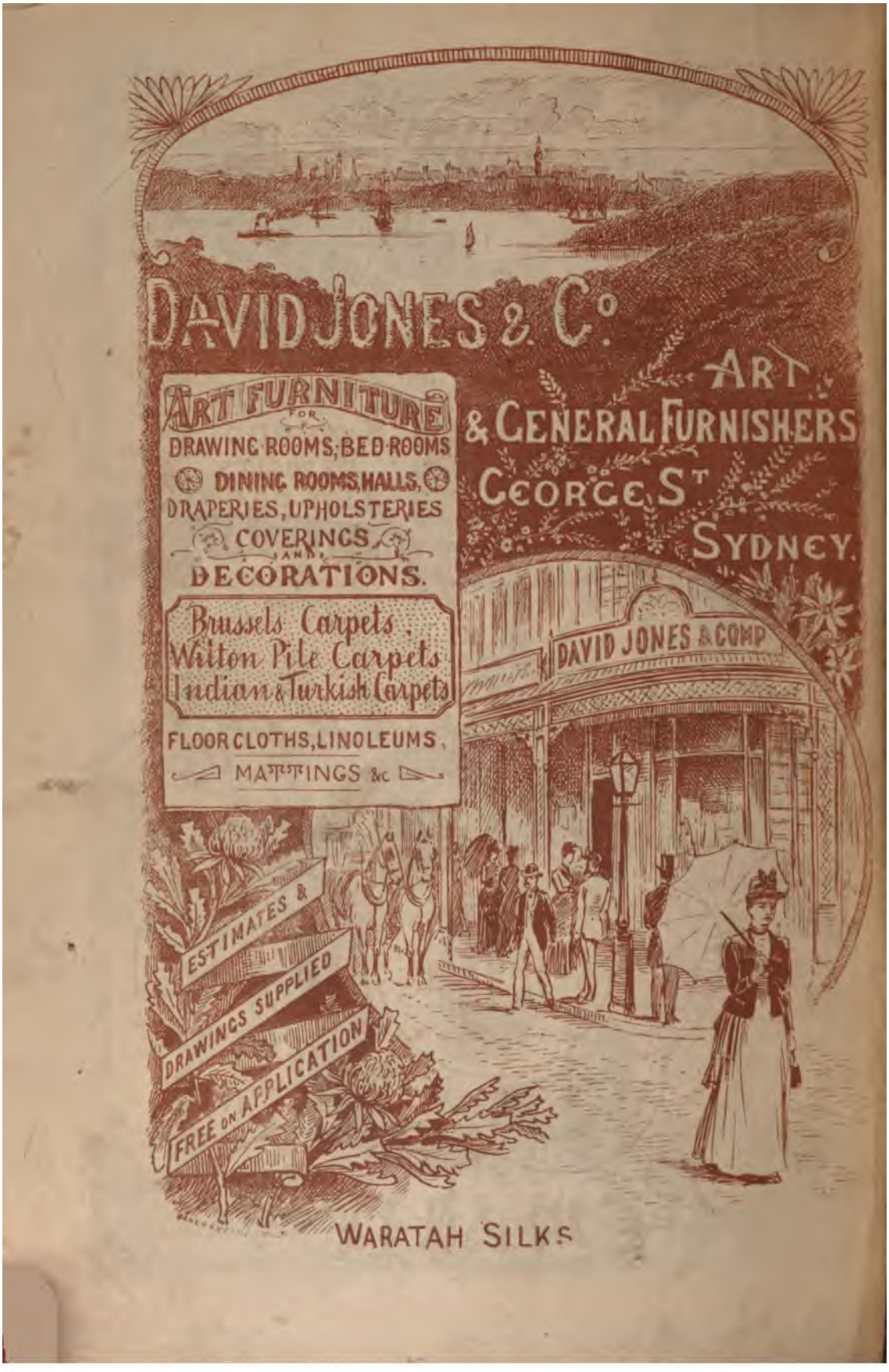
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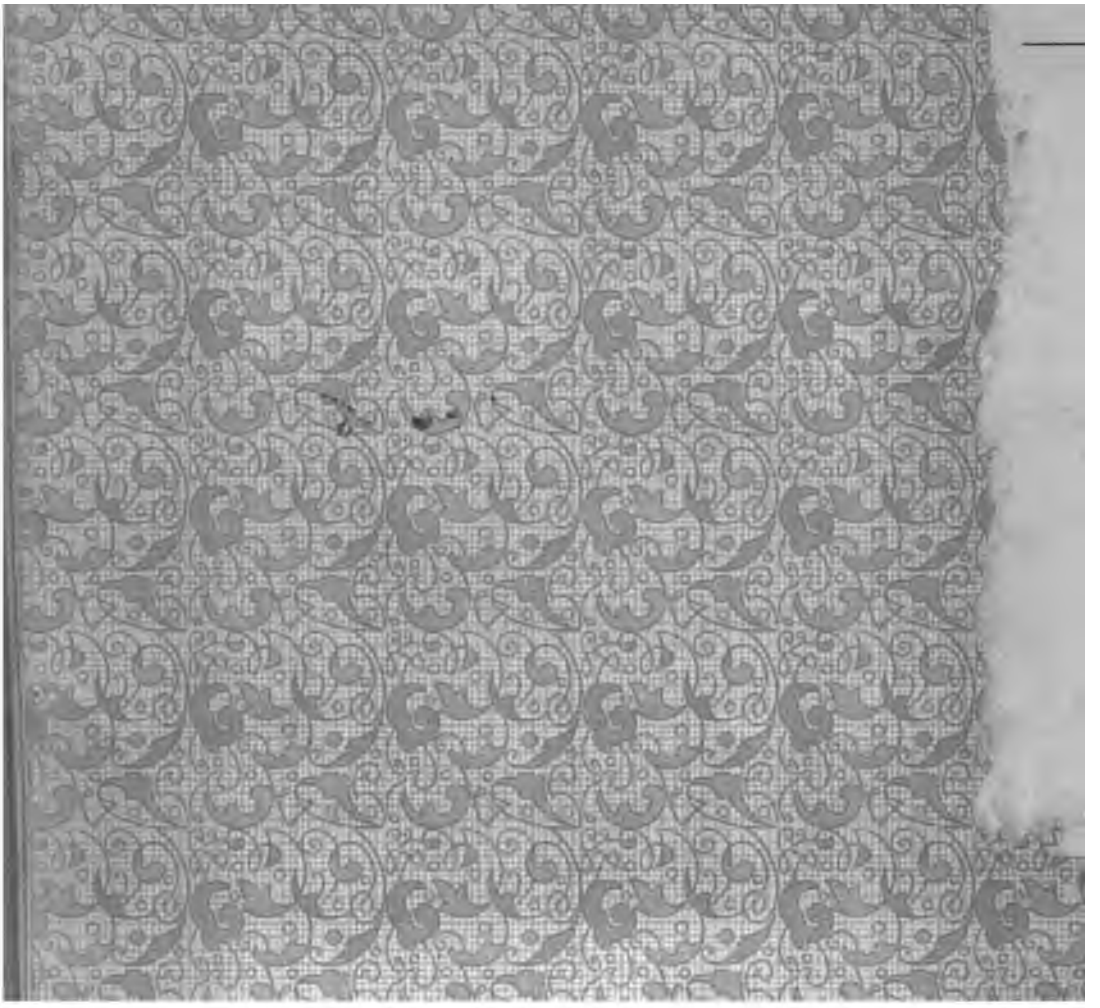

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